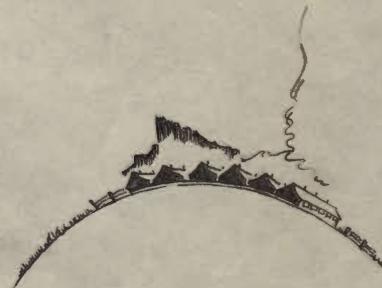
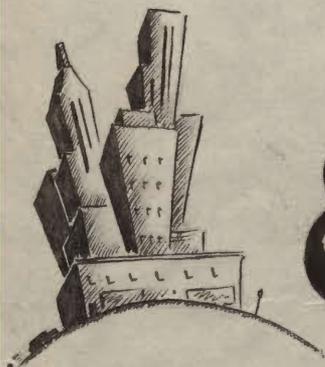


Evacuation



Dedicated to
Mrs. Granderson



REFERANCE

THE RACES OF MANKIND-----RUTH BENEDICT, GENE WELTFISH

THE DISPLACED JAPANESE AMERICANS-----AMERICAN COUNCIL ON
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MOTIVE-----HAROLD EHRENSPERGER

READER'S DIGEST

TO UNDERSTAND JAPAN*---COLLIER'S

DOOM OVER JAPAN-----AMERICAN MERCURY

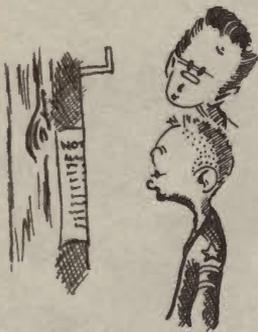
HAIL OUR AMERICAN(JAPANESE)G Is!-----AMERICAN
MERCURY

UTAH NIPPON

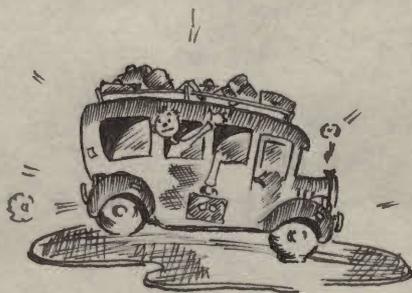
HEART MOUNTAIN SENTINEL

RELOCATION OF JAPANESE-AMERICANS-----W.R.A. WASHINGTON D.C.

WHY RENUNCIATION IN MY CASE-----ISAMI NAKAMURA

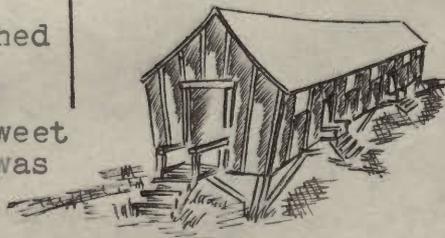


Soon signs were posted on tele phone pole with a proclomation stating Sacramento and vicinity were declared a prohibited zone and that all Japanese aliens would have to vacate said places within a certain designated time.



Not until I glanced back for a last look toward the swiftly receding Sacramento in the distance, did I realize that it meant goodbye to comfort and good times -to sidewalks neon signs -to milk shakes-and ham-burgurs, and all the things we enjoyed in the past.

Trying to adjust ourselves to this new life, placed in crowded barracks furnished with a few steel cots and mattresses of straws was not an easy job. Waking up nine o'clock in the morning, with the sweet aroma of ham and eggs filling the air, was now but a vague dream.





Evacuation-----AssemblyCenter-----and now a relocation center. Our one-day ride to Tule Lake was not a pleasant one, but one thing that made me appreciate the trip was the opportunity to gaze upon Mount Shasta at such a close range. Man! It was positively scrumptious!!!

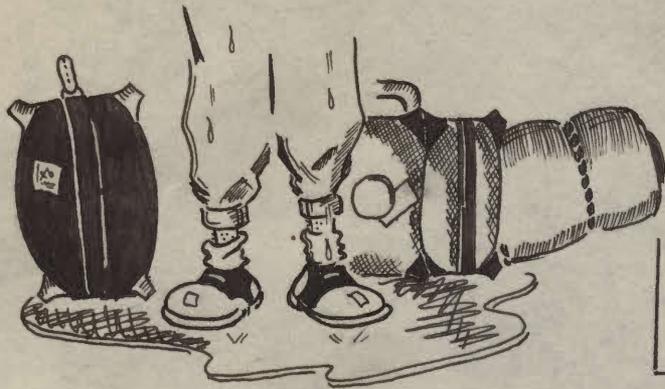


We were once again deposited behind soldier guarded fences in crowded barrack villages.

Weeks that followed were spent in digging, hammering and sawing trying to make our small apartment look its best with our miserable few possessions.

Registration and segregation- these two words are almost as charged with emotions as that disturbing term- evacuation. Registration, a questionnaire submitted to all the adults in the centers to determine their loyalty or disloyalty, seemed as though the whole thing hinged onto two questions





Following the heels of registration came segregation. The close communal life in camp had brought a sense of intimacy never felt outside. People cried unshamedly as friend bade friend goodbye. It was as though each departing individual was of the closest acquaintance.

The end of war did not prove favorable for the people in Tule Lake, but I feel that in losing the war, Japan may have won peace. For a victorious Japan would have meant a nation, forever girdled with war ever alert against envious power. All her gains would have gone into the manufacture of another war.



THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT

CAPT. CROWLEY TELLS OF HEROISM OF NISEI SOLDIERS

SEATTLE — An officer of the 442nd Infantry Combat Team, Capt. Thomas E. Crowley, arrived in Seattle this week from his home at Madison, Wis., to speak in the Pacific Northwest in behalf of the American soldiers of Japanese ancestry with whom he fought in Italy and France.

The heroism of American troops of Japanese ancestry "became a habit," Captain Crowley said, "but they are quite dishearted, because their families are sometimes not received wel lat home."

"They thought they were fighting for the principles of equality and justice at home as well as abroad," Capt. Crowley said. "They were completely sold on the idea that we were in this war for all Americans, not just a part of them, and they certainly were not fighting to perpetuate race prejudice."

Captain Crowley spoke of the Seattle Knights of the Round Table on Aug. 22 and was a guest at a reception of the Washington State Press Club the same afternoon. He brought along some wounded veterans of the 442nd Infantry who are now convalescing from their wounds at Fort Lawton hospital.

Capt. Crowley, who helped to organize the combat team at Camp Shelby in 1943, said from the first the men had resolved to show their patriotism by becoming "the best combat team in the American Army." Their loyalty was unquestioned, he said.

"I want everyone to know that the Japanese Americans formed the best combat unit in the Army," Capt. Crowley declared. "I hope the American people will keep faith with them. The individuals who built this team made their record by their valor and their blood alone."

He related the story of one of his men who, in the face of heavy enemy fire, made his way across a river to radio back to his outfit the position of the enemy guns.

"He did an excellent job, but in the course of it was seriously wounded by shell-fire," the captain related. "He knew the value of his mission, and in spite of his wounds, he stayed on and kept calling back gun flashes while he bled to death."

"We found his body later, still clutching his portable radio. A hero? One of America's fin-

est, yet his achievement was a daily occurrence in the lives of there men.

"He stands out in my memory, because I knew him well, and because he died."

SHOP WORKERS REFUSE NISEI ON JOB

SAN FRANCISCO — In a Municipal Railway bus repair shop, 100 over-alled machinists, Mayor Lapham and War Relocation Authority (WRA) observers came face to face with the problem of Japanese returning to San Francisco.

At issue was the machinists' refusal to accept a Japanese American, Takeo Miyama, 37, as a fellow worker—and it was the "opening gun . . . the first of similar problems of its kind which will have to be faced here," the mayor warned.

But to his pleas to accept Miyama, that Miyama was an American citizen and entitled to the job under the city charter, the workers served notice that they would not accept him; that should he report to work today, they will "escort him out."

And should he insist on working, warned a spokesman for the men, Wiley Crowder, a World War II veterans who served on Guadalcanal, "we'll stage a sit-down strike."

Mayor Lapham and Utilities Manager E. G. Cahill made their personal appeal to the men in the afternoon, after Miyama had appeared in the morning at the repair shop, Twenty-fourth and Utah Streets, to report for work. Then, the machinists had threatened to quit. Rather than "cause trouble," Miyama left.

He went to City Hall, discussed the matter with the mayor, who, with Cahill, gave assurance they would support his case, and appeal directly to the machinists.

Sketching Miyama's background, he emphasized that Miyama was an American citizen. Born in Honolulu, he came to California when he was 19. He worked as a mechanic in Haysville and, when war came, was removed and sent to the Tule Lake Relocation Center.

Although there were some segregated Japanese, disloyal to America, at the camp, Miyama was not one of them, the mayor said. And the Army had given clearance to come to San Francisco.

Lapham emphasized that, under the city charter, Miyama was entitled to the machinist's job, having been certified by the Civil Service Commission.

"I know your feelings in this war," said the mayor. "I was in the last war. My son is an officer aboard an escort carrier, which was hit by one of those suicide

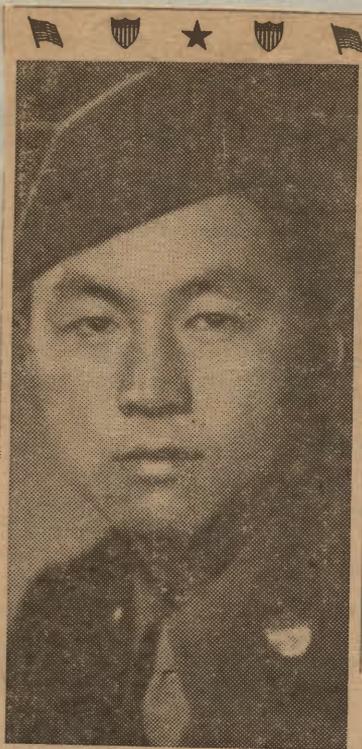
"But this war is almost over. If Japan has offered to surrender, I see no reason for holding anything against htsim an. We shouldn't hold a man's race against him. This is America. America was settled by men who wanted freedom.

"Yes, I know about the American prisoners of the Japanese. My nephew, his wife and children were prisoners for three years in Santo Tomas."

Again Lapham emphasized that the city charter provided Miyama with the right to work, that he could not go against the charter.

Utilities Manager Cahill then spoke, stressing this same fact, pleading with the men not to quit, telling them that their work was vital.

"In due respect to our brothers still in uniform, we'll quit—we'll stage a sit-down strike," said a worker, and that was the final word.



PFC. FRED YAMAMOTO

Pfc. Yamamoto Awarded Medal For Gallantry

At a simple and impressive ceremony at the USO Thursday night, Mrs. Yumi Sato, 24-C-18, was presented the Silver Star medal, third highest military award, posthumously awarded her son, Pfc. Fred Yamamoto, for gallantry in action.

Private Yamamoto was killed in action near Biffontaine, France, Oct. 28.

Only close members of the family, members of the USO parents' organization and appointed personnel attended the



Pvt. Yamamoto Awarded Medal For Gallantry

(Continued from Page One)
presentation.

Project Director Guy Robertson paid tribute to Private Yamamoto "as a great American." He also read excerpts of a eulogy written by John Kitasako for The Sentinel, of which Private Yamamoto was an early staff member.

Lt. Justin Siegel of the local MP detachment, presented the Silver Star and read the following citation:

"For gallantry in action on Oct. 27, and 28, 1944, near Biffontaine, France. When his platoon was counter attacked by two German companies, Private Yamamoto, an automatic rifleman, singlehandedly killed two Germans, wounded an undetermined number and checked the attack until the platoon reached the safety of higher ground. The following day he killed a machine pistol gunner and two supporting riflemen.

"For two days, until he was mortally wounded, Private Yamamoto continually exposed himself to heavy fire to support his company with effective automatic fire.

"His courage and fighting spirit are in keeping with the highest traditions of the army of the United States."

Bill Teramoto of community activities was master of ceremonies. Invocation was delivered by Vernon Ross of the Community Christian church. Satoru Tsuneishi, president of the Servicemen's Family club, spoke briefly and Rev. Jyokai Kow of the Buddhist church gave the benediction.



Nisei Serving Armed Forces Against Japan

WASHINGTON, D.C.—American soldiers of Japanese ancestry have been in the thick of the latest fighting against Hirohito's forces according to newspaper evidence recorded in "Nisei in the War Against Japan," a pamphlet issued this week by the War Relocation authority.

The publication was prepared before recent disclosure of the first instance in which a nisei, T/Sgt. Ben Kuroki, an aerial gunner from Hershey, Neb., helped to bomb Tokyo in recent B-29 raids. It describes Japanese American participation in recent actions on Okinawa and Iwo Jima, and through reproduction of scattered newspaper clippings briefly recounts earlier nisei exploits on Leyte and Luzon, the Marshals, Marianas, Guadalcanal, the Aleutians, in Burma and other Pacific theaters.

At Iwo Jima the nisei soldiers who were loaned to the Marines by the army won the praise of such eyewitnesses as Joe Rosenthal, the Associated Press photographer who made the historic picture of the Marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi.

The work of the Japanese American soldiers assigned to Marine units in earlier battles, another story in the pamphlet relates, was commended by the Leathernecks. In an interview, Marine Lt. Robert J. Newell, Chicago, said:

"They have the respect of the

Marines because they are good American soldiers and we realized the risks they are exposed to, in the event that they are captured by the enemy."

Richard W. Johnson, United Press Pacific correspondent, is quoted as saying:

"I've seen many nisei soldiers in action. They do a good job and are very popular."

Some of the nisei GIs cited in the pamphlet are veterans of both European and Pacific fighting. In issuing the publication, WRA said that stories from news correspondents with the Fifth army in Italy reported several weeks ago that members of the famous 442nd regimental combat team of Japanese Americans hoped that after V-E day their outfit would be transferred to the Pacific to fight the Japanese enemy.



Statement on Democracy:

Private Naito's Letter to the VFW

(The Sentinel believes the following letter from Pfc. Richard Naito to the Spokane Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars is not only one of the most trenchant challenges to Democracy and the future of Democracy but a classic in American letters. The letter, which is self-explanatory, should be read by every nisei and passed on to friends.—Ed. Note.)

Ens. John R. Monaghan, Post 51
Veterans of Foreign Wars
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter of June 8, 1945, telling me that Post No. 51, VFW has rejected my application for membership. Your letter indicates that the sole reason for the rejection was the fact that I am of Japanese ancestry. It also states that the action does not reflect the opinion of the majority of your membership but was caused by the prejudice of a "few" members, of whom it takes only three to result in rejection of an application.

Twelve months ago on a hot day, I was lying in the fields near Pisa, my right leg shattered by a German bullet. Enemy resistance was terrific. Our advance was stopped. Momentarily our forces were compelled to withdraw under heavy enemy artillery bombardment. I lay there in that field for ten hours, half delirious from pain, almost crazed with fear of enemy artillery that burst around me. That day I didn't know whether I would ever again set foot on American soil.

Today on American soil, thousands of miles from Pisa, I have been wounded by another weapon—hypocrisy, prejudice, call it what you will. Little did I expect, as I lay wounded on the battlefield that, upon my return home to the people for whom I fought and suffered, I would be repudiated!

Like many another American,

I did not wait for the draft but volunteered to perform what I felt was my duty. The duty to which I refer is the preservation of American democracy. I would like to ask those who rejected me, for what principles they fought. Could it be possible that they endorse the statement of a certain California lawyer who defended the burning of a Japanese American's home by saying: "This is a white man's country, let's keep it that way"?

I wonder how the statement of that lawyer would have sounded in the Vosges mountains at the moment that the "lost battalion" of white Americans was being rescued by the 442nd infantry regiment composed of Japanese Americans. Tears that were shed by the rescued and by the rescuers on that occasion were not manufactured in Hollywood.

While I keenly feel resentment, I do not seek retaliation. I am satisfied that I have performed fully my silent duty as a soldier of war. I turn now to perform my duty as a soldier of peace; a peace that must mean the pursuit of happiness for all Americans, regardless of race and creed.

At the front lines there is a wholesome lack of prejudice. No G.I. under the pressure of imminent death turns to repudiate his comrades-in-arms because of race or creed. Why then must an organization like the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which is composed of my overseas comrades, shun me and my people on American soil? Such an organization should be the very one to advertise the virtues of the Japanese Americans by accepting them into its folds. If an organization like the VFW is going to reject G.I.s because of race, then what chance do we have to be treated properly by the rest of society?

We, who have shown our unequivocal loyalty by positive ac-

tion on the battlefields and elsewhere against our fascist enemies, have no choice and no desire but to remain Americans. It would be tragedy indeed if we were not accepted as such

Responsible Americans, Americans who treasure the things for which this terrible war is being fought, must not lose sight of the positive duty which is at hand. Suppression of minorities, no matter how slight or isolated cannot be ignored. These are the small acorns from which only the diseased oak of fascism can grow. Let once the principle become established that the worth of a man is to be measured by the color of his skin, the shape of his head, natural origin, or his religious belief — then indeed will our democracy be lost. The Japanese of today will become the Negro of tomorrow, the Jew of the next day, the Catholic of the next and the Italian-American, Irish-American, Swedish-American, Polish-American or Slavic-American of the next.

I ask you, for these reasons, to reconsider the action which resulted in my rejection. I ask it not for myself alone—although that would be a reason enough—but also for the sake of American democracy and a speedier victory in the war against Fascist Japan. Our Chinese and other hundreds of millions of colored allies throughout the Pacific will know what we do here. They cannot be expected to help us win more quickly, if we make it plain that colored people are going to be regarded as inferior. And without their help, many additional thousands of American lives will be sacrificed. Why should Post 51 help the Japanese fascists put over their false propaganda that this is a war of the white man against the colored people of the world?

Sincerely and Respectfully,
Richard H. Naito

My Viewpoint of Evacuation

As I sat in the movie house with my friend, Chew Mon, that faithful Sunday, war was the farthest thing from my mind. Even when we departed from the theater making our way through the crowded streets, little did we realize of the world's shaking events. As I nonchalantly strode up my front walk, I was greeted with my mother's serious look. I stared quizzically. She blurted out the news with trembling lips. I stood believing it to be some hoax, but I knew that mother wouldn't joke about such a sickening thought. "The war that couldn't happen" was undoubtedly the most emotional shock of all nissei.

The months that followed were dark days filled with anxious waiting. There was no question of loyalty nor disloyalty at that time as everyone went about with their work, perhaps seeking some way in which to demonstrate their loyalty to the United States, their country. More than a few volunteered for the army. The blunt rejection by the army, because of Japanese ancestry, was one of the first prejudicial setbacks that bewildered the nissei to a point of wondering where their exact status and sympathies lay. We, the citizens of the United States supposedly, reared to the ideals of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", as stated in the original Bill of Rights, are inconceivable that any citizen of the United States would want to turn their backs to the United States. Yet, incidents after incidents followed which added fuel to the now flickering flame of doubt and distrust of the United States Government.

Following these events came curfew, travel restrictions and other restrictions which pressed the nissei into the same category as the issei to all intents and purposes. Our hopes for complete assimilation of America withered away. Rumors were now flying around saying that we were to be moved to an assembly center which was already under construction. Days of "nothin' to do" passed by, until that sunny morning of April 28th, while attending my regular classes, I heard someone exclaim, "Hey! Ken! Your old lady wantcha at home." I raced home filled with anxiety and wonder, but I didn't have to be told for the minute I stepped into my house and gazed upon my brother and sister's sober faces, I knew father had been interned for being a dangerous enemy alien. I was bitter to the core of my heart, for at that time I did not fully realize why my father had been taken away.

Soon signs were posted on telephone poles with a proclamation stating Sacramento and vicinity were declared a prohibited zone and that all Japanese aliens would have to vacate said places within a certain designated time. This came somewhat as a relief, for now at least we had something to think about. The next few weeks were spent in selling at appalling losses, businesses, farm equipment, household goods, and many other things lying loose. Then we received our notice. We were to assemble in front of the Memorial Auditorium with whatever amount of luggage we could carry. There I saw many old friends and we youngsters were in exhilarant spirits for we felt that this was a new adventure, but in the sober faces of the oldsters, we saw the hardships and sufferings that loomed ahead of us. As our family number was called, we clambered aboard an old fashioned bus and soon we were chugging our way toward camp Walerga which was around six miles away.

Not until I glanced back for a last look toward the swiftly receding Sacramento in the distance, did I realize that it meant goodbye to comfort and good times - to sidewalks - neon signs - to milk shakes - and hamburgers, and all the things we enjoyed in the past. The bus came to a blunt stop, jerking me out of my daydream. We filed out, muck like convicts and were taken through a barrack to be searched for contrabands and given physical examination. As we emerged from the barrack fatigued, we were greeted by many who had been evacuated a day before. Familiar faces were seen everywhere and the next few moments were busy ones greeting old friends and making new acquaintances. Trying to adjust ourselves to this new life, placed in crowded barracks furnished with a few steel cots and mattresses of straws, was not an easy job. Waking up at nine o'clock in the morning, with the sweet aroma of ham and egg filling the air, was now but a vague dream. The short stay in camp Walerga was not quite so bad as we figured, but a constant source of irritation and annoyance to the senses as well as our health, were the old fashioned non-flush latrines.

Evacuation-----Assembly Center-----and now a relocation center. Our one-day ride to Tule Lake was not a pleasant one, but one thing that made me appreciate the trip was the opportunity to gaze upon Mount Shasta at such a close range. Man! It was positively scrumptious. Half asleep, swaying rhythmically with the rocking of the train, I was suddenly brought erect by a sharp cry, "Tule". In anticipation, we rushed to the windows. A sigh of disappointment and disgust left our lips, as we gazed out. For there in the glaring heat of the midday sun, we saw rows and rows of more tar-papered barracks.

As we caught sight of the crowd gathered near the main gate, a spontaneous burst of greetings and arm-waving passed between us. We were strangers, but perhaps, because we had shared and were preparing to suffer together, the same hardships. The feeling of kinship already seemed strong.

We were once again deposited behind soldier guarded fences in crowded barrack villages. What the future had in store for us, was beyond my knowledge, but I knew one thing for certain, that whatever it was, it wasn't anything pleasant. Weeks that followed were spent in digging, hammering and sawing, trying to make our small apartment look its best with our miserable few possessions. But as weeks passed, social gatherings, nourishing foods and good night's sleep, made life once more a routine, if not monotonous.

Registration and segregation - these two words are almost as charged with emotion as that disturbing term - evacuation. Registration, a questionnaire submitted to all the adults in the centers to determine their loyalty or disloyalty, seemed as though the whole thing hinged onto two questions - question No. 27 and No. 28. No. 27, reading "Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty wherever you are?", and No. 28, reading "Will you swear unequalled allegiance to the United States and faithfully defend the United States from any or all attack by foreign or domestic forces, and forswear any forms of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese Emperor or any other foreign government power or organization?" A small minority wrote an angry answer, "disloyal", not because they were determined to go back to Japan, but they

remembered that they had lost their business, house and their civil rights. They had no enthusiasm for defending a democratic America that had imprisoned them for no crime and without a trial. Others chose to sit the war out in Tule Lake, because of firm ties of loyalty to Japan or strong ties of family relationships. Some were afraid of bringing reprisals upon their relatives in Japan by affirming loyalty to the United States.

Following the heels of registration came segregation. The close communal life in camp had brought a sense of intimacy never felt outside. People cried unshamedly as friend bade friend goodbye. It was as though each departing individual was of the closest acquaintance. Many sardonic days followed these incidents - riots, curfew, and renouncing of citizenships.

The end of war did not prove favorable for the people in Tule Lake, but I feel that in losing this war, Japan may have won peace. For a victorious Japan would have meant a nation, forever girdled with war ever alert against envious power. All her gains would have gone into the manufacture of another war.

Our plan for the future is quite uncertain until my dad is cleared of his status as a "parolee", but I have high hopes that we can go back home once more. True, the problem of "starting from a scratch" again is tough, especially with my aged father and grandparents as dependents, but faith in our ability and country brushes aside any hesitation or reluctance in going back.

As all thumb prints are unique, so is each individual's story. This is my viewpoint of evacuation.

Two Heart Mountain GIs Show Outstanding Valor in Battle

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, Italy—Pfc. Tadao Horita of Heart Mountain, Wyo., medical aid man with the 442nd Japanese American combat team, administered aid to 12 wounded men in a mine-infested field under the impact of hand grenades, mortar and small arms fire.

In the vicinity of Severezza, Italy, Company A, to which Horita was attached, launched an attack against strongly-defended Mount Cerrata. The attack was one of the spearheads of the Fifth army's final drive in Italy.

Guarded by their well prepared mine field, the enemy opened fire with mortars, small arms, and hand grenades. Two medical aid men and ten soldiers were injured. This left Horita to care for the entire company. He immediately moved up from the support platoon, carefully weaving his way through the mine-field to the second platoon position where a bitter firefight was in progress.

Disregarding the hostile fire nearby and exposing himself to enemy observation, Horita went from one wounded to another administering first aid to the injured. It was not until afternoon that he was reinforced by other aid-men. Up to that time he alone cared for all the wounded.

The soldier's father, Kumetaro Horita, formerly lived at 14-20-CD, Heart Mountain and recently relocated to Midvale, Utah.

He has participated in all of the 442nd regiment's campaign from May, 1944, until the unconditional surrender of Germany, and has earned for himself four battle stars, for the offensive from Rome to Arno river, battle for Germany, North Apennine campaign, and the Po Valley drive. He wears the Good Conduct Medal, Purple Heart and Medical Badge.

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, Italy — Expert observation and direction of mortar fire by Pfc. Thomas Kinaga of San Jose, Calif., a member of the 442nd Japanese American combat team, knocked out three enemy machine gun positions during a critical stage in the Fifth army's push through Italy's northern Apennines.

The action took place while the 442nd was acting as one of the spearheads in the Western Po valley.

In the vicinity of Forte Monte Bastione, a rifle company ran into stiff enemy resistance during the attack on Tendola, a little Italian village. Kinaga, acting squad leader, was called upon to assist the officer-observer in directing desperately needed mortar fire.

He made his way to the forward elements of the rifle company and joined the officer. Although subjected to intense enemy machine gun, pistol, mortar and artillery fire, the two-men observation team in the course of 48 hours directed the fire of more than 100 rounds of high explosives. The effect of this accurate shelling knocked out three machine gun nests, inflicted heavy casualties and prevented enemy reinforcements from moving up.

Kinaga, a veteran of more than 200 combat days, is the son of Mrs. Hiroko Kinaga, who resides at 665 North Fifth street, San Jose, and formerly lived at 7-10-A, Heart Mountain, Wyo. He volunteered for the 442nd combat team from Heart Mountain relocation center where he had been interned at the outbreak of the war.



Eligibility Determination, Early Issuance of Grants Will Be Made at Centers

Resettlement assistance for families planning to return to their West coast homes, or to relocate in other parts of the nation, will be made available June 1, according to information received from Washington this week by Joe Carroll, relocation program officer.

Under the new procedure, determination of eligibility and the issuance of resettlement assistance grants will be made at the center instead of by welfare agencies in the field, thus speeding up the process of obtaining aid for those who need immediate but temporary help in relocating, the information indicated.

"Many residents," Carroll said, "planning to reestablish themselves have been delayed because, under the old procedure, it was necessary for them to remain in the center until a program had been set up for them in the community in which they planned to relocate."

"The new procedure will eliminate delay caused by transmittal of letters and messages between state and local welfare boards and the center," he added.

Although full details of the new procedure have not been received, the highlights include the following points:

1. Determination of eligibility and issuance of assistance grants will be made at the center.

2. Grants will be made for temporary assistance needed at the point of destination.

3. There has been no change in eligibility requirements.

4. Cases needing continuing assistance will still be handled by state and local social security boards through the welfare section.

While it is not definitely known, Carroll said, "it is presumed that the same service will be available through the field relocation offices since the information received stated that the change of procedure is being sent to those offices.

According to the instructions, aid will be limited to families of three or more members and only after deductions for additional wage earners, furniture owned and cash resources.

There will also be a limitation on the amount of the grant regardless of the need.

Families will be expected to use the \$25 per person leave assistance grant to meet advance rent and food costs. A further limitation is that each center will be allocated a budget, covering those possibly needing assistance and the project will be required to keep within its spec-

SOCIAL WELFARE

Public and Private welfare agencies in the nine counties of Southern California do not discriminate (with the possible exception of Imperial county, which so far has held upquests).

LOS ANGELES—As time spent in centers is not counted one way or the other in figuring legal residence, both Nisei and Issei are eligible for "resettlement assistance" funds, aid to dependent children, aid to blind, general county relief, and other aid from public and private agencies.

However, Issei, due to lack of citizenship, are not eligible for old-age assistance (but are eligible for general county relief).

County aid requires residence of three years in the state, and the county responsible is the one in which applicant last lived for one year.

Social Security Board "resettlement assistance" funds, administered by counties, take care of emergency needs.

WRA case summaries help determine legal residence. Then, on arrival in the county, personal application is made, with assistance of WRA district offices.

Those having social welfare needs should not hesitate to inquire. Remember — there is no discrimination on the part of social welfare agencies, either public or private.

EVACUEE GRATEFUL TO WRA AND OTHER AGENCIES

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Sansuke Nakamura, who left Rowher for California ten days ago, is grateful to the WRA and other cooperating agencies in Kansas City which made possible her return home with her family.

Aboard the special train caravan, Mrs. Nakamura, on reaching St. Louis, complained to the WA Officer that she felt quite ill. As Mrs. Nakamura did not wish to stay over in St. Louis for medical treatment, the WRA District Officer, Miss Mary Elizabeth Brooks, telephoned the WRA officer in Kansas City and requested immediate medical treatment for Mrs. Nakamura on her arrival in Kansas City.

Mr. Francis O'Malley, WRA officer in Kansas City, arranged to have Traveler's Aid provide a wheelchair at the train and make other arrangements for medical treatment and hospitalization, if needed. In the emergency hospital which is part of the Kansas City Union Station, a private physician prescribed medicine for Mrs. Nakamura and gave her an additional supply to take on her journey home. Mrs. Nakamura, her husband, and daughter felt so much better after their three-hour rest in the hospital at Kansas City that they resumed the journey back to the West Coast with the other Rowherites train time.

The nurse who attended Mrs. Nakamura told Mr. O'Malley later that both she and the physician were glad to have been of service.

"The Nakamura family does not seek charity," she said, "And they have three sons in the Army, one having been killed in action."

The attending physician as well as his predecessor at the Union Station hospital have had evacuees working in their homes in Kansas City.



Away We Go to New Homes, New Lives and a New Future



Reversing the scenes of nearly three years ago when train after train brought more than 11,000 evacuees from the West coast, Heart Mountain residents now are bidding goodbye to friends and neighbors as they return to their homes or depart for new homes and work throughout the nation. This scene taken at a recent departure is similar to last night's special train movement which carried the largest group away from their wartime home.

(Photo by Yone Kuba, Sentinel Staff Photographer)

The Nisei Come Home

by WALLACE STEGNER

On May 13 Secretary Ickes let loose a blast at the hoodlums and terrorists who by shooting, burning and dynamiting were attempting to scare Japanese Americans away from returning to the West Coast states. When Mr. Ickes issued his statement, twenty-four separate acts had taken place, with no one convicted of complicity in any. The one case tried, that against defendants charged with dynamiting the barn of Sumio Doi in Auburn, California, ended in acquittal. The defense attorney's plea: "This is a white man's country," made clear the atmosphere in which the case came up.

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that that attitude of hatred and prejudice exists throughout California, or even that it exists in a majority of Californians in any one place. Mr. Ickes knew whom he was pointing at when he insisted that the purpose of the acts of terror was "to establish an economic beachhead on the property of the evacuees they vainly hoped would sell out or run out."

Other incidents have occurred since Mr. Ickes' denunciation. All, like the original twenty-four, have occurred in agricultural sections where, before the evacuation in 1942, Japanese Americans either owned or operated sizable amounts of land. The clamor of protest rises most loudly from those same sections, and though there are a good many agricultural areas to which Nisei have returned without the overt acts which occurred in Merced, Fresno, Auburn, Livingston and other towns, there is generally out in the counties a strong undercurrent of rumor and talk.

It is perfectly clear why some rumors originate, and in a general way where. Newspapers point out, offhand, that many former Japanese businesses are now owned by Filipinos, that market stalls and shops formerly run by Issei and Nisei are now in Filipino hands. By every kind of innuendo, antagonism between Filipinos and Nisei is stirred up, and rumor is given every opportunity to beget its own likeness in fact.

But it is not the "people of California" who should have to take immediate responsibility. The people of California (who, because they come from all over the country, are a fair cross-section of the people of America) are guilty of the common American crimes: They are guilty

of having elected a certain number of prejudiced, ignorant and venal public officials and law-enforcement officers. They are guilty of having let too much of the rich and profitable land of their state fall into corporate hands. They are guilty of buying and reading—for lack of better—newspapers that, with a handful of exceptions like the San Francisco Chronicle and the Santa Barbara News-Press, have been guilty of bigotry and very often downright lying in their treatment of the problem of the Japanese Americans.

It is not the "people of California" we are after. At the worst they are agitated by a manufactured "public opinion" created by the alliance of politicians, press and growers, whose interests coalesce without friction. At the best, they are actively fighting for democracy and fair play in the state. And at the average, they are simply inert, puzzled, variously uninformed or misinformed, but not really prejudiced, not really full of hate. The hatred is largely a synthetic product compounded by a handful of crackpot organizations of jingoes and distributed by the people who find it useful.

That hatred of the Nisei is not threaded web and woof throughout California and its people is perfectly clear from these episodes of violence. They occur where land or businesses are involved. They occur where the dominant newspapers are jingoist or biased. They occur where for various reasons the law-enforcement agencies are unwilling to crowd the hoodlums too hard. And where those conditions do not exist, the incidents do not occur.

Consider, as the sort of thing that happens more often than the violence, the return of Taki Asakura to his home town of Santa Barbara.

He came as a guinea pig, deliberately wanting to test public opinion so that he could inform those who waited fearfully in the Rivers Relocation Center. But he came a little cautiously, too, because he was afraid of what might happen to his wife and especially to his children. Thrown directly into school among Caucasian children, they might be subjected to hazing or insult. To try to forestall that, Taki went to school with them the first day, talked with the principal, got his promise of watchfulness and care. During the conversation Akashi, who

had been born in Santa Barbara and was now returning after three years to his old haunts, chafed at the bit. "When can I go hunt up my room?" he asked.

The principal told him the room number and sent him along. He and Taki followed to see what the first reaction was. They saw Akashi open the door and look in, and after a minute they heard the yell of a dozen boys from inside: "Hey, Akashi!" They came out of the room pell-mell, hammering Akashi on the back, and Taki quit worrying about the reception of his children.

Since January Akashi has been captain of his school, soccer and baseball. His brother, Taki Junior, is president of his class in junior high. Not for a single moment has either boy had to feel that he was an outcast or a stranger or a "Jap." Ever since the first day, boys have come by their house in the mornings, waiting to walk to school with Taki and Akashi.

And what of the parents? For days Taki walked the streets of Santa Barbara buying things, shopping, getting haircuts, going to movies, asking for cigarettes, trying every sort of shop and store and service, to see if there would be a reaction against him. Where he was known, he was welcomed warmly. Where he was not known, he was treated with polite indifference like any other customer. In all the months he has been back only one man has called him a Jap. That was a half-drunk man outside a tavern who asked him if he was one of these Japs come back from the concentration centers. Taki said he supposed he was, though he hadn't until then been called a Jap, and the camps weren't quite concentration centers. The man wanted to buy him a drink, and that was the end of that.

People called. Several ministers, many old customers and friends. During the first few days a half-dozen men took Taki aside and told him that if he needed money to get started again in his florist business, they would be glad to advance a loan. Nobody scrawls threatening signs on his walls or sidewalks, nobody throws stones through his windows, nobody looks at him murderously, though Santa Barbara is full of returned veterans fresh from Iwo and Oki-

nawa, and according to all the ingoist myths, those men should go for a knife at the very sight of Taki's face.

They do not. And they do not restrain themselves simply because Taki is a pleasant man, a graduate of Stanford, a native of Santa Barbara who has many personal friends in town. They fail to get excited about Taki's presence because nobody stirs them up. Santa Barbara is not in the heart of an agricultural area; there is no question of lands involved. And the local paper is consistently fair in its editorials and its news. Taki Asakura is not a damned Jap who has come sneaking back, but a former resident who has returned to his home, and nobody out of Santa Barbara's 50,000 people has so much as made a pass at him.

Out in the counties the campaign against returning Nisei goes on, and the prejudice machines generate their hate. But even where greed and self-interest can be invoked, opinion is far from unanimous. There is a large area of the public that is too well informed to be taken in by the anti-Japanese propaganda. Some of the Nisei who have come back to California are discharged, wounded and decorated veterans of Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany. It is impossible to create really widespread feeling against them, and at least one apostle of exclusion complained recently that the saddest thing that ever happened was the decision to enlist Nisei for combat service. Their heroism has been maliciously used to generate good will.

About once a week a new Japanese Exclusion League, Hood River First Club, Monterey Bay Council on Japanese Relations, or California Preservation League is organized. And almost as regularly, the same papers which announce the organization announce within forty-eight hours local protest meetings and denunciations of bigotry, or run a full-page advertisement for tolerance, signed by dozens or hundreds of citizens. A good part of the "hatred" of Japanese Americans on the West Coast is merely a small and strategically entrenched and economically or politically interested group making a loud noise with its mouth to an audience that is only half listening.



Heart Mt. 'Special' Passengers Pick Up Threads of Past Life to Start Again

SAN FRANCISCO—Among the returnees from Heart Mountain, arriving on the "Special" of two cars attached to the San Francisco Challenger July 9, was a union man who has two strings to his bow, from the standpoint of getting a good job. Yonosuke Kojimoto, prior to his evacuation, was a member of the IL-WU. Local 6, and the Alaska Cannery Workers' union, Local 5. He worked for the Sea Island Sugar Refining company in San Francisco, also. Yonosuke says that he plans to look over the field in both San Francisco and the East Bay, anticipating being back on the payroll in the near future.

SAN JOSE — Yuri Hashime, with Evelyn, Caroline and Judith, returned to their former home here, with others of the contingent from Heart Mountain who arrived July 9.

SAN JOSE—Jonichi Yamamoto returned from Heart Mountain July 9 and plans to relocate here in the Santa Clara valley.

SAN JOSE — Ray Kurasaki, with his daughter, Setsu, returned to San Jose from Heart Mountain with several others July 9. Mr. Kurasaki has three children here. His wife is still at Heart Mountain. The family will live here at 625 N. 6th St.

SAN JOSE—Another "single" in the passenger list of the contingent from Heart Mountain arriving here July 9 was Yotaro Kawashima, who plans to resettle in San Jose.

SAN JOSE—Tome Yamasaki, sister of George and Tom, accompanied her parents, Tomitaro, 76, and Tochi, 72, the eldest of the travelers on the Heart Mountain "Special" which brought many returnees back to

this area on July 9. The elderly couple stood the trip well. At the Embarcadero in San Francisco they were met by a private automobile and completed their journey in comfort.

LOS GATOS—Among the returnees from Heart Mountain who arrived in the bay area on July 9 were Haruko Kawasaki, with her mother, Asao Nishimura, and Mrs. Kawasaki's two children, Victor, 2½, and Allen, 17 months. The husband is in Nebraska. The others of the family are now in Los Gatos.

MOUNTAIN VIEW — Henry Hamasaki, traveling "individually" with the contingent on the "Heart Mountain Special", plans to relocate in Mountain View. Henry says that this part of the peninsula appeals to him.

SAN FRANCISCO—Among the returnees from Heart Mountain,

arriving July 9, were Eiji Yoshimura, and his four children, Naoko, 19, Yoneo, 16, Akira, 13, and Eakoye, 9. Michio, the fifth child, is with the armed forces. A hotel man with 28 years' experience in San Francisco, Yoshimura plans to operate his hotel at Geary and Buchanan streets again as soon as he obtains possession of the premises.

SAN JOSE,—Tom Sakamoto, his wife, Fukio, and three children Tom Jr., 11, Kenneth, 9, and Brian, 2 months, have relocated in San Jose at 560 North 5th street, the address is that of Leo Gosclia, with whom the Sakamoto family will be quartered.

SAN FRANCISCO — Among the young women who returned here from Heart Mountain July 9 was May Kakebe, 1398 O'Farrel street. She hopes to attend the University of California at Berkeley this fall and

do social work later.

MOUNTAIN VIEW — Mitsuko Higashiuchi and son, Tom, 6, arrived here July 9 with others from Heart Mountain. Her husband is in Chicago.

The figure below does not include individual leaves Friday, nor the 227 persons leaving on the train.

AS THEY GO FORTH SO DO THEY PROSPER	
—	
LEAVES THIS WEEK	
Temporary	85
Permanent	52
LEAVES TO DATE	
Temporary	135
Permanent	6523
RESIDUE	5938

California Group Will Form To Combat Racial Prejudice

SACRAMENTO, — A committee headed by Mrs. Harry Kingman of San Francisco will outline plans for a state organization to combat racial prejudice, as a result of a one-day session held recently by the California Councils for Civic Unity.

H. T. Tyler, chairman of the Sacramento Council for Civic Unity, reported the movement began in San Francisco last September, "to the best of my knowledge," and has grown to include approximately 40 community organization in the state.

Speed in establishing a statewide organization was recommended by Frank A. Clarvoe, "because we recognize that wartime movement of people to California has developed racial tensions we never heard of before the war."

Clarvoe informed the group equality "cannot be bestowed by a magic wand on any group but by its members earning it." He said it is necessary to emphasize the good qualities of racial groups and urged the inclusion of representatives of minority groups in civic unity organizations.

He declared California's treatment of minorities has been "contemptuous."

Attorney General Robert W. Kenny informed a regular session in the Hotel Sacramento, attended by a group of wounded Japanese American soldiers from DeWitt Hospital, that public opinion should be the greatest deterrent to anti-Japanese American activity in California.

Kenny declared the standing reward of \$1000 for the arrest and felony conviction of any person attacking a Japanese American in California should provide an "incentive for all peace officers."

He pointed out the efforts of the peace officers to protect the civil liberties of Japanese Americans returned to the West Coast will be ineffective unless they have the support of all citizens.

"The civil peace officer, whose duty it is to protect the lives, rights and property of all citizens, finds his work hampered

by the prejudice and suspicion of his people," Kenny declared.

"The police chief in a small city or the sheriff in a rural county finds himself in a most difficult position. If he demands, advocates or provides equal protection for returning Japanese Americans, the militant minority is quick to brand him a 'Jap lover' and 'unpatriotic.' If he insists on equal protection for all, he finds himself standing alone.

"Our peace officers find that even loyal, honest and kindly persons in their communities are confused by the repeated and irrational attacks on Japanese Americans made by the prejudiced, and by those who have an economic interest in keeping Japanese out."

Kenny advised the "responsible" people of the community to talk with those who post anti-minority signs in an effort to convince them such practices are "undemocratic."



Nisei Sergeant Disappointed In Friend Who Renounced American Citizenship

WASHINGTON, — S/Sgt. Tatsumi Iwate, a Japanese American infantryman who bears a piece of Nazi shrapnel an inch deep in his brain, is disappointed because his friend Seiichi now in a Justice Department internment camp after renouncing his American citizenship, "has lost faith" in his country, the WRA of the Department of Interior reported recently.

"Japan is taking a good solid beating for her crimes," Sgt. Iwate told 19-year-old Seiichi in a letter made public by WRA.

"She knows she is licked but it'll be some time before her military leaders come to their sense if they had any. I wonder what is your opinion of Japan. Because she's never lost a war till now she may have a notion that it is a wonderful thing. That I think, is one reason why she must be utterly beaten this time for a lasting peace. There's no peace when one dominates others."

The Nisei sergeant, who was wounded in France last October during the rescue of the Texas "Lost Battalion" by the Japanese American 442nd combat team, informed WRA that he has undergone two operations. The shrapnel still remains in his head in a wound covered by a silver plate. It "bothers" his hearing but otherwise does not affect him, he said.

Formerly of Lomita, Calif., Sgt. Iwate, 28, entered service in February 1942.

In his letter to Seiichi, now legally a Japanese alien awaiting eventual shipment to Japan, the sergeant expressed his surprise and disappointment that the internee had taken action to renounce American citizenship and leave the WRA segregation center at Tule Lake to go to a Justice Department internment camp.

"It is not my purpose to get in an argument with you concerning your transfer," he said.

"I think I understand your point of view and difficulties. That difficulty however is shared by thousands of Nisei like me in a manner completely different to yours, I'm an American to the last drop of my blood. Being a person of Japanese descent, I'm aware of discrimination that is practised by people who dare not see further than the color of our skin.

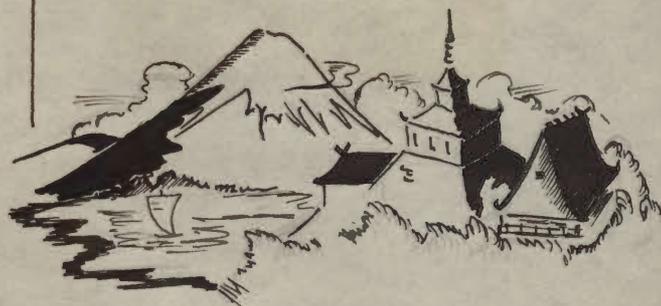
"Several cases of violence against Nisei families on the coast are reported. It makes me angry to hear that but it also encourages me in my fight for democracy. Some of us are wounded, some died on the battlefield. They have paid the highest price for their ideals which the Nisei haters dare not. I'm one of the wounded. I have lost some of my best friends in France and Italy. But I'm very proud and I'll continue to fight the enemy of our country be it foreign or domestic. As I have said, I'm American to the last drop of my blood.

As for Seiichi, Sgt. Iwate wrote:

"I still remember the time I said goodbye to your folks before I went overseas. I'm rather disappointed now, though, because you have lost faith in your country."

Of his wound and recovery, the war and the future, he said:

"I was wounded in the head on Oct. 28, 1944 in France. It was either instant death or cripp-



6000 Nisei Face Deportation Soon

SAN FRANCISCO, — Six thousand American-born Japanese will be deported within two months because of their avowed loyalty to Japan, Rep. Dickstein (D.) N. Y., disclosed Saturday.

Dickstein, chairman of a House subcommittee which is holding hearing on immigration rules, said in an interview that the 6000 will be sent to Japan "as soon as shipping is available."

He reported that "several thousand" of the Nisei, who signed statements declaring their fealty to Hirohito, since have professed a change of heart.

He predicted these Nisei would open a court battle against deportation, and said they are asking their citizenship be restored.

"They knew what they were signing," he said. "It was carefully explained to them."

This World Today

by ROYCE BRIER — S. F. Chronicle

Now in the town of Parlier, 17 miles southeast of Fresno, there is a little misunderstanding about the American system of government. This does not mean the citizens of the town are bad Americans. Far from it. They are as good Americans as any comparable group which might be chosen at random from San Francisco or New York.

What it does mean is that the citizens of Parlier have apparently not thought through the Nisei affair, which has now brought the town to national attention. In this we must assume that the Justice of Peace of Parlier is warranted in his involvement of virtually the entire population of Parlier in the case.

This episode follows roughly a pattern of several-score on the Pacific Coast, since the Army began controlled release of Japanese American citizens for return to their pre-war status.

In this case the Japanese, one Iwasaki, had returned, and a neighboring white rancher, one Multanen, fired buckshot from a shotgun into a window. Iwasaki was not injured. Multanen was arrested and taken before Justice of Peace L. B. Crosby. The defendant confessed and was permitted by District Attorney James M. Thuesen to plead to a misdemeanor charge of handling a gun in a "rude and threatening manner." Multanen said he was sorry, and Judge Crosby granted him probation.

The case attracted State-wide, then national attention when Secretary Ickes expressed Ickesian indignation over it. It appears, however, that disapprobation alone is not going to solve this case, and similar ones arising in our recent experience.

Mr. Ickes, as is his custom, resorted to castigation, which fell upon Judge Crosby. The Judge thereupon defended his conduct in the case.

He said he took full responsibility for the non-punishment of the defendant, but that it was in effect a community decision.

"There was a crowd of Parlier farmers and townspeople in the courtroom before the trial started, and we talked the situation over, all of us. We agreed we didn't want any more shooting in our community.... it was brought out that 98 per cent of the people of the community feel the WRA was wrong in sending the Japanese back here at this time...."

Thus the Judge—and no doubt with justified confidence—considers that he has the community behind him.

But unhappily the Judge has

not behind him the American system of government, for jurisprudence as a crucial element of the American system nowhere tolerates the exercise of unconstituted judicial authority such as Judge Crosby describes in this case. No lawyer in Fresno county, nor in Philadelphia, either, can find one phrase in any American constitution or statute, granting authority to the citizenry generally even to influence, let alone determine, a judicial decision.

It may be Judge Crosby acted expediently in this case. It may be he would have been extremely unpopular in Parlier had he acted independently of his friends and neighbors. But he did not act in accordance with the law, and he did not act in accordance with his oath of office. There is simply no mistaking the meaning of these oaths. You swear to "uphold" constitutions and laws. Whether you are a Justice of Peace being sworn in, or a President, the oaths are substantially the same, and both officials are equally bound.

Of course, trial by community has good ancestry. The Athenians used it. But it didn't work justice even in miniature States, and it long since went out of Western feeling. So we constituted courts, and in our Federal system we took elaborate care to surround them and support them with constitutional authority and safeguards which should make them independent, that they in turn might safeguard our rights under the law.

Have they done it? In the main, yes. Time and again in our 156 years the courts have broken down and our rights have suffered. There have been dire emergencies when we have had to suspend our rights. Thousands of times in all decades and in all sections of the country inflamed communities have usurped the functions of the courts. But despite all this the majesty of our law has stood, and the writs of our courts have run.

And this has been our historical experience only because we, the people, know that here is the cornerstone of our liberties.

But we know it in our own communities first. It is of no avail to say we will advocate our rights before the United States Supreme Court and will not advocate them before our Justice Court down the street. That way is no way to liberty, and whenever all the Justice Courts down all the streets cannot function because the citizenry has usurped their function,

then there will be no need for a United States Supreme Court. For nine elderly and learned men cannot bestow upon us our rights and our liberties. If we do not want them, they have vanished.

It may be that Judge Crosby and the good citizenry of Parlier feel these considerations have nothing to do with the late case of one Iwasaki in the Justice Court of Parlier. It is the belief here that they have a great deal to do with the case.

Nisei Called As 'Hamburger'

SOMEWHERE ON THE ATLANTIC — "I woke up and found the sea very calm today. In fact, it was so smooth I decided to live dangerously and walk to the mess hall standing up instead of on all fours," Bob Hope wrote in his recent column, "It Says Here."
"We did a show for about 1400 enlisted men, mostly Japanese American GIs this evening. These boys are really sharp and just as American as a hamburger sandwich."

Hood-lum?

Following the discrimination of the Hood River American Legion post against nisei soldiers and the organization of Hood River First, Inc., a group opposing the return of loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry to their coast homes, a Sentinel reader posed this question: "If a native of Portland is a Atl-ite; of Seattle, a Se-angel-ean; of Los Angeles, an Hood River be called a Hood-lum?"

MISCELLANEOUS



Mrs. Eka Inouye, 93 Leaves for Home

Unworried by rumors and the long tiresome trip ahead of her, Mrs. Eka Inouye, 93, Heart Mountain's oldest resident, left here Monday for her former home in San Francisco.

Originally scheduled to leave Sunday, Mrs. Inouye was unable to complete her arrangements to leave and cancelled her Pullman reservation. Unable to make another reservation she planned to make herself comfortable in a coach.

Mrs. Inouye will join her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Ichiki.

the end

