MY ONLY CRIME IS MY FACE

Should the American of Japanese ancestry suffer for Japan's sins? There are two sides to every story. Here is a moving plea by one who is on the other side

BY MARY OYAMA

"T certainly will be strange to have to live with nothing but Japanese! I wonder how we'll stand it?"

This was the comment I heard repeated over and over by American citizens of Japanese descent when the military decree which set us apart from other Americans and expelled us from our Pacific Coast homes went into effect. The evacuation was a bitter blow, but there was nothing we could do except grit our teeth and take it.

It did us no good to argue that we had sons and brothers in the Army, that we were loyal to this land of our birth, that we spoke only English, that we praised the Lord in Christian churches (and were ready to pass the ammunition, if they'd only let us). Nobody would listen.

Swiftly and effectively the evacuation was accomplished. The streets near the point of departure where we were to take the buses to the first camp—called the Assembly Center—were jammed. Kids stared in pop-eyed fascination at military police on motorcycles and in jeeps. An elderly woman, passing by, stopped to say indignantly, "This is a shame! You are just as much Americans as anybody else!"—an unexpected bit of sympathy from a total stranger that heartened us. Several church groups passed out hot coffee and sandwiches to us, for the morning was early and cool, and in our hurry to be on time many of us had come without break-fast. Then we got on the buses and said good-by—perhaps forever—to that old free civilian life we had loved so well. Now we were prisoners in custody of the Army.

But young people are never down-hearted. In my bus a group of exuberant lads joked and sang to the accompaniment of a ubiquitous ukulele. Plunk-plunk, plunk-plunk—"You're the one rose" plunk-plunk "that's left" plunk-plunk "in" plunk "my heart." A little later, however, when the drone of the bus motor had smoothed down to an even hum, and first enthusiasms had worn off, I heard a softer harmony: "Rock of ages," plunk-plunk "cleft for me," plunk! "Let me hide [Oh, let me hide.] myself in Thee—" In front of me a sleepy little child complained to her parents. "Home, mama. Home, daddy—want to go home." But neither daddy nor mama knew what to reply, for where was "home" now?

Arriving at the Assembly Center we found hundreds of our friends who had been evacuated before us. We stared at them glumly until a young fellow got a laugh when he cracked, "Oh, lookit the Japs!"

There were all kinds of people: hard-working farmers and their families; city folk; occasional blondes and even redheads; Caucasian Americans of mixed marriages and their exceptionally beautiful Eurasian children; college students who had picketed the shipping of scrap iron to Japan long before December 7; the young man who threw the Jap-

(Continued on page 57)
anese consolidate into a dither when he worked for China Relief; pious churchgoing people; and nearer-dwells. But, when we were kept.. In unbelief at the camp's sentry watchtowers and the barbed wire (looking for all the world like the pictures of Nazi concentration camps in the U. S. Army Red Cross booklet), because it looks as if your own country, the United States, has repudiated you.

That was the worst blow of all. We wondered bitterly if the harsh words he uttered in his meticulous clipped English could be true.

But as we nudged through the gates to our prison—the horse stables of the Santa Anita race track—I decided only to look forward with hope; never to look back at the home life we were leaving. For it was free again, I am glad I did. Then, however, as my little family was directed to the dark stall which was to be our "home," I couldn't resist overstepping the bounds of the real home we had had to leave—the brand-new "dream house" which had sat on top of a hill, a little white six-roomed cottage with sky-blue shutters and gay tingly door chimes. How happy we had been there with our children, Rickey, aged four, and Eddie, not yet one! But that moment—when we first looked at the dark musty horse stall and had to tell our two little sons that this was "home"—when can it be forgotten?

I am thankful now that Fred, my husband, gave no sign of his own depression but, instead, briskly set about getting the iron army cots, mattresses, and army blankets which were assigned to us.

On the days following we busied ourselves trying to make the stall more homelike as we unpacked our few belongings, made shelves from straw mats on the asphalt floor, tacked up a few familiar pictures of the scenes from our old home, and even made straw mats on the asphalt floor, tacked up a few familiar pictures of the scenes from our old home, and even made
dressed up of talking people, crying babies, shouting voices, blaring radios, the trampling and shuffling of feet, and even more unpleasant noises.

But on visiting days, to bolster up our morale, came fellow Americans. I shall never forget: college students, former employers, teachers, ministers, Y. W. C. A. workers, laborers, soldiers and sailors. They laughed, they cried. They brought fruits, cookies, candies, books, magazines. In the thick dust and stench above the dinning bavel of voices, old friends jammed up tightly against the wire fence, shouted to see their Nisei friends "caged in." There was the day when some one brought a dog which had formerly belonged to a Nisei couple with a small baby girl. The dog wagged his tail violently upon recognizing his former owners.

**********

A squad of Russian soldiers caught a Rumanian spy. One of the Russians was ordered to take him to a specified spot outside the little town and shoot him. As the squad and the spy were walking to the ordered destination, the condemned man said, "It is bad enough that you are going to shoot me, but why do you make me walk twenty miles before?"

"What are you complaining about?" the Russian soldier pointed out. "I've got to walk back."—Pocketbook of War Humor.

**************

The Nisei mother pushed the per-ambulator closer, right up against the fence. (The M. P. guard looked as if about to cry something but didn't; instead, like a good egg, he walked off in the opposite direction.) The child stuck a chubby foot through the fence. The dog licked the little hand affectionately. The tops of her tiny shoes. Some people took out their handkerchiefs and blew their noses hard. . . .

Our visitors were usually tongue-tied and uneasy, in fact more embarrassed and ill at ease than we. They would stare at us with the saddest expressions in their eyes while their lips would try to murmur polite banalities. But, God bless them, we loved them—they gave us courage in our lowest moments.

Our young people took things more in stride, forgetting their troubles in playing baseball or in jitterbug jam sessions when they were not attending educational classes or working. They played bridge, went out for Red Cross Defense Boy Scout troops and Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. groups, and the musically inclined even formed an orchestra.

When these American boys and girls walked down the camp street romantically holding each other's hands, the alien Japanese older generation were shocked at this typically Occidental frank display of affection between the sexes—something unheard of in Japan. They were embarrassed at the unembarrassedness of their American offspring. When the pretty Nisei girls walked by in ultra-modern play suits with abbreviated shorts, "bra" tops, and bare midriffs, the oldsters shook their heads. "Hada-kata!" they exclaimed. "Nude!"

But the younger generation merely remarked, "This isn't Japan," and chattered among themselves in their jiving slang—to them camps were "Boochies" and Japan was "Boochland."

Once, after a long hot afternoon, I heard an Nisei father singing an old Japanese song in a plaintive minor key. Darkness had settled; the after-dusk coolness had brought everybody out of the overwarm quarters. Through the dusk I heard a very young voice protesting "Oh, Mama—not so loud! Everybody can hear you a mile off!" It was twelve-year-old Elsie being adolescently sensitive.

So the days passed, summer into autumn, and the time came for us to be moved from the temporary Assembly Center, under Army control, to the Relocation Center, which would be under a civilian administration, farther inland, out of Military Zone No. 1.

THIS time we hopefully crowded into ancient and shabby day coaches, glad to leave the restricted life behind barbed wire, the flickering searchlight flashes at night, the watchtowers of our guards. Our particular group was assigned to Wyoming. The trip, despite overcrowding, was fairly tolerable, although rather trying for mothers with very small children. But we saw birds under the surveillance of M. P. who wore the same uniforms as did our sons and brothers in the Army. I wondered what the youthful sergeants would think if I told them about my blond Nordic "Aryan" type cousin (by marriage) who had enlisted in the U. S. Navy a few days after December 7.

As the train pulled in to a small town that evening and we saw neon lights for the first time since our evacuation months before, we felt almost weak, How we envied the "free" citizens of that town walking so unconcernedly up and down those brightly lit sidewalks, gazing into store windows, not knowing how lucky they were!

But the crowning bit of irony came on the last night of the trip. After a sweltering, nerve-racking day of desert sun and scented flowers and diving babies, our crowded car stopped momentarily alongside another train headed in the opposite direction. Our day-coach windows evened up alongside of windows which showed in the cool, dim-lit, spacious interior of a de luxe dining car. A dozen well dressed people were sitting com-
fortably at table eating what seemed to us a royal feast. The soft glow of shaded lamps was reflected by the white tablecloths. There was so much to eat that every mother in our ear groaned. For the rest of the evening we were glumly homesick.

Arrived at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center, we found the tar-shaded lamps was reflected by the tree. We were assigned a family unit, and the substantial than the Santa Anita stables. More livable than the horse stall which we had just left. We noticed ingenuity we were now able to make our new home considerably more livable than the horse stall which we had just left.

This was pioneering of a sort: every one helped. Everything was done with the spirit of comradeship as did our early American pioneers who pitched in to put up log cabins for neighbors. Rich or poor, we all lived in the same barracks. Up at the same seven-thirty gong, ate at the same rough wooden camp tables, shared the same stall showers and open toilets, tried as best we could to help each other in our regimented communal life.

At first the natives of the neighboring towns of Cody and Powell felt uneasy about this teeming community of "Japs" which the government had forced into their midst. But the sudden boom in business which our presence brought broke the ice, and the good church women of both towns sent a contribution of clothing for our needy. Later our men volunteered for work in the sugar-beet harvest during an acute labor shortage. Ex-professional men, white-collar workers, and students gladly did volunteering. Farmers reported they had never before had such devoted help. As the war drew nearer, patriotism was still a Christian nation. Of Christmas cards here when their husbands leave for duty. Christmas parties were held in every block for the children. Gifts for the children. Our last memory was pleasant.

Mr. Fukui still had a Christian nation. Of Christmas cards here when their husbands leave for duty. Christmas parties were held in every block for the children. Gifts for the children. Our last memory was pleasant.

We finally settled down to taking everything in stride, attending school and night classes, going out for sports, building up a recreational program, and carrying on church work.

Older women gave their services to a USO which was organized in the center to provide hospitality for visiting servicemen.

We had twenty-five veterans of the last war at the Center, most of them members of the American Legion. Mr. Hattaichi Fukui, past commander of the Comodore Perry Legion Post No. 525 of Los Angeles, had served in the Ninety-first Division, A. E. F., and saw action at St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres, and was gassed. While he reports that "my life's savings were lost, due to the evacuation." Mr. Fukui still retains a strong faith in American democracy and believes that ultimately the Nisei Americans will be fully vindicated. When another Center Legationnaire Mr. Clarence Uno, passed away from a heart attack, the Legion posts of Powell and Cody accorded him a full military funeral with color guard, rifle salute, and guard of honor. His body was cremated in Mr. Uno's old American army uniform. I gradually got over the pangs of homesickness. I'm glad to be here.

I gradually got over the pangs of homesickness. I'm glad to be here.

If I was a boy I'd have to have a horse stall which we had just left. We noticed ingenuity we were now able to make our new home considerably more livable than the horse stall which we had just left.

This was pioneering of a sort: every one helped. Everything was done with the spirit of comradeship as did our early American pioneers who pitched in to put up log cabins for neighbors. Rich or poor, we all lived in the same barracks. Up at the same seven-thirty gong, ate at the same rough wooden camp tables, shared the same stall showers and open toilets, tried as best we could to help each other in our regimented communal life.

At first the natives of the neighboring towns of Cody and Powell felt uneasy about this teeming community of "Japs" which the government had forced into their midst. But the sudden boom in business which our presence brought broke the ice, and the good church women of both towns sent a contribution of clothing for our needy. Later our men volunteered for work in the sugar-beet harvest during an acute labor shortage. Ex-professional men, white-collar workers, and students gladly did volunteering. Farmers reported they had never before had such devoted help. As the war drew nearer, patriotism was still a Christian nation. Of Christmas cards here when their husbands leave for duty. Christmas parties were held in every block for the children. Gifts for the children. Our last memory was pleasant.

We finally settled down to taking everything in stride, attending school and night classes, going out for sports, building up a recreational program, and carrying on church work.

Older women gave their services to a USO which was organized in the center to provide hospitality for visiting servicemen.

We had twenty-five veterans of the last war at the Center, most of them members of the American Legion. Mr. Hattaichi Fukui, past commander of the Comodore Perry Legion Post No. 525 of Los Angeles, had served in the Ninety-first Division, A. E. F., and saw action at St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres, and was gassed. While he reports that "my life's savings were lost, due to the evacuation." Mr. Fukui still retains a strong faith in American democracy and believes that ultimately the Nisei Americans will be fully vindicated. When another Center Legationnaire Mr. Clarence Uno, passed away from a heart attack, the Legion posts of Powell and Cody accorded him a full military funeral with color guard, rifle salute, and guard of honor. His body was cremated in Mr. Uno's old American army uniform. I gradually got over the pangs of homesickness. I'm glad to be here.

If I was a boy I'd have to have a horse stall which we had just left. We noticed ingenuity we were now able to make our new home considerably more livable than the horse stall which we had just left.

This was pioneering of a sort: every one helped. Everything was done with the spirit of comradeship as did our early American pioneers who pitched in to put up log cabins for neighbors. Rich or poor, we all lived in the same barracks. Up at the same seven-thirty gong, ate at the same rough wooden camp tables, shared the same stall showers and open toilets, tried as best we could to help each other in our regimented communal life.

At first the natives of the neighboring towns of Cody and Powell felt uneasy about this teeming community of "Japs" which the government had forced into their midst. But the sudden boom in business which our presence brought broke the ice, and the good church women of both towns sent a contribution of clothing for our needy. Later our men volunteered for work in the sugar-beet harvest during an acute labor shortage. Ex-professional men, white-collar workers, and students gladly did volunteering. Farmers reported they had never before had such devoted help. As the war drew nearer, patriotism was still a Christian nation. Of Christmas cards here when their husbands leave for duty. Christmas parties were held in every block for the children. Gifts for the children. Our last memory was pleasant.

We finally settled down to taking everything in stride, attending school and night classes, going out for sports, building up a recreational program, and carrying on church work.

Older women gave their services to a USO which was organized in the center to provide hospitality for visiting servicemen.

We had twenty-five veterans of the last war at the Center, most of them members of the American Legion. Mr. Hattaichi Fukui, past commander of the Comodore Perry Legion Post No. 525 of Los Angeles, had served in the Ninety-first Division, A. E. F., and saw action at St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres, and was gassed. While he reports that "my life's savings were lost, due to the evacuation." Mr. Fukui still retains a strong faith in American democracy and believes that ultimately the Nisei Americans will be fully vindicated. When another Center Legationnaire Mr. Clarence Uno, passed away from a heart attack, the Legion posts of Powell and Cody accorded him a full military funeral with color guard, rifle salute, and guard of honor. His body was cremated in Mr. Uno's old American army uniform. I gradually got over the pangs of homesickness. I'm glad to be here.
ISSEI, NISEI, KIBEI
THE U.S. HAS PUT 110,000 PEOPLE OF JAPANESE BLOOD IN "PROTECTIVE CUSTODY"

The line drawings on these pages are part of an extraordinary graphic diary of 235 drawings by Miné Okubo (above) California-born artist. Gathered in by the roundup in March, 1942, of all persons of Japanese blood on the West Coast, Miss Okubo spent six months in an Army assembly center at Tanforan, and sixteen at Topaz in the Utah desert. Her drawings, begun as a record for her friends in Europe and America, became a document remarkable for humor, poignant observation, and above all objectivity. Miss Okubo plans to make a book of them. For more about her and her work, see FORTUNE'S Wheel, page 2.

WHEN the facts about Japanese brutality to the soldier prisoners from Bataan were made known, Americans were more outraged than they had been since December 7, 1941. Instinctively they contrasted that frightfulness with our treatment of Japanese held in this country; and, without being told, Americans knew that prisoners in the U.S. were fed three meals a day and had not been clubbed or kicked or otherwise brutalized. Too few, however, realize what persistent and effective use Japan has been able to make, throughout the entire Far East, of U.S. imprisonment of persons of Japanese descent. This propaganda concerns itself less with how the U.S. treats the people imprisoned than who was imprisoned. By pointing out, again and again, that the U.S. put behind fences well over 100,000 people of Japanese blood, the majority of them citizens of the U.S., Japan describes to her Far Eastern radio audiences one more instance of American racial discrimination. To convince all Orientals that the war in the Pacific is a crusade against the white man's racial oppression, the enemy shrewdly notes every occurrence in the U.S. that suggests injustice to racial minorities, from the Negroes to the Mexicans and Japanese.

The enemy, of course, deliberately refrains from making distinctions among the various kinds of detention we have worked out for those of Japanese blood in this country. Unfortunately, Americans themselves are almost as confused as the Japanese radio about what has happened to the Japanese minority in this country—one-tenth of 1 per cent of the nation's total population. There are three different types of barbed-wire enclosures for persons of Japanese ancestry. First there are the Department of Justice camps, which hold 3,000 Japanese aliens considered by the F.B.I. potentially dangerous to the U.S. These and these alone are true internment camps. Second, there are ten other barbed-wire enclosed centers in the U.S., into which, in 1942, the government put 110,000 persons of Japanese descent (out of a total population in continental U.S. of 127,000). Two-thirds of them were citizens, born in the U.S.; one-third aliens, forbidden by law to be citizens. No charges were brought against them. When the war broke out, all these 110,000 were resident in the Pacific Coast states—the majority in California. They were put behind fences when the Army decided that for "military necessity" all people of Japanese ancestry, citizen or alien, must be removed from the West Coast military zone.

Within the last year the 110,000 people evicted from the West Coast have been subdivided into two separate groups. Those who have professed loyalty to Japan or an unwillingness to defend the U.S. have been placed, with their children, in one of the ten camps called a "segregation center" (the third type of imprisonment). Of the remainder in the nine "loyal camps," 17,000 have moved to eastern states to take jobs. The rest wait behind the fence, an awkward problem for the U.S. if for no other reason than that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were severely stretched if not breached when U.S. citizens were put in prison. (Continued on page 22)
Back in December, 1941, there was understandable nervousness over the tight little Japanese communities scattered along the West Coast. The long coast line seemed naked and undefended. There were colonies of Japanese fishermen in the port areas, farmlands operated by Japanese close to war plants, and little Tokyos in the heart of the big coastal cities. There were suspected spies among the Japanese concentrations and there was fear of sabotage. Californians were urged to keep calm and let the authorities take care of the problem. In the first two weeks the Department of Justice scooped up about 1,500 suspects. A few weeks later all enemy aliens and citizens alike were removed from certain strategic areas such as Terminal Island in Los Angeles harbor, and spots near war plants, power stations, and bridges. But Californians did not completely trust the authorities. While the F.B.I. was picking up its suspects, civilian authorities were besieged with telephone calls from citizens reporting suspicious behavior of their Oriental neighbors. Although California’s Attorney General Warren (now governor) stated on February 21, 1942, that “we have had no sabotage and no fifth-column activity since the beginning of the war,” hysteria by then had begun to spread all along the coast. Every rumor of Japanese air and naval operations offshore, and every tale of fifth-column activity in Hawaii, helped to raise to panic proportions California’s ancient and deep antagonism toward the Japanese-Americans.

For decades the Hearst press had campaigned against the Yellow Peril within the state (1 per cent of the population) as well as the Yellow Peril across the seas that would one day make war. When that war prophecy came true, the newspapers’ campaign of hate and fear broke all bounds. And, when Hearst called for the removal of all people of Japanese ancestry, he had as allies many pressure groups who had for years resented the presence of Japanese in this country.

The American Legion, since its founding in 1919, has never once failed to pass an annual resolution against the Japanese-Americans. The Associated Farmers in California had competitive reasons for wanting to get rid of the Japanese-Americans who grew vegetables at low cost on $70 million worth of California land. California’s land laws could not prevent the citizen-son of the Japanese alien from buying or renting the land. In the cities, as the little Tokyos grew, a sizable commercial business came into Japanese-American hands—vegetable commission houses, retail and wholesale enterprises of all kinds. It did not require a war to make the farmers, the Legion, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, and the politicians resent and hate the Japanese-Americans. The records of legislation and press for many years indicate that the antagonism was there and growing. War turned the antagonism into fear, and made possible what California had clearly wanted for decades—to get rid of its minority.

By early February both the Hearst press and the pressure groups were loudly demanding the eviction of all people of Japanese blood—to protect the state from the enemy, and to protect the minority from violence at the hands of Filipinos and other neighbors. A few cases of violence had, indeed, occurred, and spy talk ran up and down the coast. On February 13, a group of Pacific Coast Congressmen urged President Roosevelt to permit an evacuation; a week later the President gave that authority to the Army. On February 23, a Japanese submarine shelled the coast near Santa Barbara. Lieutenant

[Continued on page 32]
Issei, Nisei, Kibei

[Continued from page 22]

General John L. DeWitt, on March 2, issued the order that all persons of Japanese descent, aliens and citizens, old and young, women and children, be removed from most of California, western Oregon and Washington, and southern Arizona. The greatest forced migration in U.S. history resulted.

MIGRATION EASTWARD

At first the movement inland of the 110,000 people living within the prohibited zone was to be voluntary. The Japanese-Americans were merely told to get out. Within three weeks 8,000 people had packed up, hastily closed out their business affairs, sold their possessions or left them with neighbors, and set forth obediently toward the east. But Arizona remembered all too well how California had turned back the Okies in the past, and many Japanese-Americans were intercepted at this border. Kansas patrolmen stopped them. Nevada and Wyoming protested that they did not want to receive people found too dangerous for California. About 4,000 got as far as Colorado and Utah. It became apparent that the random migration of so many unwanted people could result only in spreading chaos.

By March 29 voluntary evacuation was forbidden, and the Army made its own plans to control the movement.

The evacuees reported to local control stations where they registered and were given a number and instructions on what they could take (hand luggage only) and when they should proceed to the first camps, called assembly centers. Although they were offered government help in straightening out their property problems, many thousands, in their haste and confusion, and in their understandable distrust of government, quickly did what they could for themselves. They sold, leased, stored, or lent their homes, lands, personal belongings, tractors, and cars. Their financial losses are incalculable.

The Army, in twenty-eight days, rigged up primitive barracks in fifteen assembly centers to provide temporary quarters for 110,000. Each evacuee made his own mattress of straw, took his place in the crowded barracks, and tried to adjust to his new life. By August 10 everyone of Japanese descent (except those confined to insane asylums and other safe institutions) was behind a fence, in “protective custody.” They were held here (still within the forbidden military zone) until a newly created civilian agency, the War Relocation Authority, could establish other refuges farther inland. WRA’s job was to hold the people until they could be resettled in orderly fashion.

WRA appealed to the governors of ten nearby western states. With one exception, Colorado’s Governor Carr, they protested that they did not want the Japanese-Americans to settle in their domain, nor did they want any relocation center erected within their borders unless it was well guarded by the Army. Finally nine remote inland sites were found, all of them on federally owned land. (One assembly center in eastern California became a relocation camp.) Most of them were located, for lack of better acreage, on desolate but irrigable desert tracts. More tar-papered barracks were thrown up, more wire fences built, and once more the people moved. By November, 1942, all the evacuees had packed up their miserably few possessions, had been herded onto trains, and deposited behind WRA’s soldier-guarded fences, in crowded barracks villages of between 7,000 and 18,000 people.

They felt bitterness and anger over their loss of land and home and money and freedom. They knew that German and Italian aliens—and indeed, Japanese aliens in other parts of the U.S.—had been interned only when the F.B.I. had reason to suspect them. Second-generation citizens of German and Italian origin were not evacuated from California; nor were the second-generation citizens of Japanese descent elsewhere in the U.S. but behind fences.

Although the evacuees’ resentment at regimentation within WRA’s little Tokyos is deep, it is seldom expressed violently. Considering the emotional strains, the uprooting, and the crowding, no one can deny that the record of restraint has been remarkable. Only twice have the soldiers been asked to come within a WRA fence to restore order.

CODDLING, AT 31 CENTS A DAY

But WRA and its director, Dillon Myer, have been under almost continual attack by congressional committees in Washington, and by a whole long list of badgering groups and individuals on the West Coast. The Dies Committee goes after WRA* and the Japanese minority at frequent intervals. Even Hedda Hopper, the movie gossip, prattles innuendoes. Not wishing to “imply anything,” she noted last December that “we’ve had more than our share of explosions, train wrecks, fires, and serious accidents” since WRA has released so many of the evacuees. Actually, not one of the 17,000 has been convicted of anti-American activity.

WRA has usually been criticized for the wrong reasons. It

[Codding, at 31 cents a day]

*Herman P. Eberharter, a member of the Dies Committee, has said of its September, 1943, findings, “...the report...is prejudiced, and most of its statements are not proven.” The committee wound up by suggesting three policies, all of which the WRA had already adopted.

[Continued on page 74]
sometimes electric plate or had a friend "on the outside" send (5ne >in.
water in the barracks, unless the
As in Army camps, each block of twelve or fourteen barracks

THE RABBLE ROUSER spreads disaffection among the évacués, distrusted and discarded by society.

AT AMERICANIZATION CLASSES the old people learn the three R's and some history of the U.S.

THE LOYAL ÉVACUÉ, who has courage to face race prejudice "outside," can go east for a job.
FOR MEN OF INDIVIDUALITY

A Tripler Coat

Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman

Many carefully dressed men this spring will wear one of the fine Tripler coats of enduring style and character. Distinctively styled, they assure lasting ease and comfort.

Highly distinguished from the regular ready-to-wear coats, the Tripler collection carries the distinctive hand-tailoring of Hickey-Freeman, an outstanding feature long a favorite with discriminating men throughout America. Our personalized fitting service is further assurance of complete satisfaction.

BACK THE ATTACK • BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Issei, Nisei, Kibei

(Continued from page 74)

never appeared on WPA or home-relief lists. To virtually all of them it is now galling to be distrusted wards of the nation, their meager lodging and food a scanty handout, the payment for their labor somewhat the same.

“POLITICS”

They have always been an isolated, discarded, and therefore ingrown people. Today this is more true than ever. The barracks village as a rule is literally isolated. At Manzanar, California, for example, the center is but a tiny square in a vast and lonely desert valley, between two great mountain ranges. Spiritually the people are just as isolated as that. Thrown together in a compact racial island of their own frustrated people, they grow in upon themselves and each other; they become almost completely detached from American life, the war, the world. Their small children speak more Japanese than they would if they competed daily with other American school children. The teen-age boys and girls are ostentatiously American in clothes, slang, and behavior. It is as if they were trying too hard to convince themselves that they are Americans. They know that they must and will go out the gate soon.

The adults think about themselves, and about the past they left. With time and distance, California’s farm valleys, towns, and cities become more golden-hued than ever to the évacués. They brood vaguely and fearfully on the future; the war, sometimes, seems like a vague abstraction, the cause of their troubles. And they think about rumors—which they often trust more than they do printed, official announcements. It may be a rumor that the Army will take over. Or that the évacués in this center will all be transported to another. This is the most nightmarish rumor of all to people who have moved so much in the past two years.

They think, too, about the endless details of their camp life. Each group of 250 or so évacués has a block manager who gets $16 a month for listening to their complaints and, if possible, straightening out innumerable daily problems. The food in the mess hall is badly prepared; there is no toilet paper in the ladies’ latrine; the neighbors play the radio too late and too loud; the roof of No. 29 barracks has a small leak.

Finally, there are gossip and politics. The Japanese-Americans back in California went their way without much participation in politics as most American citizens know it. In the barracks village of WRA there is little real self-government. Most of the centers have a Council made up of block representatives or managers. But there is only a slight area within which such a congress can make community decisions. Usually at the meeting of the Council the members do little more than listen to new rules, new plans of WRA, handed down from Washington or the local director. The block representatives are expected to pass on this information to all the people.

Originally WRA ruled that citizens alone could hold office in the centers, but this proved to be unwise. Two-thirds of the évacués are citizens, but most of these American-born Nisei are from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age—young to take on such responsible jobs as the block manager’s. Besides, among the Japanese-Americans born here are hundreds of Kibei—young men who were sent to Japan for part of their education. Not all—but a large percentage of them—are pro-Japan, particularly those who gained the latter part of their

[Continued on page 84]
education in Japan. Disliked by the Nisei majority, outnumbered and maladjusted, the Kibei often have become a nuisance, creating little areas of disaffection in the center. Thus it turned out that the Issei—the aliens, parents of the Nisei and Kibei—could best provide the authority, stability, and seasoned wisdom needed in a block manager. They possessed a tradition of family and community leadership, and had commanded respect in the past. Above all they usually have an earnest desire to make the block of 250 or more people in which they live function in an orderly and quiet fashion. They are aliens primarily because U.S. law forbade them to become citizens. Many of them have a real loyalty to the U.S., not because the U.S. has invited their loyalty but of a small strike against WRA. The leaders have not invariably of spreading the infection of bitterness, exaggerating an instance and affront into an issue that may even get to the point of a small scale against WRA. The leaders have not invariably been pro-Japan. Some, both aliens and citizens, who had been good Americans became indignant at their loss of freedom and their right to participate in the life of the nation.

It may be that the administration was not willing to permit a big funeral for a man accidentally killed when a work truck overturned; it may be that three or four of the Caucasian staff displayed signs of race discrimination; it may be a rumor more plausible than fact. The “politicians” take any one of these, or a series, and worry it into a big camp issue. How great an issue it becomes depends most of all on the degree of confidence the center as a whole has in its director and the coolness and fairness with which he customarily handles his people. Too often the administration is out of touch with the main issues and grievances within the camp. WRA suffers, like every other agency, from the manpower shortage. Competent center directors and minor personnel are scarce. Often enough the director finds his Caucasian staff more of a problem than the évacués.

The two so-called “riots,” which brought the Army over the fence, arose from the accumulation of small grievances, whipped up to a crisis by groups struggling for power and eager to put the administration on the spot. There was, in each instance, a strike. Actually a strike in a relocation center is self-defeating since almost all labor in the community works to provide goods and services for the évacués themselves; no more than a handful work in the staff mess and office building. Only when violence occurred, and the director thought he needed help in maintaining order, was the Army invited in. But trouble rarely reaches either the strike stage or violence. The people in the Pacific Coast’s little Tokyos rarely appeared on police blotters in the past, and now the crime record of WRA centers compares favorably with that of any small cities of their size, or, indeed, with any Army camp. Most of the policing is done by the évacués themselves, appointed to the “internal security” staff of each center.

Policing should be simpler than ever from now on. The ideological air has been cleared; the pro-Japan people have been moved out. The process of sifting the communities, separating the loyal and the disloyal, is virtually complete. The “disloyal” have been sent to a segregation center in northeastern California, leaving the other nine centers populated only by the loyal.

REGISTRATION AND SEGREGATION

To all the évacués the two words, registration and segregation, are almost as charged with emotion as that disturbing term, evacuation. Quite simply the two nouns mean that a questionnaire is submitted to all adults in the centers to determine their loyalty or disloyalty. On the basis of this, plus F.B.I. records and in some instances special hearings, WRA granted or denied the évacués “leave clearance,” the right to go East and find a job. The same information was used as a basis for segregating the “disloyal” in a separate center. About 18,000 (the “disloyal” and all their dependents) will sit out the war at Tule Lake, within a high, barbed-wire enclosure, unless Japan shows more enthusiasm than she has to date for their repatriation. (These 18,000 must not be confused with the few thousand interned by the Department of Justice.) But separating the loyal and the disloyal is not so simple a job as it might seem. Loyalty is difficult to measure accurately on any scales, and the sifting of the évacués was clumsily handled. The process began in February, 1943, when the Army decided to recruit a combat unit of Japanese-Americans. A registration form was printed containing twenty-eight questions to determine loyalty and willingness to fight. It was to be filled out by all men of military age. Someone realized that it would be well to have just such records on all adults in the centers. Plans were suddenly changed and everyone from seventeen years of age up was given the twenty-eight questions.

Nothing is more disastrous in a rumor-ridden, distrustful, neurotic community like a relocation center than to make one explanation of purpose today and a quite different one tomorrow. The people, newly arrived in the WRA centers, were still stunned by their evacuation, loss of property and freedom, and were acutely conscious of their stigma as “enemy.” There was misunderstanding about the purpose of registration at most of the centers. The questionnaire was so carelessly framed its wording had to be changed during the process of registration. A few thousand refused to fill out the form at all. Others, remembering that they had lost business, home, and their civil rights, wrote angry (“disloyal”) answers. They had no enthusiasm for defending a democratic America that had imprisoned them for no crime and without trial.

WRA, in an effort to be fair, has granted hearings in recent months for those who wished to explain the answers they made in anger or confusion. Pride made a few people stick to what they first wrote. There is little question that the majority of adults sent to Tule Lake feel loyalty to Japan, but there are also behind Tule’s fences a few thousand who are not disloyal. Most of the Issei who chose Tule Lake are there because of firm ties of loyalty to Japan, or strong ties of family relationships. Some Issei were afraid of bringing reprisals upon their relatives in Japan by affirming loyalty to the U.S. The parents who chose Tule Lake usually have taken all their children with them. Only a few sons and daughters over seventeen, who had the right to choose for themselves, could resist strong family pressure. It is ironic and revealing that at the high school at Tule Lake, civics and American history are popular elected courses. Japan, however, makes no legal claims of protective interest in the Nisei or Kibei. When the Spanish consul visits Tule to report conditions to Japan, he is legally concerned only with the welfare of the Issei, the nationals of Japan. And,
under U.S. law, the Nisei and Kibei cannot abrogate their American citizenship during wartime, even if they want to. Their expatriation, and even the repatriation of most of the Issei to Japan, during the war, is unlikely. Negotiations for the exchange of civilian war prisoners have been slow, and the delay is due to Japan, not to the U.S. State Department.

To a minority living at Tule Lake, Japan's unwillingness to arrange frequent exchange of prisoners is not disheartening. This minority does not want to set sail for Japan; it wants to stay in the U.S. People are at Tule Lake for many complicated reasons besides "disloyalty" and family relationships. There is evidence, for example, that some chose this kind of imprisonment for reasons of security and weariness. This is indicated by the percentages of people in the various centers who said they wanted to be segregated. When the decision was made last fall to turn the Tule Lake camp into a segregation center, nearly 6,000 out of 13,000 residents of that center decided to stay put. This high percentage of "disloyal," the highest in any center, is explained in part by unwillingness to be uprooted and moved again. In the Minidoka relocation center, in Idaho, only 225 people out of 7,000 chose to go to Tule.

There are a few tired and discouraged people from other WRA centers who went to Tule Lake because they knew that the barbed-wire fences in that camp would stand permanently. They reasoned that they would have certain refuge for the duration, while the other centers, according to evacuation rumor, might be abruptly closed, and everyone turned loose without resources.

Some chose Tule Lake imprisonment as a gesture against what they consider the broken promises of democracy. For example, there is a young Nisei who enlisted in California early in 1941 because he felt strongly about fascism. He was abruptly thrown out of his country's army after Japan attacked the U.S. and put behind the fences along with all the other évacués. In February, 1943, when he was handed a questionnaire on loyalty and his willingness to defend the U.S., he was too angry to prove his "loyalty" that way; he had already amply demonstrated it. He is at Tule Lake, not because of his love for Japan, but as a protest to the government he honestly wanted to serve back in 1941.

There is the Japanese-American who fought in the last war in the U.S. Army, and is a member of the American Legion. When the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor, he offered his services to the Army and to industry in California. He was turned down. Sent to a relocation center he became a "troublemaker," with the slogan, "If you think you are an American, try walking out the gate." He was packed off to an "isolation center," and finally wound up at Tule Lake. Last year the U.S. Treasury received a check from him, mailed from behind Tule's barbed wire. It was a sum in excess of $100 and represented his income tax for the calendar year, 1942, when he had received belated payment for his 1941 services as navigator on a Portuguese ship. He insisted on paying his tax, as usual. He has, of course, no wish to go to Japan. He too sits out the war at Tule Lake in protest against the failure of democracy. The minority who are in Tule for reasons of weariness or protest are not important numerically. But they show what can happen to people who are confused, discouraged, or justifiably angry. They reveal some ugly scars inflicted by our society. It is too early to speculate about what will happen to these 18,000 prisoners. A few thousand, at the most, may get aboard the Gripsholm. Will all the rest be shipped finally to a defeated Japan? Or will they be a postwar U.S. problem?

RELOCATION

Where the Tule Lake prisoners will end their days is less important to consider than what is to become of those "loyal" évacués who are still in the nine other centers. Everyone deemed loyal, by the sifting process of registration and hearings, has been granted "leave clearance." Fortified with a handful of official papers, a numbered identification card bearing his picture and fingerprints, an évacué can set forth to the East. He gets his railroad fare, $3 a day travel money, and if he has no savings, $25 in cash.

During the last twelve months, 17,000 évacués have had the courage to go "outside." They are, with rare exceptions, young and single, or married but childless. A Nisei has to muster considerable courage to go out into the society that rejected him two years ago. From behind the fence "the outside" has become vague, enormous, and fearful. The huddling together, which is resented, is nonetheless a cohesive, protective force, hard to overcome. As he leaves the soldier-guarded gate, the young Nisei is as alone as any human being could be; he faces even more prejudice than his father did as immigrant contract labor.

The most powerful magnets to draw him out are letters from friends who have already gone east. Those who have made the plunge usually report back to their friends enthusiastically. The people who have started a new life—most of them from eighteen to thirty years old—are the pioneers. In the factories and in the restaurants and hotels, in the offices and in the kitchens where they work, they are building a future not merely for themselves, but for those who may follow. When they write back, "We can eat in any restaurant in New York," they spread a little hope. Or, "I attracted very little attention on the train." Or, "In Chicago, nobody seems to care that I have a Japanese face." They tell of the church groups who are almost alone in providing some kind of organized social protection for those who relocate in cities like Chicago.

They are being sent "outside" wherever a not-too-prejudiced community provides opportunity. Seven WRA regional officers have staffs scouting for job prospects, talking to employers of farm and industrial labor, sounding out public opinion, and, in general, smoothing the way. Illinois has taken more relocated American Japanese than any other state—4,000. Most of these have found jobs in and around Chicago, Winnetka housewives compete for Nisei servants, and even the Chicago Tribune has been calm. Only Hearst howls.

Ohio's industrial cities have taken about 1,500 from the relocation centers. Although special clearances have been needed for the eastern defense area, a few hundred have already gone to New York City, and the stream to the northeastern states will increase steadily. Scattered throughout midwestern states like Wisconsin, Montana, and Iowa are hundreds more.

There are, of course, areas of resistance. Antagonism to WRA's évacués is apt to increase not diminish when the European war ends and the casualty lists come only from the Pacific. Utah has taken about 2,000 évacués—mostly in Ogden and Salt Lake City where at first they were quietly absorbed. But last month the state A.F. of L. petitioned Salt Lake City authorities to deny business licenses to people of Japanese ancestry. Two thousand have gone to Colorado, but recent campaigns like Hearst's in the Denver Post and proposed new discriminatory [Continued on page 106]
forces in January was close to 10,000. Some are doing intelligence work in they would have to build in California as patiently as they now tomorrow, they could not readily establish themselves in the will be no more little Tokyos to serve.

The South Pacific. An all-Japanese-American battalion did distinguished service in Italy, with heavy losses.

*No less than 1,200 Nisei have already volunteered from behind the wire fences of the centers. Including Hawaiian Nisei, the total in the armed forces in January was close to 10,000. Some are doing intelligence work in the South Pacific. An all-Japanese-American battalion did distinguished service in Italy, with heavy losses.

No one can gauge how soon the prewar unwillingness to accept charity or government relief deteriorates into a not-unpleasant habit of security. It is too much to expect of any people that their pride be unbreakable. Some of the old farm women who were "stoop labor" all their lives, even after their Nisei sons' landholdings or leased acres became sizable, have had the first rest in their history. Most of the old bachelors who had always been day laborers frankly enjoy the security of the centers.

If the war lasts two more years, and if WRA has succeeded in finding places for 25,000 more Japanese-Americans in the next twenty-four months (and WRA hopes to better that figure), it will be a job well done. That would leave some 45,000 in the relocation centers, as continuing public wards, not to mention over 20,000 at Tule Lake and the Department of Justice internment camps. Whatever the final residue, 25,000 or 45,000, it is certain that the "protective custody" of 1942 and 1943 cannot end otherwise than in a kind of Indian reservation, to plague the conscience of Americans for many years to come.

"MILITARY NECESSITY," "PROTECTIVE CUSTODY"

Meanwhile in the coming months, and perhaps years, a series of cases testing the constitutionality of evacuation and detention, even suits for recovery of property will come before the higher courts. Verdicts of "unconstitutional," or even eventual settlement of property claims cannot undo the record. It is written not only in military orders, in American Legion resolutions, Hearst headlines, and Supreme Court archives. It is written into the lives of thousands of human beings, most of them citizens of the U.S.

When future historians review the record, they may have difficulty reconciling the Army's policy in California with that pursued in Hawaii. People of Japanese blood make up more than one-third of the Hawaiian Islands' population, yet no large-scale evacuation was ordered after Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field became a shambles. Martial law was declared; certain important constitutional rights of everyone were suspended. The Department of Justice and the military authorities went about their business, rounded up a few thousand suspects. In Hawaii, unlike California, there was no strong political or economic pressure demanding evacuation of the Japanese-Americans. Indeed, had they been removed, the very foundation of peacetime Hawaiian life, sugar and pineapple growing, would have been wrecked. General Delos C. Emmons, who commanded the Hawaiian district in 1942, has said of the Japanese-Americans there: "They added materially to the strength of the area."

For two full years the West Coast "military necessity" order of March, 1942, has remained in force—an unprecedented quasi-martial law, suspending a small minority's constitutional rights of personal liberty and freedom of action. Those loyal évacués who can take jobs in war plants in the East have reason to ask why they are forbidden to return to California to plant cabbages. Mr. Stimson and Mr. Knox have assured the nation that the Japanese enemy is not coming to our shores. The Pacific Coast is now a "defense command," no longer "a theatre of operations," in the Army's own terminology. Each month the March, 1942, order seems more unreasonable.

Perhaps the Army forbids the évacués to return home less for military reasons than because of strong California pressures and threats. The Hearst papers on the Pacific Coast promise pogroms if any Japanese citizen or alien is permitted to come home. New groups like the Home Front Commandos of Sacramento have risen to cry: "They must stay out—or
Over and above the call of duty

You can receive no finer citation than this superb wrist watch by Rolex... for the Rolex Oyster, or the Rolex Oyster Perpetual, is truly a dependable guardian of today’s split-second tempo. **The simple stem-locking device, patented and used exclusively by Rolex, guarantees complete waterproofing of the precision mechanism within.**

**Today, almost every Rolex Watch is scheduled for the use of the Armed Forces and our Allies... but a limited number are still available for civilian purchase. See your local Rolex Dealer. He’ll do his utmost to serve you.** Priced from $80.00

---

Issei, Nisei, Kibei

[Continued from page 106]

else.” The Associated Farmers and the California Grange, the American Legion and the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West reiterate the theme of or else. Politicians listen and publicly urge that the despised minority be kept out of California for the duration.

There are Californians who care about civil liberties and human justice and see the grave danger of continued quasi-martial law but they have difficulty getting their side heard. The California C.I.O., the League of Women Voters, and segments of the church are all putting up a fight against continued “protective security.” They work side by side with the Committee on American Principles and Fair Play, a group that includes such distinguished Californians as President Robert G. Sproul of the University of California, Ray Lyman Wilbur, and Maurice E. Harrison.

Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, who ordered the evacuation in 1942, encouraged California’s racist pressure groups when he said, “I don’t care what they do with the Japs as long as they don’t send them back here. A Jap is a Jap.” General Delos C. Emmons, who succeeded DeWitt on the West Coast last September, says very little. He is the same General Emmons who decided not to order wholesale evacuation of the Japanese from Hawaii.

The longer the Army permits California and the rest of the Pacific Coast to be closed to everyone of Japanese descent the more time is given the Hearst papers and their allies to convince Californians that they will indeed yield to lawlessness if the unwanted minority is permitted to return. By continuing to keep American citizens in “protective custody,” the U.S. is holding to a policy as ominous as it is new. The American custom in the past has been to lock up the citizen who commits violence, not the victim of his threats and blows.

The doctrine of “protective custody” could prove altogether too convenient a weapon in many other situations. In California, a state with a long history of race hatred and vigilantism, antagonism is already building against the Negroes who have come in for war jobs. What is to prevent their removal to jails, to “protect them” from riots? Or Negroes in Detroit, Jews in Boston, Mexicans in Texas? The possibilities of “protective custody” are endless, as the Nazis have amply proved.
An American With a Japanese Face
By Robert Hosokawa

The following article, written by an American with a Japanese face, presents the observations and reactions to the problems of resettlement of an individual who sits among the thousands who were evacuated from their homes to barbed-wire assembly centers. The writer is a nisei, born in Seattle, just before the end of the last war. He was educated in Seattle schools and attended Whittier College, Los Angeles, in 1940. At college he classmates elected him president of the senior class, and he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Glimpses From the Rain, the wooded hillside catches the morning sun. The air is cool and fresh. By our window a huge locust tree, which has felt many springs, is blossoming once more. Yesterday the old tree was full of blue-jays that sat and quarreled. Today there are only raindrops, falling like glass beads to the tangle of twigs.

It is seven-thirty. We have had breakfast and my wife is washing the dishes. I am putting on my tie and coat and in a few minutes shall start my daily walk to the office.

The pavement is wet this morning, glinting like diamonds where the sunlight falls across it. It is good to be out, walking past houses with neat lawns, flowering tulips and greening hedges. It is good to have somewhere to go in the morning, a place to work—and in the evening, somewhere to return. That may sound strange, it is so commonplace. But it is not so for me. Only three weeks ago we were behind barbed wire of a War Relocation Authority project, a drab desert city of tarpaper barracks.

Possibility of invasion by the Japanese triggered the cry for our evacuation. Those were confusing days and, in spite of our resignation, it was a relief when the order came. By the middle of May, 1942, 110,000 coastal residents were behind barbed wire of hastily constructed assembly centers.

The soldiers who evacuated us were young and courteous, reminding me of college friends in the service. They greeted us with a smile, and as we boarded buses with scant belongings they assured us, "It won't be too bad. We'll get the mean trees with in a hurry and we'll all go home again." They were a credit to our country, and they did a difficult job well.

We moved in strictest co-operation with the Army and its agency, the Wartime Civilian Control Administration. We believed our being removed was a military necessity designed to help our nation, then it was our contribution to our wartime welfare.

By mid-summer the movements from these miserable stopping-off places to more spacious relocation camps in the barbed wire center had been completed. We were happy to leave the inadequacies of temporary encampment. Formerly it had been a state fairground; its numerous booths, sheds were condemned as unfit for permanent use. The grandstand, and roller-coaster tracks were thrown indiscriminately within the perimeter of barbed wire. We did not know where to look, whom to watch until slowly from dark corners of boiler rooms, and behind barracks, came ugly discontent and seeds of agitation.

If this was to be our home for the duration, it was a test of our courage and ingenuity. We worked to improve our homes, to develop recreation and to organize education. The War Relocation Authority officials were helpful and must have been very frustrated.

They said, you nisei have boasted of citizenship as Americans. What has it done for you! Now you have finally begun to learn that you are no better than aliens who are denied that citizenship. You see that Democracy is only a word, something to be looked upon from a distance, never to have.

There were many peaceful and understanding neighbors among us. It was a comfort to know that we had not lost sight of the only thing which mattered—our country was at war, fighting for what we believed was right. Its complete victory over Japan and Germany was in sight.

Conspicuously absent were those who resented these conditions. Many people proposed investigation of conditions to some legislative centers. The writer is a nisei, born in Walla Walla, graduating in 1940. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, MAY 22, 1943
The procedure of resettlement to outside communities has just been instituted. It was initiated about Thanksgiving and was slow to get under way. Purpose and plans were indistinct. It was difficult to know what was going to happen or what was going to be done. The evacuees were almost entirely noncitizens, most of them having volunteered under other circumstances, hesitated to leave dependent Government wards.

Many declined to volunteer, the prejudice against all things Japanese being indelible. Those desiring evacuation would have to be sent for employment by their employers. The only employment available to them was that of farm laborers. This work was almost entirely underutilized. The voluntary evacuation was more voluntary in name than in fact. It was given in order to avoid the expiration of the evacuation order, which would have entailed the evacuation of the entire community. The evacuation order was nullified, it would only remove in the eyes of the public the stigma of the evacuees as enemy aliens.

The West Coast Japanese problem is far from solved. Gradually evacuees will be resettled in communities where their history, progress, and assimilation will continue. Although Government investigation is still restricted, only those who have been evacuated voluntarily and with the approval of the Department of Justice are being allowed to return to their homes. The evacuees who have been evacuated are those who have been judged to be loyal and have not been suspected of having committed any criminal acts.

Both nisei and issei are eligible for resettlement. But the issei parents are being evacuated first, as it is believed that they can return to their homes and live in peace. The evacuation order is due to be lifted in the near future, and the evacuees will be able to return to their homes and live in peace.

It is a matter of regret that Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of ancestry. Americanism is one who is loyal to this country and to our creed of liberty and democracy.

The Army recruiting team arrived, one of over 5,000 Americans with Japanese faces in the Army. Many of these people were recruited from selective service. Offices were established in army camps, and planer meetings were held in each of the army camps with its 15,000 population.

The War Department made its idea clear that America's interest was in training and disseminating the propaganda effectively, at home and abroad, of the fact that the fighting nisei Americans by diffusing them in an army of 5,000,000, it was hoped, could be a greater unit. Some nisei understood, were not able to realize this at the sacrifice of their personal prejudices. Others who might have volunteered under other circumstances hesitated to leave dependent Government wards.

Most nisei reaching an age of independence and worthy of the opportunity should be induced to leave for employment and a chance to find a place in America. The solution should be reached through intensive aid by Government agencies for initial adjustment economically and socially. The solution is not mass deportation to this country; it is not a mass exodus; it is not a mass resettlement. The solution is a mass resettlement of all the evacuees in its behalf. Nisei are young as a group. Their age hovers above 20. They have undergone much in being uprooted from their homes and placed in camps. Before the solution is reached, they will undergo much more.

The procedure of resettlement to outside communities has just been instituted. It was initiated about Thanksgiving and was slow to get under way. Purpose and plans were indistinct. It was difficult to know what was going to happen or what was going to be done. The evacuees were almost entirely noncitizens, most of them having volunteered under other circumstances, hesitated to leave dependent Government wards.

Many declined to volunteer, the prejudice against all things Japanese being indelible. Those desiring evacuation would have to be sent for employment by their employers. The only employment available to them was that of farm laborers. This work was almost entirely underutilized. The voluntary evacuation was more voluntary in name than in fact. It was given in order to avoid the expiration of the evacuation order, which would have entailed the evacuation of the entire community. The evacuation order was nullified, it would only remove in the eyes of the public the stigma of the evacuees as enemy aliens.

The West Coast Japanese problem is far from solved. Gradually evacuees will be resettled in communities where their history, progress, and assimilation will continue. Although Government investigation is still restricted, only those who have been evacuated voluntarily and with the approval of the Department of Justice are being allowed to return to their homes. The evacuees who have been evacuated are those who have been judged to be loyal and have not been suspected of having committed any criminal acts.

Both nisei and issei are eligible for resettlement. But the issei parents are being evacuated first, as it is believed that they can return to their homes and live in peace. The evacuation order is due to be lifted in the near future, and the evacuees will be able to return to their homes and live in peace.

It is a matter of regret that Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of ancestry. Americanism is one who is loyal to this country and to our creed of liberty and democracy.