

job offer or some definite means of support in the area for which the person was applying. For this security clearance was necessary; the W.R.A. also made certain that the area of resettlement would present no problem for the person resettling there.<sup>1</sup>

There were, as Director Dillon S. Myer points out, several reasons for the broadening of the program for resettlement in addition to pressures for access to evacuee labor pools. There was an increasing concern that "loyalty could not flourish in an atmosphere of restriction and discriminatory segregation."<sup>2</sup> The long-term impact of relocation center life upon evacuees, especially upon children, was beginning increasingly to concern the W.R.A. The fear<sup>persisted</sup> that the confinement of Japanese-Americans encouraged suspicion among the general population of evacuee loyalties. There was also the growing fear that out of the relocation experience an immense problem could arise for the American government. "I was fearful," Dillon S. Myer writes, "we could have something akin to Indian reservations to deal with if steps were not taken soon to move the Japanese Americans back into the mainstream of American life."<sup>3</sup> The W.R.A. leadership, soon after it assumed responsibility for administering the relocation centers, became seriously concerned about the long-term consequences of the impoundment of its charges.

By January, 1943, field offices had been established in

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid., 133.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 134.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 132.

Chicago and soon in Minneapolis, Cleveland, Des Moines, Milwaukee, New York and other cities throughout the country. These offices were charged with making communities aware of the resettlement program, getting employers to become interested in Japanese American labor, and gaining the support of business, professional, social, civic, and church groups. The work of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was particularly helpful in advancing the integration of Japanese-Americans in the East and Middle West. Jobs had to be found, and jobs were found. By July, 1943, Director Myer reports, "the demands for manpower were so great that from the Chicago area alone we had 10,000 requests for evacuees which could not be filled."<sup>1</sup> The reputation of the early resettlers for efficiency and diligence spread among employers.

The growing emphasis upon resettlement made it necessary for the W.R.A. to reorient its thinking about the relocation center communities. With the prospect in mind of gradually resettling the major portion of the evacuated population in communities throughout the country, the emphasis upon community building had to be correspondingly modified. As resettlement progressed, the project communities would be continually losing population.<sup>2</sup> With the progressive administration of this program, the whole atmosphere of the relocation center communities could be expected to alter. There were obviously some questions as to how the various segments of the evacuee population would respond to the

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid., 140.

<sup>2</sup>Spicer, op. cit., 127.

increasing possibilities of establishing themselves in other parts of the country. There was no great surge for resettlement. Even in Spring of 1943, William Osuga, one of the editors of A Tule Lake Interlude noted that "with all the inconveniences, dissatisfaction, and grumblings there are many who are afraid to venture beyond the security of the wire fence."<sup>1</sup> There was the pervasive fear of public hostility especially on the occasion of unfavorable war news. There were other reasons as well, as William Osuga went on to point out:

Most of the employment offered are for single persons who are inclined to be more adventurous than family men. Family men cannot support their families on wages offered to a single person. Single persons or married couples have a certain freedom of movement and are not hampered by the high cost of living as families are.

A third of the Project population is those who are under 18 years of age. Because of their youth, their plans for relocation are frowned upon by their parents. This disapproval may apply also to a good number of single girls above 18.

A strong feeling exists among a large number of evacuees of a hope to return to their former homes on the Pacific coast.

Types of employment offered are not suitable for Japanese evacuees. There exists a notion in the communities outside that the evacuees are only adaptable to gardening and domestic works. Project's population includes a considerable number of people trained as stenographers, mechanics, shop and mill workers, laboratory technicians, nurses, accountants, and many others with equally developed skills.

Some have been embittered and disillusioned by the unfair treatment of being evacuated. . .

To many of the evacuees, especially the older issei population, the Project has become their "home". They would rather stay in the Project with their families and friends instead of venturing out into new and strange

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<sup>1</sup>William Osuga, "Relocation," A Tule Lake Interlude: First Anniversary, May 27, 1942-1943 (The Tulean Dispatch) 76.

communities which may be hostile, and face an uncertain future. They prefer to remain in camps where they are sure of getting three meals<sup>1</sup> a day and a place to sleep as wards of the government.

The readers were reminded of the positive aspects: the simplified procedures, the services of WRA field offices, employment assistance, financial aids available, the sympathetic interest and help of religious and other organizations, the successful experience of sugar beet workers, and in general the fact that the resettlers were being well received. For these reasons, the editor stressed, it is important that people of Japanese ancestry assume the problems of resettlement and thus "to share and to contribute in making and the improving of this, their country."<sup>2</sup> Similar encouragement was given to student resettlement.

Departures of evacuees from Tule Lake headed for the East and Middle West were described in terms of the high emotion they engendered:

The bus' motor began to sputter and immediately dissolved into an even hum. The hum became a roar and the bus slowly moved forward. Only a few on the bus and their friends seeing them off had eyes that were dry. The crowd streamed up toward the gate to catch last glimpses of their departing friends as the bus moved out the gate and into freedom.

Where were they going?

To work! To colleges! To join their families!

To places strange to them--strange faces and new environments--with hopes in their hearts; they are leaving the project, their families, and their friends. They bravely set out for they believe that only to relocating themselves can they be prepared for the more difficult post-war period; by going out they can best serve this, their country...<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid., 77-78.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., 80.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 75.

Psychologically, the possibility of being able to leave the Relocation Center, even if not immediately, provided a release from being caught and bound for the duration of the War. Now there was at least the possibility of an earlier escape. The question was then, when? The issues involved in deciding who was leaving for what destination, with whom and under what circumstances often brought deep-seated family differences of interest and perspective to the surface. Given the Japanese family traditions the conflicting interests among members were often exceedingly painful for all. Many evacuees, especially young people, yearned to live free from exclusive association with a collectivity of persons with whom they felt they had too little in common. Those who had particularly suffered from boredom, listlessness, and the meaninglessness of project life, longed for the activity and vitality of normal communities.<sup>1</sup>

In the winter and spring of 1942-43, many parents at Tule Lake were inclined to remain in the California project until the period of interment was over. When the end should finally come, they wished to be able to go directly to the communities in Washington, Oregon, and California where they wished to re-establish themselves. In instances where the parents expected children to remain with them or where other impediments to re-settlement existed, youths desiring to leave for the outside often suffered from distress and frustration. High-school-age and older Nisei not infrequently were torn by conflicting desires to advance their careers elsewhere yet observe their obligations to parents; on the one hand they often sought to enlarge the

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<sup>1</sup>Spicer, op. cit., 177.

# NISEI AND THE ARMED FORCES



exercise of their autonomy but they wanted to do this without seriously impairing long-term family relationships. As the numbers who left on indefinite leaves increased, those among their friends and relatives who remained were often left with a sense of further isolation and boredom. Letters from their resettled friends might both ease the sense of separation but increase the frustration of having to remain behind. The story, "A Nisei Learns to Smile Again," by the high school student Teiko Hamaguchi reveals some of the dimensions of problems of resettlement.

The War Department on June 17, 1942 had declared that Nisei were no longer to be acceptable for service in the armed forces "except as may be authorized in special cases."<sup>1</sup> In January, 1943, the War Department announced plans for forming the 442nd Combat Team which was to be an all-Japanese unit of volunteers. Whatever misgivings liberal elements in the national population may have had about the formation of a segregated military unit, the Nisei combatants made the unit a spectacular success. With great cost, the soldiers won a general recognition for bravery among the American people that was to have an important influence upon Japanese-American and Caucasian relations in the years after the war. Shortly after the announcement of recruitment for the 442 Combat Team, consideration of restoring Nisei to normal selective service status was intensified. It was not, however, done

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<sup>1</sup>Myer, op. cit., 144.

until two years later in January, 1944.

Ultimately the Tule Lake Relocation Center became the place of internment for all those evacuees who wished to repatriate to Japan or who simply wished to remain in a relocation community until they could move directly, without intervening resettlement, to the communities they wished to live in after the War. The other relocation centers were gradually reduced in size and were closed down. The period of Tule Lake's history as a segregation center lies beyond time encompassed by this work. Before that time of bitterness and turbulence, thousands of Tule Lake residents left the Project and others from the closing centers were brought to it. But in Winter and Spring of 1942-43, the issues of resettlement which Teiko Hamaguchi writes about seemed critically important and laden with anguish.



A NISEI LEARNS TO  
SMILE AGAIN

Teiko Hamaguchi

It was a bright spring morning. As usual, everyone in the barrack was already awake, although it was only seven o'clock, busying themselves with their daily chores by the time Jerry awoke. Here and there voices could be heard mumbling unintelligibly.

"Everything's the same old thing from morning till night every day," thought Jerry as he moodily began dressing. "What a life! I wish I were out of here. This camp life is getting me down. The idea of waking up early, going to work by eight, and spending the rest of the day driving a truck around to and from the warehouse every day gets monotonous. After work, nothing to do unless you go to some dance or see some old movie. I guess that's a little better than nothing. I'd give anything to be outside again, enjoying good movies, baseball games, and fishing, to mention just a few things."

Although he knew perfectly well why he couldn't leave camp, Jerry kept asking himself why. "I'm nineteen and old enough to take care of myself. The only trouble is, I have to care for Mary and Shirley and Mom, too, besides myself. Ever since the FBI men took my Dad away to an internment camp, Mom hasn't been herself. Maybe I'm selfish thinking about my comfort all the time, but if Dad were only here, things would be so different." Jerry had been without any enthusiasm ever since evacuation. Even when he played basketball, a sport he had excelled in back home, his heart was not in the game. How he had counted on going to college in the fall. But now -----

"Whoops! Seven-thirty. I better hurry and go to work. If I keep sitting here, this argument can go on and on, with my conscience getting the best of it." So thinking he hurried to the washroom saying "Good morning" to fellow late waker-uppers who hurriedly brushed past him as they nodded.

While he was finishing his toilet, he saw a young boy, barely seventeen, who was all dolled up. Jerry hadn't known this boy very well

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just to say "Hello," but he wanted to know why he was wearing good clothes. It isn't every day or every person who wears their Sunday-best around here.

"Say, Bill, you getting married?" asked Jerry jokingly.

"Gosh no," answered Bill. "I know I have enough of a happy look to get married in, but that isn't it. It's just that I've finally got a chance to clear out of here. It's been a swell break for me. Ever since the first day I've been put in here, I made up my mind to leave as quickly as I could. Now, I got my chance. You see, I'm going to Utah to work in the beet fields. Maybe now I can breathe good fresh air. If I could, I'd send you some."

That last remark bit through Jerry like a needle, but pretending not to have heard, he asked, "But what about school? Aren't you going to continue it?"

"Well, at first I wasn't going to, but Mom and Dad said they would let me go on one condition. And that was to continue my education attending night classes or something of that sort. You know how parents are. Did they get mad when I first told them I was quitting school to work. I'm sure I wouldn't mention that to them again. Say, by the way, do you know what time it is? I've got to be in front of the Administration Building by eight."

"Why it's quarter to eight now. I'm supposed to be at work by eight, too. I'm sorry I detained you, Bill, but I just had to talk with you. You're a lucky one. Some people get all the breaks," added Jerry sulkily.

"I know how you feel, Jerry. Being in here gives a person a cooped up feeling. That's how I felt. Some people like you, for instance, can't do anything about it. Family complications, isn't it?"

"Yes. If Dad were here, I know I would already be outside leading a normal life. And maybe I could have gotten a good enough job to send for the family. That would have been my goal, but it seems as though everything's working against me. I guess we better stop talking now, or else you'll miss your bus. You can't afford to let that happen. Well, Bill, thanks for letting me talk with you."

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Teiko Hamaguchi

"That's all right, pal. I'll drop you a line some time. Maybe we could exchange news. That is, until the time you'll be going out. You see, I've got a feeling you will be, sooner than you think. Just have more confidence and do your darndest."

"Thanks, Bill. I'll write you too. Good-by and lots of luck."

"Good-by, Jerry. I'll need all the luck."

The boys looked into each other's eyes as they shook hands. One saw bright outlook toward the future, shining and confident, while the other saw a future which wasn't quite as bright. Jerry thought for sure that there was no chance for him leaving this dreary camp life and make himself and the family a decent living.

After Bill had gone his way, Jerry stood watching him enviously with a feeling of emptiness in his stomach. He wondered whether he'd ever meet Bill again. Jerry, a Washington boy, and Bill, a Californian, who probably wouldn't have otherwise met, in a short talk had become good pals. Yes, you can make friends here, maybe everlasting ones. That was an advantage, and it was the only one Jerry could think of then.

Suddenly Jerry broke out of his pensive mood and looked at his watch. "Gosh, five minutes to eight. I better hurry, but I wouldn't have missed that talk with Bill for anything." With that he ran back to his apartment. There he was met by his mother who had just returned from the laundry room. She didn't reproach him for his lateness, but had everything he needed ready for him.

"Good - morning, Mom. I guess I'm late today, but I had a talk with Bill Oda who's leaving today for Utah." As he said that his mother tried to catch his eye but Jerry painfully avoided hers. For quite a while now, Mrs. Kido had suspected that only she and her two small daughters kept Jerry in camp. "Oh, if I could only give him my permission to go," thought Mrs. Kido. If he goes, I could work washing clothes for the mess-hall workers or something like that. But that would mean neglecting my duties with Mary and Shirley. Maybe, as a last resort I may do that, though. Anyway, I'll speak to Jerry about this tonight.

By this time, Jerry had already flung his jacket on. He shouted "Good-by" and hurriedly rushed out so as to avoid any questions his mother might ask.

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At the warehouse, Jerry quickly started work, and his fellow workers hardly noticed his late arrival. If they did, they didn't show it. But his foreman came toward him and said, "That's all right Jerry. I didn't come to scold you. I just want you to know that we're kind of rushed today. You see, quite a few workers left this morning for work outside, so we're sort of short-handed until new workers can be had. I hope you don't mind, Jerry."

"No, I don't mind at all. The harder I work the less time I have to think and feel sorry for myself. Those workers that left, they certainly must have been happy.

"You bet they were," agreed the foreman. "If I didn't have a sick mother to take care of I'd take any job they offer outside, even to washing dishes in a cafe. Well, no time to talk much today so so-long."

"So-long," answered Jerry. The talk with the foreman made him feel worse than he had earlier in the morning. Getting himself in his truck, Jerry quickly drove away, mindful of the fact that he had a full day's work ahead of him.

The day wore on and now it was five o'clock and time to quit for the day. "What a busy day it was," thought Jerry. "I had to drive back and forth almost twice as often as on ordinary days. Now for home and a quick shower before dinner."

"Jerry," someone shouted.

Jerry looked around to see a fellow worker in a truck motioning for him to come.

"Hop in. We'll give you a ride home."

"Thanks," shouted Jerry appreciatively and hopped on.

When the truck reached his home, Jerry thanked him again and waved the driver good-by. He ran into his apartment, and saying "Hi" to his younger sisters he sat down beside them. They were playing with paper dolls which they had bought at the canteen.

After talking with them a while and watching them, he noticed the absence of his mother.

"Where's Mom?" inquired Jerry.

"Over at Mrs. Ito's place," answered Mary, the older of the two girls, disinterestedly, as though hating to be interrupted.

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Seeing that they thought him a nuisance, he picked himself from the floor and decided to go take a shower. Realizing that there wasn't much time left, he grabbed a towel and soap and rushed out.

When he came out of the shower-room, cool and refreshed, he met his best friend, George Ito who seemed excited about something.

"Hi, Jerry, guess what happened? No, I better tell you. You'll never guess. Well, here goes. Mom and Dad finally consented to my going away to school. They certainly held out long just because I'm the only son. But this noon....."

George was talking as fast telling his good news to his best friend that he, at first, had not noticed Jerry's crest fallen expression. But when he did notice it, he immediately felt ashamed of himself.

"I'm sorry, Jerry. I shouldn't have told you just yet, since I'm not going right away. I should have known how you'd feel.

"Don't worry about me, George. I feel all right. It's great news, and I'm glad that you finally got a chance. When you find out which college you want to attend, you tell me, huh?"

And with that Jerry slowly walked back to the apartment, feeling sort of ashamed that he couldn't help share George's good news as he usually did. "I'll make it up to him somehow, but right now I just couldn't listen to it." Jerry felt empty again just as he did when he had said good-bye this morning to Bill. Only it was worse this time. Hadn't George and he been good friends ever since grade school days? Hadn't they been practically neighbors before evacuation? Hadn't they planned on going to college together when they were outside? They had been more than good friends, almost like brothers.

Then the mess hall gong sounded. Jerry didn't feel much like eating, but he went anyway. It was fish again, but he did not mind it. He liked fish. He hadn't back home, but you grow to like anything around here.

Coming out of the mess-hall he met George again. The two boys looked at each other and grinned.

"George, I'm sorry I acted that way. I'm the guy who's supposed to share your news with you, whether it's good or bad. Even with you gone, I ought to know that our friendship will always last. We can write

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each other, and it'll seem almost like old times again." Jerry carefully avoided the other's eyes as he tried to convince himself that everything was all for the best.

"Wait a minute, Jerry. If you hadn't talked so fast, I could have put in a word or two. You see, I've changed my mind. I'm not going. What kind of a friend am I to leave you in here without me? From now on it's like this. If either one of us goes out, the other one goes with him. Is that okay with you, Jerry?"

"Not going out? But George, you're letting a good chance slip through your fingers just on account of my selfishness. It isn't worth it, George. Besides you've counted on going to college. Why shouldn't you?"

"No. You can't make me change my mind. I've decided to stay here with you. I wouldn't enjoy school without you anyway. "Who'd help me out before exams? Nope. You stay, I stay. That's all there is to it."

"All right. That may be, but on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That if I can't go within the next few months, you're to go without me."

"But....."

"No buts about it."

Then the boys looked at each other in mutual assent. Happily they put their arms around each other's shoulders and walked toward home.

That night after Jerry had come home from playing baseball with George, his mother beckoned him.

"Jerry," his mother called gently. "I've got something to talk to you about. Come sit by me."

"Okay, Mom," answered Jerry as he obediently sat down on the bench beside her.

"Well, son, I want you to know I wasn't eavesdropping this afternoon; but I had just turned the corner when I heard you and George talking. The minute he said something about leaving camp, you acted as if the world had fallen. I know that partly it was because you were losing a friend, but I also know that it was mostly because you wanted to go, too. Well, I've thought it over and over and I've talked it over with

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Mrs. Ito, and we both agree that the best thing for us to do is to have you go with George."

"You mean I can really go?" inquired Jerry unbelievably.

"Yes, you may," answered Mrs. Kido.

For a moment, Jerry was happy and exhilarated. But later, he knew that he couldn't and wouldn't go. His father had given him a responsibility and he wasn't going to let him down. Jerry slowly tried to make her understand.

"Mom, all the things you've suspected are true. I've wanted to leave camp for a long time. At first, camp life was something new-different-exciting, but in a few months a person gets tired of it all. That's the way it was with me. I got tired of it. But right now when you gave me permission to go, I suddenly felt that I didn't want to go. I wouldn't be happy outside, knowing that I let Dad down. I'm sorry I caused you so much worry but it won't happen again. Anyway, George decided he wasn't going for another few months yet. Something may happen by then. Can you understand me now, Mom?"

"Yes, son, I think I understand. You're a good boy and your father and I are proud of you. Someday we hope to repay you."

"Gosh, Mom. That's the least a fellow can do for his parents. Oh, oh, look what time it is. Eleven o'clock. I better turn in. You know this talk with you helped me a lot. This morning I felt pretty low but now I'm actually sitting on top of the world. It's funny. Most people are happier in the morning than at night, aren't they, Mom?"

Without waiting for an answer, Jerry was off in the corner by his bed and preparing for bed. So many things happened today that Jerry, being exhausted, fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. His mother softly snapped off the light and tiptoed across to her bed. After quietly undressing, she slipped into bed. All was serene for the night.

The next day was Sunday. When Jerry awoke, sunlight was streaming into the room alighting on top of a varnished table, giving it a store-bought appearance. The room was all in order. "Mother certainly wakes up early," thought Jerry. He jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed in his Sunday clothes which his mother had laid out for him. "Good thing there's no work today or else I'd be late again."

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Teiko Hamaguchi

By the time George came Jerry was all ready to go to church with him. They attended church and spent the rest of the day together enjoying basketball games and other activities. Jerry told George about his conversation with his mother and George agreed with him that he did the right thing.

Monday morning Jerry was up a little earlier than usual. Having plenty of time, he started off for work whistling as he went. That day seemed pretty short for Jerry as he heard someone shout "Quitting time." He got a lift home again and so arrived home early. He ran in and found his mother and sisters sitting around looking at a piece of paper. When they heard him come in, they rushed toward him and shouting in unison, "Daddy's coming home!"

Jerry could not believe it. "Is it really true? It isn't a joke?"

"No, Jerry, it isn't a joke. It's the real thing. This telegram," she handed it to Jerry, "is from your father. It says that he is being replaced and will be here by the end of the week. Isn't it wonderful?"

Jerry read and reread the telegram catching every word and still hardly believed its meaning. "Wonderful isn't the word for it. It's super-colossal news. It means that....."

"Yes, it means that you can go to college after all," interrupted his mother. "Run along, now. You'll probably want to tell George."

But Jerry was already heading toward George's place, taking the telegram with him as proof in case George wouldn't believe him.

His mother smiled happily as she watched Jerry's retreating back. "It's good to see him happy again," thought Mrs. Kido. "There couldn't have been better news than this. Well, I better get started and prepare for Dad's homecoming."

Jerry barely knocked as he rushed into his friend's house. George looked at him with a startled expression, but smiled when he saw Jerry's radiant look.

"George, everything is going to be all right," began Jerry without preamble. "We can go to school together after all. You see, Dad's coming home by the end of the week. Look! Read this telegram. Quick! Jerry pushed it to him roughly, as if the words in the telegram would change meaning if George didn't hurry and read it.



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George stared at his friend for a second and then looking down to the telegram where Jerry was pointing insistently, he realized that at last his pal had come into a streak of good luck. "I'm glad for you, pal. Now we can both go out together. What a lovely break for both of us. I can hardly wait to see your Dad again, too, Jerry."

The two of them spent some time after that discussing their plans for the future.

"You know, George, I just remembered that I hadn't told you about a boy I talked to in the washroom the other day. He must be psychic, because before he left for work outside, he told me that he was sure that I'd get a chance to go out, too, sooner than I think. I'll write a letter to him tonight and let him know that <sup>what</sup> he predicted came true."

"Yes, that's a good idea. I'm sure he'll be glad to hear that his hunch was right."

The next few days were busy ones for the family. They planned to have a party in honor of their Dad..... Happy and hectic they enjoyed every minute of it.

Then the day of the arrival came. Jerry, his mother, Mary, and Shirley woke up especially early, dressed in good clothes, and were by the outside gate half-an-hour before the bus was scheduled to arrive. Many enthusiastic friends were waiting with them including George and his mother.

It was a happy and expectant crowd which awaited the bus. When it finally showed itself to the crowd, a shout could be heard. Jumping up and down, Mary and Shirley shouted, "Daddy's here. He's waving his hand."

It was true. Their Dad was home. When the bus stopped, Mr. Kido was greeted by his family, running toward him and getting hold of him in order to actually feel that he was home. Everyone was too happy for words. A lump came into Jerry's throat as he looked at his father who hadn't changed a bit except that he had gotten a little fatter.

After the excitement had died down, Mr. Kido and his family hustled into a waiting car. Sinking comfortably into the seat, he was attacked by a barrage of questions, but his wife quieted.

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During the excitement, Jerry had hardly been able to talk to his Dad; but his Dad looked at him and winked.

"Well, son, I hear you've been the man of the house. I knew I could leave all the responsibilities to you. Now you can rest for a change. Your Dad's had a nice vacation.

Mrs. Kido and Jerry looked at each other and smiled, knowingly. The family was together again.

That night after the party was over and everyone had gone home, Jerry and his father had a long talk late into the night.

"Jerry, I heard from your mother some of the things you have sacrificed for the family. I want you to know that I'm proud of you. I'm glad to know that you think higher education so important. It's also good to live in America where they offer such institutions. When I was a lad your age, everyone thought that finishing high school was enough. Some didn't even attend high school. But today, everything has changed for the best." He sighed as he related to his son his childhood experiences, which he had repeated many times before, but which Jerry had never tired of hearing. Every once in a while Jerry would interrupt him to ask a question, and his father would answer in his usual, quiet manner, appreciating Jerry's interest of his childhood days. They sat and talked for sometimes, the father and son, getting sort of drowsy, but still enjoying each other's company.

"You know, son, when I come right down to it, I've got a lot to be thankful for. A wife, good children, a place to think and say things freely." He paused; then added softly, "America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave." As he repeated that single line of the national anthem, he relaxed and smiled at his son. To hear his Dad give those words with such a deep feeling, made Jerry's skin tingle with pride. A pride of his father, who even though an issei, could feel and be thankful for what America had done and given him; a pride of his country that can give a man a fair trial and return him to his loved ones. Both of them sat in silence for a moment. Then Jerry broke the silence.

"Gosh, Dad. Right now, I feel as if I can lick any invader who dares to harm America in any way. You know, that's an idea. I think George and I better hurry up and finish school so that we can join in

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with other Americans in straightening our this momentarily topsy-turvy world. We can help out after it's straightened out, too. I'll talk to George about it tomorrow." It was then that Jerry couldn't hold back his yawn any longer. Under any other circumstances, Jerry would have loved to continue this conversation with his Dad, but today he was exhausted both physically and mentally. He rolled over on his G.I. cot and finished the dream in his sleep.