

the two metropolises of Oregon and Washington. Two-thirds of the colonists in this camp--as well as in the other nine centers--are American Citizens.

Are they being held illegally? Federal Judge Fee of Portland caused a national furor several weeks ago when he challenged the validity of the entire procedure. He ruled that, in the absence of declaration of martial law, the military had no right to regulate the life of ordinary American citizens.

But the authorities held that "the presence of all these people clustered along the coast and scattered throughout the interior valleys enormously complicated the problem of far western defense."

And even the staunchest defenders of the rights of the American citizens in the camps refrain from criticising the army for its initial action. The Council for Social Action of the Congregational Christian churches, which calls these "our war victims," concedes; "The benefit of the doubt should certainly be given to the motives of the army in ordering the evacuation. Because of the long record of doing everything too late that has had such tragic results for the democracies, the civilian has little right to criticise the army for acting on the basis of the worst possible contingencies.

However, insists the council: "We must distinguish between the issue raised by the evacuation from coastal areas and the question of future policy. Even if this evacuation was necessary, it is still a very evil thing to deprive American citizens of all of their liberties by administrative fiat, without due process of law."

What's to be done with them? It is becoming increasingly evident that the fate of this minority will be a major test of American democracy.

It must be remembered that the 110,000 members of these ten centers are, so far as the authorities can tell, rank-and-file residents. Known criminals and suspected criminals are locked up in internment camps.

Plenty of "tough guy" talk is heard, everyone has listened to remarks such as these:

"Lock 'em up and throw away the key!"

"The only good Jap is a dead Jap."

"Ship 'em back where they came from!"

"Once a Jap, always a Jap."

The Native Sons of the Golden West have brought suit in San Francisco to bar Japanese-Americans from voting.

The Denver Post--belligerently trying to recapture the rootin', tootin', shootin' days of its mining-boom youth--recently twirled a couple of editorial six-shooters in the air and issued this proposal: that the Japanese-American men be locked in certain internment camps, and that Japanese-American women be locked in other camps. Then America, the Post insisted could in a few decades forget the Japanese "population problem" ever existed!

The public at large takes a more sober view of the problem. The Gallup Poll organization recently asked a cross-section of American citizens whether the Japanese-Americans should be allowed to return to the Pacific coast after the war. The results: 35 per cent would allow all to return; 26 per cent would allow only Japanese who are American citizens to return; 17 per cent would allow none to return; while 22 per cent remain undecided. Citizens in the five western states showed somewhat greater hostility toward the Japanese-Americans, , with only 29 per cent voting to let all return.

HATRED:

Firmly Maintained by Many Persons

There, remains, however a hard core of burning hatred in much of the population. It is typified by a barrel-chested laborer in Shoshone who growled: "We didn't build up the west to turn it over to any Japs....We oughta ship 'em where they came from."

When it was gently pointed out to him that two-thirds of the relocation-center residents were American citizens, he barked:

"That don't cut no ice. Citizens? So are the rattlesnakes!"

But inside a barbed wire citizen ship is a live issue. For years the young "Nisei" (pronounced "knee-say") born in this country, had been boasting of their American citizenship. Some had even been a bit overbearing in their expressions of superiority over the immigrant "Issei" (pronounced "ee-say").

Now an occasional elder sneers at the youngster: "So you're an American citizen! But I see you're in here with the rest of us. A lot of good that citizenship did you.' Now you know what being a second-class citizen means."

Citizen and non-citizen, they're both going "schlop, schlop" in the mud of Minidoka now. No ordinary mud, this. It's black, it's deep, and it has suction-fingers. Only a neophyte attempts to wear ordinary rubbers. First of all, the mud is much too deep. And, further, the natural glue content of the mud is strong enough to jerk off rubbers after a few steps. Minidoka colonist who can afford them have bought rubber boots and galoshes.

Bad as is the mud, the Minidokans vastly prefer it to the dust of the drier months. When the evacuation trains from the Portland and Puyallup evacuation centers pulled up to the Hunt,

Idaho, siding last summer, the settlers scanned a barren, rocky, sagebrush plain, and failed to find a spot of green in the whole parched landscape. They stepped into an inch-deep layer of powder-fine yellow dust. Every step raised a spurt of dust; a thick pall hung in the sky over the three-mile-long cluster of tarpaper shelter that were to be their homes. They learned to tie wet cloths over their noses and mouths, and to rinse them out repeatedly through the day. They learned to carry cleansing tissue to the dining halls--to rub the dust from the plates. The administrators saw its office staff go home at night as gray-haired women, and to come back in the morning, shiny and black-haired.

The rain came and with it gumbo. But few complaints were heard. It was a part of the daily pattern of life--and a great relief from the dust. Winter has brought an increasing number of days with freezing weather, and this solves the mud problem by converting it into black, solid pavement.

The oriental sense of humor has helped ease the situation. When friends mention "walking in mud," a local artist grins and insists he's walking on marshmallows. When the mercury drops to 32 degrees, and a crispy coating forms on top, he remarks, "The marshmallows are toasted."

The "city" is made up of 36 blocks of barracks stretching in a semicircle reaching three miles from east to west, roughly paralleling the Twin Falls northside irrigation canal. The "city" is near one edge of the 68,000 acre tract in the Minidoka reclamation project. Because this area is broken up by huge out-cropping of lava, only one-quarter of the broad acreage is potentially suited to agriculture. The soil between the outcropping is fertile and

needs only irrigation water to yield abundant crops.

In each block there are 15 buildings, Twelve are living quarters; one, a utility building; one, a dining hall, and another, a recreation hall (usually serving as a school, church, or library). The tarpapered barrack buildings are 20 feet wide and 120 feet long. These are cut crosswise by partitions, forming one-room "apartments" of various sizes. A two-person family is given a room 10 by 20 feet; a seven-person family gets a room 24 by 20 feet.

INGENUITY:

Shown by Colonist in Fixing Up "Homes"

Each "apartment" is furnished by the government with pot-belly stove; a cot, mattress and two army blankets, for each person, and a bucket. The colonists furnish the rest, and the originality they display impresses the visitor.

Working the scrap lumber and cast-off material, many colonists have achieved real beauty in their barren barracks. The women launder burlap potato sacks and bleach white flour sacks; then run vari-colored threads through the sacking, and hang them across the windows for curtains. Craftmanship of high order has produced comfortable chairs and useful chests and tables.

A "pet" project of the war relocation authority's administrative staff in Minidoka is a demonstration apartment being developed by George Nakashima, a graduate of the Massachusetts Instituted of Technology, who helped design the New York State park commision's buildings at Jones Beach, Long Island; designed a Ford factory for Yokohama, and painted murals in the Pennsylvania State capital. He was working on war housing in Portland and Vancouver when "caught" by the evacuation order.

The model apartment is designed to show the colonists how a little material and a lot of ingenuity can go a long way in making their barracks more livable.

All the buildings were put up with the two-by-four studding exposed on the inside walls. In the demonstration room, Nakashima covered this studding with cardboard cartons. Over the cardboard he pasted several thicknesses of newspapers. A thin coat of white paint softens the black headlines. The walls were given a final dramatically "modern" touch by pasting vertical strips of blueprints paper in random widths.

Nakashima, sawed a pickle barrel in half, and upholstered the open ends with potato sacks, to form two chairs. A third low chair was made of scrap lumber, using laced rope to form the seat and back. The chair is bolted together "so that it will be easily demountable when we move." Nakashima made screens by fashioning grids of thin wooden strips, and then building up a dozen layers of newsprint with paste.

Residents of the Minidoka relocation center smile grimly over the rumors that fly through Idaho about alleged luxuries in the camp. One of the first rumors was that the barracks were being equipped with tiled bathrooms. The colonists think of that one often when sliding through the mud to the outdoor latrines--so amply ventilated that snow drifts in. Standard plumbing has been installed in the utility buildings, but cannot be used until two great pumps for the sewage system are built in the east. Several pumps have been built, but each time have been transferred to more vital uses.

One construction feature that galls the colonists more than the mud or the inconveniences is the high barbed wire fence, with

the top strand set on an overhang.

ENCLOSURE:

Hurt Self-Respect of Evacuee Group

"Every barb in the wire punctured the hearts, pride and self-respect of the colonists," recalled one young Minidoka. "We had been living for weeks in the center, on our honor to behave like true Americans. Our record was completely clean. And yet, just because someone miles away had decided that every camp had to be surrounded by barbed wire, contractors moved in and started to work.

"They set fence posts and strung barbed wire. A few of the colonists, taking the fence as a personal affront, slipped out at night and took down some of the wire. Finally the contractors connected the wire to a generator.

"The camp was stunned. In a matter of seconds, the word flew from one end to the other that "the fence is electrified!" We really did feel then that we were in a concentration camp.

"The Minidoka administrators got on the long-distance phone and got orders sent to the contractors to disconnect the generator. Within an hour, the charge was removed from the fence--but the barbed wire still keeps the wound open.

"And the amazing thing is that the fence was erected although during the day we are not required to stay within it! We are free to wander through the sagebrush. At night, however, we are required to be inside the fence."

The fence is still there, and the colonists still scowl at it when they move outside their barracks.

There has been plenty of work for the residents of the Minidoka

center--now Idaho's eighth largest city--to do. Initial plans called for the colonists to concentrate on bringing into new cultivation thousands of acres in the Minidoka reclamation project. It was planned that potatoes, beans and onions would be major crops. Also, alfalfa and clover would be grown, along with barley and oats. The colony would produce most of its food requirements, and perhaps a surplus for other relocation centers, according to early expectations.

But a critical agricultural labor shortage in the surrounding farms areas prompted the war relocation authority, operator of the center, to jettison this program. As crops neared the harvest, it became apparent to the panic-stricken farmers that only one-half or so of the normal labor supply would be available. With sugar beets, potatoes, beans and apples ripening fast, some appealed to the federal authorities to release members of the relocation center.

In order to protect the interests of both the evacuees and of the general public, the war relocation authority set up five requirements which had to be met before the colonists could be employed in any specific agricultural area. These were: (1) written assurance from the state governor and local law enforcement officials that law and order would be maintained; (2) provision by the employer of transportation from the relocation center to the place of employment and return; (3) payment of prevailing wages; (4) no displacement of local labor, and (5) certification by the United States employment service that satisfactory housing would be provided to the evacuees in the area of employment.

Certain growers hastened to meet the requirements--and several installed bathtubs in their houses for the first time in order to satisfy the federal agency's insistence on sanitary provisions for

the Japanese-American!

The first evacuees moved out of the center to nearby ranches of the more "daring" farmers. Their frightened neighbors held their breaths, fearing to be murdered in their beds. Wild tales shot through the land of armed Japanese hoodlums assaulting their benefactors and knifing passersby. But the exemplary behavior of the entire group soon revealed the absurdity of these stories. The experimenting farmers watched with satisfaction the Japanese-Americans harvest as much as two and three times more sugar beets per worker than the former migratory laborers.

Other farmers who first had sworn they would "never allow a live Jap on my place," soon were eating their words, and were applying for workers to save their own over-ripe crops.

At the peak of the season, Minidoka had 2,300 workers in the field. It will be recalled that the entire center's population is 9,500. Three thousand are employed in the daily operation of the "city." When the children and the infirm are deducted from the total, it will be seen that virtually every able-bodied man and woman in the camp was laboring in the harvest fields. In fact, so many men went to work "in the beets" that the center's fire department was "manned" by women for several weeks.

Japanese-American doctors, lawyers, mechanics, students--as well as farmers-- turned out for the harvest. The inexperience of many evacuees in this type of work was made obvious by the sudden appearance of "Beet Thinners' Supplies" signs in the drug stores of neighboring towns. On display window carried these placards: "Back Ache? Try a Good Liniment!" "Hands Sore? Use these Lotions." "Feet Sore? Three Proved Preparation." "Pep Up With a Good Tonic."

Lois Sato, a young Beaverton, Oregon, woman, who graduated a few years ago from a girls' poly-technic school in Portland, describes the life: "We commuted daily in an aged Ford Pickup, which threatened to have a break-down constantly--and occasionally did. Unplanned boards on each side formed the seats. Our alarms rang at 5 a.m. We drove 30 cold, dark miles to Filer, where we ate breakfast in a farm security administration camp set up in the county, by 7:45 we were swinging the hooked beet-topping knife or heaving the big beets onto trucks. We all learned what it was like to be "conked" by a husky beet thrown from the other side of the truck by an over-energetic fellow worker. We found the work hard, but not monotonous, since we had pleasant company and alternated topping with loading.

"We worked for an incredibly good-natured man, G. P. Smith, and his son--half a dozen truck breakdowns and not one bit of profanity!

"Not all the beet workers were so fortunate, especially those going to Montana--where the crop was only half of what it was in Twin Falls county, living conditions tended toward the primitive, and more farmers were interested only in what they could get out of the workers.

"The grapevine is even now busy spreading word of what districts and what farmers to avoid; next year they will suffer from a labor shortage due to their own fault."

JAPANESE:

Point With Pride to Harvest Record

The Minidokans point proudly to their recent harvest record. The "Irrigator," twice-weekly mimeographed newspaper issued by colonists, editorialized: "The community has suffered untold inconveniences during the interim that these workers have been out, inasmuch as the cream of our manpower has been drained off.

Barred from participation in defense industries, evacuated by "military necessity" to relocation centers, and hooted at, even assaulted by unthinking outsiders, the Japanese-Americans here have, nevertheless, contributed in no small way to the nation's victory program. They have proved, in the only way possible, that they are loyal Americans.

The early months of 1943 find intermountain business and agricultural interests already concerned about the attitude of the evacuees. They credit the Japanese-Americans with saving at least one-third of the crops in Idaho's rich Magic Valley. This year they will desperately need the evacuees for planting and cultivating the spring and summer, in addition to harvesting in the autumn.

A new wave of rumor-mongering is causing business and farm leaders to be fearful that overtacts may occur which will make the evacuees afraid to leave camp.

The Twin Falls Chamber of Commerce has just set up a "Squelch the Rumor" committee. Its first act was to expose in the Twin-Falls News-Times the rumor that the local shortage of anti-freeze for the automobiles had been caused by Minidoka evacuees buying up stocks for their automobiles. The committee pointed out that the 9,500 evacuees are not permitted to have a single automobile.

A number of the store clerks have been explaining every new shortage to customers by blaming it on the evacuees. On Saturdays, especially people from surrounding small towns throng the streets of Twin Falls. During the recent harvest season, when the Japanese-Americans field workers would be buying their own supplies, some of the out-of-towners would make loud, pointed remarks about "yellow Japs." Except for "die-hards," the Twin Falls people were more restrained; they knew

how important the Minidoka camp was to local business.

Lately the Minidoka administration has been drastically reducing the number of passes issued to evacuees. They now average only ten a day, and Twin Fall merchants are beginning to feel the pinch in their pocketbooks.

Claude Detweller, the president of the chamber of commerce, warned the public in a recent speech that "We'll suffer dearly, in reduced crops and reduced business, if wagging tongues and "tough-guy" attitudes make the evacuees unwilling to leave the safety of camp."

Detweller insists the Japanese-Americans are "becoming favorite customers among the merchants--they don't crab or belly-ache; they're fast in making selections, and they buy quality."

ATTITUDE:

Of Town Changed,
Declares Editor

J.J. Mullen, managing editor of the Times-News, says: "We would have been in a jam without the help of the colonists. The attitude of much of the community has changed from open hostility to friendly acceptance. Of course, there are still some hotheads who think the evacuees should not be allowed on the streets. But most of the local clubs have been out to the center, and they've seen that thousands of colonists are just some more Americans.

However, many a citizen, especially after a few beers, persists in thinking he has a white man's burden to maintain.

A country newspaper in an Idaho town sent an S.O.S. to Minidoka for a printer, after all avenues of search failed to locate one. Minidoka had an experienced Japanese-American, and he left the barbed wire fence in high hope of establishing himself in the out

side world. He proved an exceptional worker. The publisher was highly pleased. But one Saturday a couple of toughies grabbed him on the street, shoved a "Jap-Hunting License--No Bag Limit," in his face and gave him 24 hours to get out of town. The printer is back in Minidoka now; and he's not looking for outside work.

He and a few others prefer to work in the camp at the official wage in the camp scale--\$12.00 monthly for apprentice--\$16.00 for ordinary workmen, and \$19.00 for supervisors, and skilled workers--rather than face the possible cuffs and rebuffs at other employment.

" DON'T CALL US JAPS, REQUEST YOUNG EVACUEES AT MINIDOKA,
THEY'RE WHO WE'RE FIGHTING

SECRETARY of WAR, Henry L. Stimson has announced completion of plans for admission of "substantial numbers" of Japanese-American citizens into the United States army on a volunteer basis.

Said Stimson: "It is the inherent right of every faithful citizen, regardless of ancestry, to bear arms in the nation's battle."

This article, second of a series, discusses the attitude of young "nisei" toward service in the army.

GRAVELY, LITTLE 6 year old Dokie, A Japanese-American, was decorating his schoolroom Christmas tree.

His teacher, coming over to watch, was startled by the sight of a dozen cellophane drinking straws fastened to the limbs, pointing straight up.

"What in the world do these mean?" she asked.

"They're anti-aircraft guns!" he proudly announced.

"Well" she asked, "what are they pointing at?"

"Jap bombers." was the instant reply.

Little Dokie's attitude is well understood by the scores of Japanese-

Americans in Uncle Sam's uniform who visit their parents in the Minidoka relocation center each month. Their parents are among the 9,500 Japanese-Americans, principally from Seattle and Portland, who are living in this war relocation authority camp. Altogether, 110,000 Pacific coast Japanese-Americans are living in ten such camps. Two-thirds of them are American citizens.

Five thousand Americans with Japanese ancestry are serving in America's armed forces. Those from the Pacific coast signed up before the evacuation order. Every day several can be seen hiking through the Minidokam mud. Over the Christmas holidays more than 30 were here-- sharing the one-room quarters of their families.

They are seen in the uniforms of privates, sergeants and lieutenants. For their entertainment the girls of Minidoka have organized a USO center.

The young bucks of the Minidoka center were proud to inform the uniformed visitors that "we beat Twin Falls!" More 18 years olds signed up for selective service, on the recent registration day, in Minidoka than in nearby Twin Falls, which has a greater population.

When Pacific coast Japanese-Americans were ordered evacuated, selective service boards volunteers, and reclassified the others. The youngsters, all American citizens, are still complaining loudly about being "given the same draft rating as enemy aliens." One healthy-appearing teenage youth, Hiromi Miyagawa, protests: "It's unfair! We're supposed to be rated according to physical condition and dependents. We're certainly not aliens."

Told of tentative United States army plans to create a division of American-born Japanese, Taka Ichikawa, young Portlander, responded: "Hundreds of fellows would go from this camp. We're entitled to it, We're Americans, the same as anyone else.

Shown a published report that if such a division of Japanese-Americans were formed it "certainly wouldn't be used in the Pacific front," Ichikawa retorted:

"Why not? They let a Caucasian-American shoot a Caucasian-Nazi. We are just as anxious to put a stop to the Japanese war lords as the rest of the Americans."

Repeatedly Caucasian (the term "white" is never used here) members of the war relocation authority's staff express surprise at the complete Americanism shown by the younger people.

One school teacher sat behind two high school students at an entertainment put on by some of the elders. When several musicians came on the stage, with their instruments of their homeland, one of the youngsters turned to the other and said:

"Here's some more of that corny Japanese music. Let's scam!"

At the same entertainment, when an elderly actor came out decked in ceremonial robes a comic-strip reading child squealed: "There's the Bat Man!"

Every once in a while, when the school children get too rough on the playground, a Japanese-American youngster is heard screaming the worst insult in their vocabularies: "You dirty Jap!"

Gladys Gilbertson, teacher in one of the schools, insists: "Why, these children need "Americanization" courses less than any others I've ever taught. They really know what Americanism means. They've lived under it, then they've had their American freedom taken away; when they get it back, they'll struggle day and night to continue to deserve it.

"The other day, in the sixth grade, the teacher finally was able to get an American flag for the empty barren classroom in the tarpaper barracks. When the children saw her hang it, they were so glad at the sight of it that they rose spontaneously and saluted!"

The 1,320 students in the high school classes come from 56 different schools "back home" in Oregon and Washington. The typical student knows only a few others, and does not speak unless introduced. "Mixer dances" are helping correct this situation, and Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Girl Reserves and Hi-Y groups are carrying on the work.

Young people have earnestly informed their teachers: "You know the people we're fighting are the "Japs"; we're Japanese-Americans!"

The outsider is naturally curious as to whether the denial of freedom is making the colonists bitter- especially the young people, for these are the Japanese-Americans who will be the most vocal after the war.

A clue to attitudes is given by the following expressions on the first year of war by members of one class of high school seniors.

One boy recalled that on December 7, "after I came home from church, I heard a little news report on the radio. It said: "Some foreign planes have attacked Pearl Harbor; their identity is believed to be Japanese." When I heard this, I couldn't believe it; but you can expect such treachery from the Japs. At school a few boys got wrong ideas about me. I tried to convince them I hated the Japs, and that I was just as loyal as anyone in the school."

Amy Mitamura said: "Every American has to make some sacrifices, and this is ours."

Lane Fujikado said: "When we think of what is happening in

Europe, it isn't so bad here. The war has taught many a fine lesson, too--to work, study and learn harder."

ATTACK:

Came as Surprise To Young Japanese

Kazuki Endo, recalling the Pearl Harbor attack, reported: "We were shocked. We wondered how Japan could do such a thing to this peaceful land of ours."

"The "westernization" of the colonists was dramaized during the recent holiday season. They threw themselves into a furious round of preparations for Christmas. Every one of the 36 dining halls was elaborately decorated. Dining Hall 17 was given one of two first prizes. Permanent possession of a mural. In this big tarpapered building, a miniature Santa stood by a signpost in the middle of the hall. Above him is a signpost, one arm of which reads "Seattle 1941" and points toward a typical American fireplace, arranged brightly in one end of the long room, with candles on the mantel and stockings hung in place...signifying what Christmas had once been. The other arm of the signpost, reading "Minidoka 1942", is directed at a huge picture in the other end of the hall depicting the symmetrically arranged barracks of the center with the bleak hills of Idaho in the background, emphasizing that Santa was not forgetting the "citizens without a country."

One nursery child, knowing the difficulty of getting past the guards at the gate, in a worried tone asked her mother "can Santa get a pass?" Other children were fearful that Santa could not drop through the narrow stovepipes that served the heaters. But on Christmas eve 36 slant-eyed Santa Clauses showed up in as many dining halls--several climbing through fireplaces that had been set against window openings.

GIFTS:

Removed **Sting** of Barbed Wire

Much of the sting of the barbed-wire fence was removed by an overwhelming outpouring of Christmas gifts from "outside Caucasian" sources--principally from Baptist and Episcopal churches throughout the country, and numerous churches in Seattle. Minidokan children were deluged with 17,000 gifts. The colonists were stunned at the expression of good will. Some decided the gifts were rewards for the colonists' honorable behavior record.

"For the first eight weeks we didn't have a single policeman inside the camp," recalls Harry L. Stafford, project director. "And in all that period there wasn't so much as a black eye. Without any disrespect to their nationality, imagine 9,500 Irish cooped up, with a record like that!"

Minidoka residents point out that few cities of their size can get along without a jail. Original project plans provided for a calaboose, but when New Years went by without a single drunk case, it was decided that plans can gather dust on a shelf for a while.

Captain Clarence D. Lee, formerly head of the detective bureau in Berkeley, California, and now chief of Minidoka's internal security division, estimates: "A typical American town of this size would have at least four times as much crime as we do. A typical town would certainly have armed robberies; and we have none."

Worst crime in the camp was a frustrated knife attack. The offender, who pulled a blade in a dining hall and threatened a neighbor, is serving a 30 day sentence in the country jail. One "major" burglary has occurred, staged by teen-age boys who stole \$80 worth of cigarettes, candy and other goods from a canteen. Sannetomo Kaneko, assistant chief, traced footprints left in the dust.

The youths were captured, most of the good recovered, and the offenders placed on probation for three months.

The police force of 90 Japanese-Americans maintain a day and nite patrol of the streets. It also keeps andeye out for any evidences of disloyal attitude toward the United States.

Not only do the Japanese-Americans provide the police service, but also they operated, with only Caucasian supervision, the large-scale community enterprises. These enterprises handle all supplies and services not provided by the government

In four general stores, colonists spend \$1,000 a day (an average of a dime per person) for household supplies, soaps, confections, fresh fruits, canned goods, newspapers and magazines. No sugar or coffee is sold.

In the community barber shop colonists get haircuts for 20 cents. Eight beauty shop operators are rushed, with "deluxe" permanents advertised at \$2.25. The low prices are made possible by the \$12, \$16, and \$19 monthly wages paid employees for unskilled, skilled and professional work in the center.

More than 1,000 families have a daily newspaper delivered to their doors. On the city's news counters, comic magazines enjoy the heaviest sale, followed by women's and fashion magazines. After getting fashion designs from the magazines, the women buy yard goods from two dry goods stores, which enjoyed a \$12,000 volume in the latest month.

Girls in camp have knitted hundreds of sweaters for brothers and boy friends who are in the army.

ENTERPRISES:

Will Be Grouped Into One Project

John Essene, superintendent of community enterprises, says the

projects provide "effective training in democracy."

So efficient is the operation of the enterprises with Japanese-American labor and supervision that a dividend fund set up for purchasers approximate 10 per cent on the volume. This will be paid after the cooperative organization is completed.

It is the Caucasians who boast of the colonists' efficiency, not the Japanese-Americans. The other day, when the newspaper headlined the action of the Japs in falling into an American trap on Guadalcanal, Russel Sprinkel, senior administrative officer, chided a group of evacuees who were sitting around a pot-bellied stove.

"I thought the Japs were smart!" he remarked, in an effort to test the reaction of the Japanese-Americans. "And here they walk right into our trap!"

The evacuees were a bit startled by his brashness. But immediately one grinned and asked quietly:

"You don't see a hell of a lot of brains here, do you?"

PROBLEMS presented by the evacuation of 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry from the west coast represent a major test for American democracy--to remove these people as a possible threat to national security and to do so in a way befitting our national tradition.

OUT OF A BARBED-WIRE inclosure on the Idaho sagebrush plains a thin trickle of America's "citizens without a country" is slowly beginning to flow eastward.

Mostly Portlanders and Seattleites, their homes since last summer have been the tarpapered barracks of the Minidoka Relocation center in south-central Idaho.

Here are approximately one-tenth of the 110,000 Japanese-Americans who were removed by order of the army from military areas of Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona. They were put into ten camps "pending development of orderly plans," according to a government statement, "for their re-assimilation into American life."

These plans are now in operation. American citizens who happened to have Japanese ancestors are now moving out--to the east. From this one camp, about two dozen persons a week are being released. Plans call for a steady acceleration of this program.

The program for the War Relocation authority calls for the re-establishment in useful jobs, principally in the middlewest, of 30,000 American citizens of Japanese ancestry by next summer.

Informed persons close to the relocation picture are holding their breaths over the political bombast that is certain to develop as the outward flow of evacuees continues.

SPEECHES:

Exoriate "Luxury" in Japanese Camps

Certain fire-eating congressmen are already bursting their galluses making speeches about the Japanese -American allegedly living in luxury in their camps. All through the west, the evacuees are being blamed for the shortages of everything from meat to butter to canned goods. A little investigation would have revealed that the evacuees are fed by the quartermaster corps of the army--which would certainly have no incentive to cheat the boys in Guadalcanal in order to fatten the Japanese-Americans at home. The fact is, the colonists are supplied army basic rations, with deductions to comply with consumer rationing restrictions. This means, for example, no butter half the time.

One politician protested loudly in a speech the other day that the War Relocation Authority was actually planning to give standard schooling "to the Japs."

A good many yellow skinned kids, who are American citizens are feeling increasingly grim about that sort of comment.

They know that incarceration in the Idaho mud, behind barbed wire is sapping loyalties to America. For years, the second and third generations have been cutting more and more ties with the older folks. Many of the oldsters are delighted that the Americanized younger people are being forcibly brought closer to them--in fact, they could ask for nothing closer than the present housing of each family in one room.

It is obvious that there are axis sympathizers among one-third of the colonists who are still Japanese citizens, and even among the two-thirds who are legally full-pledged American citizens.

Loyal Americans in the camps realize these must be rooted out, and report suspects to the authorities. The existence of axis sympathizers leads some outside observers to say: "Keep 'em locked up until we can tell the bad apples from the good." But the loyalists in the camps counter with: "Being locked up behind barbed wire is turning good ones bad."

The dynamite inherent in locking up together good and bad, young and old, was dramatized in an editorial of Pacific Citizen, publication of the Japanese-American Citizens League, discussing the December rioting in the Manzanar Camp of southern California.

RIOTS:

Held To Show Evil in Mixing Internees

"This is a practical demonstration of the combustible result of forcing mutually incompatible groups to live together in the restrictive atmosphere of a camp such as Manzanar. No group of citizens or loyal

aliens can be kept for eight months behind barbed wire fences and under the eyes of the armed sentries without that experience somehow affecting their faiths in democratic processes. The fact that many of those residents of Manzanara actively resisted the defeatist propaganda of politically inspired agitators and in the face of threats of bodily violence, spoke out for democracy speaks stirringly of their fundamental faith in America.

"The answer to the question posed by the Manzanar situation is that of segregation and isolation for those who oppose America--for the apostles of defeatism and despair. The answer is that of greater freedom for those who stand by America--for those who look to democracy. Anything less would be to rebuke those who look to democracy. Anything less would be to rebuke those loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry who have fought, in the bleak, unglamorous setting of a desert relocation center, the same battle which men of freedom fight throughout the world."

The Portlanders and Seattleites were furious at the behavior of the Californians, referring to them as "more of a coolie class; while we, you know, are more of a business and professional class."

The exemplary behavior of these evacuees from Oregon and Washington is being rewarded with a stepping up of the relocation program.

Great strides in this program have been made since September, when the Minidoka camp newspaper, the Irrigator, morosely concluded in the editorial of its first issue:

"We are not here by choice. But it is likely that protest will alter the fact that we are here, or dissipate the probability that we will be here until we win the war. With minor exceptions, we will be here until we win the war. With the minor exceptions, we are here to

stay until the 20th century tyranny is routed from its seats of power in the axis capitals."

COLONISTS:

Urged to Apply for Release

Now the government is encouraging the colonists to register for release--technically know as "indefinite leave." Applications are sought especially from men and women between 18 and 35 years of age, who have been trained in American schools.

It is felt that these members will be able to face more aggressively "the difficult task of relocating in a strange area and again finding themselves economic security and happiness," explains Harold James, senior employment officer for the ten evacuee centers.

"The problem is a stupendous one in view of the war, lack of knowledge of large sections of the country about the Japanese-Americans and the natural prejudices that spring from a lack of understanding.

"We are pressing forward with all possible speed because mass idleness is not only damaging to the morale of loyal American citizens and friendly aliens, and is costly to the taxpayer, but is also inexcusable in a national period of decreasing manpower and all-out production.

"Full prosecution of the war demands the positive use of evacuee skills and energies in the battle of production behind the fighting fronts of the war."

James emphasized: "The prime objective is dispersal. The colonists are not being released in batches. There will be no case of "50 Japs heading for Chicago." It will be a case of say, Dick Yasui, skilled mechanic and his wife, Mary, both graduates of American schools, with their two well-behaved children are going to Chicago, where Dick already has a job lined up.

Dick and Mary will have a chance, provided their neighbors and fellow citizenz really believe in democracy, to become members of the community life--to become active in the church, school organizations, business groups, and other.

"It is up to citizens of good will to help these people take their rightful place in American life. If these people are insulted and rebuffed, they will have only one choice--to seek again the isolation of the "Little Tokyos", or to return to the shelter of the camps.

PUBLIC:

Assured Leaves Given Only To Loyal Folk

"The public can count on it that those persons who are given indefinite leaves are loyal Americans. There is only one Japanese-American for every 1,000 of the rest of us. There can be no excuse for not making room for them."

Before an application for indefinite leave is granted, the evacuee is subjected to searching inquiry by the F.B.I. Operatives go into his behavior record and utterances in his home town and in the camp. They find out what kind of publications he read. His work record is checked. In addition, if the colonist plans to work on the Atlantic coast, the army intelligence service makes a thorough investigation of its own, in addition to the F.B.I. search. Finally, the applicant must have permanent employment arranged.

Once cleared, the evacuee is given a form letter testifying he is entitled to travel freely within the continental limits of the United States, except in the Pacific coast military area.

Then the relocation camp is through with him--except that it remains as a haven if the going gets too tough.

The released evacuees must still report to the War Relocation

authority any changes in jobs and addresses.

"It takes plenty of guts to go out into the hostile world right now," James states, "especially for the young fellows who are leaving their families for the first time."

It is planned to have nearly all of the 30,000 relocated in the broad spaces of the middle-west, where it is felt they will encounter the least blind prejudice.

To speed the program, the War Relocation authority is opening field offices in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City and a half-dozen other middlewestern cities. First man to be selected as a field representative of the authority was Fred Ross, young associate of James at Minidoka.

His first job, and the job of succeeding field representatives, will be in each city to set up committees who will sponsor individual evacuees. An attempt will be made to have church, chamber of commerce, union and youth group representation on these committees.

The representatives will next line up specific jobs utilizing the skills of individuals colonists. Lastly, they will serve as trouble-shooters where discrimination and other difficulties appear.

Working strenuously with the War Relocation authority on this program are the United States employment service, the Friends church and the inter-denominational Fellowship of Reconciliation.

FRIENDS:

Seek to Pave Way for Relocation

The American Friends Service committee has sent trained social workers into the camps to help smooth the way for relocation. In an open letter to Minidokans, the Quakers promised:

"We shall welcome you as neighbors, and we trust that because of this sad experience we shall be better neighbors to you than we were in the Past."

In the interests of wartime production of food and other necessities, an occasional exception to the "diversification" rule is felt justified. Currently, Floyd Schmoë, Quaker representative here, and WRA officials are trying to relocate one group of 40 families on unoccupied land in western Colorado or Kansas. These families make up almost the complete membership of the Puget Sound Vegetable Grower's association, which in 1941 shipped 700 carloads of fresh product to the Atlantic coast. In the Minidoka camp are the management and the sales force. The association has \$80,000 capital--enough to finance its resettlement.

"At a time when every carload of food is a contribution toward victory, patriotic policy requires that we get this group onto the land in time for 1943 planting," declared Schmoë.

A similar vegetable growers' organization, with staff and capital is included among the colonists at the Heart Mountain Relocation center in Wyoming.

Holding a sheaf of letters, Schmoë explained: "we receive many requests from people in the middlewest and east who want Japanese-Americans for domestic service. It is true that many evacuees, including college graduates, are eager to take such work in order to get indefinite leaves. However, the WRA is wisely refusing to grant leaves in such cases, because they would merely delay assimilation of the Japanese-Americans and would not contribute to the war effort.

"There is a false public impression that the Japanese are a

servant people. But there is no greater ratio of chauffeurs and servants among them than in our population as whole. The fact is, no minority is economically self-sufficient. Almost none ever went on relief. There's no chance of the Japanese-Americans ever becoming soft like the Indians--unless through some calamity we keep them penned up on these reservations."

Government agencies are helping break the job bottleneck by beginning to take evacuees as stenographers, auditors, bookkeepers and clerks.

In Denver two relocated evacuees are working on the production line in an arms plant, and a third is helping make precision military instruments.

COLONISTS:

Chosen to Teach Sailors Language

One hundred colonists are teaching the Japanese language to Caucasians in a navy school on the University of Boulder campus in Boulder. When real estate interests refused to rent quarters to these Japanese-Americans, the navy inseted a full-page newspaper advertisement telling the citizens: "You would rent to sailors: this is just as important. This broke down the barrier.

Another group of qualified linguists is doing similar work at the army Japanese Language school in Minnesota.

To arm themselves with knowledge for tackling jobs, 900 are enrolled in adult education classes, organized by Jerry Fogarty, director, in cooperation with George L. Townsend, chief of community services. Three hours daily, five days a week, 270 are taking classes under the federal vocational education program. Theses include training in operating, repair and care of tractor, trucks, and automobiles.

general metal and wood work, elementary electricity; gardening; short-hand, bookkeeping and accounting.

Others are taking night classes in American history, American government, arts and handicrafts, mathematics and first-aid.

Operation of the relocation machinery, with its educational adjunct is being continually prodded by Harry L. Stafford, project director, who was formerly Idaho director of the agricultural adjustment administration. Stafford, incidentally, has two sons in the armed services, one of whom was gravely injured in the sinking of the tanker Pecos in the South Seas. Stafford has ready reply for would-be toughies who snarl: "Turn me loose with a machine gun in this camp and I'd settle this Jap problem in a hurry."

Stafford quietly asks: "Are my sons fighting for an American to be bossed by machine-guns?"

Harry Stafford and Philip Schafer, former field representative of the social security board in New York state, have lived with the relocation program from the beginning of Minidoka.

The first week, confronted with the unanticipated crisis of a death in the community, Stafford and Schafer drove out into the sagebrush to the improvised graveyard at midnight, when they suddenly recalled that, after the impressive sunset service, no one had remembered to cover the grave. They parked the car with the headlights shining on the romping jack rabbits, and without a word took two shovels and did the job.

"After going through one dust storm after another, everyone's nerves were on edge." Schafer explained. "We knew the colonists' morale would have been shattered if the burial had been botched."

Schafer insists that while most people think of the evacuation and relocation as a problem of the war, "actually it's a problem of the peace. After all, if we can't solve now this problem of a minority in our midst, how can we hope to tell the rest of the world after the war how to live democratically and how to live with its minorities?

THE END