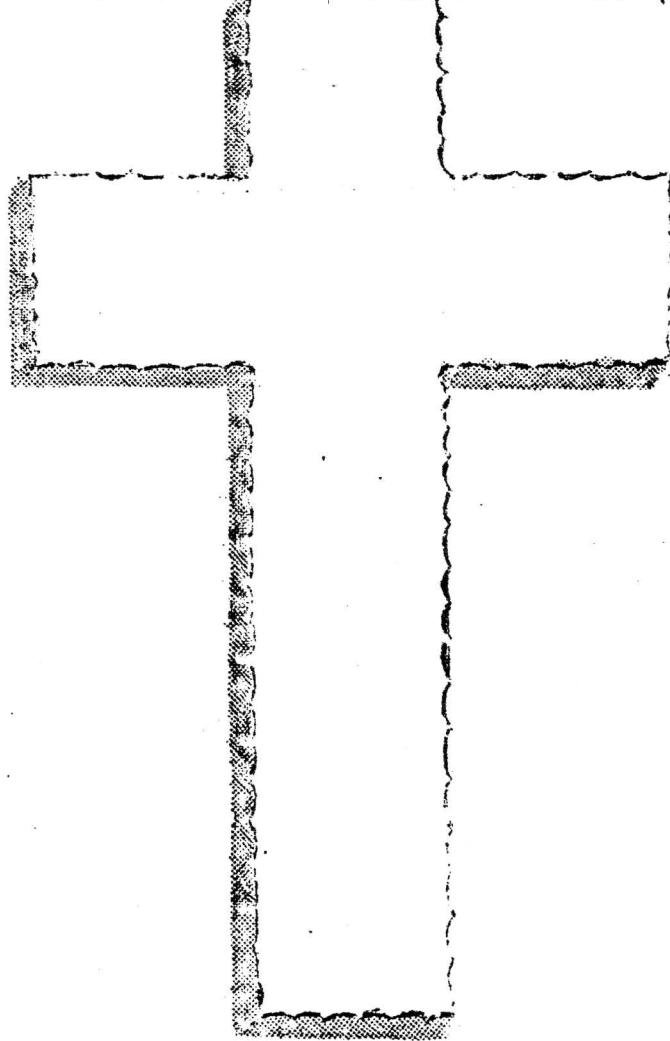


CPS 36
LOS PRIETOS
SCAR ROUZE
S BARBARA
CALIFORNIA

A review of past and present activities of the eminent Japanese Christian, with accounts of experiences by Japanese Americans interned at Tule Lake, California. Miss Topping former secretary to Toyohiko Kagawa, has been visiting Japanese Relocation Centers and Civilian Public Service Camps, bringing to both many deep insights. It is hoped that this pamphlet will serve as a communication for the message of the Kingdom which she has for a troubled world. Those privileged to work with her in this presentation are happy to express their pleasure at taking part in such an enterprise.

KAGAWA

BY HELEN TOPPING FOREWORD BY D. C. GUNAGU



THE CROSS STILL STANDS AS THE SUPREME
REVELATION OF GOD'S LOVE

APRIL 1943
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THE TWO WAYS

There are two ways of life that trouble all of us. Everyday, in all walks of life; it becomes necessary for men to decide which way of life they will take. These two ways are very old and it was nearly two thousand years ago that these two ways were brought into sharp contrast. Ever since that time men have been attempting to discover a means of giving the way of the Towel predominance over the way of the sword.

The way of the Sword says that 'might is right' and so the fellow who is most successful, or the fellow who can muster the most sword-power, is able to predominate and rule despite the fact that his domination or ruling may not be the most helpful and productive. This way presupposes that physical existence for a select few is very important and that those who can be trained in the use of the sword to protect this physical existence should feel highly elated at the privilege they have of being chosen for that purpose.

The way of the Towel, as exemplified by Jesus, is a way that is exactly opposed to the way of the sword. It says that the physical life is not the most important thing, for Jesus warned his disciples that they were to "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell," St. Matthew 10:28. Jesus tried to exemplify this way by demonstrating that He who would be greatest of all must become servant of all even if that service involved the sacrifice of life. For the sacrifice of one's life in the way of the Towel comes only through saving and never in destroying others.

To demonstrate this Jesus made the Towel a symbol of service. The Civilian Public Service Program, and in fact, the entire Service Program of the Historic Peace Churches and others, have been set up with this one idea in mind; that men should have an opportunity to be true to and find full expression of the way of the Towel. The big task of the Civilian Public Service and the other Service avenues, is not to protect men's lives so that they will not have to give them in war but to give opportunity for avenues of devotion, to what certainly is conceived to be a larger service and one that is devoted to finding of higher and nobler purposes.

One of the big tasks, though it may now be classed as a by-product, of the men here is to discover creative, dynamic, challenging, and expressionable avenues of service that will make a real contribution to the way of the Towel. It is our purpose to make this way live as the Nazarene intended that it should live: to make it possible for this way to help us bridge the barriers of nationalism, race, creed, and clan, and really develop a group of men that will recognize the quality of the spiritual opportunities for every man regardless of the social, political, financial, or racial status.

We realize that this is an ambitious endeavor, that it is an endeavor that cannot be undertaken alone in our own strength but that it is an endeavor that will require meditation, prayer, fasting, and devotion. The men who have accepted assignment to alternate work under Civilian Direction realize this task. They are very humble as they face the task and will only succeed as they continue in the spirit of Him who first made the way of the Towel live by His own example.

We need our friends who are not subject to the effects of the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940, because of age, or sex, or physical conditions, to work with us in making this way live. To that end, we ask you, with us, to become dedicated.

D. C. Gnagy, Director
Los Prietos, CPS Camp #36

KAGAWA LIVES ON BY HELEN TOPPING

WHERE IS KAGAWA NOW?

He is preaching all over Japan. His books have been published to the number of 134 different titles. They are all aimed to lead people to Christ, whether their contents are Bible study, philosophy, poetry, economics, sociology, or popular novels. When you have read forty or more books by your favorite author, and he comes within fifty miles of your place, you get on your bicycle and ride to where he is to speak, to join the group of like-minded companions. For more than a dozen years, therefore, Kagawa's obligation, when in his country, has been to travel systematically to the 125 cities, and to as many as possible of the towns and villages, evangelizing. Every evening of his life, and often five to eight times a day, he is conducting meetings, "picking off the ripe fruit" of those converted to Christ by his books.

IS KAGAWA NOT IN PRISON?

We should read about it, if he were. It would be fine war propaganda. No news is good news. Recently it was reported that Kagawa was in the Philippines, helping American war prisoners, providing them with a chaplain. Last April the radio reported Kagawa as asking us to

PRAY TWICE A DAY FOR PEACE?

It was three days after we had bombed Tokyo. The Christian Century, the Christian Advocate, Fellowship Magazine, and other journals, advised to take this word as really from Kagawa. And for him to reply to our bombs with his prayers, was quite Kagawa-esque, with a touch of humor mixed in with the deadly seriousness.....

ORA ET LABORE (PRAY AND LABOR)

The trouble is, we are not yet practiced enough in praying. We need to use these war years to learn to pray better. Monotonous as they may be our eight hours a day of manual labor, it will be truly work of national and even of international importance, if we can learn to pray while we dig post holes-- as the old monks taught by St. Benedict. Three years in a CPS Camp would be only as long as the monk's novitiate, during which a man learned to use every waking moment in "prayer without ceasing." It was while Christians in Africa were besieged in a church that their good bishop taught them to turn their anxieties into prayer, seven times a day, and so brought into common use the classical "hours" for praying. With the millions being slaughtered or driven into worse than death, seven times a day does not seem too often to pray for peace.

MODERN MONASTICISM

Kagawa says we need a sort of 'modern monasticism'. He divided church history into five periods of the development of Christian Brotherhood. The first period, of sporadic beginnings, as full of good experiments, such as are recorded in the last verses of the second and fourth chapters of Acts.

When Rome fell, society was disorganized, and those who wished to follow Christ without compromise, had to retire from society into quiet places. Their life was ordered and discipline, the monks had generated enough dynamic to go back into common life and organize the business man and the laborers, into the Christian Guilds of the Middle Ages. Thirty two cities of North Italy were governed by federations of such Guilds. Florence was a great city of art and culture because of its real democracy, being governed by the federation of Guilds of which Dante, a printer, was the president. This third period of Christian Brotherhood was glorious.

In the fourth period, the old Church became corrupt, and the guilds died with it in the breakdown. We are now in the fifth period, when we must revive the values of Christian Brotherhood. Having many churches, we must be non-sectarian. Part of the revival must be establishing Christian Brotherhood in business through the cooperatives, thus becoming "Masters of our own Destiny" through collective possession of capital. However, before we can carry through that part effectively, we need to become masters of ourselves through prayer while we labor. And masters of the Universe, too, for "More things we wrought by prayer than men dream of".....

WHAT KAGAWA DID IN PRISON -- HE MEMORIZED THE SCRIPTURES

"I thank my God upon all my remembrances of you, always in every supplication of mine on behalf of you all, making my supplication with joy...being confident of this very thing, that He who has begun a good work in you will finish it!" Paul in prison wrote this to the Philippians. Kagawa in prison memorized the whole of the Philippians, and as many as he could of all Paul's Epistles. It was during the days when Japan was signing the Axis Pact. Kagawa was kidnapped by the militarists, who were some of them resentful against his pacifism, and others wanted him in the new government. So they cross-examined him for three weeks. Meanwhile in his spare time he did the memorizing.....

We need to fill our minds with the Bible verses. Memorize at least two verses a day, one in the morning, one in the afternoon, and thus learn to pray without ceasing. Then when it comes, the peace will be our peace that we have prayed for, and we shall be ready, as the old monks from the monasteries, to go out and organize even those dinosaurs of the modern times, the businessmen, into the new period of Christian Brotherhood.

They and the laborers need the imperishable truths of Bible study and prayer. Who will impart to them these values? Who but ourselves, and only if we have first filled our own souls with them.....Then we shall emerge from our CPS Camps as Kagawas.....When Premier Matsuoka heard that Kagawa was in jail, he raised a protest: "That good man in jail? I'll go to jail myself if he is not released immediately." And after only three weeks, Kagawa was released, without any charges against him. He continues to Christianize Japan, and maybe, now, some American prisoners also!

HE WHO HATH BEGUN A GOOD WORK IN YOU WILL FINISH IT

Many wonder how to achieve a more dynamic pacifism, despite the limitations of war time. The CPS movement is only fifty percent of the program we need, they say rightly. Some say, "The CPS Movement is the other 50%. They mean Christianity--Plus--the--Cooperatives--as--the--way--to--Peace. Christianity comes first. If it becomes dynamic enough in us, thru prayer and memorizing Bible, the rest will follow.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN

During the first World War, which was concentrated in Europe, I was attending high school in Japan. Whenever I read the newspaper I felt a longing to become a Red Cross nurse and give my services to the suffering. Many times I asked my parents' permission to begin the training. The answer was always, "reconsider, Daughter." At that time the Red Cross nurses were being sent to Europe as soon as they had completed their courses and my parents could not think of sending me. They reminded me that there were other things just as important as being a nurse, if I wanted to offer my services to mankind.

Gradually they drew my interest into other channels. One day a gentleman who was the uncle of my school teacher, and also in the State Legislature, came to see my father. He had been mayor of a village, also, that had been commended by the Governor as a model one. My father had great respect for this Mr. Nagao, and they talked for quite awhile. Then, the visitor turned to me and said: "Shizue, why don't you go to America? A person of your ability and personality would be wasting her talents here in Japan. Study all you can about America and then go."

At the same time he remarked that my teacher, who was his niece, was also planning to go to America. That decided me. I certainly wanted to go, too, if my teacher was going. I added my pleadings to Mr. Nagao's persuasive words, and my parents finally consented to let me go.

Shortly after that I was introduced to a man who was already a friend of my father, and who had been in America and was going again. Two months later this friend became my husband, and with great anticipation we embarked for America.

On February 3, 1916, we landed at Seattle. Immediately, boarding a train, it seemed as if we were going deeper and deeper into a vast forest. When I asked my husband where we were headed for, he replied, "It is just as I told you in Japan. In the state of Oregon, there is a small town called Hood River. There I have cleared a piece of land, by cutting down the trees, and digging out the stumps. I have planted small apple trees, and also built a small house. That is where we are going."

Like a small child I kept my face glued to the windowpane, watching, mile after mile go by, and wondering if Hood River would be in the midst of this vast forest....At long last we arrived in Hood River. We were met by many of my husband's friends. We went to stay temporarily at the home of one who was nearing forty years of age, but was still a bachelor. He, too, had cleared some land and planted young apple trees. In between the rows he had planted some strawberries.

The field was a wonderful sight during the harvesting of the strawberries. From under the deep green leaves, bright red berries peeked in clusters and singly, large ones and small ones. In sheer delight I would go from one plant to another, here and there, picking large, red berries! After awhile, however, my husband came and told me that since I was being paid for working, I must pick the large ones alone. Thus I learned for the first time that I was being paid for what I did, and also, that my husband was the field boss. It was the first time in my life that I had worked for wages;

and my husband said that I was wanted in the packing shed. I must hurry and finish picking and go there.

Thus, I found that the America I saw and the America I had studied about in school were so very different! It was hard to believe that I was actually in the great new country. But, I knew well enough that I was far away from my home in Japan. Every evening as I sat on the porch and lifted my eyes to the stars as they came out, I thought of how different everything was. Even the way the moon came over the mountains seemed different. Only the stars came out just as they had at home, one here, one there, popping out and twinkling brightly, casting their lights over the universe. With tears rolling down my face, I could not help but whisper, "Stars, what are my mother, my father, my sisters doing now? All my friends in Japan.--what are they busy about just now? Stars, please watch over them!" And I used to imagine the stars answered, and that I could hear their words of comfort.

FARM FAILURES AND A FEW OTHER THINGS

My husband worked very hard trying to earn a living from his young orchard, but things did not turn out very well. Seeing him working so hard, I could not stay home. In spite of the fact that I had never hoed before, I followed him out to the field. After several years of struggling along, I was at last able to do any average person's job in this manual labor.

During this time a son was born to us, and two years later, a daughter. My goal was to rear them to be useful citizens of this country. This was my great hope. It was for this purpose that, in order to take them to Sunday School, I learned to drive a car. Gathering all the neighborhood children, I would drive them to Church every Sunday. Many times the mothers expressed their appreciation. They said they could notice the children had improved, in their behavior. I felt that I was helping both their children and my own at the same time.

My husband met failure with his orchard. We bought another farm. He was more determined than ever to make a success. But now we were in debt so deep it was hard to comprehend.

On top of all this, a team of horses ran away with my husband, throwing him off the wagon into a large rock, causing a skull fracture. Since then although he recovered pretty well, he has suffered from frequent fainting spells, caused by a blood-clot at the base of the brain.

At this time, I was carrying our fourth child,--my third having been born just before we left our first orchard.

My husband's doctor ordered him to go to a specialist in Portland, sixty miles away. As he left, early one morning, I was tortured with the fear that, the proposed operation being one on the brain, my husband might even come home in a coffin. To my surprise and joy, he returned the next day on his own feet saying the specialist had told him he could be cured by medicine, and that the operation would be unnecessary. A week after that our fourth child, a son, was born.

Barely a month later, however, my husband fell ill of Pneumonia. With a fever of 102° he lay unconscious for five days. Every once in a while he would cough up blood. Each time it would seem as if I myself had died a thousand deaths. I would look at my child and wonder if these babies were to be deprived of their father's care when they needed him the most.

While he was so desperately ill, a friend came to look after the children and the house, so that I could nurse my husband day and night. Those days seemed the darkest of my whole life, yet they served to strengthen me.

I made up my mind to be both father and mother to my children, if need be. I would teach them to grow up strong men and women, serving others to the best of their ability. Even when hot tears were streaming down my cheeks, such thoughts would steady and strengthen me.

On the fifth night my husband's fever dropped and in a month he had completely recovered. But, due to the inevitable neglect during his illness, again our farm had failed! Our farm failed again!

My husband did not want to leave Hood River, defeated and a failure. So, once more we bought another farm--the one we have now. Again he cleared the land and this time planted pear trees, with strawberries between the rows. On hot days when the soles of my feet would feel as if they were on fire, I worked side by side with my husband, not resting for a day. The strawberry plants would be fresh with dew in the early morning, but by mid-day they would turn a reddish brown and wilt from the intense heat.

Often my husband would worry about me, working in the field that way. It was hard, but I was determined we should not fail this time. I wanted to help my husband regain his faith in himself. Day after day I worked beside him. My chief comfort was when I gathered my baby son in my arms to nurse him. Then, my love for him would swell, and my trials and worries turn to hope, while my weariness would seem than a trivial matter.

Thus, youngest baby of ours, Ka-oru, was an unusually brilliant child. He was the pet of the family. But this baby, my comfort in my most trying moments, left us in the autumn of 1926, to answer the call of the Lord. We took him to the hospital to try to save his life, but there his life ebbed from him, as the lamp flame gradually goes out for lack of oil. Holding his hands tightly, I stood by his side, watching his life slowly seeping from his little body. "God, into thy hand I entrust the soul of my son," I prayed in my anguish.

CONSECRATION

The grief and loneliness I felt at that time are something I cannot express by mouth or by writing. Every day I grieved for my lost son. During my grief, the one thought that was with me most was that God had sent His only Son into this world to die on the cross for our sins. Out of four children, I had lost one, after all that was humanly possible had been done for him. God could have prevented His only Son from going to the cross, but instead, he sent him to the most agonizing death in order to save us. For the first time I understood his great love for us sinners. As I wept, I prayed, "Loving Father, I offer my children to Thee. Use them in Thy service."

From this time on, I had different goals to achieve. I sent my only son to take violin lessons, my oldest daughter to piano lessons, in hopes that in time they might serve the Lord. My girl excelled others of her age in nearly everything she did; and I was looking forward to her future with great pleasure. I had hopes of my first born son becoming a minister and working for the Lord.

In spite of suffering and heart-breaks, my husband at last succeeded in raising a fine pear orchard. Not being used to hard manual work, and working as I did regardless of physical or spiritual conditions, I fell ill, and was under the doctor's care for four years. Even then, I found it possible to help a neighbor, who was also sick, and needed to be taken along in our car, when I drove it on my daily trips to the doctor.

This neighbor had six children, and while the mother, was busy caring for her sick husband, I would often bring the children to my place. Walking many times through two feet of snow, I would go to her house and help her. I was with her when her husband died.

Each time I went to her place, the effort would have its effect on me. It would always put me to bed afterwards. Yet, I found that helping one another in this neighborly way enriches one's own life.

GRADUATION OR MARRIAGES?

Soon after that my son graduated from high school and entered college. Up until graduation he had said he wanted to become a minister, but upon entering college, the course in engineering attracted him. He assured me that no matter what subject he studied, he would always try to be of service to the Lord, so I tried to not be disappointed.

My daughter, still in high school, was teaching Sunday School as her brother had done before her. She had taken a course in Sunday School teaching and was assisting the minister in many ways. Her ambition was to become a missionary thus giving her life-time to teaching the gospel of Christ. It made me very happy. In high school she was said by teachers and students to have an unusually good mind. She was popular. At the graduation exercise she was selected by the students to give a speech. A few days afterwards she received a letter from an American lady she had never met, in the course of which it was written that this lady had attended the graduation, and had been greatly impressed by the speech my daughter gave. The lady wanted her to continue her education and would help her all she could.

Soon after this, she entered an oratorical contest sponsored by the Japanese American Citizens League. All contestants, except her, were college students. However, she chose "An Ideal Citizen" for her topic and working very hard, she prepared herself for the day of the contest. She was awarded an engraved loving cup as first prize. Again, she received letters and encouragements to attend college. Encouraged by many friends she had not met, she felt anxious to go and was waiting for the day when she could actually register.

To send her and her brother at the same time was a little too much for us to undertake so she was unavoidably detained for two years. During these two years she busied herself with Sunday School and Church work. There was a time when our minister was gone for about eight months. During his absence she took charge of the Sunday School with the help of Mr. and Mrs. David Glass; an American couple who also taught classes. Besides that she was pianist, School secretary, for the Sunday School, and Epworth League Treasurer. Often she had to face cruel remarks and hardships of all kinds. Each time she came to her mother to be comforted. Then I would tell her of what Christ had to go through; His burden was many times as heavy as hers but His Love for mankind made His burden much lighter. Hiding her tears and with a smile she would answer, "All right Mother, I will carry on." Those times, my love for her would be so great it seemed as if I would burst. Many times I would pray that the kind Father would guide her and give her strength. Often, younger girls who did not feel free to confide in their mothers, would come to her for advice.

At last the day came when she could enroll in college. Her brother, having attended for two years, offered to stay home so she could go. With great anticipation, she entered Williamette University in Salem, Oregon, in 1939. At the University she was also well-liked by teachers and students and on Sundays taught Sunday School at the First Methodist Church.

While attending school, she became acquainted with a young man. Due to conditions of his home life, he was unable to finish his schooling although he wanted to very badly. People blamed him for the conditions at home and feeling the ridicules, he left home early, doing just as he had pleased which resulted in many errors. Finally, realizing the mistakes, he had tried to settle down and change his ways of living. He noticed that all of his sisters had amounted to something. One of them had married a college graduate who was in a large Importing-Exporting business, another had married the owner of a grocery store, still another had married a successful farmer and living comfortably. Even his youngest sister had grown up and married the manager of a grocery store. He alone, had nothing; had lived only for the day, unmindful of the future. Trying to regain his self-respect, he had tried working at one or another of his sister's places but again people began to torment him by reminding him of his early mistakes and miserable home life. Thus, feeling defeated and discouraged, he had tried to leave. All his grief and anguish he told to my daughter. She felt that if he had someone to believe in him, give him back the faith he had lost in himself, he would surely be a changed man, a credit to society. She consulted her mother about him and confided in her saying she wanted to marry him. Greatly shocked, I was opposed to it from the beginning. I reminded her that she had a duty to fulfill that was much greater than this. She must study all she can and go into the kind of work that would help thousands of people, not just one. In this way, I pleaded with her. But after thinking it over, she made up her mind to marry him. Having met and talked with her young man, I brought myself to like him and a motherly instinct arose in me making me want to include him in my family and guide him back to the straight and narrow path. I talked with him as I had done many years before with my son and persuaded him to become baptized. I took him to a minister who talked with him kindly and understandingly. A few weeks before my daughter and he were married, he was baptized. In the same church, by the same minister, they were married.

When I came to the full realization that I had given my girl to him, I felt so alone that I could not help but weep in sadness. All my plans were lost; my hopes came crumbling down. I admitted to myself that her purposes, were noble, perhaps she was thinking of what Christ had done for us and decided that the only way to help her husband was to share his agony--his burden. However, I was curious because the thought of her weakening and changing into his mood and his views of life persisted in my mind. Daily, I prayed God to give her strength.

Before long my son-in-law had changed his mode of living, his entire view of life. People who had scoffed at him took notice and were surprised. Everytime I heard a word of praise for him, I was comforted. His mother passed away at the age of seventy. When I saw the peaceful expression on her face, free from worry, now that her wandering son had settled down, my heart felt light and happy again. For a year and a half I had shed bitter tears over my daughter's decision. It came to light then; had I not given my children in service of God? Had I not asked Him to use any one of my children as He knew best? He knew that the one who had faith in Christ and in himself, the one who was pure in heart and mind was the one to give back to this young man the faith he had lost. I was thinking in terms of many; God was thinking of one. Just one lost soul was important, more important than trying to save many at one time. I wept, and, confessing my selfishness, I asked for forgiveness.

A daughter was born to them thus completely making their home a home sweet home. I prayed that their home may be truly a Christian home.

My husband's orchard developed into a splendid pear orchard, the crop increasing year after year. Now, I thought happily, we could build the ideal house that we had been dreaming of for so long, with a wide lawn bordered with flowers. The fish pond was completed; odd-shaped rocks served as ornaments here and there, and in the house lovely furniture that I had wanted for so long was placed, one piece of furniture at a time. At the head of the grave of Ka-oru, my baby, stood a beautiful stone. "This is our permanent home," I thought.

EVACUATION

Before I had time to relax, the country in which I was born, Japan, and the America where my children were born, were at war. Often I would see the form of my husband, so dejected, as he stood absent-mindedly under the pear trees that he had raised with hardship and care. Talk of evacuation began. Even if we were to be evacuated my children, being citizens, would be allowed to stay. My son would undoubtedly be called to the Army so we decided to call our daughter and son-in-law and have them take over the orchard. So it was that they moved to our home. But gradually things began to become difficult and soon we learned that they, too, would be evacuated.

My son-in-law had a very close friend whose mother had passed away nine years ago. He and his father, two sisters and one brother were living together. One day the FBI came and took his father to the Montana Internment Camp. This friend was greatly worried because he was due to be called to the Army any time, having passed his physical examination. What would become of his sisters and brother! However, when he stated his problem to the Draft Board, they deferred him. My son-in-law had told his friend that he was going to look for a job outside the military area and if it was possible to find a job he would telephone. Then this friend was to come immediately with his brother and sisters and together they would go East. My son-in-law did find a job so had called his friend as pre-arranged. It was Sunday when they came. Monday morning when they went to the office to get their travel permits, they were told that a telegram came that morning saying all voluntary evacuation was stopped. So they, too, came and lived at our home. In the meantime, it was announced that Japanese Americans would not be accepted into the Army.

We had to get our orchard settled as to who would care for it under what terms. My son came home from Oregon State College and helped all he could, attending to legal papers and other numerous arrangements. While he was at home, he became acquainted with Kizoks, the older of the two girls that were staying with us. He asked me how I liked her and what I thought of her. One day while looking through the picture album she had handed me I noticed that on the first page was the picture of her mother. Underneath it was written, "In this universe there is only one God; only one Mother." When I saw this, I wanted to be a Mother to her. From every viewpoint she was a very nice girl. I told my son that I thought she was a very sweet girl when he told me that they wanted to become engaged. However, I suggested they write to her father in Montana and ask his permission first. This they did and an answer was telegraphed back saying, "God Bless You." So they were engaged and after the orchard had been settled, my son went back to Oregon State College. Kizok's father, in the meantime, had obtained his release and was sent to the Portland Assembly Center. These four, who had become a part of my family for nearly two months left to join their father. Shortly after that, we were sent to Pine-Cale Assembly Center in California. All our

possessions we were forced to leave behind us. Two duffle bags and three suit-cases were all that composed our worldly possessions. In this way, we boarded the train at the Hood River Station. The Hood River that had been home to my husband for thirty-four years, home to me for twenty-six years, and the birthplace and home of my children, we left behind as the train slowly pulled away. "Oh, Hood River, if ever permitted, we will come back." This thought brought tears to my eyes thru which I could, barely see the faces of our American Friends who had come to bid us farewell.

My son graduated from Oregon State College that summer and had made arrangements to continue his studies at the University of Nebraska, in Lincoln, however, he was not permitted to go so he came to the Tule Lake Relocation Center, California.

Of those that were in Pinedale, some were sent to Arizona, some were sent to Tule Lake. Fortunately, we were among those sent to Tule Lake. Once again we were with my son, who by this time, had obtained an engineering job. We were able to send for Jujake who then came to live with us.

In September, school began in camp. My son was a member of the high school faculty. Then, in October, their permit came. They were married in my apartment and left for Nebraska. This was their honeymoon.

As I watched them leave, again I prayed that they may give their service to God. This time I knew whatever happened, the Heavenly Father knoweth the best.

During the hot days when it seemed that everything would scorch, I would think of Christ on the cross and realize the full meaning of the Communion Service in which I would take part.

When I was young, I wanted to devote my life to the service of God, realizing my duty as a mother came first, I could not put all my time towards the mission work. Now that my children have grown-up, two of them having a home of their own, I feel that the time has come when I could devote all my time to this end.

My youngest child has also grown but being delicate physically she has not been able to work as the others have done. However, she understands the love of God and is kind of others. Being physically weak, she spends most of her time studying music which she seems to love. I am sure that she will work with me and help me. My husband, also, offers his help.

In this camp, I have taken the home nursing course and having received my certificate, I am helping the sick to the best of my knowledge. Being on the school board, I try to do my part in working with the kind teachers, the struggling students, and worried parents. Moreover, the church and the Women's Society need workers; I am doing all I can to help.

While my days are filled with duties to others, I often wonder if there isn't some way in which I could help my people after this war is over. Surely, there will be a great problem then.

If, after the war, there should be any Americans that would be interested in studying the finer arts of Japan (tea ceremony, flower arrangements etc.) I hope to be of service to them, perhaps in this way bringing the Japanese and the Americans into better understanding.

Whether I may be in America or Japan, my prayer, as is Miss Topping's is always, "Lord, use me in Thy Service for the betterment of the human race."

Written by a mother at
the Tule Lake Japanese
War Relocation Center.



JOHNNY'S UNCLE

Written by Hans Alashi, from
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Johnny thought of the good old days. What fun he used to have with his uncle. They roamed the white streets exhilarating in the sunlight, beautiful at night. They had fun at the movies, parties, the concerts, the picnics, and oh, the wonderful fishing trips! Johnny's world was like the green field and the endless blue sky.

Johnny was a young boy with brown eyes and black hair. His age was hard to tell. Sometimes he was only ten and sometimes he was twenty. But that did not make any difference. He was always the same Johnny with his uncle. Johnny and his uncle were different in the colors of their skin but that did not matter either, not in this country.

K I B E I

Johnny thought he could never live without his uncle but once he had to. He went abroad to study. He stayed away three years and he thought those were the hardest years of his youth. Johnny missed his uncle as he never imagined he would. Everytime he saw the flag, unfurled against a foreign sky, Johnny felt something hot in his eyes.

Then Johnny came back to all that he knew he would ever care for. Johnny was happy. Johnny appreciated his uncle as never before and he loved every little thing that surrounded them. Johnny thought his world was perfect. But no one's world is ever perfect too long. Something happened that struck like a blow to Johnny's world and his uncle's. The peacefulness was gone the lightheartedness was gone. But Johnny thought, as long as he and his uncle could face the blow together, that was the most important thing. He tried to think of different things that he could do to help him.

But sometimes his uncle did not receive what he offered. Sometimes his uncle did not even want his assistance. Johnny was sad, for he saw a gap that gradually grew between them. He tried desperately to check it but it

was of no avail. Johnny and his uncle drifted apart. Of course, they saw each other every day because Johnny's uncle was his guardian, no matter what happened; but things were not the same again. People began to talk about them. Some said that Johnny's uncle was going to disinherit him. Some said that Johnny could do the most--that Johnny's uncle did not trust him anymore.

E V A C U A T I O N

The worst thing was that some of the things people said became true, and Johnny saw his world come tumbling down before his eyes. Johnny could no longer roam the streets as freely as before. He couldn't go out at nights to enjoy the neon lights that never ceased to fascinate him. Then, quite suddenly, he could no longer live with his uncle in the house that was always his home. He had to go away - go away from everything that he loved. But, Johnny minded his uncle. He packed up when his uncle told him to. He boarded the train and said good-bye when his uncle took him to the station. When the train had started moving, he looked at his uncle's face until it faded into the distance; but he could not read it. Was there kindness or cruelty; was there understanding or intolerance? Johnny did not know. Johnny could not think. For the first time he was pained beyond words to mind his own uncle and he couldn't even cry.

Johnny had to learn to live without his uncle again, but this time in a different way. He did not know when he would be allowed to go back again. He did not even know whether he would be welcomed in his own home again or not. Johnny had to live in a barrack, eat in a mess hall. He went to school where there weren't any desks. He worked for sixteen dollars a month.

L O Y A L T Y

Johnny received a letter from his uncle, one day. It said, "If you want to show your loyalty, go out to the best fields and help harvest the crops. Johnny went. He strained his back. He could hardly move his ten fingers at the end of the day. He had to exert all his energy and all his will power to get up in the morning until he got used to the hard manual labor, for Johnny was never a farmer before. He came back when the contract was over. He came back with a thinner face. When people asked him how the free world was, he just smiled and said nothing.

Johnny received another letter from his uncle. This time it said, "If you want to show your loyalty, join the Army. You can read and write Japanese. Your country needs you now!" Johnny enlisted. But some of his friends did not because they did not want to leave their old parents behind, who had lost their faith in the security of life. They said they could not die yet, and let their families face the world alone after all this was over. They said they had to fight another battle after this one - the battle with society, the battle to win their place again in the world, the true battle for liberty and democracy.

Johnny did not blame them. He sighed. Pity the souls whose loyalty is stifled and then pierced with the unjust sword of suspicion. Thoughts kept pounding in Johnny's head. Words kept ringing in his ears. "If you want to show your loyalty--If you want to show your loyalty--." Johnny resented it. Loyalty shouldn't be forced upon. Loyalty shouldn't be judged by deeds or words alone! Things which Johnny thought sacred were being tossed about with more words. Johnny was half-angry.

Johnny was walking on the gravel road beside the central fire break. He did not know how long he had been walking and thinking. Suddenly he looked up and saw the Star Spangled Banner waving against the sky which was unusually blue. He couldn't check the tears which streamed down his cheeks;--not the same kind of tears he had experienced before, in that foreign land,--but something mingled with pain, deep down in his heart. He could not hold back the cry that rose to his lips,--for he missed him, no matter what, "Uncle Sam! UNCLE SAM!"

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