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Magazine clippings

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The Slant of the Heart

By Betty Burleigh Scudder *

WITH America in their bones but the look of Japan on their faces, thousands of loyal Japanese Americans are being released from relocation centers to accept jobs on the outside. Some return to their homes on the Pacific Coast, where the ban barring them has been lifted, often to find that prejudice is still white hot. Others go to strange cities where they know no one.

"Now here is a chance for Christians to prove their Christianity," points out Rev. Everett W. Thompson, a former Methodist missionary to Japan who worked with the Japanese American Methodists in Seattle and at the Minidoka Relocation Center in southern Idaho. "These people need friendship desperately and Christians should take the lead by inviting them to church, to club meetings, and into their own homes."

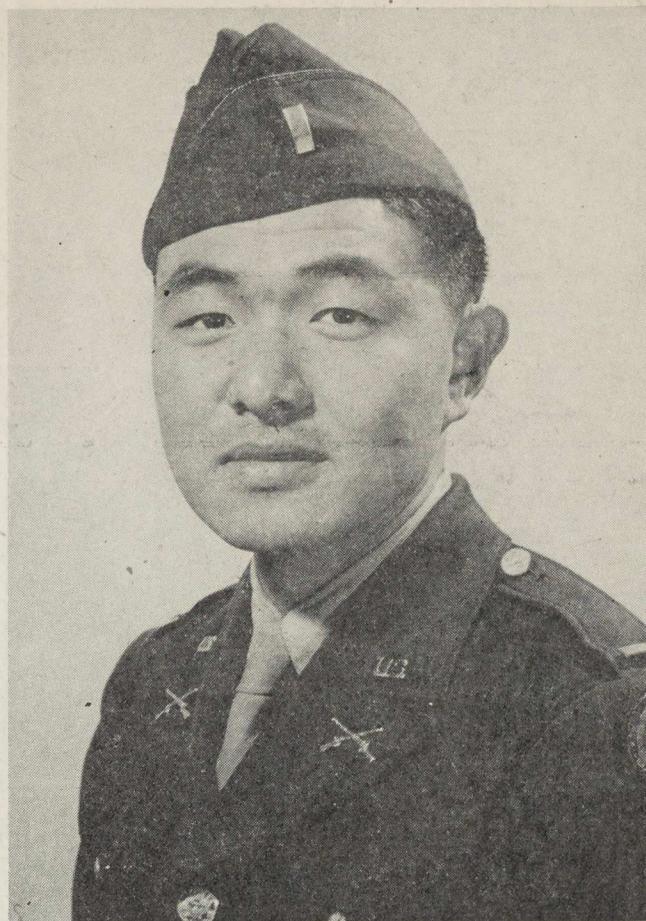
One of the main problems facing these "relocated" persons is that of finding places to live. Some church groups are adopting Japanese families. Members meet them at the station on arrival, find housing, and encourage them to enter the community's life. In several cities churches operate hostels for them.

"But these scattered cases are too few and far between," Thompson says. "It's up to Christian leaders to hold out the first helping hand and then others will follow suit."

Thompson explains that all those leaving the centers are 100 per cent true blue to Uncle Sam. They have been okayed by the War Relocation Authority, which has charge of the relocation project. Before the WRA signs release papers the records of evacuees are checked against those of army and naval intelligence and the FBI.

Admirers of the rising sun among the evacuees are interned at the Tule Lake Center in northern California. Those arrested earlier by the FBI are in special enemy alien internment camps operated by the army for the Department of Justice. The 18,500 of them in Tule Lake include those who requested repatriation to Japan, answered loyalty questions negatively, and those suspected of harboring political skeletons in their closets. Some children are there because their parents are.

Only loyal Japanese Americans are in the other eight centers, located in Utah, Arizona, California, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. To date 32,000 have been released, leaving 61,000 still inside these eight centers. No one is more anxious to



Tom Parker, WRA Photo

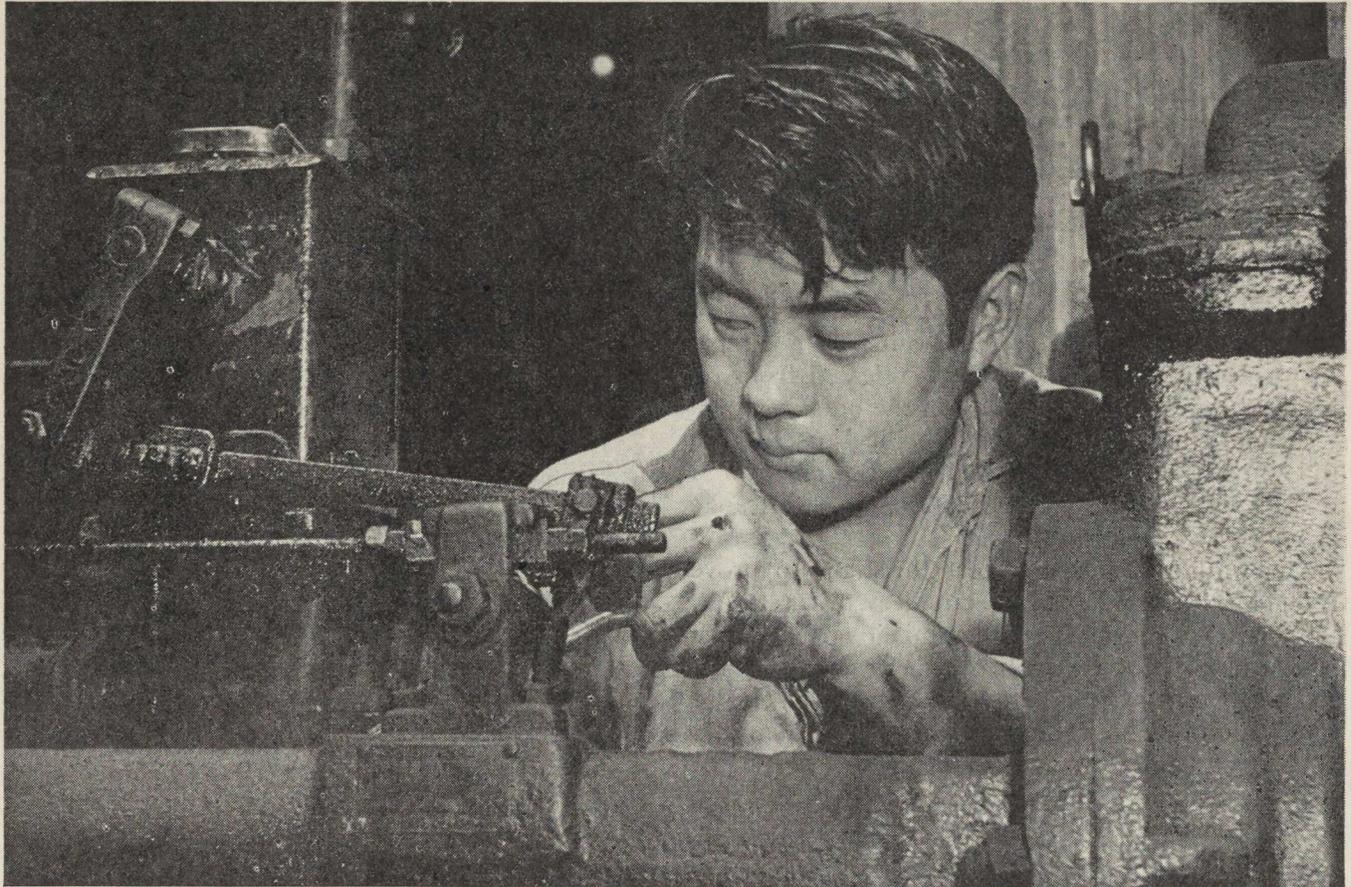
Lt. Kei Tanahashi, killed in action on the Fourth of July fighting for America, while his father and mother were imprisoned by America in a concentration center in Wyoming

see these camps close than WRA Director Dillion S. Myer, who points out that "serious damage could be done if they went on very long." So now the WRA is co-operating with employment agencies, spotting jobs throughout the country for Japanese Americans.

The evacuees in the loyal centers and those being released have as great a stake in the war as any other American. Many of them are the next of kin of Nisei soldiers who are out there in the American front lines from Luzon to Belgium. These "GI Jap-yanks" have a strange cross to bear. They are risking their necks for American freedom while their families in the U.S. have been yanked from their homes and jailed without cause in desolate camps. Many of these soldiers themselves "did time" in the centers before entering the service. But in spite of all this, they fight on, and well!

Of the 1,300 Japanese Americans that make up the U.S. Army's famous 100th Infantry Battalion, 1,000 have been killed or wounded. For outstanding performance of duty in action on June 26, 1944, near Belvedere, Italy, "the 100th" won the Presidential Citation. Facing murderous fire from all types of German weapons and tanks, these soldiers fought their way into strongly defended positions to destroy

* Field Correspondent for WORLD OUTLOOK.



Tom Parker, WRA Photo

Maintaining pumps and machines in Chicago is a job for an experienced mechanic such as Sho Takahashi, who is repacking a reciprocal pump. A former student of mechanical engineering at UCLA, he was evacuated from the west coast and released after spending several months in a relocation center

the right flank positions of the German army, killing 178 Nazis, wounding 20, and capturing 73. No one has to remind the boys in that outfit to "Remember Pearl Harbor." A lot of them are from Hawaii! Their battle slogan is, "Go for Broke," meaning "All Out For Victory."

When the War Department called for Japanese Americans to enlist and form the 442nd Combat Team in January, 1943, young men who had been sweating out the war in the relocation centers jumped at the chance. Now in Europe, these boys have chalked up a high score of enemy prisoners. They are amused by the confusion and dismay the Germans display on learning they have been captured by Americans with Japanese faces!

By an ironical twist of fate, Los Angeles born Lt. Kei Tanahashi of this 442nd Combat Team was killed in action in Italy on Independence Day (July 4, 1944) while his mother and father were imprisoned in the Heart Mountain Relocation Center in Wyoming. Two days before his death he expressed the hope of all Nisei soldiers when he wrote in a letter to his parents: "When this unfinished business is taken care of we should all be able to live together as good Americans. My fervent hope is that the slant of the heart will determine a man's loyalty."

And yet, when families and friends of men like that leave the relocation centers to start life anew, fellow Americans often treat them as enemies.

When Japan attacked Hawaii, Thompson, who had returned from Japan on the "Gripsholm" in 1941, was working with a Japanese pastor at the Japanese Methodist Church in Seattle. At that time, 112,353 of the 126,947 Japanese in this country were concentrated in the three west coast states, a strategic spot for spies and saboteurs. The FBI immediately arrested several thousand dangerous enemy aliens—Germans, Italians, and Japanese. But in spite of this, soon the cry of "Oust all the 'Japs'" began. "Once a 'Jap,' always a 'Jap!'" "What if half of them were born here? That doesn't make them citizens!" As the clamor grew louder, the mere sight of a Japanese face caused the explosions at Pearl Harbor to re-echo in many American hearts. The Orientals of San Francisco's Chinatown took to wearing signs reading "Me Chinese."

Early in 1942 the government ordered all persons of Japanese lineage, whether citizens or not, to move 100 miles from the coast or stand by for government orders. Rumors spread. What would happen? Where were they going? To whom could these people turn in this hostile land they had known as home?



Relocated evacuees get a real Christian welcome at Methodist church. Some of them are shown here singing hymns at a young people's meeting

M. Graw, WRA Photo

"They all came right to the church, swarmed around me, and asked a lot of questions," Thompson said. "I tried to quiet them and advised them not to try to go inland on their own. How could a man leave his business, move himself and family to another city, and start all over again? Certainly in those days in the west nobody would hire a 'Jap.' Most of them had sense enough to stay put and let the government evacuate them."

Businesses they had spent a lifetime building up were sold for a song. Precious household goods were auctioned at a fraction of their worth. The government promised storage space in a warehouse but did not give the location of the place until three days before "E-Day." Long before that the Japanese Methodists had hauled tons of things to the basements of their churches for storage.

Thompson dashed from home to home helping with problems that confront all hurried movers. His headaches mounted as the deadline drew near. He found buyers for oyster beds, laundries, and grocery stores, and he untangled intricacies of insurance problems. When the proprietor of a dry cleaning shop was evacuated before he could return all clothes to their owners, Thompson took over and got things squared away. In a thousand material ways he helped, but the greatest boon was the spiritual lift he gave to his downhearted flock.

Finally, one week after Easter, worried-looking

Japanese Americans, clutching bulging suitcases or flour sacks stuffed with belongings, reported at designated street corners in Seattle for busses to take them away. Some cried while others masked their inward turbulence with a shell of feigned indifference. Thompson was there among them, saying to one, "Yes, Soji, I'll take care of your father's picture for you," while an old woman, tugging at the minister's sleeve, urged him to watch over an ancestral scroll she'd left in the church basement. In times of stress, such sentimental keepsakes assume a greatness all their own.

The busses finally came and took the bewildered people to the Payallup fair grounds, 30 miles from Seattle. "This camp for 8,000 was built in 20 days," the minister explained, "and you could see between the boards in the walls of the barracks. Here were these people, half of them citizens, fenced in by barbed wire and the big searchlights and machine guns mounted on the lookout towers made them feel like criminals. I began my pastoral visits by talking to my congregation through the fence, because the guards wouldn't let me in, although after a time I did get a pass."

The energetic Thompson was chosen as representative of the six Japanese Christian churches in Seattle, the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Holiness, and, of course, the Methodist.



Tom Parker, WRA Photo

Two loyal Japanese Americans, George Eashiwagi, left, and Ichiro Kato, center, are about to fill out their enlistment questionnaires. Captain William S. Fairchild tells them of the army life they are about to enter



M. Graw, WRA Photo

Among the Christians leaving the Central Methodist Church in Detroit are relocated Japanese Americans whose smiles reflect the inspiration they find there

"I ran a regular buying agency," he continued, "doing all kinds of personal errands and shopping for everything from card tables to curtain material." Thompson, who was being interviewed at Methodist Headquarters in New York, smiled as he lowered his voice and said, "I was even running around for the Buddhists," then added jokingly, "but maybe I shouldn't mention that around here."

He got the Seattle Public Library to make the camp a branch library, rustled around for pastors from leading churches to preach to the evacuees on Sunday afternoons, got athletic and school equipment, organized church and Sunday school meetings inside the camp.

"The most pitiful thing about it was that most of them wanted desperately to be considered Americans," he remarked bitterly. "The youngsters knew America as their only home and the old ones knew very little of modern Japan. Those born in this country couldn't understand why they should be locked up, any more than citizens of German or Italian ancestry."

Although they could not go inside, white visitors lined the fences to bring their Japanese friends neighborhood gossip. "That was a ridiculous sight," Thompson reflected. "Americans talking to Americans through barbed wire near Seattle, U.S.A."

In two months the internees were shipped to a larger, permanent camp, Minidoka Relocation Cen-

ter in Idaho. As soon as Thompson could pack, he was right there with them. The government would not allow him and his wife and son to live inside the center, so they took a house in near-by Twin Falls and commuted. With typical New England persistence, the New Hampshire bred clergyman heckled authorities until they allowed him to sleep in the center one night a week. It saved time but, more important, his presence was a tonic for battered egos. It was hard for the evacuees to believe that anyone would sleep in a concentration camp by choice. They regarded it as a personal sacrifice and a high compliment.

Minidoka is out on the parched desert, five miles from the nearest railroad. The camp is laid out in blocks, each housing 300 persons. There are an average of 72 families to a block and five to each barracks. Each block has a combination laundry, bath, and recreation building. Among those working with Thompson were a Baptist minister, a Catholic priest, and several Christian Japanese ministers. They started church services in the recreation buildings and got various ministers to come in and preach. The attitude of the Twin Falls clergy was voiced by one minister who said, "Why, these people aren't as different as the cartoons make you think!" Each Sunday four interdenominational services for adults were held. Two were conducted in English and two in Japanese. Sunday-school attend-



Tom Parker, WRA Photo

Fourth Grade School in Barracks 35-4-B, Rohwer Relocation Center, McGehee, Arkansas. Nareen Oura is teaching

ance hit 1,200, and 400 children were enrolled in church-sponsored vacation school.

Thompson's best brainstorm was that of inviting white young people into the center for parties and church services. Here was excitement and adventure for Idaho's high-school students, who speculated about the mysterious "Japs" who had been sent in from the coast. Parents' fears were allayed by the fact that this project was church-sponsored. Loaded down with groceries, the curious white teen-agers arrived at the recreation buildings as the young Japanese Americans tramped in to meet them. Racial barriers melted over the pots of steaming coffee.

Among the 100 young people who were allowed to leave the center to attend summer church institutes of four denominations were twenty Methodists, who had the time of their lives tenting with white Youth Fellowship members in the scenic Sawtooth Mountains of central Idaho. They described the experience as being "like release from prison," which in a way it was.

Regulations at the center became less strict and soon evacuees were allowed to go shopping in Twin Falls unguarded. During the summer some of them were given three months passes so they could

reduce the critical labor shortage on the farms.

"If they don't need any more guarding than that they don't need to be locked up at all," Thompson remarked. Proud of the Minidoka men in service, Thompson usually wins all arguments on the subject with his trump question of, "Do you think the War Department would draft dangerous enemies into the United States Army?"

Then he tells of a former Minidoka resident, now in the U.S. Army, who wrote from a camp in Alabama, "Here I am with a gun in my hands guarding Italian prisoners who are working here on the farms. Only a few months ago, I myself was a prisoner. All this in my own country, America!"

The feeling of Christian evacuees was voiced by Seattle-bred Pearl Araki, wife of U.S. Army Private Minoru Araki. Formerly an evacuee at Minidoka, Mrs. Araki, who is now relocated in New York City where she works at the Methodist Board of Missions and Church Extension, said, "It was a bitter experience but there is no sense in letting hard feelings over the past dim our view of the future where God's will shall rule the world. I've learned one valuable lesson from all this and I'll never forget it: the Church stands by when all else fails."

"People Pushed Around" is a folder on Methodism among the Japanese and other Orientals in this country. It is free. Write for a supply for your church to the Editorial Department, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

What Has Happened to Methodism in Europe

By Bishop Paul N. Garber



Bishop Paul Neff Garber

AS the armies of liberation move forward the areas in which Methodism operates in Europe are more and more coming under Allied control. News of what has happened during the war years is beginning to trickle out. The accurate information is still scant but it is expected to increase in volume.

Some information has come through Switzerland, but still more has come from our Methodist Chaplains now in Europe. I wrote to all our Chaplains, transmitting the names of our missionary workers and asking them to seek information concerning our work and workers in the Geneva area. I have had a wonderful response. The gratitude of the Church is due to these Chaplains for the service they have rendered to our preachers and people in Europe as our armies moved along.

A little has been learned from Germany through Switzerland. Germans are allowed to write two let-

ters each month, all heavily censored. Bishop F. H. Otto Melle is still administering the Church. His home was bombed, but he saved his documents. The Methodist Publishing House at Bremen was totally destroyed by an air-attack. There is not one book left. All the materials were burned and the valuable historical collection of books and documents has been lost.

The large Hospital of the Martha Maria Verein at Nuremberg was heavily bombed. Parts of it have been rebuilt by the deaconesses themselves.

The Frankfurt Theological Seminary was damaged by an attack. It was taken over by military authorities, but allowed to carry on as a seminary with a few students. Dr. Sommer is still president. He had a terrible street car accident from which he is recovering slowly. German Methodism has lost one of its leaders, a delegate to General Conference of 1932 and vice-president of the German Methodist Church, Rev. Hans Herter. He died at the Russian front.

The Church in Hungary and Jugoslavia has been in a critical situation since appropriations from America were cut off. Bishop Melle held two conferences, but he could not send German missionary contributions, in spite of the fact that Hungary was an Axis power. Rev. John Jacobs, retired, and two superintendents are now responsible for the work, the well-known George Sebele and Adam Hecker who is in the Hungarian army. The Swiss Missionary Society is corresponding with Sebele, who was born in Hungary, went to Jugoslavia in 1921, and back to Hungary in 1942. Since Sebele is a German name, he escaped from Novi Sad at the very moment the Russians crossed the Roumanian border. He is now in Budapest.

The Sanatorium at Novi Sad, entered as American property, was marked by the Swiss consul at Budapest, who is representing American interests in Hungary. This consul, a member of the Swiss Methodist Church, has rendered splendid services to Methodism in the Balkans. By his help Switzerland has sent missionary contributions to protect the preachers from starvation.

The Methodist superintendent in Bulgaria for 20 years, Rev. A. Pratsch, a German citizen, escaped when the Russians entered Bulgaria. He lost all his property. When he and his wife came to Nish, they found the bridge across the Danube destroyed and their three suitcases had to be left there.

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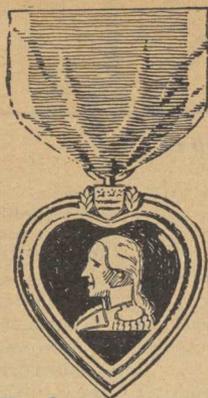
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*Japanese Americans
fighting valiantly in
Italy have proved their
loyalty with BLOOD*

Purple Heart

Battalion

by SIDNEY CARROLL

I AM MANY thousands of miles from the Great White Fatherland as I write this, in a place where newspapers are rarities. But in several scattered samples of newsprint I've been able to get, I've read stories which lead me to believe that my friends and relatives back home haven't quite settled the question of race prejudice.

I read in the *Milwaukee Journal* that the Hood River Post of the American Legion has removed the names of sixteen Japanese-Americans from the town's honor roll. I note too that the American Legion has revoked the charters of two Legion Posts because those posts were comprised of Japanese-American veterans of the first World War. I see that the American Legion in Portland, Oregon, raised strenuous objections to the efforts

of some Portland citizens who volunteered to provide care for a Japanese cemetery. I have read that Mr. Fred Howser, an official of the state of California, has received letters from newly formed anonymous organizations. The members of these organizations have pledged themselves to shoot on sight every Jap they see. I understand one of these organizations has as its name the motto: "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Now that is curious, because "Remember Pearl Harbor" is also the motto of the famous 100th Battalion, which is composed of "those little slant-eyed yellow men," the Japanese. They are the Nisei, the generation of Japs born on American soil and brought up in American schools and they form a fighting outfit which has been called one of the best in

the world by General Mark Clark.

The first time I ever saw any men of the 100th Battalion was in August, 1944. I was bound for Pearl Harbor on a transport, and like all transports we were loaded with soldiers going to war. I saw among the GIs several soldiers who had Japanese faces.

They were dressed in the regulation fatigues and they roamed the decks, part of the mob. They were certainly Japs, but they were certainly not prisoners. I questioned the Army captain beside me at the rail.

"They're all men from the 100th Battalion," he said.

"All Japs?"

"All Nisei," he said. "There's a difference."

"Where are they coming from?"

"They're going home on furlough—to Hawaii. They've been fighting in Italy for a year."

I said they seemed to have a tired look, and he said, "They're the only men on this ship who've seen any action. Every Nisei you see on this ship is a wounded man."

The ones I saw looked quite intact to me, and I said so. The captain laughed. "You should see them in the showers." He shook his head. "In the nude," he said, "you can see the Purple Hearts all over 'em."

Afterward, in Honolulu, I saw and talked with many of these heroes. The one I was most eager to see was Masao Awakuni, the Tank Destroyer.

Once, back in Italy, Awakuni rested on one knee in an open field with a bazooka on his shoulder waiting for a German tank to lumber nearer. When it was twenty-

five feet away he fired and hit the tank but it kept coming. His second shot was a dud. His third shot stopped the tank and killed or wounded every man in it. Another time, near Cassino, Awakuni got so far into the German lines alone that he bumped smack into a Mark IV tank. He finished it off with the first bazooka shot. I saw Awakuni in Honolulu, for he was one of the wounded home on furlough. The ninety-eight pound Tank Destroyer doesn't look big enough to bust his way out of a Lily Cup.

In Honolulu I heard some wonderful tales about how some of these Nisei won their medals. But let me tell you first, just briefly, the story of the 100th Battalion.

THE STORY really starts on December 7, 1941, when some 1,400 Nisei were incorporated in the two Hawaiian National Guard Regiments. On December 6th, those 1,400 young men had been our good friends, the Nisei, in whom we had implicit faith. But on December 7, while smoke still rose from the battleships in Pearl Harbor, we took a second look at the Nisei and decided they were something else again. We decided they were Japs. It looked as if those 1,400 would be the last Nisei ever to join our armed forces and it was doubtful if they would ever be allowed to bear arms.

Then a group of Nisei—business and professional men, met in Honolulu and drew up a petition. They asked for the chance to fight for their country. They wanted to prove they deserved our trust. When the document reached the desk of Hawaii's military governor it cleared

away a great deal of fog. We decided to let the Nisei fight. A provisional battalion left Hawaii on June 5, 1942. On its arrival on the West Coast of the United States the battalion was officially named the 100th Infantry Battalion. The men promptly coined another name for themselves. "Puka" in Hawaiian means a hole. There are two holes (or zeros) in the number 100. To themselves, the men of the 100th have always been "Puka Puka."

Their commanding officer was Lt. Col. Farrant Turner. Half of their officers were white, half Nisei. Five per cent of them were university graduates, twenty-five per cent had some university education, nearly all had graduated from high school. Roughly twenty-five per cent of them were Christians and about the same number were Buddhists.

Seeing their ship point eastward, to the United States, they knew they were aiming ultimately for Europe. Their spirits sank. Our own military mentors had blocked their hopes to fight in the Pacific for a good reason. If we had Japs fighting on our side against Japs, there was bound to be confusion. The only thing to do with the Nisei was to let them fight in Europe, where the average GI wouldn't shoot at them just as a matter of principle.

IN THE United States, the Nisei were trained first at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, then at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Wherever they went people looked at them curiously at first. But they soon made friends.

On August 21, 1943, the 100th Battalion embarked for Oran, North

Africa, where they joined the 34th Division. They went into battle at Salerno taking their first casualties on the 29th of September in a, delaying action south of Montemilietto. It was here that they rescued twenty-two paratroopers who had been cut off by the Germans.

For forty days they were part of the Army Corps attacking in the Cassino area. They moved first to Anzio, and then to Rome, and to Belvedere. Their casualties were high. They had reached Italy with 1,319 men in September, 1943. In January of 1944 they had about 200 "effectives" left. Reinforcements came from Hawaii.

The 100th had proved that they could be trusted and so our War Department asked 1,500 Nisei in Hawaii to "volunteer" for Selective Service. On January 24th, 10,000 eager young Jap-American volunteers lined up outside the Selective Service offices in the islands. The Army accepted 2,875. After preliminary training, these men were shipped to the United States to join some 1,200 Nisei from the mainland, forming the 442nd Combat Team. They were trained in Mississippi before shipping out to Italy to reinforce the diminished forces of the glory-stained 100th Battalion. In the early summer of 1944, they caught up with the 100th south of Belvedere. Friends and brothers met for the first time in a year. The men of the 100th were tough veterans by that time and the boys of the 442nd were "kids" to them. In two weeks of training they tried to teach the kids all they had learned. The 100th and the 442nd now formed the 442nd Combat Team of the 34th Infantry Division.



The Case for the Nisei



"The overwhelming majority of Americans of Japanese origin wish to be and are wholly loyal to the United States, and not only that, but they wish to prove that loyalty in service to their native land . . .

"I have too great a belief in the sanctity of American citizenship to want to see those Americans of Japanese descent penalized and alienated through blind prejudice. I want to see them given a square deal. I want to see them treated as we rightly treat all other Americans, regardless of their racial origin—with respect and support, unless or until they have proved themselves unworthy of respect and support. That fundamental principle should apply all along the line, to every citizen of the United States of America."

—*Joseph C. Grew, Under Secretary of State and former Ambassador to Japan (From a speech made on November 18, 1943)*

Although most of the Nisei fighting these days were never part of the original 100th, the other GIs respectfully refer to all Nisei soldiers as "the 100th."

The Nisei tried to make themselves at home in Italy. On the first of May, Lei Day in Hawaii, they plucked yellow Italian wild flowers, made leis and strung them over one another's shoulders. They squatted in circles with their rifles on their laps, played their ukuleles and sang. They peeled the labels from cans of pineapple, and used them as pin-up pictures.

They have many legendary characters, both living and dead.

There is Shizuya Hayashi, who climbed a hill alone, poked an auto-

matic rifle into a German machine gun nest, killed the nine Germans therein. Then he spied a German anti-aircraft battery. He advanced, swung his automatic into action, killed nine more Germans. The four remaining Germans started to run. He captured them.

There is also the interesting case of Private Jesse M. Hirata, whose rifle jammed while he was advancing on a sniper's nest. He picked up a shovel, swung it around like a ball bat, flattened and captured three Germans.

Once the Nisei were sent in to take a certain village. Alfred Tomita, out on a demolition job, got so far ahead of the reconnaissance troops that he reached the village

The Record

The Nisei of the 100th Battalion wear many medals. By August, 1944, in addition to a War Department citation, they had bagged 9 Distinguished Service Crosses, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars—and over 1,000 Purple Hearts, not including clusters for the second timers among the wounded.

alone. Fortunately for Tomita, the village had been evacuated, and having time on his hands, Tomita cleaned up the streets, so everything was nice and tidy when the rest of the U.S. Army arrived.

The Nisei are excellent athletes. Their bodies are small and wiry, their muscles hard and quick, their feet tough as horn. Back home they played football in their bare feet; a good man can punt a ball sixty yards with the naked toe.

All this explains why they are good fighters, but if their physical prowess can be explained on a purely physical basis there remains the larger question of what inspires them to fight. What is the secret of their extraordinarily high morale?

The answer is simple. The Nisei happen to know what they are fighting for. They fight for something you might call respect.

They are Americans, educated in American schools, playing American games, abiding by American law, but they are slant-eyed and yellow and their ancestors came from the land of our enemies. When war broke out the Nisei in Hawaii

were abused and suspected because of these facts: eyes, skin, ancestors. They knew that our sudden fever of distrust would never die unless they gave us real proof of their patriotism. We had educated the Nisei in the American way of life; but when the time came for them to make a choice between blood lines and democracy, we weren't sure our teachings had really stuck.

They had stuck, we know that now. The Nisei were as American as their "white" mentors could hope. Yet the men of Puka Puka are learning that though democracy may be worth dying for, it takes a long time for the theoretically irrevocable rights of a democracy to turn into working facts. On the battlefields they found the respect they were fighting for; a man in a foxhole doesn't stop to question his buddy's ethnic origins. But back home it has been different.

When the first wounded Nisei veterans of the Italian campaigns, the wearers of the Purple Hearts, traveled the 10,000 miles home to Hawaii on furlough, they were decked with leis and treated as heroes. But after a few days the heroes were shocked and bewildered to discover that many people in the streets were hostile to them. Even white servicemen insulted them. They took their troubles to their former commanding officer who had come back to Hawaii with the Legion of Merit. Turner asked: "Have you been wearing your ribbons?" They said they had not, they thought service ribbons a little ostentatious. "Wear your service ribbons wherever you go," Turner told them. The Puka Puka took his advice. Once people saw the service

stripes there were no more insults.

The trouble is that people do not know what the Nisei have done and what they are doing. The trouble is that when we say "Jap" we do not stop to think that there are several species of Jap. Lt. Col. Turner's experiment with the service ribbons leads to the not too fantastic notion that it might be a good idea to have returning veterans of Puka Puka stop off in several American cities and order them to parade, bedecked in all their rib-

bons, in front of the people I have been reading about.

While the prejudices of a "white" and pious citizenry flourish in the United States, the men of the Nisei fight and die to gain a little respect from these same citizen patriots. The Nisei wants us to trust him—not with the trust of the patron or overseer, but with an abiding trust, as between brothers. That is something to fight for and that is why the gentlemen of the Puka Puka fight so gloriously.



Ways of the Orient



■ LIEUT. TOMMY HARMON tells how the Chinese were carrying him on a stretcher back to his base, because his burned legs wouldn't allow him to walk. There was a Chinese at each end of the stretcher and another man at the side, walking along watching. The narrow path wound across rough and rocky ground.

Suddenly, the stretcher bearer at Tom's head stumbled and started to go down. Harmon braced himself against the expected agony of a sudden jar, of scraping raw, red burns on the rocks. But when he landed, the landing was soft.

The Chinese who walked at the side of the stretcher was assigned to be a cushion, and when he saw the bearer begin to slip, he dived under the stretcher, face down on the rocks, so that the American boy might land on a broad and willing Chinese back.

—SGT. SOLL in *The Communique*

■ ECONOMY OF WORDS oftentimes sharpens the point of a tale. The Chinese are masters of this artful simplicity, as was demonstrated when Doolittle was flown

from Chungking to India after the Tokyo raid.

The Chinese-piloted bomber carried an overload of sixty four persons. When the plane landed, eight refugees were found to have stowed away besides. Doolittle was amazed as he watched these men climb out. "How did you ever get off the ground?" he asked the pilot.

"Refugees," replied the pilot, "never weigh much."
—JAMES HARRIS

■ WONG WAS SHOWING his Occidental friend the sights in San Francisco's famous Chinatown. As they approached a Chinese cinema, the friend suggested they see the show. Agreeably Wong went up to the box office and asked the price of admission.

The ticket seller looked the two over and replied, "For your friend it will be \$1.00. For you \$1.50."

"But why would you charge me more than my friend?" asked the puzzled Chinese.

"Because you would understand the show, and your friend would not."

—PASSON LYON

The strange story of Anna Jarvis, founder of the day which has brought joy, along with flowers and gifts, to countless mothers the world over

Mother of Mother's Day



by JOHN LACERDA

MAY THE THIRTEENTH will be her day but Anna Jarvis probably will not greatly care. In her soundproofed room will be flowers; perhaps special visits from the sanitarium's doctors and nurses. Someone from the Jarvis Committee may come by to read her letters aloud.

But to Anna Jarvis, eighty four, gaunt and sightless, Mother's Day will mean, at most, only a reminder of an old bitterness.

When Miss Jarvis began her world crusade for homage to mothers everywhere, she was an attractive, intelligent woman. She refused several suitors to care for her blind sister Elsinore. With the passing of the years Anna was to become a moody recluse, a chronic seeker of satisfaction in the courts.

Little is known of Anna's mother, Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, other than that she was the daughter of a Grafton, West Virginia, clergyman who loved flowers—especially carnations.

Around the turn of the century the family moved to Philadelphia to be near Anna's brother, Claude Jarvis. After a few years Claude died and left the women an estate with a paper value of 700,000 dollars; included was a three-story brick home and a trust providing Anna and Elsinore with an annual income of 10,000 dollars. But Claude's creditors swarmed in and

years later, in 1945, Anna was to learn that the estate had vanished.

On May 9, 1905, Mrs. Jarvis, her sobbing daughters at her bedside, passed away. Anna's grief was unbounded.

On the second anniversary of her mother's death a memorial service was held at the Grafton church and there Anna announced her intention to start a crusade for the world's "neglected" mothers.

"They suffer so much and receive so little in return," she said. "We never appreciate them until they have gone."

In Philadelphia, Anna settled to her task. She wrote to kings and governors, teachers and clergymen, bootblacks, prisons, Army camps, to the White House and to members of Congress, urging:

"Although every day should be a day for honoring our mothers, let us set aside one special day for the signifying of unfaltering love."

Her letters brought immediate response. Concurring answers came from Josephus Daniels, Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller.

In Seattle in 1908, the Presbyterian Assembly directed its pastors to dedicate their sermons to mothers on the second Sunday in May. Parishioners were urged to write letters of love to their mothers if they were living, and, if dead, to wear white carnations. At Seattle's



What of the Nation?

The Moral Damage of War

By David Starr Jordan

*Chancellor of Stanford University
Director, World Peace Foundation*

WORLD PARALYSIS

A YEAR and a half ago we were agreed, most of us in America at least, that war was the most terrible calamity that could befall a nation. And we saw clearly, the most of us, that the impending ruin of Europe was due to over-armament, the dependence on force and intimidation instead of international conciliation and justice. And then before hatred was rife and international slander obscured the very heavens most men in America welcomed the message of peace.

Now that a year and a half of the great war has displayed to us the most awful catastrophe possible to human civilization, and has shown the imbecility of war lords and war makers, too feeble even to think of stopping the war they have blindly brought on, utterly incapable of positive action, we find that the world is paralyzed, and is stupidly and hysterically impatient with every influence that looks toward peace.

This is a phase of the moral damage of war; blind partisanship crowds out justice, and the call of human fellowship across the lines is smothered in the waves of hate.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST LOSS

Great Britain has been the stronghold of freedom in Europe. But personal freedom, the most priceless gift of civilization, is incompatible with efficiency in war. Civilization itself is incompatible with war. A friend in Birmingham in England, under date of February 17th, writes these words: "All our letters to America are opened now and many do not reach [their destination]. I wish I could give you a picture of what militarism means. I do not think you would believe that in a few short months so great a change could take place. What will happen if America follows us down the deep decline into which we have fallen, I cannot imagine. All moral and spiritual guide for the world would then be lost or the peoples of the world will be destroyed or drift hopelessly on the rocks. Cannot America be kept sane? In the meantime, the few in this country who are trying to swim against the stream need all the help America can give them."

THE FRENZY IN FRANCE

From France, fine-spirited, liberty-loving France, comes the same story of the intolerance of the war spirit. Romain Rolland*, searching for lovers of truth and peace in Germany, writes this:

"While the war tempest rages, uprooting the strongest souls and dragging them along in the furious cyclone, I continue my humble pilgrimage, trying to discover beneath the ruins the rare hearts who have remained faithful to the old ideal of human fraternity. What a sad joy I have in collecting and helping them. I know that each of their efforts, like mine, that each of the words of love rouses and turns against them the wrath of two hostile camps. The combatants pitted against each other agree in hating those who refuse to hate. Europe is like a besieged town. Fever is raging. Whoever will not rave like the rest is suspected. And in these hurried times when justice cannot wait to study evidence, every suspect is a traitor. Whoever insists, in the midst of war, on defending peace among men knows that he risks his own peace, his reputation, his friends, for that belief. But of what value is a belief for which no risks are run?"

THE SACRIFICE IN GERMANY

In Germany, the chaplain tells the soldiers that "any one who is without warlike enthusiasm is not a man such as our age demands." A German soldier in the trenches replies: "To me it seems that we are greater heroes than others, we who without being upheld by warlike enthusiasm, accomplish faithfully our duty, while hating war with our whole souls. . . They talk of a holy war . . . I know of no holy war. I only know of one war, the sum of all that is inhuman, impious and beastly in man. It is God's chastisement and call to repentance for the people that throws itself into war or lets itself be drawn into it."†

And the General Staff sentences to death at Verdun thousands on thousands of these men that it may safeguard its military prestige.

THE BIRD AND THE SNAKE

In our own republic, the horrors of war only draw us nearer to it. The number who welcome war grows steadily, or at any rate war talk grows more insistent. We are told that "day by day our ability to maintain peace with honor is diminishing." A well known financier tells us that "for those who believe that spiritual vigor is more important than material success to the real welfare of a nation the

prospect [of war] can have no terror and no words of reassurance are necessary for their comfort."‡

SPIRITUALITY SPELLED WITH A \$

What this writer really means by "spiritual vigor" appears farther on. "From every war or great disaster that this country has experienced it has emerged richer and more vigorous than before. . . . If we shall go to war the immediate effect will be an enormously increased demand for everything we can produce and an instant acceleration of the wheels of industry in every quarter."

A still more important result is claimed for entrance into war, the coöperation with the allies in suppressing militarism and in creating an English speaking "United States of the World," in which each nation concerned would be deprived of that very spiritual invigoration which springs from war.

The plain fact is that no war can ever invigorate. A declaration of war is figured as a sublime effort of strength when it is merely a confession of impotence, an abandonment of all pretence of law and justice. Already war is urged upon us as an heroic duty, as well as a financial opportunity. We are pointed out as greedy or as cowardly if we will not take a dare. Already a popular author has revived the odious epithet of "Copperhead" to those who would hold to the road of honor and peace and who are not ready to leap into war at the drop of anybody's hat.

OUR FIRST DUTY

The first duty of every patriotic American is to help his country and other countries to repair the ravages of war, mental and moral as well as physical. To use a phrase of Rolland, it is our duty to bring our nation "to the recognition of its highest duty, even in the worst storms of passion to safeguard the spiritual unity of civilized humanity."

"It is the duty of Switzerland [still more that of the United States] now to stand in the midst of the tempest like an island of justice and of peace, where . . . the spirit may find a refuge from unbridled force, where the fainting swimmers of all nations, those who are weary of hatred, may persist in spite of all the wrongs they have seen and suffered, in loving all men as their brothers."

*"Our Neighbor the Enemy." Geneva, March 15, 1915, reprinted in "Au-dessus de la Mêlée."

†Foi et Vie, April 15, 1915, quoted by Rolland.

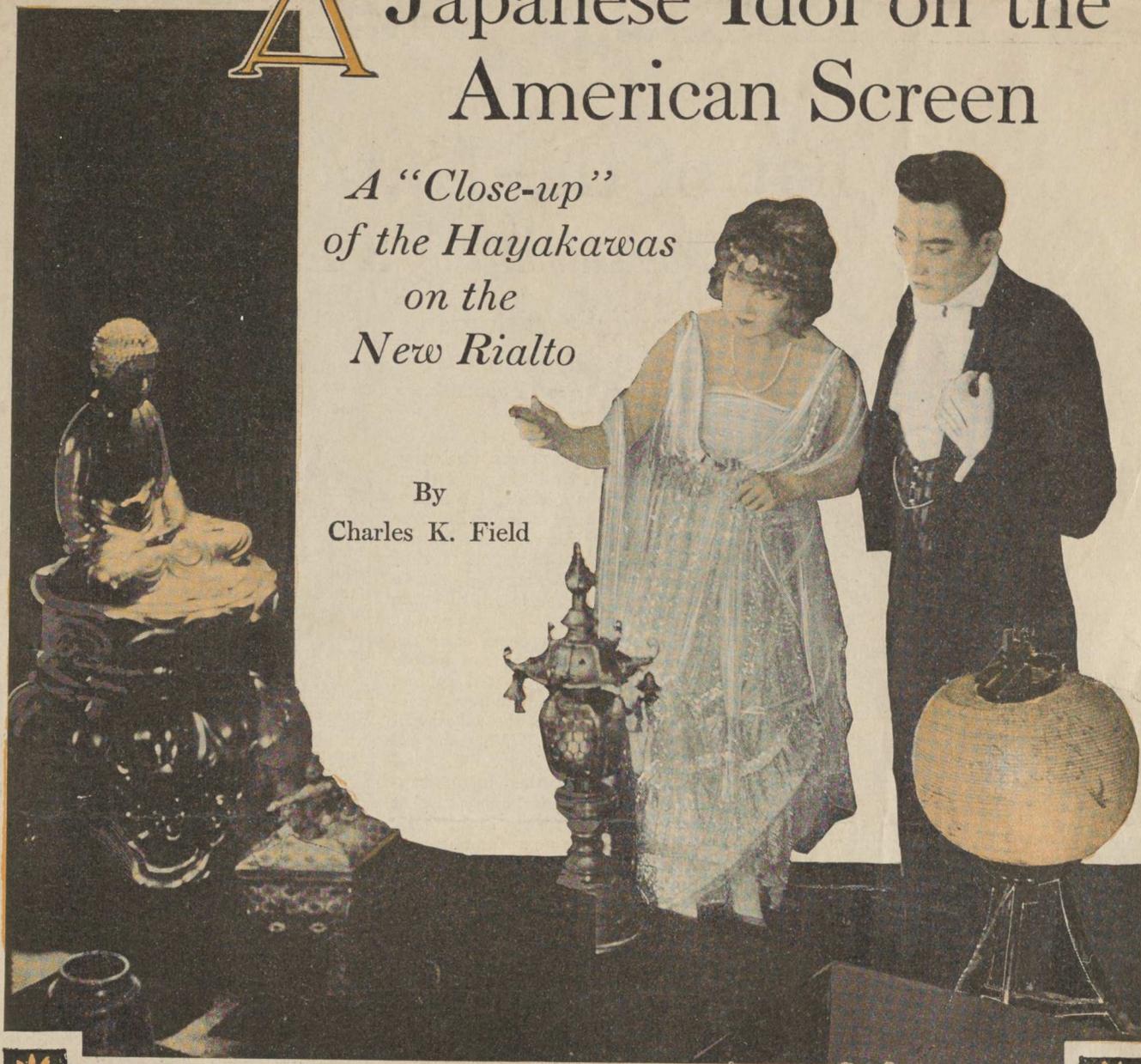
‡Theodore H. Price, Commerce and Finance, March 15, 1916, p. 295.



Japanese Idol on the American Screen

*A "Close-up"
of the Hayakawas
on the
New Rialto*

By
Charles K. Field



Sessue Hayakawa shared the honors with Fanny Ward in the photo-play, "The Cheat." He made a convincing villain, too convincing, indeed. The Japanese colony protested against his thus contributing to anti-Japanese feeling in America

FANNY WARD, in the projecting room at Lasky's Studio at Hollywood, sat watching the trial run of the film "The Cheat." Film stars are as eager as "extra people" to see the results of their acting before the camera. On this occasion Miss Ward was highly pleased. And why not? You, yourself, who read this, may happen to be a good-looking lady of uncertain summers—let us say you are in the midsummer of your blooming, to use a pretty term for middle age. Suppose you had just posed before the merciless all-seeing eye of the camera and the proof of the photograph exhibited you as barely turned twenty. Would you not be pleased? You bet you would! And so was Fanny Ward, under similar circumstances. For, to quote Shaw and thus avoid speaking too plainly, this was not "Fanny's first play." Not by a lot of them. Yet there she moved upon the

screen, smooth-skinned, clear-eyed, radiating rosy youth as vividly as black-and-white could suggest it. It is one thing to feel as young as ever you did. It is quite another thing to get that feeling photographed. No wonder the little English actress sat in that darkened chamber of revelation and purred contented accompaniment to the click of the projecting machine behind her.

The machine went clicking along but suddenly the purring accompaniment ceased, blew-up, as it were, in a delicate snort of vexation. Another scene of "The Cheat" was on the screen, doubtless photographed on another day. The play called for no special lapse of time. The interval between "shots" could have been only a few days. But in that interval what *had* happened to Fanny? Time apparently had laid his heavy hand upon the bloom which had brightened the court

scene just shown. The lady on the screen was not twenty, now, but sixty at least. The original of the portrait is actually somewhere about midway between those ages. She sat gazing at this sad libel upon her looks and biting her lip with annoyance. The merciless camera had seized upon every little trace of the passing of the years, had exaggerated them into a travesty of the very presentable lady who had posed for the picture. Whatever flattering light had facilitated the charming results just observed in the other scene, it looked as though the camera in making this photograph of the movie queen had worked in "that fierce light which beats upon a throne and blackens every blot."

From the shadow beside her the dismayed Fanny heard a low voice, rich in quality, carefully modulated, struggling with an Oriental accent that now and

Thanks?

THE JAPANESE MIND

EFFECTS OF THE CHINA INCIDENT · BY GALEN M. FISHER '96



THE TERRAIN of Japan is pock-marked by extinct volcanoes. It is not far-fetched to say that in somewhat similar fashion the Japanese mental terrain is being dented by the cataclysmic war in China.

The China war has made the Japanese people for the first time continent-conscious. Years ago, when I was living in Japan, Japanese friends themselves would lament the insularity of the people as a whole. They used a phrase akin to our "small-town mind." Even four years ago, just before the conflict with China broke out, when I was visiting Japan, the imperial expansionists were getting only a feeble popular response to their fervid appeals "to realize our Continental Destiny." But upon going back this past summer for another visit I was amazed to discover that the China "Incident," like a huge eruption, had changed the psychological terrain.

The Meiji Restoration of 1868 awoke the nation from the torpor of the 200 years of exclusion under the Tokugawa; but it took the shock of the present vast struggle in China to make all classes, down to the sluggish peasants, continental-minded. "East Asia," "Pan-Asia," and "Asia for Asiatics" have today become not merely slogans, but veritable passions, for millions of the Japanese people. For the first time, they are thinking and planning imperially, and no matter how the struggle in China comes out, the soul of Japan is likely to remain incurably continental. Regardless of whether Japan will or ought to expand territorially, the psychological expansion of the ambitions of the Japanese people is one of the most solid and significant facts of our time.

The Japanese have long had a high opinion of their own virtues — and what nation has not? — but that opinion has recently soared to a new high. This has been due in part to what has transpired in China, but even more to the spectacle of savagery presented to the world in Europe. Last July, in Tokyo, I was invited to confer with one of Japan's leading industrialists,

who has served as a cabinet minister, and is looked upon as a man of liberal outlook. His remarks consisted almost entirely of a diatribe against the mercenary policies of England, France, and the Netherlands in their colonial administration, set in contrast with the liberal and altruistic policies followed by Japan in Taiwan, Chosen, and Manchukuo.

Not only in India, and the East Indies, but also in China, he declared, England and France had made no effort to train the native people to take over the administration of government and industry, or to become competent to make engines and other fine machinery. Their sole aim was to monopolize power and lucrative trade for their own profit. They wanted to hold the yellow and brown races forever in subjection. He did grant that the American treatment of the Filipinos had for the most part been a notable exception to this "dark record of the predatory white nations." He held that Japan works and plans for the benefit of the native peoples, and gives them a chance to learn all that Japan herself knows. It is in that spirit, he concluded, that Japan is striving to bring order and prosperity to a China long bled by unprincipled warlords and avaricious westerners.

It would be easy to pick flaws in such glib assertions, but I quote them to show how strong national and racial pride has become in Japan, and what it is feeding upon. The Japanese interpret their intervention in China in much the same spirit as Kipling interpreted the incursion of the British into Asia and Africa — only the "white man's burden" becomes the "brown man's burden." And when the Japanese actually go to China and see the disorder and ignorance and disease and official venality, their sense of su-

periority grows. They are apt to feel pity, if not contempt, and to conclude that they are indeed divinely ordained to bring deliverance to the captives. Thus their pride has been intensified by the China "Incident." But at bottom, Japanese pride and ambition stem from religious roots, as a brief analysis will serve to show.

It may sound strange to American ears, but it can truthfully be said that the whole Japanese nation has experienced a religious revival during the last decade, and their relations with China have been at once the cause and the effect of this revival. Ever since the Manchuria Incident of 1931 Japan's leaders have dinned into the ears of the people that they were facing a crisis, and must strain every nerve to surmount it. And in time of crisis every people depends on some religious force to weld them into unity, and to supply a supernatural sanction for national acts. Is it not this tendency that explains the Nazi reversion to an amalgam of Germanic myths with Christianity, and also the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," during our Civil War?

In Japan's case, the revival naturally has centered around Shinto, which asserts the descent of the Imperial Line from the Sun Goddess, and by a mystical faith, holds that the entire Nipponese race are members of the same divine family. Shinto resembles Greek mythology, but unlike later Greeks, Japanese philosophers have not yet succeeded in expanding a primitive racial cult into an universal religion.

One resolute attempt to resolve the inconsistency between a nationalistic faith and an international, imperial mission has been the preaching by eminent Japanese of the gospel of the "Imperial Way," *Kōdō*. They declare that *Kōdō* is the Way of universal justice and benevolence, embodied in the



California

MARCH

1941

MONTHLY

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Front Cover THE ROTC OFFICER above and on the front cover is Cadet Major Harcourt Hervey, Jr. '42, who with fellow cadet officers will probably enter the regular army upon graduation. Eighty have been tentatively called from University of California this May. Cadet Major Hervey is the son of Harcourt Hervey, Sr. '16, Brigadier-General, California National Guard, 40th Division, and Mrs. Hervey '15, of Los Angeles.

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August Imperial House—the Way of Light and Truth for which the bewildered and warring nations have been waiting. The New Order in China and East Asia is to be a demonstration of these lofty principles. The breakdown of Western morality as revealed in the European war places a mission of deliverance upon Japan and her divinely descended Emperor.

This, then, is the Imperial Shinto religious revival to which the China affair has given so potent an impetus. The longer the "Incident" continues, the more strenuously are the ideas and ceremonies connected with the revival likely to be pressed; for they will be needed in order to overcome war-weariness and discontent

arising from regimentation and a slowly falling standard of living. Until recently, the emphasis upon homage at state Shinto shrines worked no particular hardship on even sensitive consciences, for the act was officially declared to be a non-religious paying of reverence to a justly revered Imperial House, and to other heroes of the nation. But of late zealots have begun to insist on formal acknowledgment of the theological supremacy of the Sun Goddess. To meet this demand, one Christian teacher proposed that the Christian Trinity be expanded into a Quaternity, by adding the Sun Goddess as the fourth member. When this came to the ears of the local gendarmerie, they said the idea was sound, but that the Sun Goddess should be advanced to second place!

Unfortunately, in the Shinto Bible, the *Kojiki*, the Sun Goddess displays moral standards as repugnant to an enlightened conscience as are those of the Olympian gods depicted by Homer. The question will not down, whether such a primitive, national cult can ever be successfully transformed into an international, universally valid, and ethically noble faith that will appeal to the intelligence of educated moderns of other races. Some of the Japanese statesmen who are guiding the course of continental empire appear to believe that State Shinto can at least be stretched to embrace Manchukuo.

But whatever be the limitations besetting Shinto abroad, it enjoys undisputed authority at home. It is upon

the tenets of Shinto that the unquestioned rightness of Japan's policies in China, and indeed, of all her foreign policies rests. The logic is simple: the Emperor is the vicegerent of the Divine Ancestors; he appoints the ministers of state and general staffs of the army and navy; and he approves all the major state policies; therefore, they are the will of the gods. In practice, this logic is not strictly applied to Japan's foreign policies; but in theory, Japan is ruled by the gods—is a theocracy—and must therefore always be right. This theory, however diluted in practice, colors Japan's high policy. It is a more potent fact than is the Christian basis which the Supreme Court has declared to characterize



the policy of the United States

The conviction that the Emperor through his agents can never be wrong is a source of both strength and weakness. The divinely ruled nation should never admit a mistake, never apologize. For example, the Emperor has approved the policy that Chiang Kai-Shek and his government must be crushed. This solemn declaration has put steel into the resolution of the Japanese army and people. They must either win a crushing victory, or impugn the Imperial infallibility. It will make it exceedingly awkward for a Japanese premier to treat of peace with Chiang, for he would have to eat the words of his sovereign to do so.

Another fact respecting the influence of the China war on the Japanese mind is that, though it seems to have intensified the national pride of the great majority, it has awakened humility in the breasts of others. In a long interview that two of us had in July with one of the most influential Japanese statesmen, he ranged freely over the gamut of Japan's problems and policies, but his most impressive statement was almost literally as follows:

"The Imperial Way, *Kōdō*, is fine. It is Japan at her

best. I believe in it and wish it might be put into practice. But my people as a whole do not have the sincerity to follow it. Look at what our troops have done in China—raping, torturing, destroying. The excesses of some of our civilians as well as some of our troops in China have done Japan irreparable harm. I am humiliated beyond words. We need first of all a rebirth of morality, an ethical Restoration (*Ishin*, as in 1868). If we gain more power and territory before we are fit to administer it, we shall be, not a blessing, but a curse, to the world."

The edge of this humble confession has been blunted by the fact that public utterances by this same statesman, made during the last few weeks, have breathed nothing but national bravado and chauvinistic defiance of America and England.

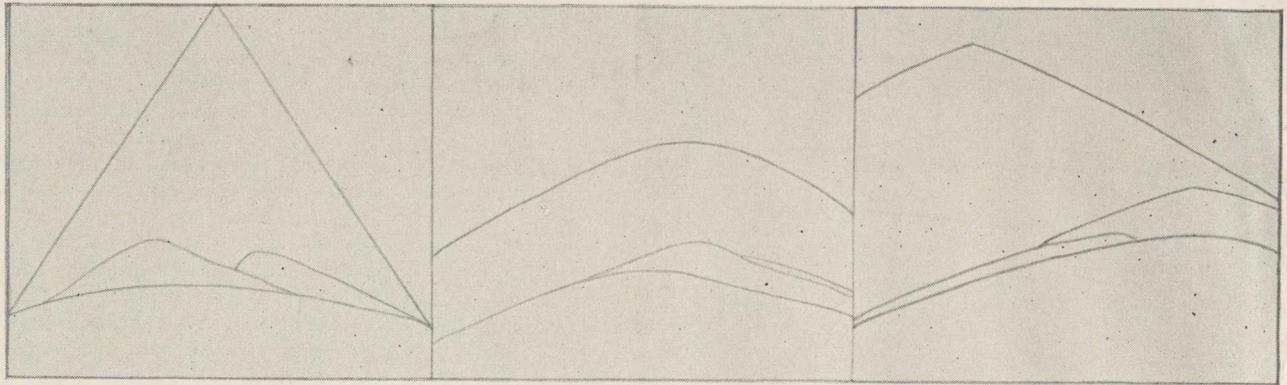
Another straw pointing in the direction of humility and realism was the declaration of two prominent Japanese Christians to me that "it would be stupid and useless for Christian churches of Japan, officially, to attempt to preach Christianity to the Chinese until the war is over. Bullets and Bibles don't mix. While our fellow countrymen are bombing Chinese villages and executing suspected guerrillas, our preaching of the Gospel of love would be like the 'wind blowing by a horse's ear.' Even during the war, individual Japanese Christians may be able to show the good will they feel toward the Chinese and to commend their faith by their works, but they must take care not to appear to be the allies of the troops whom Chinese fear and hate." One of these Christians said in the next breath that he did not see how Japan could have avoided invading China, but he deplored deeply the cruelties inflicted by the troops and the abuses of Chinese persons and properties committed by Japanese carpet-baggers.

Another dent made by the China war in the Japanese mind is indicated in

the remark dropped by one of the wisest Americans living in the Far East. He said: "It is astounding what a gap there is between the idealisms of Japanese Christians toward China, and the stark realities of the situation in China."

By stark realities he meant more than the horrible (Please turn to p. 35)

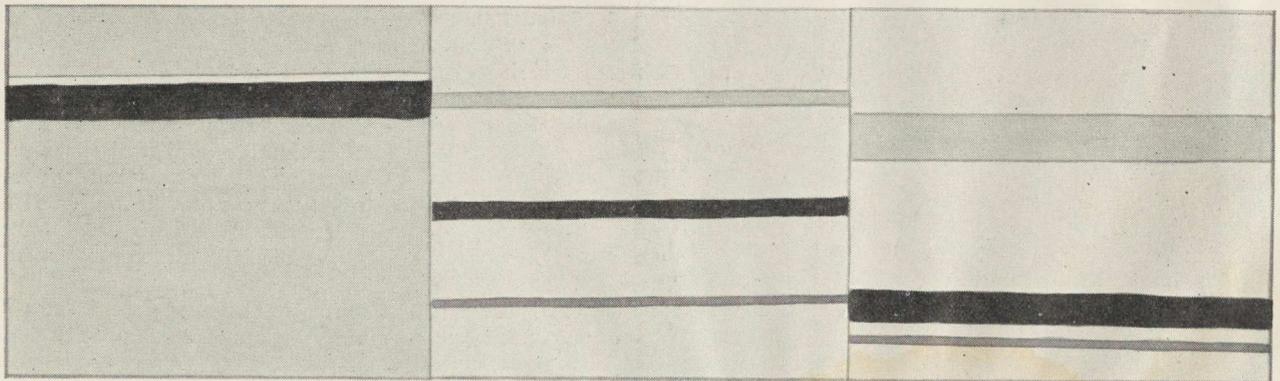




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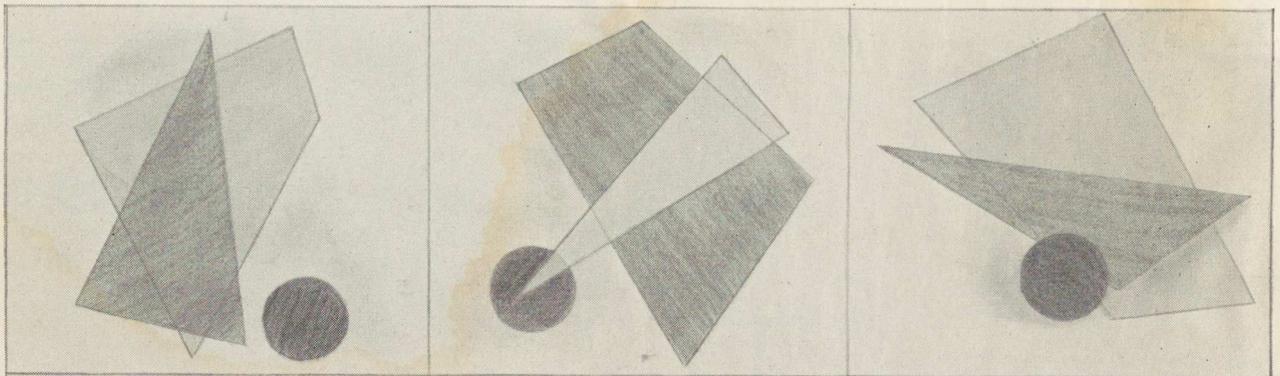
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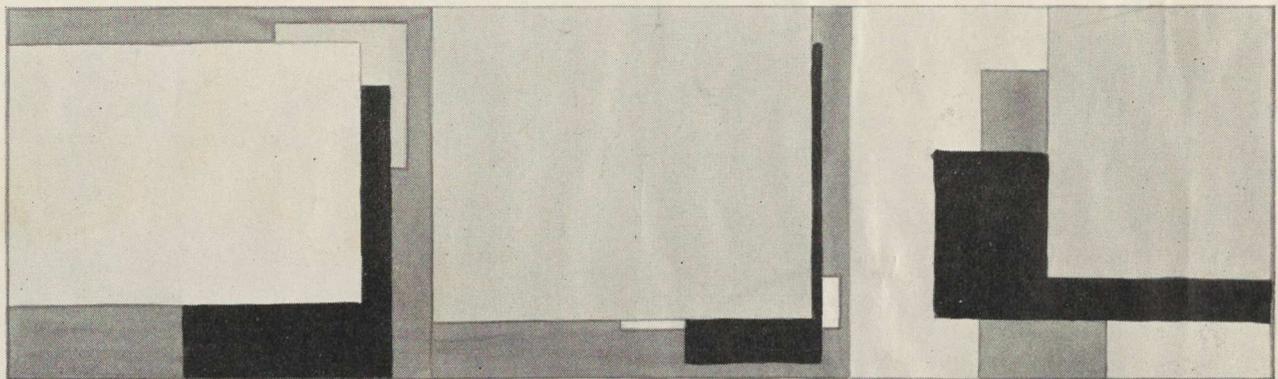
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1-C

2-C

3-C



1-D

2-D

3-D

The Japanese Mind

(Continued from page 9)

destructiveness of the military operations and the savage treatment of villagers suspected of aiding the Chinese soldiers, and the sadistic abuse of women. He meant also the lucrative opium trade which he said was protected, if not promoted, by the Japanese military as one of the surest ways of getting revenue. He made it clear that he meant also the Japanese monopolies that control rice, fuel, and other necessities in the Nanking occupied area, whereby the authorities exact a huge tribute from a population of which a considerable proportion is being forced to the brink of starvation.

The "idealisms" which have been especially attributed to Japanese Christians are of course shared by not a few other Japanese. The question naturally forces itself on one, how have they been able to live at peace with their own consciences if they knew what has been done in China by their fellow countrymen? The answer must be two-fold. In the first place, some of them have not known the half; the censorship, a barrage of rosy propaganda, and a natural tendency to discount whatever unfavorable reports may have seeped through to them from the outside, all have conspired to leave them only half-convinced of even such authenticated atrocities as those at Nanking. A few thousand Japanese have been in close contact with the foreigners residing in Japan, who have kept informed of the true state of affairs in China, and whose attitudes, by the way, tally surprisingly closely with the attitudes of the foreigners residing in China. But such foreigners in Japan have for the most part refrained from trying to convert their Japanese friends about the China war; that was not their business, and to do so would be risky in any case.

The second answer is, that the human mind has an extraordinary capacity for dodging unpleasant conclusions, for claiming that motives are 99.44 per cent pure. From the very outset of the China war the process of rationalization began. At first it labored to find justification for the military operations, on the ground that they had been undertaken in self-defense. Gradually, however, the burden of the rationalizing process was shifted to the claim that Japan's controlling purpose was to benefit China: to deliver her from the vampires, both domestic and foreign, that had been sucking her blood; to create a New Order of coöperation and prosperity for an East Asia from which the western exploiter should have been banished. Perhaps Japanese Christians were



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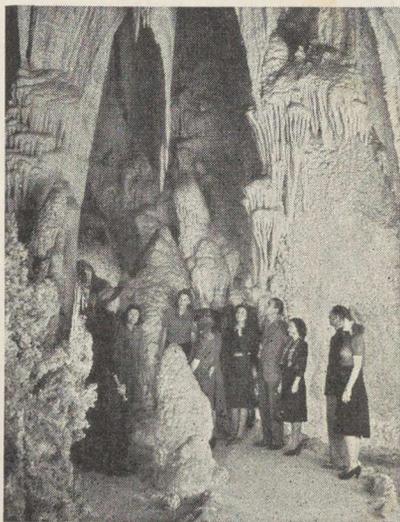
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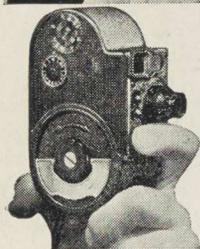
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early prominent among those who proclaimed these lofty purposes, but today men and women of all faiths and of none, stoutly profess that it is in truth a "holy war."

None of the considerable number of Japanese officials and informed civilians whom I asked about the tragic "realities" of the situation in China could justify them except on the ground that "the noble ends in view justify these very regrettable means"; or, that "it takes time to bring order out of the inevitable chaos of our occupation, and to weed out the grafters and incompetents both among Japanese officials and among their Chinese associates and employees." After making such inquiries as I could and securing such unsatisfactory results as I have presented, I confess to not a little concern lest the gap between the ideals and the realities grow wider rather than narrower. And in proportion as the whole situation becomes accurately known to the Japanese who profess the idealisms, the result may be to breed disillusionment or cynicism.

One important redeeming fact, however, should not be overlooked, namely, that the civilian arm of Japan in China, known as the China Affairs Board, is striving valiantly to narrow the gap between the idealisms of the altruists and the realities of Japanese military and commercial operations. With a large staff of experts, the Cultural Department of this Board is actively promoting education, health, and civic progress among the Chinese population in the occupied areas. Numbers of voluntary societies in Japan are also undertaking philanthropic services in the same areas. It is true that all these well-meaning efforts are viewed with suspicion or even aversion by many Chinese, but it is certainly to the credit of the Japanese promoters that they are doing at least so much to bridge the gap between their idealisms and the grim realities.

How has the China Incident affected the Japanese soldiers who have taken part in it? Only wide inquiry could qualify one to give an authoritative answer to this question. All I can do is to report what a few friends in Japan have told me regarding individual returned soldiers known to them.

Three effects stand out. The first is, that none of these soldiers showed elation over the war or their part in it; but only a small fraction of them expressed shame or dissatisfaction. Nearly all of them felt it was a mean but necessary and justifiable job. They disliked the hardships and regretted the cruelties in which they had participated, but felt no personal contrition. Several Americans in Japan

made this striking statement to me: "The Japanese soldier in China and the same man returned to private life in Japan seem like two different beings." In China he was a cog in the war machine, and he became as heartless as the machine. Returned to Japan, he resumes his kindly, highly personalized forms of social intercourse. Note the word "forms," for there is some evidence that his *spirit* has been worsened, as a later paragraph will show. But what about the small fraction who did feel shame or dissatisfaction? In one case, the sister of a returned soldier said he was "an utterly changed man, acting as though he were haunted by a nightmare too horrible to tell about." Another soldier said he had seen some of his comrades die, not with a shout of devotion or triumph, but with a curse against the authorities upon their lips. Several of the men were not only disillusioned, but bitter toward the whole war and those in authority.

A second effect is a coarsening of moral fibre, which is, of course, not peculiar to the Japanese soldier. The Japanese people as a whole, so far as I could learn, feel not hatred, but pity toward the Chinese people. Returned soldiers, on the contrary, tend to feel contempt for the Chinese. They have seen crowds of Chinese, meagerly equipped, slaughtered by the tanks and bombers of their own troops. They have participated in the burning of refractory villages. They have seen droves of prisoners of war shot, partly in retaliation, they were told, for the similar practices of the Chinese armies. They have looted and beaten civilians, under pressure of hunger, or because they have seen comrades doing it without reproof from their officers. They say that sometimes Japanese troops have cared for starving or injured Chinese, as shown in pictures published by the War Department in Japan, but that such instances were so few, in comparison with the contrary, that the pictures were misleading. In short, the general effect of the war experience upon these soldiers whom I have heard about, has been a coarsening, if not a brutalizing, of their characters; a lowered regard for persons and property in general, and for Chinese persons and property in particular.

The cases just described have been mostly privates. What about the officers? I have no reason to doubt the honesty of the great majority of them. Like our own Army, the Japanese Army has won a high reputation for integrity. But well-informed friends in China, both Japanese and Americans, have told me that a considerable minority of officers in both Army and Navy have yielded to the temptation

to get a "rake-off" on allowing goods through certain blockaded ports and also on the contraband traffic, especially in opium, in the occupied cities. Such charges may be exaggerated, but have not been made out of whole cloth. The Japanese who mentioned them to me did so with evident chagrin. More than one press correspondent has reported the whisper that "Tokyo is afraid to recall the Army from China." And the reason given is simply that too many of the soldiers, especially the officers, have tasted the delights of the gay and uncensored life made possible by easy money and arbitrary control of Chinese civilians to be content to return to the restraints of life at home. To the degree that this rumor is true, it adds one more obstacle to winding up the "Incident."

One quite unexpected effect of the war in China has been the arousing among Japanese soldiers of admiration for the foreign missionaries whose work and conduct they have observed. They have been astonished to discover how widespread and beneficent that work is, how heroic is the devotion of the missionaries amid the horrors of war, and how deeply it is all appreciated by the Chinese common people. Some of the Japanese soldiers had known but little about missionary work until they went to China, partly because in Japan the Christian missions have done little medical work as compared with the missions in China, and still less elementary education. But in China, they saw Christian elementary schools and hospitals all over the map. They have been amazed by the unselfish courage of the missionaries in sticking to their posts while battles raged around them, and in tending not only Chinese, but Japanese wounded, when occasion demanded. Such discoveries have been veritable eye-openers, for before these soldiers left home they had read or heard that the missionaries in China were wolves in sheep's clothing, the advance agents of western Powers.

The last effect of the Incident to be mentioned is the impetus it has given to anti-internationalism in Japan. This tendency was started in 1932 by the resentment of Japan over the treatment accorded her by the League of Nations in connection with the Manchuria affair. Japan felt that the League action as well as the Lytton Report was simply an instance of the selfish prostitution of the League by the dominant western powers. Japan also feels that during the last three years, England, the United States, and France have "ganged up" against her to maintain their control over China. Today everything that smacks of internationalism in Japan is viewed with suspicion. Of course, those whose in-

terests are tied up with international trade or whose minds are controlled by the universal principles of humanism or Christianity believe that the present isolationism can not and should not be lasting. But if any of them dare to raise their voices in protest, the sound is drowned in the vast clamor of *Jas.*

Until lately, the anti-international drive had been tempered by the traditional tolerance of the Japanese people. But three factors have caused a sharp change; the desperate determination to solve the Incident by putting an end to occidental aid to China; the growing influence of Nazi victories and Nazi agents in shaping policy; and fanatical nationalism.

By far the deepest and most potent motive for the anti-international drive springs from fanatical nationalism, which in turn stems from deification of the state. When Prince Konoye in July became premier a second time, he announced that he was bent upon creating a unified political structure, although he avoided the term totalitarian. He began by effecting the dissolution of all the political parties and of the labor unions, but soon the pressure for unification was extended to the Christian bodies, as indicated by the instances already given. As if to anticipate official and popular compulsion, forty of the Japanese Protestant denominations promptly took steps toward combination into one nation-wide church, and toward immediate independence of foreign financial aid. These moves toward organizational independence and union are cause, on the whole, not for regret but for gratification. They simply mark the somewhat precipitate and intemperate achievement of the self-government which has always been the goal of missionary policy. The real cause for concern arises from the fact that the drive for unification which Prince Konoye started as a political movement has rapidly been extended to include every phase of life, and derives its passion from the Shinto faith in the divine character of the Imperial House and of the State.

The crucial issue, therefore, is centered around the freedom of religious belief. The Imperial Constitution of 1889 guarantees that freedom. The exact wording (Article 28) is: "Japanese subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order, and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." Then Prince Ito, in his comments on this article, observes: "To force upon a nation a particular form of belief by the establishment of a state religion is very injurious to the natural intellectual development of the people, and is prejudicial to the progress of sci-

Shattered Hope



One time there was a man and he had an automobile. He went many places in it.

He was driving gaily along one bright day gazing through his windshield into the immediate future.

In due time evening came on. Shadows fell, and so did his spirits because his windshield became covered with stuff.

At length it got so bad he could neither look where he was going nor go where he was looking.

Visibility was zero — it was O with the rim stripped off.

Suddenly the motorist seized an idea and a hammer and smashed the opaque windshield into bits.

The mist and the haze and the stuff cleared away as if by magic. The man was very pleased.

But alas, his joy was short lived for the air was full of weather. The rains kept on, and his hopes were shattereder than the glass.

Soon he got all fogged up himself and was as bad off as ever.

He came upon a brightly lighted Service Station and, driving in, told his plight to the Shell Dealer.

The Dealer suggested a new windshield and advised the man to stop in at a Shell Dealer's every few blocks or miles and have the glass washed.

There's no obligation, the Dealer said, adding that Shell Stations anyubere would be only too glad to do the job.

And so the man went his way rejoicing, secure in the knowledge that the way to cope with a windshield is to keep it clean.

— By BUD LANDIS



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ence by free competition." But even such eminent authority does not deter some ardent totalitarian crusaders from insisting that all subjects acknowledge the State, symbolized by the Emperor, as the object of moral and religious, as well as political loyalty. This interpretation is repellent to not a few critically-minded Japanese, and especially to the Christians, to whom the constitutional guarantee has been a sheet anchor. But the gendarmerie, the patriotic societies, and the nation as a whole are in no mood to allow any "ifs" and "buts" to block the sweep of the State-Shinto tide.

The five "dents" which have been mentioned seem at first glance to leave but little of the Japanese mind free of dents. But there is one important and reassuring fact: history shows that the Japanese mind is very plastic and quickly responsive to external pressures. If, for example, the American Government should at once begin to balance its gradually intensified efforts to check Japan's aggressions by constructive and convincing assurances of its readiness and eagerness to work toward solutions of her just grievances, economic as well as political, and if Great Britain should be victorious, then the contour of the Japanese mind would be changed once more as by magic, and the prospects for a sound settlement of the China affair would grow bright. Furthermore, the forces of trade, art, literature, and science, and the insatiable acquisitiveness of the Japanese mentality will all tend to burst through the barriers of regionalism and nationalism. A second Tokugawa Age of isolation is unthinkable.

Art Quiz: Find Your I. Q.

(Continued from page 12)

The correct choices from the groups of designs are: 3-A, 1-B, 3-C, 2-D.

The answers to the completion questions are as follows:

1. space
2. proportion
3. space; architecture, painting, sculpture, minor arts
4. line, dark and light, color
5. hue, value, chroma
6. color
7. subordination
8. variation, subordination, symmetry, transition, rhythm, proportion, opposition, repetition
9. Munsell
10. Chroma
11. gray
12. complement
13. light
14. symmetry
15. space arts
16. composition

17. lightness, darkness
18. Hue
19. chromas, values
20. rhythm
21. chroma
22. Appreciation
23. is not
24. five
25. ten

The correct choices for the circle diagram are as follows:

Large circle: No. 7.

Circles numbered I to XII, in order: Nos. 28, 14, 15, 16, 10, 5, 18, 11, 2, 9, 25, 21.

Smallest circles, no specific order: Nos. 12, 20, 6, 3, 13, 19.

To find your quiz score, credit yourself with 12½ points for each design (page 10) correctly chosen, and 2 points for each completion question correctly answered, making a possible total of 100 points.

To determine your attitude score, credit yourself with 52 points for a correct answer in the largest circle (page 12), 3 points each for correct answers in the circles numbered I to XII, and 2 points each for correct answers in the smallest circles. Again there is a possible total of 100 points.

Again, the UCLA art department is much interested in seeing the results of these tests, particularly the circle test. Papers and results may be mailed to CALIFORNIA MONTHLY, Berkeley, for forwarding. Include if possible your answer sheets, as well as scores.

Hot Stuff—Coming Up!

(Continued from page 15)

killing vegetation and leaving a white blanket over the country for miles around. Soon afterward, two mountains of lava, each of them a mile wide, rose above the surface, just as Lassen Peak has done. These are known today as Chaos Crags. Shortly after they had risen, explosions burst out from the base of one of them, hurling a tremendous avalanche of rock onto the valley below. The wilderness of rock fragments two miles in extent, which the avalanche left in its wake, is called today Chaos Jumbles.

On Memorial Day, 1914, Lassen itself began a series of eruptions. Rapid melting of snow on the mountain top permitted water to percolate into the hot interior, converting the mountain into an enormous steam boiler. Explosions of steam and ash recurred at intervals for a year, until, during May, 1915, a column of lava rose in the summit crater, filling it to the brim. The lava spilled over the crater rim and one tongue of lava burrowed into the thick snowbanks on the north side of the peak, causing a tremendous mud



There is less hatred of enemy aliens, too. Even the deportation of Japanese - a far more difficult and dangerous situation than our relationship to enemy aliens in the last war - has been carried out with more intelligence and concern for their present and future welfare than we used with enemy aliens last time. More people have known, thought and cared about it. Edwina Lewis' staff report for September described a visit to the Heart Mountain Relocation Center, 13 miles from Cody, Wyoming. It covers 350,000 acres and looks, she says, "like any army camp with long barracks, sentries, etc." There are 500 buildings.

The barracks are arranged for individual family apartments. There is a 150 bed hospital, staffed by Japanese doctors and nurses, with one Caucasian Chief-of-Staff. The state board of education assigns teachers to carry on a regular school program. "Everyone seemed to be busy and, strange to say, happy. Those we talked to were pleased that the camp was so well equipped and eager to make it a success. The government has brought irrigation but they must complete it within the camp. Their landscape architects were drawing plans to make a garden spot out of the desert. We left with the feeling that they will put on a demonstration of outstanding accomplishment and courage."

Nisei
95% Pure
Says FBI

Dorothy Brown's staff report for October tells of a meeting of the Chicago Advisory Committee for Evacuees at which Mr. Holland, Chief of Employment, War Relocation Authority, told what was being done toward bringing evacuees out of these colonies and relocating them in American communities. "We are just about ready to go," Mr. Holland said. "We have approval in the highest places in Washington, including the Manpower Commission and United States Employment Service . . . The job is not tremendous - 104,000 in all, many of whom are small children and old people. It is those between 17 and middle age whom we will bring out first . . . We are trying to simplify it so that they can be ready within a week of the time the job is available." Only 5 percent have been discovered by the FBI to have subversive affiliations. Of course this 5 percent is not released. The WRA does not subsidize or supervise these evacuees after they are placed. "We help them only as far as the first jump . . . If they get into trouble the WRA relies on local groups to assist them . . . Chicago has the first committee in the country to act in this capacity and for that reason is a good place to start relocating. Not over one or two hundred should be brought here or to any one place . . . Don't fight over again the issue of evacuation . . . the effort now should be to relocate them and preserve their Americanism, which they will lose if they are kept in for the duration."

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So if you know of a job for a truck driver, athletic director, tool and die maker, research chemist, machinist, typist, librarian or dietician (to mention only a few of twenty possibilities) telephone CENTRAL 2623 and tell the Advisory Committee for Evacuees about it,

Room 1010 Security Building, 189 West Madison Street.

Bulletin No. 1693 from the Chicago Welfare Administration describes a national program for "enemy aliens or other persons who are in need because of restrictive action taken by the United States Government." The IPAC will operate the program in this state and all eligible cases should be referred to Room 2000, 160 North LaSalle Street.