



ACLU Director Says:

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION— Our Last Big Problem



By Roger N. Baldwin

While the American Civil Liberties Union has dealt primarily with the legal and constitutional issues involved in the evacuation of the Japanese from the Coast, the real issue underlying all legal questions has been moral. That moral issue is the equality of American citizens before the law regardless of racial origin. No democracy can claim to live up to its principles if it denies to any citizens equal rights because of race.

We have preserved the fiction of equality for the Negro minor-

ity by pretending that segregation in law is based upon equality. But all experience denies that separate accommodations can be equal. The fiction in the case of the Japanese was "ethnic affiliation with the enemy", on which the Supreme Court justified evacuating the Japanese and not the Germans, Italians and pro-Nazi Americans, although a few of them were individually excluded. How hollow were the claims of threatened sabotage and espionage, everybody knows.

Both the legal and practical damage can never be repaired. It can only be mitigated. As we look back and see that forced detention in concentration camps was outlawed in principle by the Supreme Court, though not in practice, we may speculate as to what might have happened if the Japanese population had been moved away from the Coast, and, as it was in Canada, without forced detention. Thousands would have found jobs and homes without going through the camps. But for most, shelter and a living would have been necessary in improvised camps as they were found to be in Canada. At least we would not have had the sting of disloyalty implied as it was by virtually locking up an entire people.

Now with all compulsions re-

moved, the so-called loyal citizens and aliens face no restraints save those inherent in trying to rebuild their lives in a not too hospitable world. The temper of war will die down, but the anti-oriental prejudices will remain, perhaps no more serious against Japanese faces than others of oriental origin. Licenses for professions, unsegregated housing, fair opportunities at jobs, all these will constitute enduring problems which the perseverance, charm and native abilities of the Japanese population will, however, overcome. All the loyal have claims against the government for the evacuation; but they are claims unlikely to be met, though they should be asserted to the limit. Every possible pressure should be put upon a hostile Congress and a neglectful administration to meet the most pressing of the legitimate claims for losses incurred by the evacuation. At best they will be but a fraction of those which justice demands.

As to those Japanese Americans held to be disloyal and aliens interned as disloyal, the government is under pressure from the West Coast and Congress for wholesale deportations. The court proceedings brought on behalf of the re-

nunciants challenging the deportation act of 1798, the claims of dual citizenship, and the incapacity of minors to renounce, will call a halt in deportations for a considerable time. It is even possible that court decisions may be favorable. But it is also possible for Congress to rewrite the law to overcome favorable decisions. The longer the cases remain in the courts, the less intense will be Congressional hostility and the fairer the chances that a considerable number may remain whose renunciations in war-time were obviously the result not of disloyalty to the United States, but of despair, confusion and pressure by a small minority of militant pro-Japanese.

The restraints upon alien Japanese on the West Coast in the ownership of land, businesses and in obtaining fishing licenses are the subject of court suits backed by the American Civil Liberties Union on the ground that no such racial discrimination, even though they include all aliens ineligible to citizenship, should be tolerated. They are at bottom merely the devices of economic competitors and have no place in a democracy which boasts equal economic opportunities for aliens and citizens alike.

Ultimately they can be abolished only by removing the underlying obstacle inherent in the oriental exclusion act of 1924. That law, product of fears of a tide of oriental immigration, is our greatest national offense to half the peoples of the world, proclaiming them inferior and unassimilable. The Chi-

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A Returnee's Survey: Postwar and the Nisei

By Mary Oyama

Walking down Los Angeles' East First and San Pedro Streets, one notices the increased number of Nisei and Issei. At the corner where the new Tenshodo used to be we saw an attractive Nisei WAC chatting with three Nisei vets. We wondered what the post-war world held for them and all other Nisei and their parents. Readjustments for the returned Nisei Americans are being made but they are not easy for the process of returning is not simply a reversal of the evacuation.

For most everybody it is almost starting life all over again on just a shoe-string or less, just as in the case of resettlers in other Mid-western and Eastern states. Those who were fortunate enough to own their own homes or places of business and who were able to reclaim them without too much trouble are a lucky minority indeed. The following is a quick survey touching upon problems which have come to our notice. (This does not, of course, cover everything but we are simply pointing out the more obvious ones.)

HOUSING. Shelter is L.A.'s most acute problem, not only for the Nisei but for the whole city. For instance: Room—without cooking privileges \$45.00 per mo., Room with kitchen privileges \$60.00, Cost per couple for a room at one of former Little Tokio's leading hotels \$100.00 per mo., etc. ("Some racket," you might say—but it really is no joke!) Hostels are crowded to bursting capacity and everyone is searching for a home.

EMPLOYMENT. Many calls for domestics but business men are having a harder time in getting back into the lines which they were forced to relinquish at evacuation time.

PREJUDICE. On the red side of the ledger we have two incidents to report.

A. A Nisei girl returned to Pasadena from the East to prepare her former home for her parents' return. While on this visit she happened to go into a fifteen cent store for a small purchase. A clerk refused to wait upon her. Exclaimed the Nisei, "I felt terrible! It was the first time in my life that such a thing ever happened to me—I was shocked, stunned, and hurt. I walked out and the tears came to my eyes."

Someone suggested, "You should have reported her to the manager and told them all off in a nice way." Another said, "I wouldn't bother. It's no use wasting your time with such ignorant people." We wondered how other Nisei would have met this problem.

B. A young Nisei matron came to our neighborhood seeking a Nisei friend. Not being sure of the exact location of her friend's home she stopped at the nearest house to make an inquiry. When she politely asked for the location of a Japanese family the woman at the door snapped, "I don't have anything to do with any Japs around here!" This utter rudeness fired the Nisei so she retorted, "My husband is in the U. S. Army and I am sorry that he's fighting for people like you!"

On the other hand organizations like the: Catholic Inter-racial Council, American Civil Liberties Union, American Veterans Committee and numerous others, are continuing their aggressive leadership in combating all forms of prejudice and discrimination. They fight unceasingly for the rights of the Nisei and all other minority groups. Every Nisei would do well to align himself with one of these organizations and support them actively, morally, financially.

The Negro leaders of the Inter-racial Film and Radio Guild which seeks to break down racial stereotypes in the movies and radio confessed that when they first started out their worthy venture they had their doubts and misgivings as to the response from the public and the majority group. They were pleasantly surprised to discover that there were men of good will both in the "white" and minority groups who were willing to go more than half way in achieving their purpose. Said these IFRG leaders, "It has been a great revelation to us—a real eye-opener." They also commented favorably upon the good work being done by Miss Hisave Yamamoto of the Tribune (Negro newspaper). "We have gotten a more sympathetic understanding of Japanese Americans through her writings."

NISEI UNITY. The returned Nisei will still feel scattered and isolated. They are waiting for the community newspaper which all hope will be launched soon. (Our grapevine informs us that there may be one soon about the first of the New Year.) Older Nisei business men feel the need of one strong all-inclusive representative

organization which will represent the Issei as well as the Nisei. They are discussing possibilities.

The JACL intends to be reactivated soon. There are many Nisei but few with the qualified leadership ability to get things started as yet. Also most Nisei are still unsettled about housing, jobs, etc., worried about readjustments, and consequently unable to even give a thought to organizational activity. Also there is a good deal of rank-and-file prejudice against the JACL based upon the usual misinformation about the league which was prevalent before and during evacuation.

Nisei and Caucasian American leaders working with the Nisei firmly believe that the Nisei should be organized as soon as possible to protect their own rights and interests, hand-in-hand with working for the rights of other minority groups as well. There is definite need for a JACL chapter or some good, strong, progressive, liberal organization for the Nisei. They believe too that the Nisei should join existing liberal American organizations (i.e., unions, veterans organizations, religious, political, and social groups). The Nisei could stand more unity among themselves and further integration into American community life.

RELIGIOUS SETUP. Very few Nisei are attending churches. There should be more Nisei and Issei both in churches and church school as the churches are most happy to welcome returnees to Sunday services and church membership. Sunday services are held in the hostels and some of the reopened former "Japanese" churches. The All Peoples church (inter-racial) is quite an ideal church in that it is open to all people and not limited just to all-Nisei, or all-Negro, or all-Mexican American. This was formerly the Japanese Christian church.

Another inter-racial church is being planned by the young Reverend Royden Susu-Mago, which is an excellent thing. Both Issei and Nisei would profit by participating actively in the ministry of such a church. The post-war church is the inter-racial church. The post-war world has no place for racially segregated churches and congregations. This is something new and welcome in the Nisei's postwar world.

SOCIAL AND RECREATIONAL LIFE. Nisei youth still complain about being lonely and bored despite the fact that socials and dances are being held occasionally by the churches, the hostels, and the International Institute. "We hear about these things after they've happened," they moan. They hope that a community newspaper will remedy this situation. (As a suggestion we might add: join some organizations.) There should be more organized social activity and recreation for the lonely Issei.

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL RELATIONS. Miss Nellie Oliver, philanthropic friend of the Nisei told us this one: A man on a business call noticed a charming Nisei girl in the front office. When he went in to the inner office he remarked to the big boss: "Nice Chinese girl you have out there." "Why we don't happen to have a Chinese employee here—" "Sure you have, in the front office!" "She's not Chinese. She's a Japanese American." "Not really? Well, I thought Japs all had large teeth!" The old stereotype still persists.

The Nisei can break it down on two fronts (1) through group affiliations with churches and various organizations; (2) through simple social contacts right in their own homes, or even in their own humble one-room cubby-holes. Declared a staunch Caucasian friend of the Nisei: "Please do invite us to your homes—we'd love to come. The only trouble is we seldom ever get asked, and we can't very well invite ourselves. Don't worry about the 'dump' you live in. We don't come to see where you live, we want to visit with YOU."

Some Nisei leaders gloomily feel that the Nisei have not yet learned the hard lesson of evacuation. They state that the Nisei are clannish and apathetic as ever, that the Nisei are politically ignorant and

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EYES AND EARS OF THE ALLIED PACIFIC FORCES

In the crucial battles of the Pacific, the Japs did not know (nor did thousands of Americans at home) that they were confronted not only by vastly superior American arms and daring Yankee intrepidity, but by an enemy who already had much detailed information of the Japanese plans for attack and defense. If the analogy to football to which some of the defeated Jap war lords have resorted recently is at all relevant, then the Japs were playing with their signals entirely known by their heavier and harder hitting opponents. But the Japs didn't know. They had lulled themselves into a self-complacent sense of security. They thought the complexities of the Japanese language in which their plans were written and communicated would be unfathomable to the Westerner.

For thousands of Americans on the fighting fronts knew this was so. They knew, however, that the American-born Japanese (better known as "Nisei") language specialists — translators, interrogators, radio monitors, and order of battle experts — were one of the chief means of obtaining intelligence of the enemy and his plans. The American Nisei trained at the Presidio, Camp Savage and Fort Snelling became the eyes and ears of not only the American fighting forces, but also that of the other allied armies fighting Japan.

These language specialists, working selflessly and in complete anonymity, translated from the Japanese language to English the enemy information concerning his tactical decisions and dispositions. This information greatly assisted our commanders in the field in making decisions, conducting effective maneuvers and avoiding surprise. Never before in history did one army know so much concerning its enemy prior to actual engagement as did the American army during most of the Pacific campaign.

It became almost routine practice for our Japanese-American language units to work so rapidly and accurately that our artillery was dropping shells on enemy command posts and gun emplacements within a few minutes of the time that information was obtained by the language detachment. On many occasions this intelligence helped clear the way for our doughboys slowly moving forward through the jungles.

As one example, the official reports of the American Division disclose that it was the work of the language detachment that largely was responsible for the Divisional Commander knowing well in advance where and approximately at what time and in what strength the Japanese would attack the division along the Torokina River near Bougainville.

Graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School translated the entire Japanese battle plans for the naval battle of the Philippines. These plans were captured with Admiral Koga, then Commander-in-Chief of the Combined Japanese Fleets, when the plane in which he was hurrying to join his fleet made a forced landing in the Philippines. Slight wonder then that the Japanese suffered practically total annihilation and the worst defeat in naval history in the San Bernardino Straits and off the northeast coast of the Philippines.

Likewise, the complete plan for the defense of the Philippines also was made known through the work of the language specialists from the Military Intelligence Service Language School long before our forces had landed on Leyte.

Graduates of the Military Intelligence Service Language School include Americans of many racial

backgrounds, but roughly 85 percent of its graduates are Nisei Americans. Concerning the work of these Japanese-American language specialists, Joe Rosenthal, AP newspaperman who won the Pulitzer Award for his spot photo of the raising of the Stars and Stripes at the crater rim of Mt. Suribachi, has written:

"Usually they work with headquarters in serving as interpreters. Armed with hand grenades at the entrances to Jap pillboxes or caves, they often convince the enemy to surrender where other officers, lacking the proper diction of the Jap language, would fail. They work so close to the enemy on these missions that with the danger of being killed by Japs, they run the risk of being shot, unintentionally, by our own marines. Their dungarees soon become ragged in rough country and the similarity of their physical appearance to that of the Japanese enemy makes their job much tougher.

"Many have paid with their lives, and many more have been wounded. They have done an outstanding job, and their heroism should be recognized. It has been recognized by the marine commanders where I saw them in action at Guam, Peleliu, and Iwo."

Two of these Nisei, Technical Sergeant Kazuo Komoto with the 11th Airborne Division, and a Japanese-American Staff Sergeant with the 1st Radio Squadron Mobile, were among the first troops that landed at Atsugi Airfield near Tokyo. Komoto, incidentally, was the first graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School to win a purple heart when he was shot by a Jap sniper on New Georgia Island.

Another graduate, Technical Sergeant Robert Oda acted as interpreter when our naval forces took over the Japanese naval base at Yokosuka.

These language specialists came to the Military Intelligence Service Language School from all walks of life and from various parts of the United States, Hawaii, and Alaska. Among them were dentists, lawyers, PhD's, cooks, farm-hands, gardeners, laundrymen, houseboys, and even a professional gambler. One was a former member of the Territorial Legislature in Hawaii. A good cross section came as volunteers from behind the barbed wire fences of the Relocation Camps in which they had been placed shortly after Pearl Harbor. Some were veterans of World War I, well over 45 years old, and with three or more teen age children. Technician 3d grade James Yoshinobu who served with the 4th Marine Division on Iwo Jima and Technical Sergeant John Tanikawa who was awarded a Bronze Star for his work with the 41st Division on Leyte, were veterans of World War I.

Nisei language specialists have been with every major unit in every engagement from Guadalcanal and Attu to the march into Tokyo. To mention all units with which they served would be to list every major unit that has engaged in combat in the Pacific. The great task of the War Department and the Military

The Story of Fort Snelling, Training Ground for Our Japanese American Linguists

Intelligence Service Language School was to supply the demand for these linguists. This entailed a comprehensive study of the history of practically every Japanese-American male of military age.

A story is told about Lt. General Alexander M. ("Sandy") Patch's reaction to the Nisei. When the first group of Nisei arrived at his command, it is reported that he hesitated to use them. It is reported (perhaps apocryphally) that after their first campaign he thought so much of them that he would go personally to the transports and welcome each group as they came off the gangplank. Today, General Patch, who also had under his command the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in the European Theater of Operations (also composed of Nisei), is one of the staunchest Nisei supporters.

From Guadalcanal, Lieutenant Colonel John A. Burden, then Captain in the G-2 Section of the XIV Corps wrote:

"The use of Nisei in the combat area is essential to efficient work. There has been a great deal of prejudice and opposition to the use of Nisei in combat areas. The two arguments advanced are: (1) Americans of Japanese ancestry are not to be trusted, and (2) the lives of the Nisei would be endangered due to the strong sentiment against Japanese prevailing in the area. Both of these arguments have been thoroughly disproved by experiences on Guadalcanal, and I AM GLAD TO SAY THAT THOSE WHO OPPOSED THE USE OF NISEI THE MOST ARE NOW THEIR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC ADVOCATES. It has been proven that only the Nisei are capable of rapid translation of written orders and diaries, and their use is essential in obtaining the information contained in them."

From the China-Burma-India Theater, Captain Barton Lloyd, a graduate of the Military Intelligence Service Language School, wrote: "I cannot overstate the value that Colonel Stilwell (son of General Stilwell) and his headquarters place on Nisei language men. As far as everyone who has had contact with the Nisei is concerned, they are tops—they are doing a darned good job, much of it under conditions they never expected. Sergeants Matsuna and Mazawa were dropped by parachute deep in Kachin territory to an Office of Strategic Services

unit. They have been working in areas behind enemy lines, doing both language and radio interception work. These two volunteered without any hesitation and took their jumps in fine form although having had no previous training in parachute jumping whatsoever. The paratrooper who gave them instructions and who accompanied them on their jump flight told me that when their turns came to jump, they took off themselves with 'no assistance'."

According to reports from Leyte, General Krueger repeatedly has congratulated and commended the Nisei language men for their fine work on Leyte.

Recognition has been given to the work of these Nisei Americans in the field. Although the reports are not complete and records are only fragmentary, at least 50 Nisei have received direct commissions from the ranks as Second Lieutenants, and another 25 or 30 have been commissioned through the various Officer Candidate Schools in Australia and in the United States. One of these, Masaji Marumoto of Honolulu, has received a commission as a First Lieutenant in the Judge Advocate General's Department and was the civil affairs legal officer attached to Military Government in Okinawa when the last report was received.

A number of Nisei have been awarded decorations for intelligence work in combat but complete information in this respect also is lacking. As far as is known at present 1 Distinguished Service Cross, 2 Legion of Merits, 5 Silver Stars, 1 Soldier's Medal, over 50 Bronze Stars, and 15 Purple Hearts have been awarded. It is certain that many more decorations have been received by Nisei intelligence personnel.

Some Japanese-American language specialists have been assigned to the larger headquarters and in various stations in the continental limits of the United States

and have been denied the opportunity of serving in combat. Most of the honor graduates of each graduating class were retained as instructors at the Military Intelligence Service Language School to train other students. It has taken considerable discussion to convince these men that they could render more important service in non-combat assignments.

Roy Cummings, Honolulu Star Bulletin correspondent, has pointed out the non-language side of their roles in the Pacific. He wrote: "Pocket dictionaries aren't the only articles the men of the school make use of out there. Things happened fast after the landing on Okinawa. One of the language men was on guard the third night that we were there. He challenged a man who came out of the darkness. The man did not halt and when he came closer the sergeant saw that it was an enemy soldier, so he cut him down with his carbine."

Fourteen Nisei volunteered for service with Merrill's Marauders in Burma. An officer writing of their exploits says: "Throughout, whenever and wherever there was need for any of the boys, they never hesitated. They were not only interpreters but soldiers at the front. They faced danger willingly, whenever called upon. They faced the enemy, fought against him. Roy Matsumoto, Ben Sugata, Robert Honda and Henry Goshu are credited with about 30 Nips. You can see by that the boys have been right upon the line.

"During battles they crawled up close enough to be able to hear Jap officers' commands and to make verbal translations to our soldiers. They tapped lines, listened in on radios, translated documents and papers, made spot translations of messages and field orders, and in numerous other ways made themselves invaluable."

It was in the engagement at Myitkya that these "Marauder boys" lost their commanding officer, Captain William Laffin (his mother was a Japanese) when he was strafed by enemy planes. Of the 14 Nisei who started out with General Merrill, six were commissioned as officers for meritorious service in the field, one was decorated with the Legion of Merit, and three retired. (Continued on page 27)



Season's Greetings



HONOR ROLL

Pvt. John Amamo, ASTP, Univ. of Penn.
Pfc. Mike M. Azuma, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
Lt. Mike Fujinami, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Pvt. Frank Fujioka, 442nd Infantry
Sgt. Yoneo Hatakeyama, Ft. Warren, Wyo.
T/Sgt. Frank Honda, 442nd Infantry
Sgt. Sam Ishida, 442nd Infantry
Pvt. George Kiyomoto, Holabird Signal Depot, Md.
Pfc. Tak Kunishige, Honorable Discharge
Cpl. Noboru Miyakawa, 442nd Infantry
Lt. Stanley Miwa, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
Lt. Tad Mori, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
T/4 Alan Morishige, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
T/5 Pat Murosako, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Sgt. Harry Murotani, Honorable Discharge
S/Sgt. Joe Nakata, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Lt. George Saiki, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
T/4 Hideyo Saiki, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
Sgt. Tad Shimizu, Honorable Discharge
T/5 Kenny M. Tagami, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Pvt. Jim Takahashi, Honorable Discharge
T/5 Rodger Takemoto, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
T/4 M. Takeyasu, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Pfc. Jim Tokushige, Honorable Discharge
Sgt. Roy Uyeno, Honorable Discharge
T/5 George Yamaguchi, Overseas, Asiatic Theatre
Pvt. Tom Yamaguchi, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
Pvt. Hideo Yamashiro, Honorable Discharge
Pvt. Joe Yamashita, Honorable Discharge

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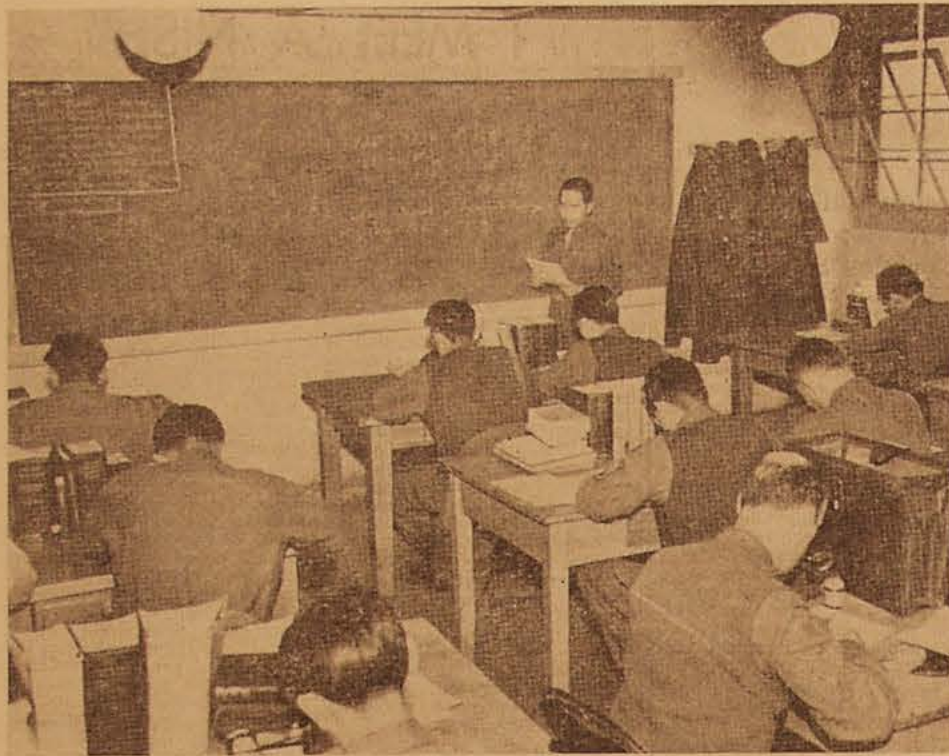
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Henry Ford Trade School
Camp Leagon
Dearborn, Michigan



The Service Flags

A Short Story by Bill Hosokawa

Helen Yamano carried the suitcase to the bed. She placed it on the threadbare spread and took out two small red-edged flags.

One of the flags had a blue star on a white field. The other was exactly like the first except that its star was gold. Helen walked over the bare wooden floor to the twin windows. She hooked a flag over the latch of each window so that they could be seen from the outside.

But it was doubtful if anyone would see them. It was still September and the trees were heavy with leaves and the windows of Helen's fourth floor flat looked down on the topmost branches.

Helen gazed out over the trees and on to the rooftops of grimy houses that stretched out almost to the foot of the distant hills. It was reassuring to see the city in front of her, for when she had opened the suitcase she had caught a whiff of desert dust—dust which she had come to know and hate at the relocation center.

Funny about that dust. It seemed to penetrate everywhere, even when the wind wasn't blowing. It got into one's hair. It got into clothing and into the barracks room no matter how carefully one stuffed old newspapers into the cracks under the door and under the windows.

But worst of all was the dust in Jamie's clothing. No matter how much a 9-year-old tried, he couldn't help but fall in it occasionally, or go racing through it raising great clouds from the sheer exuberance of being alive.

It was Jamie who broke these recollections. "C'mon, Mom," he said impatiently. "Let's hurry up and get unpacked."

"Oh, yes, yes, Jamie," Helen replied with a start, and turned toward her son.

"What's the matter, Mom," Jamie asked. "Thinking of Dad again?"

"Yes, Jamie," she said. "I couldn't help but think of him when I hung up those flags."

"One's for Dad, the one with the blue star," Jamie said it as if he were reciting a familiar lesson. He hadn't seen his father for a long time now, and the service flag seemed more real than the fading memory of the tall man with the laughing eyes who was Dad. "And the one with the gold star is for Uncle Jim who was killed by the Japs at, at . . ."

"Peleliu," his mother prompted him. "Peleliu in the Southwest Pacific."

"Yah, Peleliu," Jamie said, stumbling over the word. "When's Dad coming home? Is he coming home here, to this place?"

Helen sat down on the bed next to the open suitcase and drew Jamie to her. "To this home, Jamie," she said tenderly. Two rooms, a gas plate and a bathroom on the next floor down to be shared with two other families. "But it's home to us, isn't it?"

Jamie nestled up closer. The last few days had been bewildering for him. The confusion of packing, saying goodbye to his friends like Sumi and Fred and Jiro, of eating in a pretty messhall where girls brought you your food and you didn't have to take your dishes out yourself, of a long train ride into the world outside the fence.

It was a world he scarcely remembered for he had left it in the spring of 1942 when he was barely six years old.

"And I'm going to a real school, aren't I, Mom?"

"A real school, Jamie. And now we'll have to hurry without unpacking so we can get supper and get you to bed. Tomorrow you start school, and I start work."

Helen Yamano was tired. There was physical weariness, to be sure, for she had tried especially hard to keep constantly alert on her first day at work. She wanted to make a good impression on the manager, and she wanted ever so much to make friends with the other girls.

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Eyes and Ears of the Allied Pacific Forces

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ceived the Bronze Star. All received the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the Presidential Unit Citation.

It is interesting to note that many of the outstanding daring feats were performed by graduates who were "Kibei" (those born in the United States but sent at an early age to Japan and educated there). These "Kibei" are mistakenly judged in some quarters as being pro-Japanese elements in the Japanese-American community.

Tech. Sergeant Kaz Kozaki, a former non-commissioned officer instructor at the Military Intelligence Service Language School, is a "Kibei" and so is Technician 3d Grade Eiichi Sakaue. Kozaki won a Silver Star and a Purple Heart for rescuing an American army officer under fire when they were attacked by the Japanese as they were landing on New Guinea from their landing craft. Eiichi Sakaue rescued a wounded British officer under fire in the China-Burma-India Theater and likewise became the recipient of a Silver Star.

Technician 5th Grade Terry Takeshi Doi was an out and out "Kibei". His Japanese was stronger than his command of English. He had been caught as a dual-national in Japan and had been forced to serve in the Japanese army, thereby losing his American citizenship. He had been kept at the Military

CAMP SNELLING, Minn.—A classroom at the Military Intelligence Service Language School where Nisei linguists and interpreters, the eyes and ears of the Pacific Allied forces, were trained.

Intelligence Service Language School after graduation before he was cleared as being trustworthy for service in the combat zone. When Doi appeared before Judge Robert Bell of the U. S. District Court in the Twin Cities for restoration of his American citizenship, a Canadian dancer who also was scheduled to be sworn in as an American citizen requested Judge Bell to swear her in separately. As she put it, she refused to be "sworn in with a Jap". Judge Bell denied her request and she walked out of court.

Terry Doi was one of the first Nisei to land on Iwo Jima. Several had landed among the first waves, about "H hour plus 45". And from that time on he distinguished himself going into cave after cave with only a flashlight and knife

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"None of Them Wanted To Stay Out of the Fight"

Some Stories of the 100th And the 442nd Combat Team

By LT. COL. MARK MARTIN JR.

One of the best stories they tell about the 100th Infantry Battalion concerns a crossing of the Volturno river in Italy:

The battalion waded the swollen stream early one night. Dawn found them just short of a hilltop position held by the Germans.

A command to "Fix Bayonets" was passed down the line. The 100th attacked, shouting and yelling and:

The Germans fled without firing a shot, abandoning shoes, food, guns and ammunition.

This was one of the first major attacks of the 100th. But already they had earned the respect—and fear of the German enemy.

The 100th, made up of Americans of Japanese descent, joined the 34th Infantry Division, the Red Bulls, just before the Italian campaign opened.

It fought side-by-side with the balance of the 34th through most of the hard, expensive fighting which was the Italian campaign.

Then the battalion, together with the 442nd Infantry Regimental Combat Team, was separated from the 34th and sent into Southern France, where the entire unit again distinguished itself time upon time.

Just before the end of the fighting in Europe the 442nd returned to Italy, leading the left wing of the 5th Army in the final drive into the Po river valley.

The skill and courage of these troops was known and respected throughout the Allied armies in Europe; they often spearheaded the attacks of divisions, corps and even armies; they were among the finest troops I ever saw in action.

They won more Purple Hearts, which are awarded for wounds suffered in action, than almost any battalion in the army. They won an outstandingly large number of Distinguished Service Crosses and Silver and Bronze Stars, awarded for gallantry in action.

Their Absent Without Leave rate was among the very lowest in the army. Throughout its service with the 34th, the 100th did not have a single man leave his post of duty in the front line.

Probably I can offer no greater evidence of the respect in which the men of the entire regimental combat team were held by the rest of the army than by retelling a story frequently told in the battle lines:

The 34th was advancing rapidly north of Rome, just after it had been taken. There were not sufficient vehicles to permit the entire division to move at one time.

The 442nd was ordered to move, but the transportation allotted was not thought sufficient for the entire outfit to get underway at once.

But it did! The men, piling on top of jeeps, jeep trailers, kitchen trucks, baggage trucks, and loading every other vehicle far beyond its capacity, soon were moving up the road.

A general pulled up and stopped the head of the column, demanding that an officer of the 442nd explain why the men had been "crowded up" in "that fashion."

The officer did explain: "General, none of them wanted to stay out of the fight. We had to let them come."

The general drove away.

Washington Citizens Committee Considers Relocation Situation

A suki yaki dinner meeting was held by representatives of the Washington Citizens Committee, the WRA, and Nisei and Issei groups on Dec. 8 at the home of Gielen Zander, executive secretary of the Citizens Committee and formerly a teacher at the Dutch Reformed Church girls' school in Yokohama.

A general discussion was held on the current relocation situation in Washington and its vicinity. Those present were Rev. Nelsen Schlegel, chairman of the Citizens Committee; Mrs. Evelyn Spencer, assistant to Miss Zander; Murray Dan-nin-hirsch, WRA field officer; Ken Nishimoto, former assistant field officer; Miss Saida Hartman, U.S. ES counselor; S. Toda, M. Sumida, Kenko Nogaki, Bob Iki, Tosh Koiwai, and John Kitasako.

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"I MEET A NISEI"

By BARRON B. BESHOR

Three years ago I had the privilege of meeting my first Japanese American.

Although I had been reared in the cosmopolitan little city of Trinidad in Southern Colorado, a community where many tongues are spoken, I had never met a person of Oriental extraction until Hide came into my office.

She came to see me in a professional capacity. Because of long association with Spanish-speaking people, I had been selected

as the mountain region representative of the FEPC which was just beginning its long campaign against discrimination because of race, creed, color or national origin. Hide was alarmed, not afraid. She had come to Denver alone, seeking to escape the enforced evacuation that even then was in the making. As one of the first Japanese Americans to reach Denver after Pearl Harbor day, she had bumped squarely into nastiness and prejudice in both private and governmental offices.

Within a matter of days, Hide became my secretary and a good one. She helped me in many ways in the difficult days that followed—days that saw thousands of Japanese come into Colorado. We fought hatred and prejudice and ignorance on every side. We were not alone, however, as many Caucasians battled with us.

But such success as we had came not from our feeble efforts. It stemmed from the fact that no group of Americans ever conducted itself more admirably under trying circumstances than did the Japanese Americans on the home front.

As an American, I am proud of the GI's with Japanese faces who

fought and died in every theater of war. I cherish their glorious record and I join with Americans of all extractions in singing their praises.

But I am also proud of the Americans with Japanese faces who performed so well on the home front. They, too, fought the good fight.

I never saw Amache or Heart Mountain or any of the other camps. I never wanted to see one. I was ashamed of the camps without seeing them. But I saw the Japanese Americans in Denver, in Salt Lake City, in Chicago, and in many other cities. They had no military discipline to govern their daily lives, yet they conducted themselves in a manner that was above reproach.

They had to take the sneers and taunts of the unthinking and the ignorant on the streets, in stores, on trams or wherever they went. But they took them with a patience and resignation and dignity that shamed their tormentors.

They raised food for America's fighting men, they cut timber, they

(Continued on page 31)

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Student Approved for Collegiate Who's Who
 CALDWELL, Idaho—Miss Masako Endow of the College of Idaho in Caldwell has been approved for the 1945-46 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges."
 Among activities in which Miss Endow participates are: Pres. of Voorhees Hall, Sec. of W. A. A., Sec. of Forum, Reporter for Coyote, member of Iota Phi Sorority, Student Ministerial Assn., Vespers co-chairman.

Becky Hasegawa Heads Nisei Girls Group in Minneapolis

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Newly-elected president Becky Hasegawa took over the leadership of the second year for the Nisei Girls' Organization, a club affiliated with the YWCA of Minneapolis.
 For their newest project, the club is sponsoring a Christmas dinner party with the Ft. Snelling WAC's as honored guests.
 Members of the cabinet are: Emi Watanabe, vice pres.; Sumi Takemoto, sec.; Grace Shimizu, treas.; Midori Kaji, membership chairman; Pat Kato, program chairman; Mary Kasahara, social service chairman; Marian Kawakami and Fumi Kuroda, leadership council.
 Representatives to the following YWCA committees of Minneapolis are: Pat Kato, religions interests; Cherry Tanaka, public affairs and Mrs. Toy Shindo, evening membership.
 The club was created in November 1944 to fill the needs of Nisei girls who were not associated with other organizations. Meetings are held once a month with a popular speaker featured.

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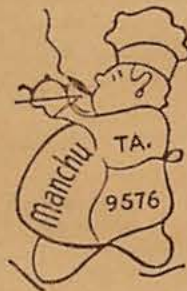
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A Christmas Message:

To the Men of the 442nd

By Col. V. R. Miller

Today, the anniversary of the birth of Christ, finds a world still struggling to find a way back to the ancient principles of understanding; of love for one's fellow men; and of faith in God. We have just brought to a successful conclusion the most destructive war the world has ever seen. To those men who fought with the 442nd Combat Team, to their families, and particularly to the families of those men who gave up their lives in the service of their country, I can only say that I am proud to have commanded such troops. They have written a great page in our country's history.

The Christmas season has always been a time for celebration and for presenting of tokens of our regards and best wishes in one form or another to our friends, but, it is also a time for reflection on events of the past year and speculation on what the new year may bring. Nisei soldiers in every theater of war have won the nation's admiration and respect by their courage and integrity on the field of battle. The coming year will be a challenge to America's Nisei citizens to display the same courage and integrity in the difficult tasks of peace no matter what walk of life they may be in. It must be your job, and job of every American citizen, to prove to the world that the principles of Christ, the principles on which democracy is based, are as valid today as they were two thousand years ago. The road will be hard, but if each of you can be as fine a citizen as you have been soldiers, the things for which you fought and for which many of your comrades have died are not beyond your reach.

I am very happy that so many former members of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team are now reunited with their families on this Christmas Day. I sincerely hope that before another Christmas rolls around, all of us will have been able to turn from our present tasks to our homes and loved ones, and that the next year may truly be a better one for the suffering peoples of the world. I know that each of you will do all that is in your power to make it so. To the mothers, fathers, wives, sisters and brothers who are anxiously waiting for the return of their loved ones still overseas, I can assure you that the men of the Combat Team are loyally performing an important mission—that of helping to insure that the victory for which we have fought so hard will be lasting.

In closing, the officers and men of the Combat Team join me in extending to the former members of the unit, their families, and their friends, a pleasant Christmas and happy and prosperous New Year.

COLONEL V. R. MILLER, Infantry
Commanding Officer, 442nd RCT.



Nisei Girl Reporter Elected to Post in Newspaper Union

LOS ANGELES — Miss Mary Kitano, only Nisei on the staff of the City News Bureau has been elected secretary-reporter of the News Bureau unit of the L. A. Newspaper Guild, CIO (Local 69), to the "L. A. Guildsman." The "Guildsman" is the official organ of the local chapter. The City News Bureau which recently became a member of the Guild is quite proud of its interracial staff which also includes: a Chinese American, a Korean American, and a Jewish American.

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Postwar and The Nisei

(Continued from page 25)

immature, that they are confusedly reactionary and illiberal in their political and social ideas, that they lack social consciousness, that they are slipping right back into the



Mary Oyama

pre-evacuation groove of self-segregation into Little Tokyos. We wonder.

BRAVE NEW WORLD. Our personal conclusion is this: There definitely is a place for the Nisei American in the postwar world. The American community wants to integrate the Nisei into American life. We have been personally approached by the leaders of such organizations as the Parent Teachers association, the League of Women Voters, the American Veterans Committee, the Inter-racial Film and Radio Guild, various church and "Y" groups, all requesting us to contact prospective members for their organizations.

We would, if we could and had any personal say in the matter; but first of all the expressed desire to join and integrate must come from the individual Nisei himself.

"I MEET A NISEI"

(Continued from page 28)

toiled in shops and factories, they did a thousand and one jobs that had to be done on the home front—and they did them well.

The story of the un-American evacuation remains to be told. But when that story is told I believe most Americans will take their hats off to their fellow citizens with Japanese faces and extend a friendly hand in gratitude.

I took mine off long ago.

"Our Last Big Problem"

(Continued from page 25)

nese have been exempted from it; the House has by a huge majority exempted the Filipinos and East Indians. The Senate stalls action. But exemptions based upon support of the Allied cause in the war do not remove the evil. Quite as entitled to citizenship are the fathers and mothers of the thousands of Japanese Americans who fought so valiantly in the war, to say nothing of thousands of others who were not privileged to have sons in the fighting forces. Even if the act were repealed, and every oriental country placed on a quota basis like the rest of the world, only about 600 a year would be entitled to admission, and of resident orientals, about 300,000 would be entitled to citizenship, most of them in Hawaii—no great threat even to the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West.

In the long run the problems of the Japanese minority are the same as those of all racial minorities. Relief for one is relief for all, as the Fair Employment Practice Committee has demonstrated. The attacks on restrictive covenants in housing, on racial discrimination in unions, on segregation in principle, and the varied barriers in law, are all part of the same determined effort to achieve in the United States the kind of democracy we profess. We have gone a long way in strengthening our political democracy. We have expanded its principles in industrial democracy through the National Labor Relations Act and the guarantees of collective bargaining. Racial discrimination is our last big problem in the application of democratic principles to our national life, and through it, to the world.

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The Service Flags

(Continued from page 27)

But it was more than fatigue. She was troubled by a deep-down anxiety. Somehow, some of the girls seemed hostile, especially the thin blonde with the stringy hair. Helen felt their hostility and she groped for ways to break it down.

Now as she started the climb to her apartment with the groceries in her arms, her heart felt a little lighter for Jamie would be waiting to tell her all about his first day at school.

He heard her footsteps and burst out of the door. "Hi, Mommie," he cried, "Hi!" He took the groceries from her and dashed into the room.

All Helen's troubles seemed to fall away with Jamie's exuberance, for since her only brother's death and her husband's induction all her affection had been lavished on her son.

But now as they entered the lighted apartment Helen saw tear stains on Jamie's cheeks.

"Why, Jamie," she exclaimed. "You've been crying. Were you lonesome for me?"

Jamie's gaiety suddenly vanished. He knew he had been found out weeping and he was ashamed of himself. He bit his lip and shook his head.

"Come here, Jamie," his mother said. "Tell me why my boy's been crying."

Helen sat down and Jamie went up to her. Jamie turned so that his back rested against his mother's knees. She put her arms around his chest as they had done since Jamie was a little boy.

"Mommie," he said presently. "Am I a Jap?"

Helen's heart went suddenly cold. "A Jap?" she asked in a voice that she tried to make light. "A Jap? Why that's silly. You're an American, Jamie, an American boy. Who asked you such a question?"

"There was a big kid at school," Jamie said. "He stopped me and asked me if I was a Jap."

"And what did you tell him?" Helen asked again.

"I told him I was an American. But he said I was a yellow Jap. And then I told him I was an American because I was born in America, and my dad is an American because he's been fighting the Nazis in Italy, and my uncle was an American because he was fighting the Japs when he got killed."

"Yes," said Helen.

"But he called me a dirty liar and said I was a Jap and anybody that saw my face could tell that."

Helen was fighting that cold, stony feeling that made it hard for her to speak. She had experienced it for the first time that December Sunday when the radio announcer had broken into a program in a high, tense voice to report Pearl Harbor was under attack. She knew that feeling well, now. It had come back frequently—when the evacuation was announced, when she left her home for the last time to board the evacuation train, when the war department telegram came announcing her brother's death, when her husband had come into their relocation center room to tell her he had volunteered for the army.

And now it was Jamie whom she had tried to shelter from all this. She could feel the bitterness welling in her. After all I've been through, she said to herself, after the price we've paid. Can't we find a little peace? Can't my child grow up as any American child without that terrible shadow of race prejudice hanging over him? Can't we have just a little peace?

Helen gripped her son so tightly to her that Jamie turned to look in surprise. He saw the tears in her eyes.

"Mommie," he said awkwardly. "Don't feel bad. Don't cry."

Helen clung to Jamie for a moment and then she reached for her handkerchief and wiped away the tears. She picked Jamie up and held him close to her as she had done when he was an infant.

"I don't know how to begin, Jamie," she began. "You will understand some day about hate and prejudice and why we had to leave our little home by the Pacific. You don't even remember the smell of salt air any more, do you, Jamie?"

"I wish your Daddy were here to talk to you. He is so wise. He would know what to tell you."

Jamie listened wide-eyed, surprised by her intensity.

"But I do know what your Daddy would say to you if he could talk to you now. He would say, 'Jamie, if you want anything, you must fight for it.'"

"Your Daddy wanted peace, for himself and for us, especially for you. That's why he left us to go out and fight. That's why your Uncle Jim died. He knew that he had to fight, even for peace, even for a chance to work at a job or run a farm, or even to go to school."

"Your Daddy would call it fighting for the dignity of man. You don't understand that, do you, Jamie?"

Jamie shook his head. "But I know what you mean by fighting. I don't like to fight. You told me not to fight any more the time I gave Jiro the bloody nose."

"That was some silly quarrel," Helen replied. "You are only a child. But you will have to learn to fight for your rights. I'll call your teacher tomorrow morning. But that would never be a permanent solution. You will have to fight for your own rights, Jamie, even if you are only nine."

Jamie thought it over for a long time that evening. Late that night when the unaccustomed clatter of a street car woke him for a moment, Jamie thought he heard his mother sobbing softly in the dark. But he was so sleepy he wasn't sure, and in the morning he had forgotten about it.

The second day for Helen was more difficult than the first. Jamie was on her mind constantly and the thin blonde was going out of her way to be unpleasant as if she were trying to provoke a quarrel.

When Helen left for home she was ready to quit her job for good. The loneliness of separation from her husband, the aloofness of the big city after the neighborliness of the camp, the seeming hostility all about her and her son—all had piled up. It was with almost a feeling of panic that she hurried out the door.

Everyone seemed to be staring at her on the street car. When the car lurched a bulky woman bumped Helen and almost sent her sprawling. An automobile sped past as Helen stepped off the street car and showered her stockings with muddy water. To her distraught nerves it seemed everything was going wrong. Never before had she missed so much the security of the center or the comfort of her husband.

She climbed the stairs as rapidly as she could to get to Jamie, her one remaining link with the security of the past, her one responsibility that could keep her going until her husband returned.

This time Jamie did not come out to meet her and Helen's apprehension grew as she hurried to the room. She flung open the door and there was Jamie, his hair disheveled, one trouser leg torn, a damp towel over one eye, and oh, a big gap-toothed grin on his face.

"Jamie," she cried. "Oh, Jamie, Jamie." That was all she could say.

"I fought for my rights," Jamie began stoutly, "and I got 'em."

The relief seemed to flow through Helen and she hurriedly got out the medicine kit.

Jamie was talking as his mother dressed his knee and applied another cold pack to the eye rapidly turning purple. "So I dared him to call me a yellow Jap again."

"He hit me in the mouth and knocked me down. I guess I got mad. The principal had to come out and pull me off 'a him. He won't call me a Jap any more."

"And you know what, Mom? The kid I beat up told me to come tomorrow after school and I could play on his football team. Do you think Dad would be proud of me?"

Helen Yamano sat up a long time after Jamie had gone to bed that night. She turned down the table lamp and raised the shades. She could see the lights of the city beyond the two service flags in the window and she watched as one by one they faded out. At last she got up and went to the window. She fingered the flags tenderly for a moment and then she whispered:

"Yes, I know you're proud of Jamie. And you and Jamie are going to be proud of me, too."

Greetings and Best Wishes

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Physician and Surgeon
830 18th St. Denver, Colorado
TA-2642 — Office
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My prayer is to be found in "Paul Cezanne" or "Mary Cassatt" among our Japanese Americans in the period of reconstruction of a peaceful new world.

Konai K. Miyamoto, D.D.S., Ph.D.

DENTIST

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