

Autobiography

I, J. Y. Kurihara, was born in a little village of Hanamaulu, Kauai, T. H. on the first day of January 1895. At the age of two, my parents moved to Honolulu, the capitol of the Hawaiian Archipelago. We, the boys of conglomerated races, were brought up under the careful guidance of American teachers, strictly following the principle of American Democracy. Let it be white, black, brown, or yellow, we were all treated alike. This glorious Paradise of the Pacific was the true melting pot of human races.

After completing the eighth grade, I was admitted to the St. Francis School conducted by the Brothers of Mary. Though my parents were believers in Shintoism, I embraced the Catholic faith and later was baptized in San Francisco by Father von Egglofstein of the Jesuit Order.

At the age of eighteen, I decided to become a doctor. Knowing that my parents were financially not able to support me in the professional training I have chosen, I went to work for the Bishop Company as Timekeeper of the Keae Road Construction on the island of Hawaii. This was probably the most uninhabited section of the island, located in South Kona, about 10 miles inland from the historic spot where Capt. Cook was killed. Throughout the construction period which lasted for a year, I stayed on the job and discharged my duties to the satisfaction of the Company. I then returned to Honolulu to make the necessary preparations for the venture on the mainland.

During the Summer of 1915, I worked and perspired under the over-bearing heat of the Sacramento Valley. It was necessary

for me to accumulate as much as possible since it was definitely certain I cannot expect any help from home. Hard and discouraging as it was, I resolved ever more to carry my ambition through to success. Though life was hard, I enjoyed it in abundance--that is in the unlimited consumption of delicious fruits, hunting, and fishing in American River on off days.

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My early experiences in Sacramento were of appalling nature. While walking on K St. from the Depot toward the Japanese district, suddenly a fairly well-dressed person came and kicked me in the stomach for no reason whatever. Luckily it glanced as I instinctively avoided it. Had it landed squarely on my stomach, I believe the impact would have undoubtedly knocked me out.

I watched his next move, maneuvering into position to fight it out the best I could, since my nature will not permit me to let it go unchallenged. Here a man of 5 feet 2 inches was challenging a man of no less than 5 feet 10 inches. A crowd started to gather to take in the show, but no sooner than it did, another person coming out of a saloon in front of which we were about to tackle, stopped this public show. The manner in which he spoke indicated that he must have been his friend. I then went my way feeling terribly hurt.

In this same city of Sacramento,^{as}/my friend and I were ambulating in the residential district, a short distance away from the Japanese Center, something came whizzing by, and then another and another. We noticed they were rocks being thrown at us by a number of youngsters. As we went toward them, they ran and hid. It was really aggravating. Feeling perplexed, I asked my friend, "Why do they attack us in such a manner?" He

answered, "It's discrimination." No such thing ever happened where I came from. It was disgusting. At the time, I felt homesick for my good old native land, Hawaii.

The time to return to school came; so to San Francisco I went, enrolling at the St. Ignatius College. I wanted to become a Doctor of Medicine and Surgery; therefore I took up subjects closely align to the profession.

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My first impression was, the atmosphere was not too pleasant. However I decided to weather it through. For two years, I have borne patiently the distasteful word, "Jap." Never had I heard this word Jap in the islands, but here in California it was almost an universal title, used to address the Japanese. Many times, trying to be broad-minded, I soothed my feelings by interpreting it as an abbreviation of the word Japanese, but when an ugly expression is manifested by the speaker, I felt very, very unpleasant. Disregarding the conditions, I pursued my studies for two years, taking care of a boiler for board and room, and for a mere \$1.50 per month; yes per month as wages. This pay was so small, it could not be called a wages. Whatever it is, I was satisfied because it was not money that I was after. I wanted an education which I was unquestionably getting. My friends were ridiculing me, and my parents didn't think it was just for the amount of work and time expended. The boiler was started at 5:30 AM and kept up to 11:00 PM. During school hours, the son of the owner of the apartment looked after it. On Saturdays, the hallway must be swept, brass work polished, and the back stairs scrubbed. Worst of all, the boiler was a wood burner, therefore

fire wood had to be cut every evening. I knew I had to bear much hardships if I want to succeed so I kept it up, paying no attention to the voices of others.

Unexpectedly my friend from Sacramento called and persuaded me to go East, Michigan as destination. He vouched to me that the American people East of Chicago are very friendly and kind. They do not discriminate just because we are Japanese. They will treat us as one of their equal. I could not believe it, but the news was very tempting after experiencing much unpleasantness for two years.

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Giving no further thought to the venture, I agreed and the next day, we took a cab to the ferry and ordered our tickets to Chicago. The trip was rather tiresome since the best we could afford was a chair coach. At the end of our destination, we hired a cab and directed him to a Japanese hotel. On the way, a very pleasant sight had greeted our eyes. A Japanese boy was walking down the street with an American girl, arm in arm. My friend noticing it exclaimed, "See what I told You? They don't discriminate us out here. They are very sociable!" I couldn't believe it, but I simply had to.

The next day we applied for a job. Whatever we had must not be deleted. Several jobs were quoted to us for our choice. Dish washers wanted in Milwaukee; houseboy in Minnesota; bellhops for Mt. Clemens Mineral Spring. This last we chose since it was our original intention of making Michigan our destination. Furthermore we will be quite near Ann Arbor, the University we've chosen to attend this fall.

While at Mt. Clemens, I was seized with an intense desire

to join the Army. I felt rather ashamed of myself in civilian attire. Something urged me that I ought to be in soldier's uniform. The sound of the band, the beating of the drums, roused my chivalry to such an extent, I purchased \$500 worth of Liberty Bonds for my five nieces and nephews, but still not feeling satisfied, I finally went and enlisted. I was then given transportation to Camp Custer, where I reported for service. My nieces and nephews enjoyed publicity in the photogravure section of the Detroit Press.

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For eight months I was given a thorough training in hiking, bivouac, and artillery practice. Having had little medical knowledge, I was assigned to the Medical Department of the 328th Field Artillery, after I objected to be a cook.

During this training period, I was befriended by many, amongst whom were Dr. Homer Knight of Charlotte and Mr. William Green, president of the Green Advertising Company of Detroit. I made several visits to their homes. On every occasion, I was treated like a prince. I felt very happy. Knowing that they were going out of the way to make me happy, I solemnly vowed to fight and die for the U. S. and these good people, whose genuine kindness has touched the very bottom of my heart. I was never more sincere about it, and this feeling I have conveyed to my parents in Honolulu.

In California my animosities against the Californians were growing with ever increasing intensity, but here in Michigan, my liking for the American people was getting the best of me. I really could not forget the kindness they've lavished on me. Ever since that day I met Miss Knight, I have corresponded with her without a break for the last twenty-eight years.

Suddenly we were ordered to the Port of Embarkation--(New York). Fortunately we were taken aboard the ship Muratania, and three days later found ourselves in Liverpool, England. A week later we were undergoing extensive training to put on a final touch at Fort Coquidan, France.

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After six weeks of day and night maneuvers, we were ordered to the front. Alighting at Toul, we started on a long 62 kilometer march to relieve the colored boys who were entrenched just above the town of Pontamousson. For two days and two nights we've hiked and reached our destination the early part of September. After our arrival, we made preparations for the Drive on Metz, digging gun pits and hauling ammunitions. We waded through mud and slept in a dug-out, bothered by rats and dripping water that soaked through the earth on our bunks. Water was scarce, making a bath a luxury. The sticky mud became part of our breeches. I felt so dirty I would have given my last penny for a bath. Such abominable life I do not care to lead again.

The force march to the front was really the hellish part of the war. Many boys were dropping off to the roadside and some really fainted. Even the poor animals must have suffered because on this march, two horses simply squatted and refused to pull the artillery any further. I brought up the rear end wondering if I could make it. Thanks to the days I've spent on the farm, which helped to develop my physical self to such an extent that I was able to withstand the test. This force march was really trying on us all.

The food provided on this march was very unpalatable. Pork

and beans or corn-beef with bread without butter, jam, or jelly, and coffee without sugar, milk, or cream. However hungry we were, it did not appeal to any of us. We had to wash it down our throats with coffee to keep alive. War is sure Hell I thought, but since we are in it, I must do my best.

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The poor animals too must have suffered. We men could in a hurry wash the food down in five to ten minutes, or eat as we march, but the horses could not. They were given only thirty minutes to consume what was spread out for them. Had we not been using darkness to cover the ground, the horses could munch while we are at rest; but time, in time of war was too precious especially at the front. The squatting horses refusing to budge no doubt were completely famished.

At the front while making an extensive preparation for the drive on Metz, someone gave away the secret and told us that an Armistice is going to be declared on November 11. Oh! what a happy tidings it was to us all. Thank God, peace again will be restored to mankind. When Armistice was officially declared on November 11, there was joy and relief throughout the front. A boy was crying, unable to suppress his emotion.

Two weeks later we were billeted in the little town of Puntamousson, awaiting orders. Whilst here, I enjoyed the best Thanksgiving Dinner in my life, and the luxury of a bath, cold bath as it was.

In December, whilst we were awaiting orders for debarkation at Le Mans, the Dental Assistant to Capt. Schiewetz was ordered to proceed to Coblenz, Germany for duty. Poor fellow, he was struck a paralyzing blow. He wanted to return to the States and

was counting happily the days when he again will embrace his beloved Mother. Boys were sympathizing with him, of which I heard, so I at once inquired and learning the cause, I volunteered to replace him. Oh! how happy was he. He immediately reported to the officer in charge and had our names interchanged. The following day, I bid the boys Goodbye and headed for Coblenz, Germany. I too was happy because I really wanted to see Germany, and all of Europe if possible.

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For seven months I was stationed in Coblenz with the Army of Occupation under Capt. Schiewetz, a gentleman and a Doctor. It was very pleasant to work for such a master.

During my stay in Coblenz, I found out that the German people were just as much a human as any other race. They were no more beasts than the rest of the people in this world. I learned to like these people because they were kind and sincere. A little German girl voluntarily washed my laundry and returned it neatly ironed. So I in return gave little Freida chocolate candies and other sweets, including some canned foods I secured from the Supply Sergeant. Soap was very scarce in Germany, so these too I requisitioned and gave it to her.

At every meal^l time, the little German girls and boys were lining the walk to the garbage can for whatever scraps the boys were throwing away. I could not bear to see these little ones suffer, so I always made it my duty to ask for as much as my plate would hold and gave it to them. Amongst them were girls around fifteen or more, whose age indicates the most bashful period of their lives.

O Lord my God, so this is the price of War. Why should these innocent children be made to suffer the hardships of war? Is it always true in war or in peace, the rich war-mongers live and enjoy the cream of the land while the common people are sacrificed? It is a very good thing in this war, that all war criminals are being tried and made to pay when found guilty. I believe in justice so I heartily sanction this move to punish those guilty regardless of his or her exalted position.

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I took advantage of the two weeks furlough being granted during my stay in Germany and visited Cologne, Brussel, Ypress, Paris and numerous other historically important places. Wherever I went, I saw the ugly scars of war, reminding me of the cannibalistic deeds of man only more cruel and complete in civilized manner. It was horrible to think that the more the world progresses in science, more devilish it gets. I shuddered from thoughts what the next war would be.

In September 1919, we were returned to the States and I was discharged at Presidio, California on September 30. Transportation to Honolulu was granted to me at my request on Transport Sherman which was preparing to sail. While waiting for the Transport Sherman I paid a visit to the Japanese Catholic Mission on Laguna near Pine Street. On the street car, traveling in the U. S. Army uniform, I heard a person spittingly say, "Jap," I looked at him sternly. He kept quiet which avoided an incident.

Having been repeatedly informed of my father's critical condition, I couldn't get there any too soon. I reached Honolulu just three days before his departure for Japan, where he died on the day of his arrival.

I then made preparations to return to the States to complete my education. Though my ambition to make a man of myself still remained, my desire to be a Doctor of Medicine and Surgery was changed to Business, that is to become a Business Executive.

Los Angeles was chosen for my education.

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In Los Angeles, many times I was turned out of restaurants, catering to customers of the working class. Against these I could have easily filed a suit since they were in "Public Service." Practically in all of these restaurants in Southern California, there is a sign reading, "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone." Such things must not be allowed if America is to be the Democratic standard bearer of the world.

Once on a Pacific Electric train to San Pedro, a woman told me as I took a seat beside her, "Why don't you take some other seat? I don't want a Jap to seat next to me." To which I curtly replied, "Sorry madam, I paid my fare. If you don't like my looks, why don't you move?" She did.

I attended the California Commercial College in order to acquire the knowledge of bookkeeping so that I can work as bookkeeper while continuing higher education. On my way to school one day, I was spat at by one of the three hoodlumphish boys traveling in the opposite direction. Throwing my books down, I jumped at his throat. He didn't expect such a sudden charge. The force threw him off balance and he fell backward, striking his head on the walk with a thump. He was wiggling and groaning with pain. I picked up my books and continued on my way. The others watched without lifting their hands. This is one admirable point I like about the Americans. They will permit no dirty fights. They

also will not gang up on the adversary.

Professor Haddock advised me to study higher accounting, where the field is wide and lucrative. Accounting is also the valuable base of successful business as well as for an executive. Having decided to devote my life to business, I followed Professor Haddock's advice and took up accounting at Southwestern University, L. A.

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Having successfully completed my course at California Commercial College, I was now employed as part-time bookkeeper by the Bay City Produce Company, receiving \$80 per month. The path so far was rough and hard. Many, many times, I went with only two meals a day. To work through school is not an easy task. It requires super-human determination to accomplish one's aim to work and support oneself through college. My body trembled and I experienced fainting spells frequently during those trying days of 1920.

I saw boys and girls heading for picture shows while I had to stay in and study. I saw people going to a picnic party while I had to work. It really was discouraging at times but I felt and knew, to succeed I must deny all pleasures however painful it may be.

Eighty dollars per month was more than ample for me to meet all expenses at the Southwestern University. The day of reckoning came in June 1924. It was unquestionably the greatest and the most glorious day of my life when I donned the cap and gown to receive my Bachelor of Commercial Science Degree, together with the Certificate of Accountancy. I graduated in three and a half years by attending through all summer vacations. It was my motto: "Duty before pleasure." I will not rest until I succeed.

While attending California Commercial College, I met Dr. John T. Miller, one of the three renowned phrenologists of the world. He then pointed out to me the bad and good points in my character, and advised me if possible to continue my medical education. This I disregarded because I did not want to change my goal too often, and because I was advised by a medical officer, not to study for medical profession because your time is not your own. You will be called any time of the day or night. Caring a dying patient all night is bad enough without having to contend with neurotics and unreasonable patients, were the reasons he gave. I have benefited tremendously from the ready ^{ing} Dr. Miller gave of me. Besides, I studied phrenology and learned the art of analyzing human character, which helped me enormously in business several years later.

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In January 1924, half a year previous to graduation, I opened an Accounting Office in the heart of the Japanese Town and enjoyed a flourishing business. The purpose was to take advantage of the much troublesome income tax season to business houses and individuals as well. We averaged around \$30 a day servicing only part of the day.

Whilst rendering Income Tax Service, we came across a house embarrassed and bankrupt. The owner we knew. Sympathizing with his plights, we agreed to take over the business by assuming the \$13,000 liabilities if he would turn over the lease right to us, which had the face value of \$6,000.

We enjoyed a very successful accounting business during the season because we advertised it prominently in one of the leading Japanese Daily, guaranteeing all work. We even stated that we

will stand responsible for all penalties, if the penalties were due to our ignorance or carelessness. This lucrative service was closed shortly after the season, and we immediately made arrangements to take over the bankrupt company in June. We named the concern, "Royal Produce Company."

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For a month we faced difficulties because our credit was not established. Through careful management, the responsibility I assumed, the business started to pay and the confidence of the farmers began to show with enormous amount of produce left to us under consignment.

On the other hand, we helped many farmers who no longer can operate, prohibited by the Anti-Alien Land Law. We leased all favorable farm lands brought to our attention, under our names and permitted the farmers to work on the farm under our supervision. Our citizenship was used to the fullest extent. We as owner and operator of the Wholesale Produce House had at one time 1,600 acres producing the vegetables necessary in carrying on the business.

We helped the farmers to circumvent the Anti-Alien Land Law, and in turn handled all their crops. Obligations were met promptly, credit established beyond doubt and we enjoyed a flourishing business. Much criticisms were voiced by the older firms through jealousies.

In the midst of such prosperity, our lease was canceled on sixty days' notice. This was our least expectation because Mr. Fleming, the President of the City Market of Los Angeles had assured us that we need not worry because our section of the building will not be demolished. He even advised us to take

over the stalls which Russo and Wolfe were operating because they were moving out. To this I agreed because our space was getting small with the growth of the business. We were offered \$9,000 for our premises but we did not sell since business was exceptionally good. My associates suggested selling at \$12,000 to which I agreed.

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Many attempts were made to buy our lease right which we did not care to sell. We held out for \$12,000. Our location became the most coveted spot in the City Market of Los Angeles since the extension of the market to the south of 11th Street.

I wondered how the world can be so cruel when we received the notice of cancellation of the lease. We were told to vacate the premises in 60 days, the City Market of Los Angeles taking advantage of such a clause embodied in the lease.

What a shame! What a shame! After all these months of hard work, through no fault of ours, this profitable business which we have established is about to be blown to the wind. Secretly we were informed that a certain person who offered us \$9,000 for our premises, now occupying a section south of the 11th Street had bribed someone with \$500 to get us out of the way. Our building was considered detrimental to their business.

This clandestine method employed to cheat us out of our bread and butter had roused my fighting spirit with the fire of a demon. Relieving my associates of all responsibilities, I took the fight into court and operated for the duration of the lease, which ran for two and one-half years thereafter. This was the first law suit the Market Corporation had faced in 20 years. Up to this time, no Japanese or Chinese tenants dared to fight the \$500,000

corporation. Mr. Fleming's word was the law. The simple Orientals were made to swallow the bitterest pills without complaint.

I operated with some difficulties for awhile. My credits were wiped out due to litigation, but since I have not failed to meet obligations, various houses started to extend credits again. During the first several weeks when my credits were no longer recognized, I dealt in cash and learned another hidden trick which helped to swell my coffer unbelievably. Seeing what hidden profits lie therein, I exerted every means to enlarge this end of the business. By so doing, I was clearing fifty cents per crate while usually if purchased from jobbers, the margin of profit is fifteen to twenty-five cents at the most. When lettuce became scarce this method had given me a profit of seventy-five to a dollar a crate.

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In June 1926, I in company with two others have started the Westside Produce Company on Santa Monica Blvd. in Hollywood. The ground was leased for fifteen years and building erected on terms, at the cost of \$8,000. After one year of successful operation, I sold my one-third interest at \$6,000 cash, realizing over 450%. This was a side business but the return was good. The reason I left and left promptly was because one of the partners started to indulge in his cronic disease, gambling.

The Royal Produce Company was closed on November 27, 1927, four months before the expiration of the lease. This was done to avoid unnecessary headaches of the winter season, when crops are scarce, with certain losses staring in the faces of every wholesaler. I cleared all my debts, even my personal liabilities I incurred on my household furnishings bought from Barker Brothers.

No sooner after closing the Royal Produce Company, I was asked to audit the books of the L. A. Seafood Packing Company. Under agreed price of \$25 per day, the books were audited in detail. The result of the auditing was astounding. There was a defalcation of \$20,000 in round figure through abuse of authority.

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At the time I was hired to investigate the books of the Corporation, the manager who was relieved through suspicion commented, "What can that young neophyte do." It was a foolish remark for him to make. Hearing it though indirectly, I felt offended, so I pitched in with double efforts and care to show the culprit my ability to trace and prove the shortages of which he was suspected. Twenty days were devoted to the finding. He then was given a choice of either paying back what he stole and squandered, or defend himself in court. The embezzler chose to reimburse and did reimburse nearly fifty percent of the total. He then was forgiven.

The president and the treasurer approached me with the proposition of management. I weighed this matter very carefully, considering it from all angles. Had it not been for the fact that the Company was utterly bankrupt acceptance would have been easy, but since it was, I foresaw mountains of worries accompanied with troubles. Creditors must be handled with great diplomacy. Financial difficulties must be ironed out. Raw materials (fish) must be obtained in hundreds of tons to operate without loss. It looked as if the officers were trying to save the company out of a hopeless mire.

During the audit, I also found out why the company was so

badly embarrassed. The disposition of finish products, especially canned sardines were turned over to the broker below costs. A case of sardines costing between ¥3.10 to ¥3.20, depending on the quantity packed was sold for ¥2.80 taking a loss of ¥.40 to ¥.50 a case before it left the factory. When 1000 to 1500 cases are packed in a day, this loss is too great for any healthy concern to suffer for any length of time.

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In my statement of analysis this reckless method of salesmanship was clearly pointed out. The Board of Directors were not able to explain why such method of salesmanship was practiced without bringing it to their attention. This is no excuse because they too are responsible as a body to watch and help guide the destiny of the Company.

In almost every Japanese concern, once a person is nominated as president, treasurer, or manager, he is given the full liberty to conduct the business as he sees fit. This is not because they have absolute confidence in him but because they are themselves helpless, knowing not what to do if the management is placed in their hands. On the other hand, should there be a person who thinks he can, there will be constant criticism on the slightest mismanagement, thereby causing disharmony. I attribute this is one of the cause why the Japanese concerns very seldom succeed.

Returning to the offer made to me by the president and the treasurer of the Company, I accepted the position after coming to the conclusion that the Company could be saved, knowing where the faults lie. The salary was agreed at ¥350 per month with ¥25 extra for the use of my machine. At the close of the season,

if P. & L. Statement proves my ability to manage, my salary was to be increased accordingly. Having mutually agreed, I took over the responsibilities immediately. The packing season was getting into full swing. There was no time to lose. Arrangements for cans with the American Can Company was made on cash basis until such time we can show to their satisfaction that our credit is reliable. Long Beach Salt Company, the Italian Food Product Company of Long Beach and others agreed to send us merchandise on three days credit, which was a great help when \$1.50 pay check was dishonored with notation, "Insufficient Funds." It was a wonderful experience to me. I wanted to be a Business Executive. Here lies the real test of whether I can be or not be.

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During the audit while I was employed as Auditor. I familiarized myself with the various brokerage firms in Los Angeles. To these I approached for loans--applicable on shipment of goods. It helped a little but it was not satisfactory. I applied for a standing loan to the California Bank, Terminal Island Branch, but it was not granted. The bank was skeptical, but I was positive of pulling the Company out of the mire. What we needed was a substantial loan of \$5000 for the period of three months.

The treasurer was unable to meet the obligations. The situation looked very dark and precarious. Feeling absolutely certain of the success, I decided to pull the company over the stress with a personal loan of \$4300 thereby clearing the cog in the wheel. The treasurer was overwhelmed with joy. He thanked me with tears in his eyes.

My brother thought that I was a fool, and so did many others. "Why waste good money after bad one?" "Why not be a banker?"

I was ridiculed for awhile. Later I was nicknamed, "banker." I paid no attention to their remarks, because my sincer intention was to re-establish the company. Much to my satisfaction everything went very smoothly thereafter.

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Sardine catch started to arrive in ninety to one hundred and ten tons daily. The daily factory capacity was one hundred and fifty tons. These were cleaned, packed and cooked immediately upon receipt and within twenty-four hours, collections were made with the bill of lading as proof of shipment. Quick turnover was paramount in any business. Boats were coming and going day and night. Fish are being packed and shipped in thousands of cases. The credits were re-established. American Can Company as well as all other companies extended credits with no questions asked. The Bank of California agreed to \$8,000 standing loan instead of \$5,000 as previously requested. Mr. Linberg told me, "The bank is making this loan to the company because of the confidence we have in you. Your honesty and integrity are worth more than all the assets of your company."

I thanked him and rejoiced over the success. Many a times I quietly prayed to God to guide me through the difficulties. With the worries I had to contend with, I started to lose my hair and became partly bald.

In the midst of sardine season, everything was rolling so smoothly, I requested the return of my loan. Probably this loan was responsible for the re-establishment of the company's credit.

The sales manager of a certain cannery asked me why I was selling the fish now, when there is a great prospect of getting forty to fifty cents more on a case to which I replied, "I

believe in quick turnover, sir. I do not gamble on future markets. The company cannot afford it. It is my duty to realize profit now and not on future markets." He said, "We are holding all our pack for \$4 a case, and so does the other canners. You should do the same." *that's your business. I am satisfied with \$3.60 because* "Well, whatever you do, every case is netting me \$.50 and beside, the oil we extract from the fish and the scrap we turn into fertilizer are clear profits."

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"Why don't you at least hold out for \$3.80 a case?"

"I've asked for it, so probably I'll get it. If I don't, I will not stack it up, because double handling will soon wipe out the extra dimes."

"Well, you are foolish to sell in the face of the rising market. We are going to hold out for \$4 and we are going to get it."

I continued to sell at \$3.60 a case, though I did get \$3.65 a case on few shipments. Money was rolling in by the thousands of dollars daily. Of course it was going out just as fast, because the company had to meet its past obligations.

After the peak of the season, the movement of the sardines became rather slow. I noticed that the orders were getting small and the bulk of the shipments to the Orient, Manila, Bangkok, and Rangoon have somehow disappeared. The warehouse floor which was clear up to now was stacking up higher and wider every day. So I wired the brokers for orders trying to see if they had any. Whatever they had was not very encouraging. I then came to conclusion, the sale had stopped either through the high price or on account of depression. So I immediately lowered my price to \$3.30 a case. This had helped to move several car loads, but our daily packing was exceeding the sale.

With an understanding with the brokers, I started to ship the finished products on consignment with a stipulated price of not less than \$3.15 a case. Under this term the warehouse floor was once again cleared.

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At this time the various other canners were getting excited. They borrowed funds to operate and stacked their goods so high they themselves now wondered who could have been the fool. The sales manager, Mr. Hale, who advised me to hold out for at least \$3.80 a case was a sickly sight to see. His company was attached by the bank and was in the Receiver's hand for years thereafter.

Happy to say, at the end of the season I had less than 2,000 cases on hand. These were sold with no loss at all. The final record showed they were sold at \$3.10 a case.

The tuna season was not very exciting since the company had very few boats operating outside of Mexico, or in the Central American waters.

At the end of the fiscal year, Profit and Loss Statement, as well as Balance Sheet were produced to determine the result of the operation. Everybody connected with the company expected good news. When the Browning and Company checked and produced the Certified Statements, showing a net profit of \$30,000, I felt proud but not satisfied.

There is a stretch between the sardine and tuna season which must be filled in to offset the losses on idle capital. Study was made of mackerel packing which the Toyo Fish Packing Company of Wilmington started that year. They were experimenting with it since the prospect of the consuming public was not known. It was branded "Salmo," shipped to Philippine for a test. Cheap and

palatable, it found a ready market. This, the canners immediately undertook to pack the following year and profited tremendously.

The Board of Directors met to discuss the proposition I presented to them. At the same time I requested for a raise of salary to \$450 per month for the remainder of the year 19[✓]28, \$500 for 1929, and \$600 for 1930. It may seem ridiculous to those who do not know the situation involved, but to me I felt I was entitled because the whole responsibilities of managing, selling, financing, and even shipping were left entirely to my supervision.

The president was busy with his insurance business, and the treasurer was busy with his retail fishing business in Los Angeles. The shipping department was assigned to one of the stockholders who could not read or write English. Therefore all of these officers were figureheads whose work I was actually doing while they were drawing the salaries.

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The Board split in to those who wanted to agree to the raise and those who objected. Having received no definite words to my proposition, I informed the president that if nothing definite is received by the end of the week, I will resign. This information was conveyed to Mr. Linberg, Manager of the California Bank on Terminal Island, because I remembered his words at the time the Standing Loan of \$8,000 was granted.

He said, "Joe, if you leave that concern, I am sorry but the standing loan would be canceled on the day you leave. I have no faith in that company or in the Board of Directors."

I pleaded with Mr. Linberg, to assist the concern as he had in the past but to no avail. The loan was canceled as I left. The company again slipped back into the mire. Credits were canceled

as the news of my resignation traveled. The president and the treasurer again and again called at my residence, begging and pleading for my return. I reminded them of the promise which they made to me last year which was to raise my salary according to the result I produce. I was adamant. Pitifully six weeks later the company was attached and finally went out of existence few weeks later.

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I felt guilty. Had I remained with the concern I sincerely believed that I could have re-established it as a paying concern in three years. This I did vouch and even stated that in three years the company will be declaring dividends on its stocks. "Business is business, and friendship is a friendship." This cool attitude which I assumed, I believe is rather cruel at time.

The owner of the Three Star Produce Company, operating a chain of forty (40) retail houses in the city of Los Angeles requested my service as soon as he heard that I was free. I agreed to systematize his books. While rendering this service, I met Mr. Henslee of the Henslee Corporation.

Mr. Henslee was from the East. He came out West to represent the Stimpson Scale Corporation. A very affable gentleman. In our conversation, he proposed that I work for him at \$250 a month and five percent on all sales. My role was that of an outside salesman, selling Stimpson Scales and all other equipments required in a Super-Market. A sale ranges from five thousand to twenty-eight thousand dollars. The commission was twelve and a half ($12\frac{1}{2}\%$) percent on total sales. This is something new I thought, so I at once accepted strictly on commission basis. Mr. Henslee thought it would be better if I would agree to work for him for

\$250 a month and five percent commission. Then I could be sure of a definite income on which I could rely if I failed to sell anything. I told him if I could not produce enough to earn \$250 in commission per month then I am not entitled to it. Therefore I would rather work strictly on commission and receive only what I have really earned. He was very much pleased at the stand I took. He gave me every assistance whenever needed. In fact he did the closing of my first \$11,000 sale.

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I worked for the Henslee Corporation for two years making on the average of nearly twice of what was offered me. In this field I had benefited much from the teaching of Dr. John T. Miller.

The science of character reading (Phrenology) is very essential to business. Had it not been for this training, I don't think I would have made the grade and at the same time be classed as a super-salesman among the forty-two salesmen who were then working for the Henslee Corporation.

Calling on a prospective buyer through leads obtained from various sources, I generally study the prospect, carefully analyzing his character during the conversation. His facial expression; the manner in which he dresses; the color he wears; the various subjects he chooses to discuss point out his weak spot. Having found the weak spot, I make it my duty to work on it with care at first. After definitely ascertaining it so, I generally push it with confidence and close the deal before it starts to cool.

Mr. Henslee returned to the East for the Kentucky Derby. During his absence I closed a nine thousand dollar deal unassisted. He was so pleased, he sent me a congratulatory wire. This sale later was increased to twelve thousand dollars.

Early in 1931 Mr. Henslee offered to me every fruit and vegetable concessions in all the Drive-in and Super Markets throughout the Bay Region, the Master Lease of which he intends to hold. This was the greatest opportunity ever placed before me, so I at once undertook to investigate the field.

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At the corner of Ashby and College Avenue, Berkeley, I opened a medium size fruit and vegetable store to test its possibilities. I operated for a whole year in order to find out the good and poor months. It was a very expensive experiment, a miserable failure. I lost the bulk of my savings, so I decided to close. After settling all obligations, I returned to Los Angeles. This is the first reverse I met in my life.

The reasons of my failure are; the people in the Bay district live on canned goods more than they do on fresh vegetables; they indulge in fresh vegetables only three summer months of the year. This is just the reverse of Southern California. Climate is very much cooler in the Bay districts which has great bearing on the movements of fresh vegetables. The people do not buy in quantity, therefore the sale is very small in proportion to the operating expenses. I therefore gave up the idea of operating chain of vegetable and fruit stores in the Bay districts and returned to Los Angeles.

Business conditions in Southern California seem prosperous but nothing encouraging. So I made up my mind to refrain from any venture until such time conditions do warrant any sizable investment. In order to play safe, I decided to study Television as an avocation. For two years I studied the fundamentals of Television, attending at the Radio Institute of California. After

completing the course successfully, I looked for the Television which was supposed to be just around the corner was no where in sight.

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I then studied Navigation under Capt. Thoresen of San Pedro, commuting daily from the city. Ever since my childhood, I love the sea. To satisfy this yearning I decided to spend few years at it as Navigator. As navigator the war found me in the equatorial water on one of the finest Tuna Clipper, the Belle of Portugal.

The war cloud hung heavy when I left San Diego. I felt absolutely sure the threatening cloud will burst before our return. However there was nothing that I need to be afraid. The boys were very nice to me and we got along most amicably for over a year. The Portuguese people do not indulge in political arguments, ~~not~~^{nor} do they discriminate. I found them very agreeable people to work with.

On the day when war broke out (December 7), we were fishing around the Galapagos Islands. Naval orders from Panama instructed all American vessels on the coast to put in at once into Panama or into any friendly port. This the Captain disregarded after asking me what do I think. "Do you think the Japanese would venture this far?" To which I answered, "I positively do not think so." We wanted about one hundred tons more to complete the load, so we kept on fishing when other boats took refuge as ordered.

We received the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor in Portuguese from Brazil. The boys told me about it. Though I felt the war was in the air for sometime I could not believe it.

The chief engineer, an American told me that the war is on which he believed. The reason I doubted was because the attack

had been too successful according to the news broadcasted. I asked, "Do you mean to tell me the American Army and navy stationed in Hawaii and in its surrounding waters were so careless as to permit the approach of the Japanese Aircraft Carriers within striking distance? The Army as well as the Navy must have had scouting planes on duty at all hours of the day and night. No enemy can approach Hawaii within striking distance without being seen. If the enemy really did and succeeded in crippling our Navy, then it served them (the American Army and Navy) right. In such critical times, they should have kept constant watch." The engineer agreed with me.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Just a day or two before we sailed out of San Diego, I was asked by Mr. Rosa what do I think of the war situation. "Looks pretty bad," I said in reply.

"Do you think Japan is strong enough to fight America?"

"Yes, I heard she is well prepared to fight, therefore she may surprise the world on its onset, but being financially weak, I doubt the final outcome."

One of the boys came to inform Mr. Rosa that someone wanted to see him, so we parted.

Continuing with the fishing, the fish disregarding our anxiety to return as soon as possible, had disappeared. We were therefore forced to search the various bays, trying here and there. The captain was nervous, which was due to fear of disregarding the naval order from Panama, and somewhat believing that the Japanese submarine may suddenly appear and sink his boat. Several days of fishing had raised our estimated tonnage to three hundred tons, which we considered as a good paying load.

The captain decided to head for home. He instructed me to head for Costa Rica and keep close to the coast. I said that is foolish and more dangerous, because if the Japanese subs are over here, they'll lay waiting for their prey near the coast especially at different points. It will be safer if we travel hundreds of miles off shore. He said, "If the Japanese sub should torpedo us near the coast at least we can swim to shore." "Maybe, but maybe you'll be dead before you know what happened."

"So you don't think the Japanese subs are over here?"

"No, if they are it will be further up near San Francisco, but not around here."

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Finally he agreed to travel straight from Galapagos Islands to Acapulco, Mexico; so I set the course for the boys to steer. A day before reaching Acapulco he asked me to change the course to Manzanillo, Mexico, which I did. From thence on he wouldn't agree to travel the high sea, so I had to watch and change the course quite often.

We reached San Diego on December 29. On the way above Cedros Islands, which are approximately three hundred miles south of San Diego, we saw American planes scouting the sea and reporting the movements of all vessels. It was thrilling to see them flying around to determine the name of the boat. I felt proud of them. Above all I was happy to be back in sight of America without a mishap.

We entered San Diego Bay immediately after day break. In the bay, the boat was stopped and several officers in Naval uniform came aboard. They scrutinized the papers, finding it satisfactory they left taking three of us along. Two Portuguese

and myself.

We were taken to the naval wharf and awaited for orders but none came. Around nine thirty, we again were asked to board the official launch and this time were taken back to our own ship. No sooner when I boarded the ship, a plainclothes man yelled, "Hey! you Jap, I want some informations. You better tell me everything, or I'll kick you in the ____." My blood boiled. I felt like clubbing his head off. It was just a hat rack and nothing more.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"What did you call me? If you want any information from me, you better learn to address a man properly."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and most positively."

Another gentleman came aboard, and seeing that I was an Oriental, he said, "I want you to come with me to the Immigration Office."

"OK, sir, but will you please let me change?"

He said, "Go ahead," so I changed into a more presentable clothes and went along with him.

On the way, Mr. Boscomb noticed that I was being taken, came over in a hurry and told me not to worry. He gave me his card and told me to call this number if you happened to be mistreated. I thanked him and went with the gentleman to the Immigration Office.

Mr. Boscomb, I found out later that he too was a naval intelligence officer. He was then going about as Fish Inspector.

At the office, I was told to take a seat in plain view of several officers. Some were busy discharging his duties and

others deeply interested in pistols. A very sharp bargaining was going on with a boy around twenty.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Noon came, so they in turn went for lunch whilst I sat there waiting. Getting restless, I took a glance at the newspaper left by someone in the next seat. This kept me interested for awhile. One o'clock came and so did two and nothing happened. I took out the card Mr. Boscomb gave me on the way and read every item printed on it. Three o'clock came. I was feeling hungry and irritated. Finally I asked one of the officers for what reason they apprehended me and are keeping me waiting without a lunch. They didn't seem to know. They were asking one another if they knew. No one did so after inquiring and ascertaining the person who brought me in, they asked him who gave him the order to bring me in. He said the instruction was to bring all Japanese Nationals in for questioning.

One of the officers obligingly took out some papers, called me to his side and started to ask the following questions:

"What do you think of the war?"

"Terrible."

"Who do you think will win this war?"

"Who knows. God only knows."

"Do you think Japan has the materials she needs to wage this war?"

"I never was there; so your guess is just as good as mine."

"Are you a Navigator?"

"Yes, I navigated boats for the last eight years."

"Are you good at it?"

"Never missed my mark."

"Do you know all the bays along the coast?"

"Yes, nearly all the bays and coves along the entire coast from Seattle to Ecuador, South America."

"Have you a Navigator's license?"

"No, but I have a Captain's license, which gives me the right to navigate."

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"Have you been a good American citizen?"

"I was and I am."

"Will you fight for this country?"

"If I am needed, I am ready."

"Were you a soldier of any country?"

"Yes, I am a veteran of the Foreign War, U.S. Army."

"OK, that's all. If you hear or notice anything suspicious, please report the matter to me."

"I will."

"You may go."

I was really famished. I had no other thought but to satisfy my hunger. On the way back toward the Japanese center, I met a very close friend, who told me a disgusting story.

This young radio operator was serving on Cipango. Upon his return to San Diego from Mexican water, he was at once thrown into jail with the rest of the crews (aliens), regardless of his citizenship. He was kept in jail for a month, sleeping on the hard cement floor without a mattress. No bathing facilities of any kind. He felt dirty as a dog. From it I came to the conclusion that I had nothing to complain over six hours of waiting.

I stayed in San Diego throughout January for the following reasons. -- The captain wanted me to remain in San Diego for

awhile when I informed him of my intention of returning to Los Angeles. He had something in his mind which he did not state. I took a room in a hotel and waited. Every afternoon I went out for my daily walk to create an appetite for the evening meal. On this occasion a person in skirts purposely uttered in vociferous words, saying "Why don't someone kill that Jap!" It is not very ladylike, I thought. However no one molested me.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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To be ready whenever needed I went to see the Port Master for a permit to sail the sea. Seeing that I was a Japanese, he said, "No permit for any Jap." We argued awhile. Losing his temper he said, "Get out or I'll throw you out." So I told him, "Say officer I wore that uniform when you were still unborn, served in the U.S. Army and fought for Democracy. Your name sound more like a foreigner to me, and your pronunciation tells me you came to this country not long ago. It is your kind who disgraces this country more than the real native Americans. I may be a Jap in feature but I am an American. Understand! I saw fire in his eyes, but he had no further words to say. I left with the satisfaction knowing that I had smashed his pride.

I can mention incidents after incidents if I choose to write. They are not very creditable to the American People, not^R to my character if I should be too critical on trifling matters. Through this war, America had been informed of all the injustices heaped on the Japanese people with vicious lies by the Californians. It is now up to the public to weigh the matter indiscriminately and judge for themselves like true Americans.

I went to the employment department of the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation to apply for a position as Navigator. I

wanted to do my share as an American citizen. The best and most useful place where I can apply my knowledge is, as navigator to navigate the Bombers across the country to New York, from thence to England. I have absolute confidence in this work, which was proven to the satisfaction of Capt. Souza of the Belle of Portugal, a very difficult person to satisfy.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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The young lady at the employment application office of the Consolidated Aircraft was very accommodating. She gave me the right form and instructed me how to fill it. After completely answering the questions imprinted thereon, I presented it to a gentleman in charge. He glanced it over casually and told me to call every day to see if there is an opening. I felt queer so I inquired, "Why must I call every day when others are being notified to report for work by wire or mail?" He said, "If you want a job, you better call every day." I suspected what he meant. Here I am, wanting to serve to do my share was, though gently, told your service is not wanted. I felt disappointed but not discouraged. I made up my mind to try the merchant marine.

I made a hurried trip to San Pedro and investigated the possibility of serving on a merchant marine. A well informed person told me they are not employing anybody of Japanese race. I went to the California Shipbuilding Company on Terminal Island to see if they had anything. Much as they wanted men, the employment manager advised me that it would be better for me to try elsewhere because I will not enjoy working here. The fellow workmen are very antagonistic. We have two Japanese boys working as welders, but I do not think they will be here very long, because of discrimination of the fellow workers.

Hearing this I went to the Bethlehem Steel Company on Terminal Island but was not even admitted into the yard by the guard at the gate. The situation started to look bad to me. Again disappointed I returned to San Diego.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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During my absence of two days, the landlady told me the F.B.I.'s were here and investigated my things. It immediately dawned on me that as I left the employment office of the Consolidated Aircraft Company a few days ago, I saw an officer in khaki uniform trailing me. He was the very officer I saw through the window behind the counter. Probably it is my suspicion, but whatever it is I felt disgusted. Sincere as I am I am suspicioned. I wondered if it is worth trying to serve.

A friend from Terminal Island requested a loan of \$500. Being a very trustworthy person, I went to the bank to withdraw the requested amount to help. The bank manager told me I had to get an OK from the F.B.I. Office before he could let me have the money. If I ^{was} ~~were~~ an alien probably I could see the reason why, but since I am a citizen, I could not. My account was not frozen. We argued for awhile. He knew I was right but was afraid to give it to me. I decided to see the F.B.I.

At the F.B.I. Office, an officer questioned me at length which had no bearing on the withdrawal of the fund at all. The officer's questions were:

Where were you born?

When did you come to the United States?

What school did you attend and in what subject did I major?

What was your occupation?

Where did you live and how long?

Have you brothers and sisters in the U. S.?

These were but few of the questions asked. I was in a hurry. I asked the officer, "What do these questions got to do with the withdrawal? I did not come here to be questioned. I came to get your permission for the withdrawal. Are you giving it to me or are you not?"

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One of the other officers, a husky and powerful looking gentleman, (a ruffian is better suited to him here) interrupted and said, "Say, you, I do not like your attitude, understand!"

"Maybe you don't like my attitude, and if you want to know I don't like the foolish questions I am asked."

"You don't? Well, you better like it."

It looked for a moment as if he was going to strike. I paid no attention to his threatening manner. I kept sitting calmly. Then the first officer asked me if I have any proof to show that I am an American citizen. In answer to this question, I pulled out the folder in my pocket and unfolded it. This folder is purposely made to hold the Honorable Discharge Certificate of the U.S. Army. This the officers unfailingly noticed. I handed my birth certificate to the officer which he scrutinized. The other officer at once changed his bullish attitude and spoke more politely thereafter. Before departing, the officer told me he didn't like it because my voice was rather loud. I told him it is my natural voice. He understood and we parted with no harm done.

I was then directed to see an officer in the Custom Office. This I did and again was asked many questions. Though I did not like it, I endured it because he was very gentle. He even advised me not to loan money, such large amount without substantial

security. I thanked him and left with the written permit to withdraw \$500.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Having nothing to do with plenty of time, I wrote to my cousin discussing the war, and in it I denounced the Japanese militarists in no uncertain words. I do not believe in war. It is the most horrible thing on earth. I've seen the sufferings of the poor German girls and boys whilst in Coblenz; the destroyed cities and towns throughout the front, and the unendurable hardships the poor soldier boys had to go through.

In my article published in Kashu Mainichi, (California Daily) of Los Angeles in early 1938 strongly indicates that I was totally against war. It was written under the title, "Let us not cry for War " which the editor changed without my permission to, as I roughly remember, "I was there and I know." It was published in series for two Sundays.

Unhesitatingly I have denounced the war-mongers. I was even warned by an English lady who read it before I submitted it for publication as too powerful. Regardless of the consequence, I felt if I could be of just a little help in avoiding war, I have done a great deed to humanity. Even President Roosevelt was criticized, and in my closing paragraph, I openly and clearly stated that if the president wanted war so badly, let him shoulder the heavy pack for days and nights; march on empty stomach with only two pieces of bread without butter, jam, or jelly; coffee without milk, cream, or sugar as meal; wade through mud all day and sleep in a cold and miserable dug-out full of vermin; and if this is not enough, let him go without a bath for weeks and months covered with cooties; stand guard throughout the wee hours of the morning in freezing cold; live on cornmeal and bacon for

weeks and weeks so that the very odor itself becomes unbearably nauseating. "Too powerful," said the English lady, but it was to no avail.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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After waiting nearly three weeks in San Diego, Capt. Souza and Mr. Boscomb called at the hotel and informed me that their request to the War Department for a permit, granting me the privilege to remain in San Diego had been denied. They felt sorry for me but I was very thankful for their kind efforts.

The reason Capt. Souza wanted me to remain in San Diego was for me to continue serving under him as navigator. Capt. Souza is a very exacting man, hard to please. But once a person convinces him of his ability, he no longer doubts and entrusts him with absolute confidence. I had a bothersome time with him on the first trip out. He would ask for the position of the boat any time of the day, more so immediately after I have taken the sights and determined the position. As soon as I mark it on the chart he would go to the Fathometer and test the bottom to compare it with the printed depth at the position on the chart. He was trying to see if I was anywhere near or just bluffing.

Down in my heart I was happy he doubted and tested my position because it was the quickest way to assure him of my knowledge. During those eight years of navigation, I have performed my duties well without a mishap. Probably it was due to Captain Thoresen's thoroughness, or probably because I reviewed navigation completely over and over again three times. I've used stars of first and second magnitude principally; planets and moon whenever convenient; sun hardly because longitude and latitude are not determinable at the same time. I took sights any

time during the night when the moon is bright with definite horizon. If the sextant is dropped and damaged, I can determine without the sextant the position within fifteen miles by the rising and setting sun. These Mr. Souza no doubt had seen because in order to keep myself well polished, I used to take sights whenever the atmospheric condition permits. Because of my ability of which he was thoroughly convinced, he wanted to keep me in San Diego.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Since the last ray of hope had vanished, I decided to return to Los Angeles. During the ensuing week, Terminal Island was thrown into turmoil. All able bodied men went to help the poor women on whose heads the world came crashing down.

It was really cruel and harsh. To pack and evacuate in forty-eight hours was an impossibility. Seeing mothers completely bewildered with children crying from want and care; the peddlers taking advantage and offering prices next to robbery; made me feel like of murdering those responsible without the slightest compunction in my heart.

The parents may be aliens but the children are all American citizens. Does the government of the United States intend to ignore their rights regardless of their citizenship? Those beautiful furnitures which the parents bought to please their sons and daughters, costing hundreds of dollars were robbed of them at the single command "Evacuate!" Here my first doubt of American Democracy had crept into the far corners of my heart with the sting that I could not forget. Democracy had been my political affiliation before and since the first vote I casted. Having had absolute confidence in Democracy, I could not believe

my very eyes of what I had seen that day. America, the standard bearer of Democracy had committed the most heinous crime in its history, indelibly imprinting in my mind as well as in the minds of those children, the dread that even democracy is a demon in time of war. It is my sincere desire to see this government of the United States some day repair the wrong in full.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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When the Army took command of the Western Defense area, it relieved me greatly because I really believed it was capable of handling the situation. There will be no more hysteria, and we Japanese, especially the Niseis can settle down and go to work. But no sooner after it did, our rights as an American citizens were shattered by Gen. DeWitt. Frankly I doubt his ability as a general. Truly it was my intention to fight this evacuation. On the night of my return to Los Angeles from San Diego was the second meeting which the Citizens Federation of Southern California held to discuss evacuation. I attended it with a firm determination to join the committee representing the Niseis and carry the fight to the bitter end. Much as I wanted to, I found the goose was already cooked and there was no alternative. The Field Secretary, Mike Masaoka of the J.A.C.L. instead of reporting what actually transpired at the meeting with General DeWitt was in reality intimidating the Niseis with threats of murder he claimed to have received from various parts of the State.

I felt sick of the result. They've accomplished not a thing. All they did was to meet General DeWitt and be told what to do. These boys claiming to be the leaders of the Niseis were a bunch of spineless Americans. Here I decided to fight them and crush them in whatever camp I happened to find them. I vowed that they

will never again be permitted to disgrace the name of the Niseis as long as I am about.]

On March 23, 1942 I left for Manzanar with the second contingent of volunteers. I wanted to be there first since I am single and free, to help those arriving later with children can be comfortably installed.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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[The camp was in a topsy-turvy condition. Life was really discouraging during the first two months. The wind blew with such ferocity, at times I thought the building was going to be carried away. Dust were everywhere. Sand storms were so bad it obscured the sun. We in fact slept in the dust; breathed the dust; and ate the dust. Bath houses were in the stage of blueprint. For two weeks we had to go without a bath.]

Manzanar enjoyed peace and tranquillity for several months. It would have continued to enjoy peace and tranquillity had not the J.A.C.L. brazenly made its appearance after it was quietly organized by those spineless leaders, Messrs. Fred Tayama, Togo Tanaka, Joe Masaoka, Neeno, and several others. The organization was named Manzanar Citizens Federation, which was none other than J.A.C.L. itself. I questioned Fred Tayama if it wasn't so. He said, "It isn't." Koji Ariyoshi, the chairman told me likewise, but they didn't succeed in pulling a wool over my eyes. The very leaders who organized it stand as a proof that it was nothing other than a J.A.C.L. Furthermore Fred Tayama stated in Los Angeles that the J.A.C.L. is organizing a league in every camp to look after the interests of the Japanese people.

They called a meeting to which I attended to fulfill the vow I made to crush them wherever I meet them. The meeting was

opened by Chairman, Koji Ariyoshi, stating the purposes for which this Manzanar Citizens Federation was organized. At the announcement the hall reverberated with cheers. It really did look as if the Niseis were wholeheartedly in favor of it. Cheers after cheers were given to all speakers.

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Instantly, when the floor was opened for general discussion, I took the floor and started bombarding and blasting the organization to bits. The entire floor was electrified. After some verbal blasting I gave to Talkative Slocum (Tokutaro Nishimura) who not only interrupted my speech but threw mud at me, the hall resounded with such cheers, whistling and stamping, it was said the noise was heard throughout the Center. I had turned the table with unquestionable success. Togo Tanaka a leading member told me when I met him on a special mission, he saw sign of defeat that night. Therefore he did not appear in the second meeting of the organization.

At the second meeting held about ten days later, I again attended it. Taking a seat at the front, I waited for the opening. In the meantime, the chairman Ariyoshi came to me and politely requested me not to oppose the organization and help organize it for the good of the Niseis. Had he known what was in the back of my head, he would not have taken the trouble to speak to me.

I took a liking to this boy though he was heart and soul for the organization. Politically we may differ in views, but personally he was a very likable person. I respect his sincerity and the coolness with which he managed the meeting.

The time to start the meeting came. Just before he opened

the meeting, he again came to me and requested my cooperation. I promised him as long as the speakers of the organization do not present an opening for me to attack, I will comply with your request.

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The Hall was filled beyond its capacity, and there were many hundreds crowding at every opening, doorways and even in the immediate rear of the speakers' platform. It look as if the college auditorium could not amply seat this crowd.

The meeting proceeded well until Mr. Carl Yoneda proposed that all the Niseis, as a gesture of patriotism, work in the camouflage net department for \$16 a month. I permitted this person to conclude his speech because I believe in permitting a person to say all he wants to say. Immediately upon completion, I addressed the chairman and secured the floor.

As I arose to secure the permission to speak, the audience broke into the most grateful cheers I ever heard. Much as I was convinced that I had unquestionably turned the table at the previous meeting, sometimes I wondered if I had not been dreaming, but this feeling was completely dispelled and my conviction was totally confirmed on this night. I felt elated.

I questioned Mr. Yoneda, if he is so concerned with the affairs of the Niseis, why did he not with his cohorts, fight for fair wages for the Niseis instead of asking them to work for a mere pittance of \$16 a month, when those working in the defense plants outside are getting \$40 to \$50 a week. "Do you not think we are entitled to the same pay if the government of the United States truly regards us as citizens? I therefore will ask you to exert every means within your power to secure just wages for the boys and girls you are now coaxing to work in the camouflage department,

If you do succeed in getting the just wages the boys and girls are entitled, you will no doubt find three to four thousand boys and girls clamoring for work at the camouflage factory."

Mr. Yoneda again took the floor and tried to explain. Heaven help me if I could make head or tail out of it. His speech was understandable since it was prepared and practiced beforehand, but when he tried to explain without preparations, it sounded as if he was delivering in a dead language of many thousands of years ago.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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✓ Mrs. Yoneda, a Russian Jew came to his assistance like a faithful wife. I admire her fidelity.

This meeting, like the first ended in a dismal failure.

✓ The Kibeis were planning to hold a meeting of their own on August 8. Mr. Kishi acting as a chairman, requested me to speak to which I did not consent since I am not a Kibei. However I attended their meeting to weigh what was transpiring in their minds. It was such an animated meeting, Mr. Temple sent a person advising Mr. Kishi to close the meeting just before the final speakers were heard.

At this meeting when Mr. Hashimoto became overwhelmed with fright due to a reason I suspected, I voluntarily went to his aid. After introducing myself properly, I encouraged the boys to speak without fear. What is there to be afraid about? We are of the Yamato Race. In your veins and in mine flow the Yamato blood, impregnated with Yamato Damashii. Let not fear hinder what you want to say even in the presence of the F.B.I.'s or their agents.

✓ Few days after the Kibeis' Meeting, Mr. McCormick, the head of the Japanese Department of Southern California F.B.I. requested my appearance for investigation. I gladly met him and answered

his questions frankly. All F.B.I.'s seemed to have been trained or instructed to ask the same line of questions outlined for them. By this time I was well versed with them so my answers were ready made. When he questioned me, "Who do you think will win this war?," I told him, "It is not the questions as to who is going to win this war because the Japanese have already won it." I know he didn't like it because his face had reddened. He at the same time was suppressing his emotion with great fortitude. I felt sorry afterward having offended him because I concluded later that he was a man of refined character.

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Mr. Carver, who came to serve as temporary Project Director from San Francisco Regional Office, requested my audience a few days later, so I gladly went to see him at the appointed hour. He said, "Mr. Kurihara, I was informed so much about you by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Brown of the Free Press, Fred Tayama, and several others that I became rather curious, so I sent for you. Now, won't you please tell me something about yourself?"

"I would gladly tell you anything. Will you please tell me what you want to know?"

✓ "Well, tell me why are they making a villain out of you?"

✓ "It looks to me I must be getting in their hairs. Mr. Campbell doesn't like me because I had an argument with him once regarding the removal of an incompetent Dispatcher. I was at the time the field supervisor of the Construction Department with approximately seventy-five carpenters working under me. We needed a truck all hours of the day to keep this Department operating smoothly. But due to incompetency of the Dispatcher, a young boy of twenty, we were losing many valuable hours every day. Likewise the maintenance

department was complaining of the same thing. The drivers will take the truck out and instead of using for business which we needed badly, they were accommodating their girl friends around the camp. So we, the department heads who must have trucks to discharge the daily duties, got together and warned Mr. Campbell of the impending strike unless this boy is removed. I was chosen to convey the message to Mr. Campbell, over which we argued. Like it or not, he had to do as we wanted. His pride must have suffered terribly. Since then he no doubt had nursed the grudge against me."

"Now, regarding Mr. Brown I cannot see why he should speak against me because I don't remember having had any arguments with him. The only reason I can think of is because I told him unhesitatingly once that I was 100% Japanese. Is there anything wrong about it?"

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"With Fred Tayama, he must consider me as his arch enemy, since I am the only person in this camp who fought and blasted his organization to bits."

"They say you are trying to organize a union in the camp and start trouble. What about it?"

"I know of a movement now under way to organize the Kitchen Workers Union, but I absolutely have not a thing to do with it."

"Are you not opposing the self-government under contemplation?"

"No sir, in fact I have voiced approval of self-government of which Tayama wants to be the head. It looks to me they are trying to poison your mind and have me transferred, which Mr. Campbell once threatened me he would."

"By the way Mr. Carver, have you in your days read about Jesse James, the notorious bandit of the Great Southwest? He was

blamed for every crime in that section of the country, regardless of whether it was committed in California or Texas, irrespective of the day and time. A train was held-up in Santa Fe, New Mexico yesterday, and a bank hold-up in Kansas City today were blamed on Jesse James brothers. Well, I am that Jesse James today in ✓
Manzanar."

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Mr. Carver smiled and said, "Mr. Kurihara, you are the first Japanese that I ever met told me straight from your shoulder so frankly and convincingly. I trust every word you spoke. I will not listen to any more secrets from those who are trying to discredit you."

"Thank you Mr. Carver. I prefer to speak the truth. Upon my words of honor, I will cause you no trouble as long as you treat us right. I am not unreasonable. All I ask is a fair play."

"Mr. Kurihara do you want to go to the East? If you do, I can arrange it for you."

"Thank you sir, I do not. I have one place that I would like to go. That is the Hawaiian Islands. Will you arrange it for me?"

"I am afraid the Army would not permit. If you ever make up your mind to go East, I will be ready to assist any time, so come and see me, won't you?"

I thanked Mr. Carver and left.

✓ The Manzanar Citizens Federation held a third meeting only amongst the delegates. None other than the delegates will be permitted entrance, was the notice posted. So I did not attend, knowing that it was on the verge of collapse. I was informed there were less than thirty present at that meeting. But seeing that they were trying to evade a fair fight and organize behind

closed door, I published an open challenge to any or all interested members of the Manzanar Citizens Federation in the Manzanar Free ^{Press.} No one accepted the challenge. My calculation was to smash their prestige, if they cannot fight it out like a man. It worked but to make it doubly sure, I and two others whom I took along as witnesses called on Mr. Fred Tayama, Mr. Yoneda, Mr. Slocum, and Mr. Togo Tanaka to present the challenge in person. Much to my surprise none accepted it. Even the talkative Slocum declined the challenge. The most worthy opponent I reckoned was Mr. Togo Tanaka, a very brilliant young man of late twenties. He was the former Editor of RAFU SHIMPO or the Los Angeles Japanese Daily. Though we disagree politically, I have great esteem for this person. His future is promising if he would stand up and fight like a man instead of yielding to intimidation as he did to the F.B.I.

I wanted the people to be posted with the fact; so I wrote the details and requested the Free Press to print it. The editor refused. We took it up to Mr. Brown. He didn't see any objection. But the Editor still refused wanting to take it to Mr. Campbell, who I was positive would not permit it. I tried to make the editor agree but she was adamant, because she was severely reprimanded by the leaders of the Manzanar Citizens Federation, especially Fred Tayama, after permitting the challenge I had her publish. Seeing it hopeless I left. On this occasion, I told Mr. Brown that I was 100% Japanese. Probably misinterpreting my attitude, he reported me to Mr. Carver.

This news was spread throughout the camp with ease. The people having been kept well informed, openly voiced contempt. Having suffered the loss of public prestige the Manzanar Citizens

Federation finally dropped out of existence, after the fourth meeting they've held.

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Around the twentieth of November, the National Convention of the J.A.C.L. was held at Salt Lake City, Utah. To this convention, Fred Tayama and Kiyoshi Higashi attended without the consent of the people. Through the newspapers we kept ourselves well informed of what was transpiring. The temper of the people, especially those of the Niseis were getting ugly every day. They did not approve the petition to the President, requesting the induction of all Niseis for Combat duty. The air was charged with hatred, which struck on the night of December 5, 1942. Tayama was severely beaten on this night a few days after his return from Salt Lake City.

Mr. Harry Ueyno was arrested on suspicion. Seeing that an innocent person was arrested through personal animosity existing between Mr. Campbell and the suspect, Uyeno, I took up the fight to have him released. The result is the Manzanar Incident which I have written under the title, "Murder in Camp Manzanar."

I was the spokesman of the Negotiating Committee of five, arrested on the night of the sixth subsequent to the shooting by Capt. Hall and thrown into jail, where I spent my happiest Christmas and New Year in all my forty-eight years of life.

On January 9, we were told to pack and get ready for a long ride. It was long but a very pleasant ride. We were taken to a CCC Camp, Moab, Utah, a very lonely sport nestling in a canyon far from civilization. However I enjoyed the rugged scenery of the surrounding hills and mountains, once the home of the prehistoric animals whose bones we discovered later as we roamed over the hills.

Mr. R. R. Best, the Director treated us very kindly. For a

long time we ate the same food in the same mess hall with the soldiers, enjoying the best. I have absolutely no complaint to make under this humane treatment we received. If all directors were like Mr. Best I am sure the Japanese would have no cause to revolt. Such is the true and sincere opinion I entertained both in Moab and at Leupp, Arizona, under his administration.

Sometime in June 1943, we heard Mr. Best will soon be leaving us as Director of Tule Lake. Many of us felt very bad and hoped that he would stay, but could not persuade him to since he was going to be transferred to a bigger and better position. I wondered who and what kind of a director we soon will have to contend with next. I really hoped someone like Mr. Best would come for the sake of the boys.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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There were fanatics amongst us who refuse to listen to reason and would act like a mad man on slightest provocation. Much as I have tried to lead them straight, I have failed. The result, about twelve of them were confined and were subjected to inconveniences for over a month.

Of course neither Mr. Best nor Mr. Robertson is responsible. Their names must not be smeared. The arrest was made by Mr. Frederick, the chief of Internal Security, during the period when Mr. Best was at Leupp arranging the camp. Mr. Frederick, drunk~~ed~~ with authority arrested them on the slimmest infringement of camp rules, when diplomacy would have saved the situation. I have never met a man so thoroughly conceited. Had it not been for this person, Moab and Leupp undoubtedly were the best centers in which we lived.

When Mr. Robertson took over the camp, his first move was

to have the radios returned to the boys which the same Mr. Frederick denied the boys because Mr. Uyeno and I went to see Mr. Best on the use of short-wave radios which were prohibited by the Chief. His contention was that we ignored him, so he took away every radio including a phonograph. What a pain was he in our side.

Just because I left my position on the last day of May, he suspicioned that I was up to some mischief. He instructed the guards to keep a very close watch on me, I was told. My intention was to study Japanese characters, reading and writing to prepare myself since I have decided to go to Japan. He even succeeded in poisoning Mr. Best's mind, causing unpleasantness for awhile. Later when he realized that he was entirely wrong, he made some gestures of apology. It was in a sort of hinting way, which I took it as such, and forgave him.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Mr. Robertson who succeeded Mr. Best was very kind to us. He was really a God send. Though he was slightly more exacting, like Mr. Best, he went out of his way to see that the boys got everything they had coming. I again commenced to see the beautiful side of the American people which was completely submerged with hatred. The bitterness which dominated my feelings for months after the killing of those two innocent boys at Manzanar was so great, I could have murdered any white man as if he were an animal. Was it time that healed it? No. It was the kindness of these two real Americans.

Through Mr. Robertson's efforts, we were transferred to Tule Lake on December 6, 1943. We were thrown into the Stockade upon arrival out of which I was released three days later and enjoyed the freedom of the camp once more. The faces of the little

children were really consoling. If we only could be like them, this world would be void of trouble, I thought.

At the farewell party given in honor of Mr. Paul G. Robertson and his family, I delivered the following on behalf of the boys from Leupp.

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"In behalf of the boys who are present here tonight and for those who were not able to come, I wish to thank you Mr. Robertson for the kindness which you have lavished on us. Ever since that day when we first met at Leupp, we learned to like you and that liking which grew into a genuine friendship prevented the hatred naturally existing between individuals of the belligerent countries from clouding the happy atmosphere between us.

much as we hate to we have arrived at the parting of the ways. However painful it may be, you Mr. Robertson are leaving us in faithful obedience to the order of your beloved master, and we in love of our country Nippon will soon be going, thereby increasing the distance between us with every mile we travel. But let it be in whatever direction we may go, we will always carry with us the beautiful memory of the happy days we spent with you at Leupp.

Whatever the outcome of this war may be, let us hope the friendship which we have found in the midst of hatred, jealousy, and war will continue to bloom with ever increasing splendor of love and tolerance and with the genuine spirit of true sportsmanship.

In conclusion, I wish to repeat our most affectionate expression of gratitude and at the same time extend to you our sincerest good wishes. may you and your beloved family be showered with the laurels of unending successes throughout your lives.

Thank you Mr. Robertson. Thank you Mrs. Robertson, and the

little children. Thank you very, very much."

My impressions at the time of my arrival and after the release from the stockade were expressed in a comment I submitted to the study.

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In the face of my cooling animosity against this country, my American friends, especially Mr. Best no doubt must have wondered why I had renounced my citizenship. This decision was not that of today or that of yesterday. It dates back to the day when General DeWitt had ordered Evacuation. It was confirmed when he flatly refused to listen even to the voices of the former World War Veterans and it was doubly confirmed as I entered Manzanar. We who already had proven our loyalty by serving in the last World War should have been spared. The veterans have asked for special consideration but their requests were denied. They too had to evacuate like the rest of the Japanese people, as if they were aliens.

I did not expect this of the Army. When the Western Defense Command assumed the responsibilities of the West Coast, I expected that at least the Niseis would be allowed to remain. But to General DeWitt, we were all alike. "Jap is a Jap. Once a Jap, always a Jap." He must have felt great when he phrased it, but today no doubt he must be feeling ashamed of it. A great man does not manifest his feeling in such contemptuous words. I then swore to become a Jap 100 percent, and never to do another day's work to help this country fight this war. My decision to renounce my citizenship there and then was definite and absolute.

I hope that I am not regarded as a man of one track mind, because I am not. I have traveled far and wide and have seen

the North, Central, and the Southern United States, the entire West Coast from Victoria, Canada to Ecuador, South American and Europe. Wherever I went, I made it my duty to visit the Capitols and its beautiful buildings, museum, theatres, and the cathedrals. I have seen strange people doing strange things in a strange country. All these things have broadened my mind. Though I am severe in nature, I am just.

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Today I am 100% Japanese. As Japanese I will live and as Japanese I will die. I have nothing to be ashamed of. In fact I am proud of it.

Oh! what a joy to be born a Jap
Greatest blessing God had bestowed on me
To live, love, and share this world as Jap
'Tis true no greater pride there 'er can be
To die 'neath Nipponese Flag as Jap
My cherished honor bids me bon adieu.

End

These following manuscripts were the dynamites I had prepared to bomb the Manzanar Citizens Federation out of existence. I have not inserted them in their proper places because I was not able to deliver them in full as written. However I have delivered them in portions during the fight, and at the same time they contain many points which I have left out in this writing. If they convey anything, please use them as you see fit.

SPEECH #1

When I returned from South American Coast, I was 100 percent American, but on that day the Army had ordered "Evacuation," I had definitely sworn severance of my allegiance to the United States, and became 100 percent pro-Japanese. I prefer to speak honestly and fearlessly, regardless of the consequences. Speaking of our citizenship, is it not a fact that the Government of the United States had definitely decided the status of our citizenship for us? Today, we are no longer American citizens. If we are, we are citizens without rights. To be citizens without rights, it is better to be none at all. Why seek to remain as citizens of a country which denies us of our rights, the rights which we've inherited through our birth, and the rights which are guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States of America? The fact is we are not wanted. The^N~~X~~, why insist ourselves as American citizens, when insisting creates nothing but hatred in the minds of the American people?

Reflecting on what has taken place at the time of Evacuation, the pitiful, heart-rending, pathetic conditions which transpired

at Terminal Island, are something which MUST NOT BE, and CANNOT BE FORGOTTEN! The main heads of the families were rounded up by the F.B.I. and sent to internment camps. The mothers were left to manage the situation the best they can. Refrigerators, washing machines, pianos, furnitures, and things which they had cherished and prided; things which took them years of hard work, stinting and saving to accumulate were robbed of them by the inhuman order to evacuate in 48 hours. We likewise who are bona-fide American citizens were made to suffer without consideration of our rights. In the face of what had been done to us, a grave injustice perpetrated upon the very citizens of the United States, do you mean to tell me you have already forgotten it in the space of only six short months? No! I am sure you haven't.

Is it not a fact that we are being treated like aliens instead of American citizens? Is it not a fact that our loyalty had been questioned, our civil rights denied? Is it not a fact that our economical foundation had been deliberately uprooted, making it impossible for us to return to the Pacific Coast states to operate after the war? If we are still being respected as American citizens, why then are we not been treated as citizens? Why are we not been paid the wages, the wages that is being paid to those outside of camp? To ask us to be patriotic and help prosecute this war to a successful end, is a rightful demand of a government to its citizens, but to demand such sacrifice of a citizen or citizens whom it had deliberately wronged is according to my judgment, a direct affront to the principles of humanity.

We were told that we must prove our loyalty if we wish to enjoy the full privileges of American citizens. In that respect,

may I ask who has the right to question our loyalty? Why didn't the government give us the chance to prove our loyalty instead of herding us into camps? It is not because we are unloyal. It is because we are what we are, Japs! Then, if such is the case, let us be Japs! Japs, through and through to the very marrow of our bones!

Why live in hope of the promises that are vague and uncertain? Why do you think the colored people are not wholeheartedly supporting this war? It is because the promises which were made to them in the last world war were not kept. Do you think the promises which are being made to us today will ever be kept after the war? Had not the Army made fools out of us volunteers, and a liar out of a Catholic Priest? If we must prove our loyalty to enjoy the full privileges of American citizens, then why and for what reasons are the Japanese-American veterans of World War I doing here? Have they not proven their loyalty already? I for one went over there across the Atlantic and fought to save Democracy--the highly doctinated American Democracy. Where is that democracy today, the Democracy this government so blatantly preaches? When the government needs you, you are called to do your duty because you are citizens, but when you are not needed, you are a bunch of fifth columnists. When the government needs the Kibei because of their ability to speak, read, and write Japanese as well as English, the government drafts them, but because they were in Japan, they are not allowed furloughs to engage themselves in any of the opportunities outside of the camp. Those of you who claim yourselves as American citizens, if you are citizens, what are you doing here? I say, because you're Japs. No matter what you or anybody may say, as

long as you bear that feature of the Japanese Race, you are Japs; and nothing but Japs! And those of you who are trying to organize the Manzanar Citizens rederation, why in the HELL don't you get the HELL out of here, go to Utah and exercise your rights there, at your national headquarter instead of trying to organize and lead those who care not to be lead by you? Gen. DeWitt made a donkey out of you spineless leaders, purporting to represent the majority American-Japanese, when you were in reality representing the minority. If you are not satisfied of being a donkey, I will make jackasses out of you idiots!

Now, if the government is really and truly sorry for the terrible wrong inflicted upon us, let the government take the necessary steps in righting it. We are entitled to all the damages we have suffered, -- mentally, physically, and economically. After depriving us of our civil rights, our economical rights built on foundation of toil and sufferings of a generation were uprooted so completely, it will not only require the rest of our life to rebuild it, but it will require the life time of our sons and daughters, with undue sufferings and hardships.

Wherein does the Manzanar Citizens rederation think it can accomplish and better the conditions of the Niseis? The J.A.C.L. had tried it, but it has failed because of its selfish leaders, and those same leaders who not only made a mess of everything but created distrust and ill feelings in the minds of the Japanese people, are again trying to assume leadership without the consent of the people. Personally I am bitterly opposed to the creation of this Manzanar Citizens Federation. It is nothing other than the blundering, spineless J.A.C.L.

We who are here in this camp are one and the same throughout. There should be no distinction made between the Isseis, Niseis, and the Kibeis. We are indisputably Japs, Japs from the top of our heads to the tip of our toes. Why argue about it? We can't deny it. Let's reconcile to the fact that we are Japs! Yes, Japs!, and nothing but Japs!

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The mature Niseis realize that their future had been blasted into oblivion. After all these years of hardwork, placing every confidence in the arms of the government of the United States, their HOPE, their TRUST, and their RIGHTS were pulverized and blown into the field of eternal slavery! Then, why sympathize with a government that treats us like the illiterate Indians? Why! Yes, Why! WHY must we sympathize with a government that reduces us to slavery? Shame on the parents who disown their progeny. It is the most sacred bond of matrimony. We the rightful offsprings of American Democracy had been orphaned by the government to satisfy the whim of those yelping office seeking petty politicians. And yet, do you mean to tell me we still ought to respect the flag that no longer waves over us as our protection?

Does Mr. Yoneda and Mr. Koji Ariyoshi think they can so easily pull the wool over the eyes of the government by petitioning the President to open up the second front with a few hundred signatures? They are fooling no one but themselves. One of the main officials of this very camp admitted that he himself has absolutely no faith in that petition. It is one of the common tactics employed by the reds, and Mr. Yoneda as you know is a Red. They vigorously wave the flag and yell the loudest but with no true intention of sacrificing themselves on the altar of battlefield!

Now, my fellow residents of Manzanar, let us fight and squash this suckering Manzanar Citizens Federation from the face of this camp. We do not want two faced HYPOCRITES, INFORMERS, and BETRAYERS to guide us, and the government itself, no doubt will prefer to deal with one whose integrity and honesty is beyond question, regardless of his affiliation and conviction. So, let us not be hypocrites too. Let us not be informers and betrayers of our own race. But, let us proclaim ourselves Japs! What is there for us to be ashamed of being a Jap? To be born as a Jap is the greatest blessing God had bestowed on us; to be a Jap is the greatest pride we can enjoy in life; and to die a Jap under the protection of the Japanese Flag, which has weathered through many national storms without a defeat for 2600 years, is the greatest honor we can ever hope to cherish. Therefore, let us be Japs! 100 percent Japs, or not at all.'

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Now in conclusion, I have spoken my mind. It is needless for me to say any more. You know, I know, and we all know. Let me not persuade you against your will. You are old enough to know your own mind, therefore I will leave the final judgment to you. If you still feel the same as I do, then let's vote the Manzanar Citizens Federation off the face of this camp!

SPEECH #2

This was prepared to challenge the leaders individually.

FRED TAYAMA

Do you mean to tell me when you deliberately betray your own parents, your own race, the American people, especially the government officials will ever believe your loyalty? You can yell and

herald it at the top of your voice, your voice will fall in⁺ the chasm of suspicion. The main heads of the J.A.C.L. especially YOU who have deliberately betrayed the Japanese people cannot be trusted. The Government Intelligence Department will use you as long as you are useful, not because of your loyalty but because of your imbecility, but when your service is no longer required you will be despised and shunned like Benedict Arnold.

MR. T. SLOCUM

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Mr. Slocum has publicly stated in the first open forum of the Manzanar Citizens Federation that the Japanese boys and girls love and respect their parents too much. It is true that we do love and respect our parents, and we are proud of it. Is it not a fact that those who love and respect their parents make good citizens, and those that make good citizens in turn will make good soldiers?

Mr. Slocum speaks repeatedly of having served in the same regiment and fought side by side with Sgt. York, the greatest hero the American Army has ever produced in the first World War. It is better if Mr. Slocum doesn't place himself in the same category with Sgt. York, because I am sure Sgt. York will not appreciate the fact of being classified with a person whose decency has fallen so low, the belly of the crawling snake will appear like the milkyway. Sorry Mr. Slocum, such is my candid opinion of your braggadocio, and your rotten, stinking, damnable spying. It is a good thing that the Japanese people are very tolerant, otherwise you'll be seeking the sun in broad daylight with six feet of ground over you.

INJUSTICE ON CITIZENS

Does America think it can mutilate the soul of its citizens and still claim her right over the bodies? The body and soul is inseparable while there is life, and while there is life, we will not and must not forget the terrible wrong inflicted upon us. Let America redeem herself by fully compensating us for the sufferings we were made to endure, -- mentally, physically, and economically.

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Never in the history of mankind, there appear such injustice perpetrated on the very citizens of the country. Could America ever justify its action before the tribunals of the world? United States, the most civilized nation on earth whose daily preaching of democracy is wanting in practice. The core is so rotten with deception and the hypocritical veneer is so thin, the American Democracy will collapse from within.

TAMPERING WITH DEMOCRACY

My words against this government are very bitter. Bitter as they are, who compelled me to voice such denunciation? I believe I am fully justified in denouncing the action of this government, and I am sure I will receive the sanction of many hundred of thousands of those who do not choose to state their mind. A damnably disgraceful and irreparable action against the very principal of democracy.

America has tampered with the very basis of democratic principles, the beginning of the journey toward totalitarianism, one of the very thing against which the leaders of this nation had plunged us into war. Behind the hypocritical veneer of American Democracy lies that rotten core of deception. Let us not be

deceived my fellow citizens of Manzanar!

JAPANESE FARM PRODUCTS

What made us so dangerous on the Pacific Coast? Was it really the fantastic existence of the Japanese fifth columnists? The states were combed by the shrewdest intelligence men of the country, but their search resulted in nil. They have concocted many charges to confine numerous innocent victims of circumstance, in order to satisfy the hysterical American public and justify the tremendous expenses squandered to apprehend non-existing Japanese fifth columnists.

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I can swear without reservation, the only and the greatest crime the Japanese have ever committed in the United States is is excelling all others in the production of farm commodities. Not only the stupid government officials, but even the most stupid of the stupid chroniclely educated American public is now awakening to the truth of the dastardly crime the Japanese so proudly committed, "the production of farm commodities!"

WHY NOT DISCHARGE JAPANESE BOYS?

We were herded into this camp and corralled for the duration of the war to satisfy the public hysteria, instilled by the vicious charges of the petty office seeking politicians, accusing us as dangerous fifth columnists. If such is the case, then why induct Japanese boys for the Army? Why take unnecessary chances with those whom the government cannot trust? Mr. Bender asserted to Mr. Latimer at the Los Angeles Tolan Committee's hearing, that all Japanese boys serving in the army will be discharged or sent to CCC Camps, in answer to an argument presented by Mr. Latimer, "Why is the army inducting the Japanese, when ^{were} their rights ~~are~~

deprived and their parents, brothers, and sisters are sent to concentration camps?" This part of the statement had been omitted from final record, but such statement had been definitely made. Mr. Bender no doubt will not deny it. I was there and I heard it. Then, why doesn't the government discharge the boys? Drafting them for service to fight and defend the country in time of war, and deny them of their rights in time of peace is just as bad if not worse than the Germans' persecution of the Jews.

WAVING THE FLAG

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✓ When Mr. Campbell was transferred here from Poston, he expressed bewilderment to see so many Japanese waving the flag. He expected to see us as pro-Japanese. Now, what was the result? This flag-waving had aroused suspicion to the detriment of the Japanese people. Who could have been responsible for such hypocritical and cowardly ~~action~~? It is none other than those who wish to pretend to be loyal when down in their hearts, they are against this country. What makes those hypocrites think that they can gain anything by waving the flag? Let us be honest! Let us not be hypocrites! Mr. Campbell also stated that, "I do ✓ not have any faith in the flag waving of Mr. Carl Yoneda and Mr. Koji Ariyoshi. Such is the common tactic of the Reds. They may fool some of the Americans, but not me. In fact they are fooling themselves." Such may be the general opinion of the Americans. Therefore think my fellow men. Don't sign any more of those petition asking for a second front! It is the propaganda of the leaders with selfish motives, trying to create with it a name for themselves at your sacrifice. This, Koji Ariyoshi ✓ himself had admitted to me as propaganda. If they are so

patriotic let them go to the front themselves. There is always a way to get to the front if they really want to. I don't see them breaking their neck to do it. They'll be sitting in a cozy room, comfortably heated and be smoking their pipes of dream, while you are out there suffering from cold and wants with your very life at stake. I've been through the sufferings of war and I know it. I am not speaking from imaginations. It is hell boys. So let them bear the arms, and let them do the fighting if they are so enthusiastic about it. Give them the chance, all the chances, yours and mine to prove their loyalty. We are corralled here in this camp as Japs, so let us conduct ourselves as Japs!

There is nothing for us to be afraid of. Let no one intimidate us. We are not prisoners of war. Our rights and our lives are under the protection of the Japanese Government, through the Protocols of Geneva Convention, guaranteed by the Government of the United States. Therefore, let us not fear, let us not shrink, and let us not hesitate to assert our rights!

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I am also submitting the following Poems:

THE MARTYRS OF CAMP MANZANAR

Dedicated to Messrs. Ito and Kanazawa

Within the great Owens Valley's desolate waste
Beneath the majestic peak of Mt. Williamson
In peace they rest, the martyrs of Camp Manzanar.
However bleak and forlorn be their resting place
The glorious sun forever shines on their graves.
Grieve not beloved ones your fate justice will right
As soldiers you died, as soldiers will be your rites.
On the sacred soil of our fatherland Nippon
Deified be your souls at Yasukuni Shrine.
In tears of sorrow we in unity divine
Pray that heavenly joys eternally be thine.
Sleep, dear ones, sleep! Sleep, in peace, sleep!

JAPS THEY ARE, CITIZENS OR NOT

1

They've kicked and cussed and on us spat
Calling us Japs, "the stabbers in the back"
Saboteurs and spies, these damnable Japs
Throw them into camps and ship them back.

2

In shameful words they forced us out
Into a desert like a bunch of sheep
They stole our homes and blasted our rights
With merciless sweep they broke us all.

3

For months and months we worked like slaves
"Take it or leave it" in pittance they've paid
Democracy they preach but practice not
Shaming tyranny, the frightful beast.

4

"Freedom of Speech" that's just in name
They've censored our mails; forbidden our speech
They threw us in jail for reason in want
Gestapo it was, in deeds and facts.

5

The food was sad, meager, and cheap
They gave us cows, tougher than hide
Beans! Beans! Beans! beans at noon and beans at night
Beans enough to feed the starving world.

6

The quarters were bare, small, and crude
Just walls with a roof and windows to boot
We sat on the bed, and wrote on our laps
The hell of a life we're made to like.

7

In midst of hate we've learned to smile
In silence we borne their cowardly act
Humbly we follow, beastly they command
Greater they abuse to taunt our pride.

8

They've called us Japs; they've called us rats
They've called us names to ease their shame
They've killed our boys like dogs and cats
They've winked and jabbed in their court de sham.

9

Goodbye, America, Goodbye!
Jap I was born and as Jap I shall live
Proud as a cock to the world I crow
Jap I am and as Jap I will die!

NISEIS AND THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

by
JOSEPH Y. KURIHARA
V.F.W. U.S. ARMY

I, Joseph Y. Kurihara, one of the oldest among the Niseis (second generation of Japanese Ancestry) do hereby take the liberty of expressing my views in respect to the treatment administered to the Niseis by the Government of the United States. Frankly speaking without prejudice, the Government of the United States has committed one of the greatest errors since the founding of this great Nation, and without question the greatest injustice against one of its citizens. May I ask what reparations the Government is considering to right the wrong? I believe the Government is fully aware of the error it has committed. Will it admit the wrong and compensate the Niseis for the injustice, or will it white-wash the fault of the Administration by pigeon holing the issue? This inexcusable error and this discriminative injustice has caused the Niseis to change their mind.

Japanese Relocation Papers
Bancroft Library

The uninformed public may question and wonder as to who is responsible for the Niseis change of mind. If it is posted with the trend of events which took place since 1900, more so since the outbreak of the present war, it need not look back very far. Even myopics can readily see and point his accusing finger at the guilty party or parties.

For the benefit of those who are not informed and for those who care not to exert their efforts to study the causes, I will lay the facts before them for their judgment to the best of my knowledge.

During 1900 there came into agitation, an Anti-Japanese

legislation in the State of California, under the leadership of Henry T. Gage, then the governor of the State. Ever since, we Japanese including the first and second generations were branded as Japs., and through unmerciful persecution, it has created animosity in the hearts of the Japanese, sowing the seeds of hatred for future troubles. Though the situation was eased in 1907 under the Lansing-Ishii Gentlemen's Agreement, it was agains brought to the front through the Japanese Immigration Act of 1924. By what criterion does the people of the United States, especially California judge as to the fitness of the Japanese to share in the development of the country, as well as to enjoy in its prosperity? Are the English descendents more loyal than we? Or the Irish? Or the French? To my opinion, it is not the question as to who and what lineal heritage the loyalty has been based upon, but it is based upon downright racial discrimination. We Japanese have proven our worth as respectable citizens, and we have proven our loyalty to the country equal to any race.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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We are sincere in our endeavors. We have helped and fought in the last war. Ikuta, who developed the hard pan gooseland that was not worth paying taxes on transformed the waste land into rice farming industry in California to the enormous sum of \$30,000,000.00.

In Sonoma County, near Santa Rosa was a barren hillside so unfertile that it hardly produced weeds. This, a Japanese developed and was producing \$800.00 per acre in strawberries. In the same county is an area of sterile hardpan land called "Starvation Flat" on which a Japanese had sunk a deep well and had transformed it into

a picture of fertility and prosperity, and yet the anti-Japanese agitators will point to it as they did to others and say that the Japanese are usurping the best land in the State. Again, who are responsible for the clays of Livingston, cursed and barren as the fig tree of Bethany? On that forbidden waste, the Japanese wrought in privation and want for many years, through their skill, patience and courage, had contributed to the wealth of the State. These worthless lands are now producing grapes purpling in the sun and peaches blushing on the trees where blades of grass hardly bowed to the wind.

Japanese Relocation Papers
Bancroft Library

Furthermore, who developed the Imperial Valley, the hell-hole of America, now producing vegetables in millions and millions of dollars? Who started the fishing industry on the Pacific Coast, one of the three largest revenue producing industry in the State of California?

Today the Japanese are expelled not for their vices but for their virtues. Is it true that the good are always despised and the bad are cherished by those who know no creed, no justice, and no religion?

In the early days, we learn from the history of California that the Chinese were largely employed on the farm, but when we treated our Treaty with China as a scrap of paper, and by the Geary Act, excluded thirty thousand Chinese who were legally domiciled here and by murdering and destroying the property of other Chinese, there was created a shortage in farm labor, and this economic vacuum drew in the Japanese who came protected by a solemn treaty between their

government and that of the United States. Again, the American people seemed to have made a grave mistake. The Japanese people both the Isseis and Niseis were weeded out without compunction, completely disregarding the Constitutional rights of the Niseis as menace to the white people.

Kick upon kick, insult upon insult, was heaped upon one after another, and today the American Legion, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, the petty politicians of the Pacific Coast are yelling in concert for the outright nullification of our citizenship. Their hysterical voices are reverberating throughout the country in a disgraceful manner. They are welcomed to mines if that will satisfy their shameful provocation of a problem child. Yet, I do not see them vigorously opposing the induction of Japanese American into the Army, started this year.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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No matter how sincere our motives be, since we bear the feature of the Japanese race, we are Japs to the American people. They do not even care to give us a fair trial, regardless of our place of birth or to the records of the past. American Legion button doesn't seem to have any weight. The Honorable Discharge Certificate likewise is of no value with the exception to few government officials. Wherever we may go or for whatever job we may apply, we are judged according to our face value and turned down with a sneer, "I am sorry."

Now why can't Americans be just a little broad minded? Is it any fault of ours because we bear the feature of the Japanese? Are we to be discriminated and condemn because we happened to be of Japanese blood without a fair trial? What is there that justifies the Americans to hate the Japanese so revoltingly? Is this hate that

of today or yesterday, or even yesteryear? No! It is the hate of yesteryears of two score and ten years which sprouted immediately following the defeat of China, then known to the Western World as the "Sleeping Lion." It became greatly intensified in 1900 and doubly more so since the defeat of the Russian Bear (1905-06) which was then one of the greatest military powers of the world.

The pitied Japan has surprised the world through the victory over China, and then she has paralyzed the world with fear through the victory over Russia. Her phenomenal military successes have forced the world to grant her a just place among the families of Nations. Rising so rapidly from a Feudal state into one of the greatest of the first class powers has created suspicion and jealousy among those who professed friendship prior to her victories. Therefore, the intensive persecution the Japanese have suffered for half a century has come not through her untiring industries, but through "Fear, Hatred, and Jealousy," entertained by America. This fear, hatred, and jealousy was characterized into a nightmare under the vicious title of "Yellow Peril." This horrible dream of Yellow Peril was persistently pounded into the minds of the Anglo-Saxon people at the slightest provocation, thereby indelibly imprinting in their mind the hatred of the Japanese people. To soothe the feeling of hatred and jealousy, the insinuating word "Jap or Japs" came into being and gained popularity most disgustingly since. Today many people use it as a common word to indicate the Japanese without the bitterness attached, but other than those who use it without malice, it commands the same ugly intentions embodied in it as was originally used. We

Japanese know it and broad minded as we are, we resent it. This word alone is responsible to a great extent, not speaking of the law prohibiting inter-racial marriages in Pacific Coast States for the non-assimilation of the Japanese with the Caucasians. Regardless of this unpleasant feeling many of us were true to this country at the outbreak of the war between Japan and the United States. I can state without exaggeration the majority of the Japanese Americans were ready to bear arms and fight for the preservation of American Democracy.

We Japanese boys and girls were taught in Japanese Schools to be true to the country to which we owe our living. This the Japanese Government stresses by reminding us of "Koku On." With such thought in mind I have willingly fought for this country to save Democracy in the first World War, and I was willing and ready to do my share in this war. My desire to help prosecute this war to victory was demonstrated in my application for a position as a Navigator to navigate the Bombers across the continent to New York from San Diego, and thence over the sea to England. This application was made during the later part of the month of January at the Employment Department of the Consolidated Air Transport Corporation. Much to my disappointment, I was very cleverly refused. Instead of informing me like a man to a man, he avoided the painful issue by requesting me to come every day and see if there was an opening. Suspecting what he meant, I asked him why was it necessary for me to call every day in person when others are being notified to report for work? The person in charge was unable to answer with the exception that if I want a job, I must call and see if there is an opening.

It doesn't make sense when others have been and are being notified. I know of boys who applied for work, one as Navigator of a bomber and the other as Radio Operator. They were notified to report for work. If they can be notified over the phone, why wasn't I? Because I was a Jap. My credentials as Master of Ship, and the Certificate of Honorable Discharge from the United States Army were stated. But they were of no value. Instead a secret police was detailed after me as I left that office. The land lady also told me that two intelligence officers were investigating me and have gone through my room. This gave me the first repulsive feeling which has taken root and grew with bitter experiences mounting from day to day.

Losing all hope of obtaining satisfactory work at San Diego, I then went to Terminal Island to see if the California Ship Building Company has anything along my profession. Here I was very gently told that I would not enjoy working even if I was given a job. The fellow workmen will discriminate and make it very unpleasant. There were two Japanese boys working at the time of whom the company thinks very highly of, will be forced to quit through unjust discrimination by fellow workers. To make it easier for them, they were put on night shift. Though they were very good welders and the company did want to retain them, they finally left their work.

To my knowledge there were several Japanese-American Diesel Engineers operating out of San Diego on the Tuna Clippers. They were certified engineers with license. But they were flatly refused by the Machinists Union of American Federation of Labor solely through discrimination. Such is the ways of even a labor union where equal rights and protection should have been tantamount.

Now, if it is not the hiring department, than it is the fellow workers or the labor union. May I ask are the Americans such narrow minded people? To me they do not seem so but somehow they must be. What could be the cause? I couldn't think of anything else but the vicious propaganda that was mercilessly printed in all the leading chronicles of the metropolis, poisoning the minds and rerousing the animosities planted within their hearts during the past half a century.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"Remember Pearl Harbor" stickers were pasted everywhere. Cartoons depicting the treacherous attack were seen in many of the daily papers, cruelly condemning the Japanese as stabbers in the back. This was done without giving due consideration to those who were born, raised, and educated like Americans in American Schools. Regardless of our place of birth, citizens or no citizens we were classed as one and the same, "Japs." Deplorably General De Witt, commanding national respect have repeatedly quoted, "Once a Jap, always a Jap," thereby inflicting incalculable loss to this country by helping the Niseis to make up their mind as pro-Axis.

Much as we have wanted to do our share for the country of our birth, we were not given the opportunity. Instead we were branded as Japs, and as bunch of fifth columnists. Regardless of the services many hundreds of us have rendered to this country in the first world war, our rights were completely ignored, singled out and persecuted, orphanized and hated, ostracized and corralled like prisoners in a godforsaken country. Could this be the act of America, the America that champions in Democracy?

General De Witt, frightened beyond hope by the whirl-wind

successes of the Japanese military might and driven desperate by the hysterical cries of the office seeking petty politicians have finally issued a proclamation, thereby sealing the Constitutional rights of the Japanese-American citizens through Evacuation. Yes, Evacuation! The most vicious, un-Democratic, Dictatorial act of a Democratic Government. Mass Evacuation of the very citizens of the country, the first of its kind in the history of mankind. Probably we, the smallest of the minority group were not worthy of consideration. We were nobodies.

Japanese Relocation Papers
Bancroft Library

Assembly Centers were erected at great expenses to the government. Citizens and non-citizens alike, 110,000 of them were corralled like bunch of sheep in a godforsaken country and were made wards of the Government overnight. They were the most prosperous, industrious, and law abiding residents of the country, but just because they happened to be Japs, they were thrown out of their homes as if they were mere chattles. After completely up-rooting them economically and making them peniless and destitute, they were obliged to work for mere pittance of \$16.00 a month.

Now, who wouldn't be spited? I for one will not forgive this Government of the United States as long as I live. I have sworn severance of my allegiance to the Government of the United States and became 100 per cent pro-Japanese. I am today very proud of being a Japanese. There is nothing for any one of us to be ashamed of being a Jap. To be born a Jap is the greatest blessing God had bestowed upon us. To live as Jap is the greatest pride we can enjoy in life, and to die as Jap under the protection of the Japanese Flag which has weathered through many national storms without a defeat for 2600 years

is the greatest honor a man can ever hope to cherish. Such is my opinion today, and such will be my opinion tomorrow. WHO made me so?

[After corraling us like a bunch of sheep in a hellish country, did the government treat~~ed~~ us like citizens? No! We were treated like aliens regardless of our rights. < Yet, when we are needed, we were told because you are citizens of the United States, you must do everything in your power to help defeat the Axis. To claim us as citizens of the United States after coralling us with aliens and treating us as aliens is an insult to our intelligence. What does the Government think? Does it think we are degenerates? Or does it think we are illiterate savages? > ^{Did the govt use so} ~~or does it think we are without~~ pride to work for \$16.00 a month ~~in a Camouflage Department to impair~~ ^{people while} ~~our health~~ when others were paid \$40.00 to \$50.00 a week in the defense plants? Responsible government officials further ^{that} ~~tells~~ ^{had} us to be loyal and to enjoy our rights as American citizens, we must be ready to die for the country. We must show our loyalty. If such is the case, why are the veterans corralled like the rest of us in the camps? Have they not proven their loyalty already? This matter of proving ones loyalty to enjoy the rights of an American citizen ~~is~~ ^{was} nothing but a hocus-pocus.] Recalling the promises made to the colored boys at the outbreak of the first world war, I would like to ask you if those promises to give them the full liberties of American citizens were duly kept? If those promises are really being lived up to, then WHY are they been lynched without a trial? Why are they not been given the right to vote in many of the Southern States? Why are they not enjoying equal rights as citizens of the United States to attend public schools in the South without total discrimination?

Every one of those rights are constitutionally guaranteed to them. Those constitutional rights were only repeated in verbal promises to the colored people as if they were something absolutely beyond the realm of their rights. To share in those coveted rights, they were told they must fight and sacrifice everything for the country and for Democracy. For the love of their progenies; for the love of their wives, mothers, and sweethearts; and for the sake of these United States of America and American Democracy, they have fought and died gloriously on the altar of battlefield. Their rights heroically earned beyond all questions of doubt, under-written with the blood and lives of many tens of thousands of American Negroes, are today, submerged completely beneath the rights and pride of the whites. Those same promises made to the colored boys in the first world war are being repeated to the Niseis today. The colored boys refuse to be made donkies again. Shall we be made Jack-asses in this war?

Where are the virtues of American Democracy? The concept of liberty and the standard of righteousness? The Democracy, the REAL American Democracy promulgated by President Jefferson? Are we all created equal according to President Abraham Lincoln? Or are we to be surfs of the Americans? Americans may say we do not deserve to be treated as Americans because you are Japs. You Japs have stabbed us in the back. In defense of the bombing of Pearl Harbor prior to the Declaration of War, kindly allow me to refer to you, "The Day of the Saxons," by Homer Lea, page 224-225. To strike before the declaration of war is fully justified by the precedence set by notorious England. Japan has struck at Russia without the declaration of War; Japan has struck at American without the Declaration of War, but they were the

two wars out of 119 wars or more fought during the last two centuries without the formal Declaration of War. "The necessity of a declaration of war is only a modern illusion." Homer Lea. Why blamed Japan as the greatest brigand when Anglo-Saxons surpasses all other nations put together? And did not President Roosevelt issued an ultimatum to the Japanese Government, giving it a week to get out of China? And did not President Roosevelt ordered to fire on Japanese ships or planes 9 days before the break? Quoting Lieutenant Dickinson: "On this cruise we had sailed from Pearl Harbor on November 28, 1941 under absolute war orders. Vice Admiral Wm. F. Halsey, Jr. the commander of the aircraft battle force, had given instructions that the secrecy of our mission was to be protected at all costs. We were to shoot down anything we saw in the sky and to bomb anything we saw on the sea. In that way, there could be no leak to the Japs." Congressional Record. 77th Congress, second session. Could such orders have been issued by Vice Admiral Halsey except by specific direction from the Commander in Chief, namely the President of the United States.

In other words, if Lieutenant Dickinson's account is true, did not the President at least 9 days before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor without a declaration of war, authorize an identical attack upon the Japanese, also without a declaration of war?

If this government had treated and respected us as citizens of the United States after the evacuation, the present reaction of the Niseis would have been different. But her treatment of us since our induction was and is worse than that of other enemy aliens.

[Return these pages to us. In my opinion]

Evidently much of it must have been the fault of Japanese hating, myopic, arrogant administrators of the W.R.A. Had they shown consideration and justice, many of us would have viewed the circumstance as unavoidable. But when take it or leave it attitude is assumed after throwing us out of our cozy homes into prefabricated barracks, lacking furnitures and modern conveniences, how would you expect us to feel?

[The desert was bad enough. The mushroom barracks made it worse. The constant cyclonic storms loaded with sands and dusts made it worst. After living in a ~~lavable~~ well furnished homes with every modern conveniences, and suddenly forced to live the life of a dog is something which one can not so readily forget. Down in our hearts we cried and cursed this government every time when we were showered with sand. We slept in the dust; we breathed the dust; and we ate the dust. Such ~~abominable~~ *abominable* existence, one ~~can~~ *could* not forget no matter how much we tried to be patient, understand the situation, and take it bravely, ~~however bitter it may be.~~

< The comfortable rocker, the beautiful ruggs and the thick fluffy beds, the expensive automatic cooler stocked with delicious foods, appear in vivid realities to taunt our already tortured mind. >

Why did not the government permit ~~ed~~ us to remain where we were? Was it because that the government was unable to give us the protection? I have my doubt. The government could have easily declared Martial Law to protect us. It was not the question of protection. It was because we were Japs! Yes, Japs!] We could not be trusted. We were dangerous fifth columnists, saboteurs, and spies. Through

that merciless order of Evacuation, mostly every one of us have suffered the bitter experiences of modern war. Had we been in the path of battle, we submit without question that the government was fully justified in ousting us out of our beloved homes, but the actual battlefields were thousand and thousands of miles away. Therefore there was no justification in the action which the government had taken.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Our right to share in war time boom was frustrated by the order of evacuation; our right to share in the nation's war time efforts was denied us through evacuation; and our right to prove our loyalty was eyed with suspicion and was thrown into the caldron of hatred through evacuation. America thereby has lost our faith. We no longer care for your hypocritical Democracy, coated with deceit, greed, and selfishness.

Through the myopic action of General De Witt whose eyes no longer are able to see justice, whose ears have failed to record the genuine voices of the Japanese Americans, and whose ivory is so thick no reasoning now penetrates, must be held responsible for the terrible blunder of evacuation. Through the evacuation, the nation has lost the greatest food producing man-power and placed the 110,000 Japanese squarely on the shoulders of the American tax payers. This loss of food producing man-power and this extraneous burden will spell DEFEAT for America.

This catastrophic error must soon be realized by the government of the United States, but pitifully the realization will come too late. The animosities created in the hearts of the evacuees; the

loss of capital and their savings; and the acclimated contentment to remain within the relocation centers for the duration of the war will be the greatest obstacles this government must overcome. How long the American taxpayers will continue to carry this burden without revolting is only a matter of time. Any major reverse at the front will hasten the decision. The only successful measure left to encourage the industrious Japanese to a permanent resettlement is to compensate them fully for the loss they were made to suffer through evacuation. Many of us have been rendered destitute through loss of job, home, profession, and business. Why should we, after we were mercilessly stripped of everything, coralled like sheep in a godforsaken country; receiving only a disgraceful dole for our services; finance ourselves in any undertakings to support this country? Let the government pay to each and every one of us a legitimate damage of \$5000.00 each for every year in camp, and to those who were engaged in business at the time of evacuation, a justifiable damage commensurate to the income they were enjoying. Without it, the government must not think of enlisting our support.

✓ Speaking from my observation, I can positively state the majority of the Japanese-Americans became anti-Americans since the evacuation. This feeling has noticeably mounted during the period of transition. I do not blame them after experiencing those loathsome days at the camp. I myself have sworn severance of my allegiance to this government through that abhorable existence.

As the days and weeks matured into months, the bitterness subsided but that bitter resentment rooted so firmly in the minds of

the Japanese-Americans is only hibernating for the time being. Slightest provocation will rouse it to white heat and will explode the concentrated hatred of the people beyond repair against a common enemy. It has manifested itself in the various centers, such as at Santa Anita Assembly Center, Poston, and Manzanar. There will be others following without doubt. Pitifully the disturbance at Manzanar has claimed the lives of two innocent by-standers, and the wounding of ten or more persons. This cold-blooded murder has added fiery confirmation to the minds of those who were pro-Axis, roused those indeterminate ones to make their decision, inflamed and converted many who were definitely pro-Americans to pro-Japanese. George Hayakawa, a betrayer of the Japanese people has bitterly resented at the sight of the wounded that memorable night of December 6, 1942 has most positively denounced the ways of American Democracy. There are others who no doubt felt the same.

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To substantiate my claim, I would state here that on or around the fifteenth of August, 1942, a petition requesting President Roosevelt to open a second front and the bombing of Rome, Berlin, and Tokio, was circulated through the camp to which approximately 215 signatures were attached. Apparently those who signed it must have been pro-Americans. But when volunteers were called to create a fighting division of Japanese-Americans during February 1943 there were less than 100 who answered the call at Manzanar. This definitely proves that more than 50 per cent of pro-Americans prior to the shameful murder committed by the Army against its own

citizens on the night of December 6 have gone over to the Axis. Why shouldn't they when they themselves have seen it with their own eyes, the murder committed in cold blood against their own kind?

This living drama has caused the 10,000 men, women, and children of Manzanar to mourn in bitter silence against that day of reckoning. Had the United States Government and its Army Represented by General De Witt used the policy of HONOR, JUSTICE, AND HUMANITY, instead of HARSHNESS, INJUSTICE, and OPPRESSION which sow the seeds of lasting resentment for future troubles, it would have brought FOOD, WORK, and COOPERATION of phenomenal results to the country. But the contrary was and is true in every respect.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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The evacuation of Terminal Island was unquestionably harsh and pitifully unjust. To command bewildered women with children, suffering in mental agonies through the internment of their husbands by the F.B.I's to pack and evacuate in 48 hours was inhumanly harsh and unjust. Loss in despair they were desperate. Automatic Cooler costing \$200.00 was sold for \$10.00 and \$500.00 Baby Grand Piano was sold for \$10.00 and countless other valuable household furnitures were sold for whatever the peddlers choose to pay. Those were the things which they have cherished and prided; things which took them years of hardwork, stinting and saving to accumulate were robbed of them overnight. Many unreplaceable mementos were abandoned in tears. Children were crying, boys and girls dashing in and out to help their mothers on whose shoulders the world came crashing without mercy. Oh God, what a pitiful sight! Could this be America, the America which so blatantly preaches "Democracy."?

Throughout the Pacific Coast we Japanese, Isseis and Niseis alike were perpetually oppressed, not that because we deserve such treatment or because we were unscrupulous. It was because we were too industrious and prosperous, and because Japan as a Nation commands respect. Had Japan remained impotent and had the Japanese remained satisfied as surfs of the whites, the Anglo-Saxon people would have continue to pet them on the back as "Charley" instead of entertaining jealousy and hatred, topped with fear. Whatever means may be used to hinder us in our efforts to reach the top, we will as we have in the past, exert every means within the law to attain our object. The Japanese will continue to expand, prosper, and excel individually, as well as a Nation. Nothing however great the hazards may be will impede her march on to the object of her desire. We Niseis since our orphanization by the United States shall and will proudly help to carry the banner of the Rising Sun on to her goal.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Now, could America blame us for the change of our mind? Could America blame us for the sympathy we extend to Japan? Could America blame us for the desire we openly express when questioned by the F.B.I. to fight for Japan against the United States? Who in the world with the slightest spark of manhood in him wouldn't after 50 years of oppression, detestation, and persecution?

Have we not been orphanized, ostracized, and corralled like bunch of prisoners in a godforsaken country? Have not our Constitutional rights were brazenly ignored, our economical rights built on foundation of toil and sufferings of a generation were completely up-rooted from the Pacific Coast, and our status reduced

to slavery after thousands of us have gladly fought and died for this country? Yet our loyalty was mercilessly questioned, and we were called a bunch of fifth columnists, saboteurs, and spies; we who are traditionally and habitually through hereditary instinct, loyal to the country of our birth.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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We know our future had been blasted into oblivion. After all these years of hardwork, placing every confidence in the arms of the government of the United States, our hope, our trust, and our rights were pulverized and blown into the field of eternal slavery.

In the face of what has been done to us, must we continue to submit ourselves to further insults? Must we continue our allegiance to a country that knows no gratitude and respect the Flag that no longer wave over us as our protection? In the name of Justice, I demand that the government release all Japanese-American Citizens now serving in the arm forces of the United States immediately. Why must our lives be exploited in time of war, and despised in time of peace? Again, I demand most vigorously that the United States Government discharge every soldier of Japanese ancestry without delay.

In conclusion I repeat, "What is there for us to be ashamed of being a Jap? To be born a Jap is the greatest blessing God had bestowed on us. To live as Jap is the greatest pride we can enjoy in life, and to die as Jap under the protection of the Japanese Flag which has weathered through many national storms without a defeat for 2600 years is the greatest honor a man can ever hope to cherish.

I, in the name of the Niseis proclaim ourselves Japs, 100 per cent Japs, now, tomorrow, and forever.

Tenno Hei Ka Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!

Dai Nippon Teikoku Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!

Zai Ryu Dobo Banzai! Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!

by J. Kurihara

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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Tule Lake Center
Newell, Cal.
March 22, 1946

AIR MAIL

Dillon S. Myer, Director
War Relocation Authority
Barr Building
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Mr. Myer,

Enclosed is my story of Joe Kurihara as requested by you and Mr. Tozier. The letters which I previously mentioned as a part of my knowledge of Kurihara are incorporated in the body of this story.

Also enclosed is a companion story by W. E. Dimon on his knowledge of parts of the life of Lt. Moe Yone-mura, a Japanese-American, who took a course opposite to that of Kurihara and died in Italy while fighting for the United States.

Mr. Glick is familiar with the contents of both of these stories, he having read them during his visit here of Wednesday and Thursday.

Sincerely,

R. R. Best
Project Director



JOE KURIHARA, 'REPATRIATE'

His Story As Told To

R. R. BEST, PROJECT DIRECTOR
Tule Lake Center
Newell, California

Joe Kurihara, American of Japanese ancestry, United States Army veteran of World War I, long-time member of the American Legion, has "repatriated" to the land of his forebears to be a Japanese.

Joe never has been in Japan before. He was born in Hawaii. He came to the mainland as a young man in time to offer his services to the country of his birth in 1916. He was accepted and served honorably for 26 months.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Joe, then a fishing fleet navigator, resigned and again offered himself in any capacity to aid the war effort of his native land, America. He was rejected and evacuated from the West Coast by order of the same Army of which he was an honorably discharged veteran.

So Joe Kurihara has become a Japanese.

What can go on in the heart and mind of a man under these circumstances is depicted in the story of Joe Kurihara as he told it to me, first while I was director of the isolation center at Moab, Utah, while I was director of a similar center at Leupp, Arizona, and lastly while I was director of the Tule Lake Center at Newell, California.

First Joe's own story in his own words, as related to me in numerous conversations:

"I was born Joseph Yoshisuke Kurihara at Hanamaulu, ^uKap^uai, Territory of Hawaii, January 1, 1895. All of my family, with the exception of my aged mother, remained and still reside in Hawaii. My mother returned many, many years ago to her native Japan, and I now presume her to be dead.

"I moved from Hawaii to the U. S. mainland as a young man. There was no reason for this move I am sure, other than the same reason that causes so many young men to seek new places and new adventures. In 1916, at the age of twenty-one, I enlisted in the United States Army. A year later war against Germany was declared and for 26 months I served as an enlisted man in the Army Medical Corps, in England, France and Germany.

"Following my return to the States and my honorable discharge from the service, I decided that I would continue an education that my enlistment in the army had interrupted. I enrolled at the University of California, and at the same time I joined the newly formed American Legion, an organization that I remained an active member of right up to the time of the present war, January of 1942.

"At the University I majored in the electrical sciences and was graduated an Electrical Engineer. There followed many attempts on my part to establish myself successfully in the profession of my degree. These attempts were all more or less failures, at least by my standards, and as to whether the fault was mine or another's makes very little difference now. They were failures, and so I decided to return to the University and take up some other course that might better enable me to make what I would consider a good living.

"I did return, and in due course mastered Radio Engineering and Navigation. This knowledge, by natural steps, led me to the job which I was holding at the outbreak of this war, that of Mate and Navigator on a ship of the Portuguese Fishing Fleet operating off of the Pacific Coast and out of Terminal Island, California.

"Immediately following the declaration of war on Japan, December 7, 1941, I resigned my navigation post at the company's offices in Los Angeles, California. I did not know at the time that, resignation or not, I would have been removed from my job by the Government.

"My sole reason for resigning was very clear and important to me at the time. I knew what I wanted to do and that was to again help my government in any way that my services could be utilized to aid the war effort. And, remember, these were services that had proven themselves honorable ones in a previous

war. At least "honorable" is what the government called them at that time.

"I thought that my qualifications might stand me in good stead as a navigator for planes and their pilots ferrying cargoes across the Atlantic to England and Russia. At that early date I had had no indication, as yet, that my Japanese features and Japanese ancestry were going to work hard against every enlistment effort I was to make. I was still thinking, naturally, in terms of an American and as an American.

"I first went to the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in Los Angeles to present my idea and to present my qualifications. I was told to "come back and see us later", and there followed many days of going back and seeing them, and there was much stalling and still I had not even been able to get myself granted an initial interview.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"I did not know at the time--I learned all of this later--but everyone of those days, and 24 hours of each one of those days I was being tailed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I was being tailed not because they wanted me, but because I was Japanese and being Japanese "he" must be disloyal. Had they wanted me, or had they anything against me, or had they uncovered anything against me they would have picked me up and I would have been in internment immediately.

"As I have said, I knew nothing of all of this and so kept returning to the offices of the Consolidated. Finally I was granted the initial interview, and that interview gave me my first hint that my facial features and ancestry were all against me. It gave me my first hint that discrimination was going to far out-balance my own proven, honorable record in this country; and I should say my country. In spite, however, of the trend of this interview, I was told to come back again in a week or so, and in spite of the trend of that interview I did go back in a week or so. That one, however, was my last interview with Consolidated. They told me in no uncertain terms that my chances of being connected, even remotely, with their's or any other of the war efforts were very slim.

"In spite of all of this I still felt that I should and must keep on trying, and so I went to the Los Angeles Shipyards and offered my services as a laborer. I didn't know a thing

about shipbuilding, but in those days that wasn't so necessary. They needed manpower, and if I was accepted I would still be doing some little thing constructive. The swollen war wages weren't attracting me to this government work, because, as you know, even now I am counted fairly well off. The result of this shipyard interview, however, was even worse and more discouraging than were the interviews at Consolidated. They told me bluntly that they didn't want me and further, they didn't want anyone of Japanese ancestry. I felt like saying--and maybe I did, I don't remember--"But I am not a Japanese. I am an American and an American citizen and I'm a veteran of 26 months overseas duty in the last war". It was no use, however, and they further told me that it would be no use for me to return.

"It was an awful feeling, this first realization that my own government did not even consider me an American. It considered me a Japanese and, further a Japanese ready and willing to sell it out. I knew, too, by this time, that I had been and still was being watched, every hour of every day by the Bureau of Investigation--the "police" of the only government I ever had, or served or claimed. You must remember, I have never been to Japan in my life. I barely speak the language at all, only as I remember it from early childhood.

"I just didn't know what to do. I still wanted to be the only thing that I was and am--an American--but it certainly was being made hard for me.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"I decided that I would leave Los Angeles and go up to Berkeley and enlist some of my former professors and teachers in my cause--have them testify to those who were demanding the testimony: "This man's an American and a citizen with an honorable record to his credit. He's no Japanese and, certainly, not one of our enemies".

"You just can't imagine my astonishment and utter dismay when I went to the railroad ticket office and found that they could not sell a ticket to anyone of Japanese ancestry to leave Los Angeles! That was the final effort. I went back to my room and stayed there and seldom went out on the streets again. I didn't want to face the people, and I didn't want to face the feeling that everywhere I went there would be a government agent following after me. Me!--who had offered his life once to this country so that these same agents might have a chance to keep on

living in a democracy, and a chance to suspect and track me down in that democracy 25 years later.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"Time passed rapidly and the Japanese evacuation order came. All people of Japanese ancestry, whether citizens of this country or not, were to be removed from their homes and interned. Shortly after that I learned that the Wartime Civil Control Administration, the agency that was to handle the initial internment, wanted a group of volunteers to go to one of the camps, the one to be located at Manzanar, California, and prepare that camp for the main body of the evacuees who would follow later. I was one of the first to volunteer for this work and, also, one of the first to arrive on the grounds at Manzanar. In spite, it seemed, of my experiences in Los Angeles, I was still optimistic enough to think and believe that, soon, the citizens amongst us would be given some kind of consideration, and not just herded about like prisoners of war.

"Unfortunately, from the very beginning, conditions were not good at Manzanar. It no doubt was partly the fault of the evacuees and partly the fault of the Administration. The Administration had had no experience with such a group of people and such a situation before, and certainly the evacuees had never been in such a situation before.

"One of the first grievances was that as late as the middle of June--and remember we arrived at Manzanar in early March--not a single one of the workers had received a penny for his work. At first, rumor had led us to believe that we were to receive a union scale of pay. This, naturally, proved completely wrong. Then a second rumor insisted that we were to receive \$50.00 a month and keep. Then, finally, about May 15 of 1942, we were officially advised as to the actual W.R.A. wage scale, but there was still no money, just the advice. It was not until the latter part of June that Director Roy Nash gave us our first pay. Each employee received five dollars and the further advice that the "payrolls are being worked on and will be retroactive to the date of first employment".

"It was about this time that the Kibei, who had been trying to organize themselves since they first arrived at the center, began to exert their pressure on the other colonists as well as

on the Administration. They used as an excuse for their activities their supposed grievances over lack of wages, and such other matters as lack of promised schools for the children, poorly balanced food and administrative conditions in general.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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"Along in August they began to direct their complaints chiefly against Director Nash, Assistant Director Ned Campbell and the Project Steward, whose name I have forgotten.

"It was very evident during those months that things were boiling themselves up to some kind of a blow-off. I found myself right in the middle of the whole agitation. Because of my record as an American and known sympathies toward America, the Nisei looked to me as their leader and even the Administration considered me a sort of liaison between it and the colonists. At the same time the Kibei were forced to respect my position of leadership within the colony. On every occasion and at each opportunity I had advised the Kibei "hotheads" to keep their feet on the ground and to avoid any acts of violence, because I knew nothing would ever be gained by such actions.

"Finally, the steam of the pressures broke bounds and the now famous or infamous Manzanar Riot occurred. That was December 7 of 1942. I wouldn't doubt that the Kibei had timed the disturbance to coincide with the anniversary of the beginning of the war. Because of my position of leadership I was thrown right in the van of the whole thing.

"Mr. Nash in the meantime had been relieved of his job as Director and Ralph Merritt had succeeded him. Mr. Merritt had been on the scene only six days when the disturbance broke. In front of the whole crowd of rioters I told Mr. Merritt that this thing could be settled peacefully by negotiation if he would only grant the people that right. He told me to tell the "mob" to go on home and not come back that evening as they had intended to do. In my very poor Hawaiian-Japanese I told them just that. Either the people misunderstood my clumsy wording or they intentionally ignored it--I am still not just sure which--but they returned again that evening.

"I was visiting with some friends in Block 22, as I remember it, when a messenger came running to me with the information that

a riot was going on down at the jail. I hustled down that way as fast as I could with the idea of intervening and stopping whatever was going on, but I arrived too late. The crowd was too agitated to listen to any reasoning.

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"I am very sure now, considering all that has happened to me since that day, that Mr. Merritt thought that I had double-crossed him and was one of the advisors of the riot. He had been there such a short time that he had had no opportunity to come to know me very personally. What he knew of me had been told to him by others. I know he thought I had double-crossed him, because immediately after the riot had been put under control, Mr. Merritt had me thrown in jail and after a month in that jail, transferred to Moab, Utah, where an isolation center had been set up to take care of the "trouble makers" from Manzanar and subsequently from the other centers."

That is Joe Kurihara's story as it was related to me personally at Moab and Leupp and Tule Lake, but there is documentary evidence which throws even greater light on Joe's emotional reactions and thinking which somewhere along his isolation route led him to the decision to go to Japan and work for the cause of democracy there.

There is evidence that he made up his mind in Manzanar that he would be Japanese, when full realization came to him that he could not exercise his American citizenship.

At Manzanar on August 8, 1942, a meeting was held at which protests were made regarding hospital, school, food, wages, housing and self-government conditions. At that meeting, as recorded in writing next morning from memory by a fellow evacuee, Joe Kurihara is reported to have said:

"I was born in Hawaii. I have never been in Japan, but in my veins flows a Japanese blood, a blood of Yamato damashii. We citizens have been denied our citizenship rights; we have no U.S. citizenship; we are 100 per cent Japanese."

That was Joe's initial reaction; the evidence shows that his final feelings--although he was a determined man and one not given lightly to change of mind--were considerably different.

The events which led to his segregation status at Tule Lake Center must be borne in mind: His first attempts to aid the war effort. His willingness to go first to Manzanar to aid the Administration in setting up that center. His leadership which led him straight into a month's jail sentence at Manzanar and nearly a year's internment at Moab and Leupp before his transfer to segregation at Tule Lake.

Top all these things off with the fact that immediately upon his arrival at Tule Lake, the Army, which was in complete authority at that time, incarcerated Joe and all others arriving with him from Leupp in a stockade which it had erected on the Tule Lake Center grounds, this action placing the final stamp of "bad man" on Joe.

Examples of Joe's latter-day thinking at Leupp are presented in two letters written shortly after my own transfer from Leupp to Tule Lake:

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Leupp Relocation Center
Leupp, Arizona
August 29, 1943

Project Director
R. Best
Tule Lake, California

My dear Mr. Best:

Ever since your promotion, I have been wondering as to whether I should write or not. After meditating over it at leisure, I decided to say, "Hello, Mr. Best, how are you this morning?"

Personally I am praying for your success. There is absolutely no doubt about the laurels you will be accumulating without my spiritual help, since you have already proven through the manner in which you have handled the affairs here. Your splendid humanitarian disposition has radiated so magnificently out of that lonely canyon at Moab, and over the endless expanse of this Arizona desert, has justly brought you the promotion you deserve.

Mr. Myer may be thousands of miles away, but he no doubt must have felt the warmth even at Washington. This no doubt must have prompted Mr. Myer not only to insist but literally commanded you to your present position. Oh! what an honor, an honor which comes but once in a lifetime. Mr. Best, I sincerely rejoice with you, and pray that your success continue to bloom with the splendor and glory unbound.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Mr. Robertson (Paul Robertson, later to become an Assistant Project Director at Tule Lake) has gone to Washington in behalf of the boys many of whom are unjustly incarcerated here. I do not know to what degree he will succeed, but I am hoping that he does to the extent of liberating those with families.

Miraculously we have been very fortunate to have such men as you and Mr. Robertson to watch, guide, and protect us in the hour of our need. Your actions and his actions, both unquestionably noble have eased the bitter feelings we have been nursing for months. Had your kinds been placed in charge of the Centers at the outset, I am sure this country would have benefited immeasurably.

It is never too late to start. The W.R.A. must have realized the mistake it has made. The sooner it starts to correct the error and replace those mean to the Japanese and detrimental to the welfare of the Nation, better will be the final result.

I am watching to see how soon Mr. Myer will exercise his authority in ousting the domineering officials and replace them with men like you.

We are getting along nicely and wish to thank you most sincerely for the kindness shown us, especially during the trying period in the canyons of Utah. Undoubtedly it must have been very very annoying and discouraging to you also at times, requiring super-human courage and patience to soothe and guide such fanatics as you have seen. It takes one with abundance of stinging experience to understand, caress, and father those harboring bitter resentments against the country.

Your ministration was beyond reproach.

In conclusion, may God continue to give you the strength and help you in your great humanitarian service, meriting it with greater success and happiness to you and to your beloved family.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Sincerely yours,

/s/ J. Y. Kurihara
Leupp, Arizona

Leupp, Arizona
Friday, October 22, 1943

Project Director
R. R. Best
Tule Lake Relocation Center
California

My dear Mr. Best:

The day is fast approaching when many of us again will be under your tender care. Mr. Robertson has really performed a miracle. Although I know I am not included amongst those fortunate individuals, I sincerely rejoice with them and with their beloved ones.

After all there appears a silver lining among the dark cloud that was hovering over us so long. You, Mr. Best, who steered us through the toughest transitional period at Moab must be credited with the softening of the bitter feelings in us, thereby opening the way for the release of so many through the timely efforts of Mr. Robertson.

Mr. Robertson's success has made the boys very happy. This further tends to ease the emotions of the boys to such an extent that I myself feel very much relieved.

Down in my heart I wanted to make a certain affair clear before you left us in July, but much to my disappointment, the time was so short and sudden I could not very well request for appointment to clear the unpleasant atmosphere prevailing just then. Since time is the best medicine, probably it is better that I let time do the healing. However, I would like to ask you, whenever you have the time, to relieve the mind of Mr. Robertson of any suspicion which he might be entertaining of me through impregnation. Kindly tell Mr. Robertson that I am a man of my word. The promise I made to you at Moab was kept most rigidly, and is being kept today though I have not made any promise to Mr. Robertson. It is my policy to deal with a gentleman like a gentleman.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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The tenseness of the atmosphere has noticeably changed to smiles and joy since the miracle performed by Mr. Robertson. I am happy to see the boys all going about smiling.

It is needless for me to repeat how much the boys here do appreciate the kindness you have shown us. Even those who were antagonistic to you at one time have come to realize their mistake and now speak well of you. To have one such as you guiding so many thousands of contrapolitical adherents is a blessing of which both the Japanese and the country should be grateful.

Mr. Best, allow me to thank you in behalf of the boys and at the same time wish you happiness in your great work for humanity. Wherever I may be, and however we may differ in our conviction, I shall always remember you as one whose kindness has brought much hope and courage in the hour of our need. Enemy or no enemy, you are our friend.

Again, repeating my most affectionate expression of gratitude, I shall now close with best regards to you and to your beloved family. Goodnight.

Very sincerely yours,

/s/ J. Y. Kurihara

When Joe was placed in the stockade at Tule Lake I went, with my knowledge of his background and character, to Lt. Col. Verne Austin and Col. Frank Meek, commanding officers of the Military Police detail then in control at Tule Lake and intervened in his behalf. Upon my recommendation the two officers agreed to release Kurihara from the stockade into the Tule Lake colony.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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After this had been brought about I told Kurihara that I would back him in any position of leadership he might care to assume as a resident of Tule Lake colony.

"Mr. Best," he replied, "I don't care to assume any leadership here. I know now that the country's cards are too much stacked against me, and I'm too old a man to begin anything anew. I have faith in you, Mr. Best, and if I knew you were going to continue to be here I would attempt some kind of leadership, but I'm afraid that just about the time I established a constructive group here you would be reassigned and I would be in the same fix in which I found myself at Manzanar. I would prefer to just retire to my apartment here and read my Bible (he is a life-long and ardent Catholic) and study the Japanese language."

He expressed himself as convinced that he never would be able to act and feel freely as an American, because America was not willing to allow him to act and feel that way. His being placed in the stockade after his transfer from internment had been the straw that broke the camel's back. His study of the Japanese language was part of his decision to attempt something constructive in Japan; he realized he would have to improve his ability to express himself in the language of the land of his ancestry.

But Joe could not stay in complete retirement long.

About this time the pro-Japan organizations in Tule Lake colony began to exert their nationalistic influences. The chief of these, Sokuji Kikoku Hoshi Dan (Return Immediately to Serve the Emperor Organization) and Hokoku Seinen Dan (Young Men's Patriotic Organization), started advocating mass renunciation of United States citizenship.

Joe Kurihara did not take an active part in opposing these groups, but he let it be known in all parts of the colony that if any person being pressured would go to his home he would be glad to offer advice, which was: "Stay out of these trouble-making organizations".

Japanese Relocation Papers
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On February 18, 1945, he wrote to me what he called a "Dissertation":

"It is deplorable to me to see how so many young boys are being misled by these vociferous, glory-seeking, selfish leaders. Nippon Danshi (Sons of Japan) has been blatantly used to glorify their purpose and the organization they were coaxed to join. To me, as I see it, the future of these boys is being ruined. Unfortunately, the time is in favor of these petty politicians at present.

"The majority of the youngsters who have joined are dancing to the radical tune of the agitators without the slightest knowledge of what the consequences will be. Most of them are acting according to the impulse of the moment. The time will come when they will regret in leisure, heaped with disgrace. The decision which they will make after reaching their destination (Department of Justice internment camp) will reflect on their parents, brothers and sisters. Whatever the result may be, the parents must not complain, since it is partly their fault for not having guided their sons on the right path; and in nearly every case they too have taken an active part in the ruination of their beloved sons.

"It is a foregone conclusion that as many as 50 per cent or more will break within six months and will seek freedom regardless of the vow to which they have sworn. The loathsome, uneventful life in an internment camp is more than an ordinary youngster can withstand. It takes tremendous will power to bear the loathsomeness day after day, week after week, and month after month. I have seen many who sold their souls to get out, amongst them the loud mouths who used to wave the flag most vigorously. They have forgotten the heroic words they uttered. They have faded into thin air.

"Many of the boys who now are being interned are too young. They, in fact, have no definite minds of their own and their wills

are flexible. Since they either were coaxed by their parents and friends, or have seen their pals join the organization, they too have joined without thought, to relish the thrill which they felt when others were sent away with thrilling "Banzais!" Their decisions having been made either through persuasion or through the chivalrous impulse of the moment, their sense of responsibility to uphold the honor of the Nippon Danshi and their self-respect are trivialities. The Hokoku Dan has cheapened Nippon Danshi, the nationally sanctified title applied to the flowers of the Yamato Race. My heart writhes with wrath to see so many barking patriots defiling the honor and glory of those red-blooded Nippon Danshi who unselfishly gave their lives to our fatherland Nippon. It is a sacrilege! A sacrilege of the most grievous nature. Oh! What a shame! What a shame! I would not blame the heroes if they should turn in their graves.

Japanese Relocation Papers
Bancroft Library

"We who have obeyed and are obeying implicitly the wishes of the emperor, requested through the premiers, were branded as non-Japanese because we refused to join the Hokoku Dan and parade the compound with our hair cut short. If to cut our hair short and do a bit of exercise in the morning, and while away the rest of the day in various games of relaxation, is Nippon Danshi, then let me barber my hair as I see fit and disturb me not in my studies.

"The myopic leaders who are responsible for the corruption of the youngsters one of these days will have to account for the crimes they have committed. To what extent will they be able to convince the officials of the Japanese Government that their undertakings to Japanize the Nisei were legitimate and honorable? They will have to have unlimited proofs to justify their claims before they can convince the officials, after a good 50 per cent, if not more, of the Nisei fail to weather the boresome life of the internment camps.

"When the Sokoku Kenkyu Seinen Dan (Fatherland Study Young Men's Group) was brought into life in this camp, I sincerely rejoiced over it, but my joy was short-lived. It was nurtured into an organization of gangsters by the leaders. The leaders, instead of keeping the welfare of the youngsters at heart, were really organizing them into a formidable organization, mainly for the pur-

pose of using it as a club to further their selfish motives. In this they succeeded. Thereafter they became unbearable, both to the officials and to the majority of the obedient segregees. They have kept the residents under constant fear and unrest.

"I unequivocally condemn the leaders as the most selfish and shameless traitors that ever lived. They blatantly used Nippon Danshi and Nippon as weapons with which to accomplish their ambition. Nearly all of them are in the neighborhood of 50, who should have known better. They have peddled Nippon Danshi so freely, it now seems meaningless to us. What will they have to say when the majority of those who were interned with them under their leadership turn out to be scum? Heavens! I would tremble with fear to be in their shoes today.

"Those damnable traitors must not be forgiven. They must be made to pay for every soul they have led astray and for the shame they have inflicted on the Yamato Race."

Japanese Relocation Papers
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So violently did Kurihara counsel against these organizations---when he was asked for his advice---that word reached me that Ernest Wakayama, acknowledged leader of the pro-Japan groups, had threatened to kill Joe. I sent a messenger to warn Joe of the rumored intention. Back came a message telling me not to worry, that everything was in hand in the colony and that he very well could take care of himself. He did, and did what he could to take care of some others, too. An example of the latter is this letter:

Tule Lake Center
February 20, 1945

R. R. Best
Project Director
Administration Bldg.
Tule Lake Center

My dear Mr. Best:

I wish to thank you very very much for the favor you have granted me in my request on behalf of Mr.

Kazuo Sasaki. He was here this morning, asking me to thank you for him for the kindness you have so liberally permitted. In his behalf, I wish to thank you again most sincerely.

This forenoon, Mr. Sadao Ara of Block 83, 4-H, Family No. 23871, age 46, came to see me with regarding his status. Personally I do not see why he should worry and told him so. He is a perfect gentleman, liked by everyone he meets. I will vouch for this man against any numbers of others in your care.

The reason he worries is because he is a member of Hoshi Dan -- into which, like many others was high pressured into joining it. Such disgraceful gangsterism method was and is most openly employed in the Manzanar district, engulfing him too as one of the victims. He wants to get out, sincerely regretting over it. He came to see me for advice which I unhesitatingly gave, and he in turn promised to adhere to it most resolutely.

Therefore should his name appears on the list presented by the Sokuji Kikoku Hoshi Dan, won't you please cross it out, and likewise inform Mr. Rothstein about it? I would vouch for him as I have never before against any or all of the colonists here, even myself. Frankly this is one time I am going to take advantage of the confidence you have in me, because I sincerely and truly believe in him.

Knowing that you are a very busy man, I have taken this means to reach you to avoid unnecessary interruption. Most earnestly, I again appeal to your generosity, and at the same time, repeat my most sincere expression of gratitude for all past favors.

Respectfully yours,

/s/ J. Y. Kurihara
706-C T.L.C.

Finally, the Department of Justice arranged hearings to allow those who desired to do so to renounce their American citizenship. Joe Kurihara went up---without having put any pressure upon anybody and without having allowed any pressure to be put upon himself beyond his own personal convictions--and renounced his citizenship. By this action he wound up, in effect, a man without a country. He had no Japanese citizenship.

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Joe departed for Japan on November 24, 1945, from Seattle on the first ship carrying repatriates. He arrived in Japan a week before his enemy, Wakayama, who had been removed from Tule Lake to a Department of Justice internment camp in December of 1944, was able to board a repatriation ship. Joe's way of reaching his goal had been the quickest, after all.

The day before Joe left Tule Lake on the repatriation train he addressed to me a picture post card, yellowed with age and which obviously had been purchased during his service overseas in World War I, on which he had written this message:

Dear Mr. Best and Family:

Let's not say goodbye bon Ami
'Twas yesterday we just but met
Let us say au revoir bon Ami
For tomorrow we again will meet,
'Tis true the land I've sworn to build
Is far across the great divide
However wide it's just a leap
So far but so near, We'll always be.

/s/ J. Kurihara

That reached me the day Joe left. An earlier-written letter which he had entrusted to a friend of his, with instructions, was delivered to me after Joe safely was aboard the ship and there was no turning back:

Newell, California
November 20, 1945

Japanese Relocation Papers
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Project Director
R. R. Best
Tule Lake Center

My dear Mr. Best:

We have at last arrived at the parting of the way. Though I am so enthused and anxious to get across to do my share in rebuilding Japan, I somehow feel as if I am doing a wrong thing. Of course I know I am not. Probably that feeling is due to that inherent love I have for this country since my childhood and it no doubt must be prompting me to feel so.

With true appreciation I am thanking you for all the kindness you have shown me ever since that day we first met at Moab, Utah, during those trying days your paternal understanding had been the true source of our consolation. Had it not been for you probably I too might have gone the ways of many who are apparently regretting today over the course they've taken.

This genuine friendship which I have found amongst the desolate wastes of Utah, in the midst of hatred, jealousy, and war will always be remembered as one of the most cherished memories of my life. May it with the blessing of the Almighty continue to bloom with ever increasing splendor of love and tolerance. I am very very happy that you were the one I have met when bitterness was boiling at its height and I am very very happy that I am going away, though painful as it is, with the genuine thought of an unbroken friendship.

May God grant us the chance of meeting again some day, somewhere with the fruit of our friendship mellowing under the glorious sun of Democratized Nippon.

In conclusion I wish you unending success and happiness throughout your life. Please extend my sincerest good wishes to Mrs. Best and to your dear sons. Thank you very very much.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ J. Y. Kurihara

I feel certain, from the tone of that letter, that had I asked Joe to reconsider his step, he would have done so. I never had felt at liberty to do this. After all of the prejudicial treatment Joe had received since the outbreak of the war, I felt that any remarks from me could be construed only as so many "pretty words" when compared to his actual and very personal experiences.

Joe Kurihara in my experience always was responsive to honest and fair treatment. He never requested or expected any special favor or consideration from me in spite of our intimate acquaintance.

I am looking forward to the next chapter in my relationship with Joe---his letters to me from Japan, letters which I am sure will be filled with comment just as honest in expression as Joe was honest in his habit of expressing himself to me personally.

Whatever Joe Kurihara may become in Japan or whatever Japan may become during his lifetime, it seems inconceivable that he can be anything but an eloquent and determined force for what he believes to be right; and that his concept of what is right will follow the basic principles of the land of his birth--America.

R. Spicer
Emily B.

MOE YONEMURA---AMERICAN HERO---AS I KNEW HIM

By

W. E. Dixon

Supervisor of Community Activities
Tule Lake Center

Some of the facts of the life and death of Lt. Moe Yonemura, United States Army, American of Japanese ancestry who was killed in action in Italy while fighting for the land of his birth and for his own democratic ideals, are summarized in the following article which appeared May 5, 1945, in the Heart Mountain Sentinel, official newspaper of WRA's Heart Mountain Relocation Center:

LT. YONEMURA KILLED IN ACTION
ON ITALIAN FRONT

Lieutenant Yonemura, an outstanding youth leader here was killed April 21.

Born in Los Angeles, Nov. 26, 1920, Lieutenant Yonemura attended public schools there and was graduated with honors from UCLA where he was a member of ROTC for four years.

The officer was evacuated from his home before receiving his diploma but University officials honored him by special services. At the university he was head cheer leader, a member of the Blue Key organization, Scabbard and Blade, the Men's Service Club, as well as being a member of the student council.

At Heart Mountain during the early days, Moe took a leading part in organizing activities for young people and served on most occasions as master of ceremonies. Later he joined the staff of the Sentinel where he handled public relations.

As master of ceremonies for Al Tanaka and his Surfriders Hawaiian Orchestra Moe broadcast from Station

KPOW in Powell for several months. His bright comments brought favorable comments from the entire area and helped in the public acceptance of center residents.

Receiving his commission in the army, Lieutenant Yonemura took a refresher course at Fort Benning before joining the 442nd. During the campaign in France, the lieutenant taught French officers the U.S. manual of arms, since he was proficient in French and acted as liaison officer.

But that is not the whole story of Moe Yonemura.

I first met Moe Yonemura in March of 1942. The West Coast Japanese Exclusion order had just been put into effect, and the army had removed approximately one hundred thousand people of that ancestry from their homes and into their first exclusion camps. I had been assigned the position of Director of Community Activities at one of these camps, the Pomona Assembly Center. On the third or fourth evening after the arrival of the first evacuees I was sitting in my office when one of the new arrivals appeared in the doorway and asked if he might speak with me for a few moments. I recognized the fellow as one who had been helping with the job of getting the arrivals housed.

"Certainly, come in", was my answer to him.

"My name's Min Yonemura, Mr. Dixon, and I have a kid brother here who I wish you would help me with. I was thinking, perhaps, that you wouldn't mind talking to him--or something."

Min, the fellow who was there to speak for his brother, was about twenty-six years of age and, because his father was dead and he was the oldest of the four Yonemura children, was the nominal head of the family. I told him that I would be very glad to speak to his brother, but just why did he think his brother needed talking to?

"My brother, Moe," he began, "is one of the finest kids in the whole country, Mr. Dixon. He's only twenty-two, but he's packed a lot of accomplishments into those years, but now he's a dead fish. This evacuation has just killed him. Before leaving home he bought himself a bunch of tablets and a bunch of pencils and he's come down here to this camp to hole himself in and just sweat out the duration writing and what-not. I thought if you could talk to him you might

shake him out of his stew and get him interested in something. He's worth your try, I'll dam' well guarantee you."

I promised Min I'd do my best with his brother if he would get him up to my office the next evening, and in the meantime I checked a bit on his brother Moe's background. The evacuation had pulled him out of UCLA, a university of some fifteen thousand students, where he had been in his senior year. His record there, considering his minority ancestry, had been little short of phenomenal. He had been elected head cheer leader by the student body, he was a member of the Blue Key organization, a body composed of the school's student leaders, he belonged to Scabbard and Blade, the Men's Service Club and was too a member of the Student Council. He had been a member of the ROTC and, at the time of his evacuation, was an officer in that military organization. I found out, too, that at the very crack of the war he had tried to enlist in the U.S. army but had been told to wait, by the enlistment officers. President Sproul, of the university had tried to intervene in his behalf and have his individual evacuation notice set aside, but this effort had been to no avail.

Min brought his brother up the next evening, and my first impression of him was an impression that did nothing but enlarge itself during the six month period of my intimate association with him. He was a good-looking boy with an infectious grin and a "something" about him that told you he was as morally clean as a hound's tooth. I liked that boy immensely.

The three of us sat there in my office talking until the army's "Taps" broke up the conversation. It was an early rule of these centers that all evacuees were to be in their barracks and all lights out by ten o'clock. The conversation had roamed far afield from Moe's immediate future at the assembly center, but some time during it it had been agreed that Moe was to come up and have a try at working with me. No specific duties were agreed upon. He was to just come up and "stick around" and be my general assistant and "Man Friday" in all things.

He came to be much more than a "Man Friday". In a short time I found myself thinking towards him as a brother, and he unabashedly admitting that he was taking my council as though it came from

the father that he did not have. Every place that I went within the center and every duty that I performed there, Moe followed along and aided in whatever way I suggested. Not that I considered him a "follower". Quite the contrary was true of him. He was a born leader and was assuming leadership just as fast as his association with me acquainted him with the general direction in which he should point that leadership.

I think that, more than anything else, the thing that gave rebirth to Moe's enthusiasm for his country and its principles was the fact that he found himself in a constructive position in a virgin field of bewildered humanity. As he attempted to help other people and straighten out their thinking he was, unconsciously, helping himself. In a very short time Moe changed from a completely beaten young man into a man who was sold again on the fact that he was still an American and only the temporary victim of a miscarriage of American justice. Things would right themselves shortly and atone for the miscarriage in some typical American way.

An example of this rebirth of his was given on the occasion of the presentation of diplomas to children whose grades would have graduated them from public schools had evacuation not interrupted their schooling. These diplomas were sent from schools all over the state of California for children who were then living in the Pomona Center. They were to be presented at a mass exercise, and the School Board of Los Angeles County delegated one of their members to make the graduating address. I designated Moe as the one to make the acceptance address in the name of the evacuees. He made a speech that is still remembered by the Caucasian visitors to the exercises as being one of the most sincere and clear expressions of the "American Way" it would be possible to phrase. Mr. A. T. Richardson, publisher and owner of the Pomona newspaper, The Progress-Bulletin, was so impressed that he asked Moe for a copy of the speech that he might publish. Moe had no copy. He had spoken extemporaneously from notes.

At these same graduation exercises a specially prepared edition of his university's Year Book, along with his own graduation diploma, was presented to Moe. A front page of this book had been dedicated to him and contained a tribute to his achievements at that school.

Moe left Pomona in the middle of August, 1942, for Heart Mountain, Wyoming, which was to be his home as long as he remained in

WRA custody. His record there is clearly stated in the article from the Heart Mountain Sentinel. Shortly after his departure from Pomona I left for New Guinea where I was to represent the American Red Cross, and it was there that I next heard from Moe. He was writing from Heart Mountain.

Mr. W. E. Dimon,
A.P.O. 705,
Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

Dear Mr. Dimon:

Golly, but it's hard to believe that it has been almost a year since we were first evacuated. To me it seems only yesterday that I followed everywhere in the wake of your striding shadow. I mean that to imply more than in the mere physical sense, for in the short time that I was privileged to claim the intimacy of your friendship, I grew to learn more than I have ever learned so painlessly and so quickly. I have now been here over twice as long as I spent in Pomona, yet I feel no attachment at all to this place as I feel for Pomona. I have sought, but I seek in vain. . . there is no face like yours here. . . no understanding mind. . . no kindly counselor. . . no striding colossus who can or will command people to greater things than they themselves knew they were capable of doing. I have had to struggle at times in order to keep an even keel in my thinking, and thus fulfill my promise to you. The great change here is not for the better, and I have been more than a little disappointed. With the exception of a select few, the men who guide the destinies of Heart Mountain are not men of great leadership or of too great sympathy. They are, rather, men who are doing a job as well as their pay warrants their doing that job. They are the kind that try to talk results into being, and hope that results are satisfactory. I think that perhaps they take the old saying about letting the tomorrows take care of themselves too seriously. I think a great deal these days of tomorrow and the tomorrows to come, and in all cases my future and the future of America that I know and love seem to be bound in a kind of sympathetic unity. I mean by that that in America today, I

recognize the beginnings of strong fascist tendencies, which have at the moment been conveniently disguised under the label of military necessity and patriotism. Hand in hand with this is the accompanying evil of the death of the democratic principles for which our fathers paid so dearly, and of which we Americans were so proud not so very long ago. And with the death of each of these principles, it seems my future hopes suffer with each death; and conversely, my hopes for the future are kept alive with each democratic ideal that is kept from such an ignominious death. (Clear as mud, no?) I am convinced in all this turmoil of but three things; one, that my future, win, lose or draw, is bound irrevocably with the America of the future; two, that America and the allies must win this war, and lastly and most important of all, that after victory our work begins in earnest. We must work for the reconstruction, not only of our country, but of the whole world, for the building of a nation on the ruin of another almost invariably leads to disaster. We must work for a real and lasting peace. .

. not the type of peace which was in part the cause of this war. . . not a peace based on the aggrandizement of one nation or one group of nations and the attempted crushing of another group, but a total peace which can only be the satisfactory conclusion to such a total war as this. . . a peace which will recognize the dual responsibility of both victor and vanquished, and the piteous plight of both. . . a peace which will finally admit the interdependence of mankind everywhere, and begin with an extension of an invitation to the losers of this war as well as to all other nations of the world to join in the tremendous task of reconstruction, and of making this world a fit place in which civilized man may live as such. . . a peace which will see the death throes of nationalism and the birth of the far greater virtue of internationalism. If we can do these things, then and only then would we be ready as civilized men and women to set out to conquer the common enemies of man, the pestilences, the ignorances, and the hitherto unconquerable. Then and only then would we be able to devote ourselves wholly to the task of creating, not destroying, making people live better without the handicap

of dissipating our energies each decade in a fight among ourselves. Then and only then, would we as real men be able to set out to conquer the common goals of mankind, the ever rising ramps and spires which we call civilization, and towards which we must ever make our way.

Well, now for the important news of the day. The army has just announced that the army is again open to Niseis, and you know what that means to me. I have applied for commission and am under consideration. And you can bet this time every shilling you have or hope to get that, commission or no commission, I'm getting in this time. I missed the boat once, but I don't intend that it should happen to me twice. I have been told to gather all of my credentials together with letters of recommendation, so am writing everyone I know. President Sproul of the University has just written me a swell letter together with a voucher of my training there. I would appreciate it no end if, when you have another one of those vacations, you sit down between beers in the pub and write a little letter for me. There I go again asking favors, but I always do that anyway so I guess you are quite used to it.

Everyone here sends their very best, and especial regards from mother, Min and the girls.

Yours all ways and always,

/s/ "Moe" Yonezura

In answer to his request that I send along a letter of recommendation in order that he might not "miss the boat a second time"---the army's boat---I wrote and told Moe that such a letter would be an insult to his outstanding Americanism and loyalty. If he still felt that he needed some word from me he was free to show the authorities that paragraph from my letter. My next correspondence from him was from Fort Benning. He had made the military grade and, further, had made it as a commissioned officer. He was assigned to Cannon Company B of the 442nd Infantry Battalion. My last letter from him was postmarked "Italy":

Dear Buck:

Greetings from Italy! With each passing day correspondence grows more difficult, but I had to write to you. Here, so many, many mile removed from you, I am finding my thoughts always wondering back to those bleak days made so pleasant by your companionship. You taught me much about life and people, Buck, and I shan't ever forget!

Italy is a colorful and charming country--and the people are quite friendly. The war has left a horrible mark on most Italian towns, and the victims as always are the poor children. They are everywhere around begging food. If I could have ever forgiven Hitler, Musolini and Tojo for their avarice and greed, I can never now forgive them for what they have done to these children and the millions like them throughout the world.

Our situation forces us to keep moving at all times, and at each stop we dig in. Boy, I am really in shape for that WPA shovel job when I get back. The other day I had just started to dig when Jerry started to zero in with his heavy stuff. Boy Buck, you should have seen me! I looked like an eager gopher looking for a Chinese friend by the most direct route! But in spite of all my frantic antics, part of me (guess what part) still stood out in the open waving in the breeze. No kidding, Buck, I still wonder if I had been wounded there if I would have been granted the Purple Heart?

Oh, but I've learned so well that this war is no picnic. Isn't it hideous? Casualties here mean so much, ever so much more than mere figures in a newspaper. Jerry is a tough and tenacious foe and a treacherous one. The boys have been and are magnificent! I've seen them under all conditions and each time they've been beyond reproach. Anybody up here has the utmost respect for our units, and that includes the enemy! I'm a little disillusioned at times when I read of further discriminatory remarks and actions at home, when boys

are so gallantly fighting and dying here. What more can we do to prove our good faith? What's wrong with the world, Buck? Here we are fighting for democracy abroad--you and I, and those who aren't fighting at all--and many who weren't even born Americans, are trying to kick me out of my country, and are trying to kill the democracy we are dying for!

Golly, how I'd welcome one of our "bull sessions" again. I know how busy you must be, but remember your #1 boy "Moe" when you have time--plis? "Min" is now also in the army and should be in Savage by this time.

Regards to your wife--and to all our mutual friends when you next write them.

Yours always and all ways,

/s/ "Just Moe"

In the early part of May of 1945 I received a letter from David Yamakawa who was connected with the administration at the Heart Mountain Center. Quoting from Dave's letter:

"I hate to be the one to have to tell you this, but I am sure you would want to know and, perhaps, do know by this time. Moe was killed in combat on April 21st in Italy."

That date turned out to be only about two weeks before the actual cessation of the fighting in that theater.

In November of 1945 Staff Sergeant Yoshio Imoto who had been in Moe's company all during the campaign, paid a visit to the Tule Lake Center. I asked the sergeant if he could tell me anything about Moe's death. He told me that he had been hit while acting as forward observer for the battery.

"It was a wonder to us that Moe was not killed long before he was," he said. "He was absolutely fearless and was constantly exposing himself to fire. Often he accepted dangerous duty himself that he should have passed on down to one of his subordinates."

With Moe's death, one of the things I had looked forward to in the postwar world was denied me. He was destined to become the leader of the Japanese minority in this country just as sure as there was to be such leadership, and I was looking forward to following his progress in that direction with a great deal more than even personal interest.

From the Appendix of
Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement

By
Dorothy Swaine Thomas
and
Richard S. Nishimoto

(Not to be quoted without permission from the University of
California Press.)

Joseph Yoshisuke Kurihara

J.Y. Kurihara's life history is of especial significance in a volume dealing with the spoilage of evacuation. A Nisei, almost fifty years old at the time of evacuation, Kurihara had been exceptionally successful economically. He had enlisted in the American Army during the first World War and served with an occupation unit in Germany. His pre-war behavior and attitudes are a matter of record, and all informants agree that he had no interest in and no connection with Japan. He had in fact never even visited the country. Although extremely sensitive to racial discrimination and slights to the minority group to which he belonged, he was known to be a firm advocate of democratic principles. He was a contributor to a vernacular newspaper with a pronounced "flag waving" policy, and his contributions conformed to this policy. Following the outbreak of war between Japan and America, he made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to participate actively in this country's war program. When evacuation came, Kurihara gave vehement expression to the embitterment he felt at his "betrayal" by America and, correspondingly, began to voice pro-Japan sentiments. He was a leader in the Manzanar riot. He was arrested and incarcerated, as described in Chapter II. He applied for expatriation to Japan in 1943. In Tule Lake, to

which he was transferred in December, 1943, he was among the first to renounce American citizenship, and he successfully pressed immigration officials to be in the first contingent of voluntary deportations to Japan.

Kurihara offered to prepare his life history for this Study. Excerpts from this document, which are revealing of the emotional stress under which he made his decisions, will follow a brief, more formal account of his career.

Biographical Notes: Born in 1895 on Kauai Island, Hawaii. Single; no relatives in the United States. Short, stout and balding; square face, large jaw, resonant voice. Warm and friendly in manner, but self-assertive. Proud of his honesty and integrity and accepted by others as a "man of his word." Emotionally disturbed. A devout Catholic.

Family moved to Honolulu when Kurihara was two years old. There he completed elementary school and graduated from a Catholic high school. Concurrently attended Japanese language schools for ten years. Hoped to become a doctor, and worked for a time in a road construction crew to earn money to attend college.

Came to United States in 1915; worked as fruit picker in Sacramento Valley prior to entrance in St. Ignatius College in San Francisco. Discouraged by evidence of racial discrimination on West Coast; migrated to middle west in early 1917.

Enlisted in U.S. Army while in Michigan in 1917. Served abroad. Honorably discharged in San Francisco in 1919. Visited

Hawaii for brief period. Returned to California; entered a commercial college in Los Angeles and later Southwestern University from which he graduated in accounting in 1924.

Opened an accounting firm, serving Japanese community in Los Angeles, in 1924. In 1925, became partner in a wholesale produce firm and, at same time, operated retail fruit and vegetable store in Hollywood, which he sold at profit in 1927. Auditor and manager of Japanese-owned seafood packing company 1927-28; salesman for a wholesale hardware company 1929-31, earning on the average five hundred dollars a month. Opened retail fruit and vegetable store in Berkeley in an attempt to carry over to northern California a form of merchandising successful in Los Angeles area. Failed in this venture.

Studied navigation and television in Los Angeles. From 1934 to onset of war, employed as navigator of tuna fishing boat. Arrived in San Diego from fishing expedition December 29, 1941. Remained there through January in effort to get clearance to navigate, which was denied. Went to San Pedro in attempt to enter merchant marine. Unsuccessful. Sought employment in two shipbuilding firms and was refused because of ancestry.

Witnessed expulsion of Japanese from Terminal Island on orders of Eleventh Naval District in February, 1942. Entered Manzanar with second volunteer contingent on March 23, 1942. Soon became active in antiadministration and anti-JACL movements. Arrested on December 7, 1942, during Manzanar riot. Sent to Moab and later to Leupp isolation camps. Transferred to

Tule Lake in December, 1943, as segregant; inactive politically in Tule Lake, although had personal following. Renounced his citizenship; sailed for Japan in February, 1946.

Verbatim Excerpts from Kurihara's Manuscripts.

Re his appraisal of his own personality:

I go from one extreme to the other. I sympathize, cry, and give my last penny to save a person in a worthy cause, but I can be mean and devilish when aroused.

Re memories of Hawaii:

We, the boys of conglomerated races, were brought up under the careful guidance of American teachers, strictly following the principle of American Democracy. Let it be white, black, brown, or yellow, we were all treated alike. This glorious Paradise of the Pacific was the true melting pot of human races.

Re early experiences of racial discrimination in California (around 1915):

My early experiences in Sacramento were of appalling nature. While walking on K Street from the Depot toward the Japanese district, suddenly a fairly well-dressed person came and kicked me in the stomach for no reason whatever. Luckily it glanced as I instinctively avoided it.

I watched his next move, maneuvering into position to fight it out the best I could. A crowd started to gather but no sooner than it did, another person coming out of a saloon in front of which we were about to tackle, stopped this public show. I went my way feeling terribly hurt.

In this same city of Sacramento, as my friend and I were walking in the residential district, a short distance away from the Japanese center, something came whizzing by, and then another and another. We noticed they were rocks being thrown at us by a number of youngsters. As we went toward them, the boys ran and hid. Feeling perplexed, I asked my friend, "Why do they attack us in such a manner?" He answered, "It's discrimination." No such thing ever happened where I came from. It was disgusting. I felt homesick for my good old native land, Hawaii.

Re enlistment in and experiences in American Army of occupation
(1917-1919):

While in Michigan I was seized with an intense desire to join the Army. I felt rather ashamed of myself in civilian attire. I had purchased \$500 worth of Liberty Bonds to send to my five nieces and nephews in Hawaii, but still not feeling satisfied, I finally went and enlisted. During the training period, I was befriended by many Caucasians. I made several visits to their homes. I felt very happy. Knowing that they were going out of the way to make me happy, I solemnly vowed to fight and die for the U.S. and these good people, whose genuine kindness touched the very bottom of my heart. In California my animosities against the Californians were growing with ever-increasing intensity, but in Michigan, my liking for the American people was getting the best of me.

In the summer of 1918 I was sent to France with a medical corps. After the armistice, I was assigned to Coblenz, Germany, with a medical corps of the army of occupation. During my stay in Coblenz, I found out that the German people were just as human as any other race. I learned to like these people because they were kind and sincere. At every meal time, the little German girls and boys would line the walk to the garbage can for whatever scraps the boys were throwing away. I could not bear to see these little ones suffer, so I always made it my duty to ask for as much as my plate would hold and gave it to them. O Lord my God, so this is the price of War. Why should these innocent children be made to suffer the hardships of war?

Re experiences and attitudes immediately following Pearl Harbor:

After a fishing expedition off Mexico, we entered San Diego Bay immediately at daybreak on December 29. In the bay, the boat was stopped and several officers in naval uniform came aboard. They scrutinized the papers, and finding them satisfactory they left, but they took three of us (two Portuguese and myself) along.

We were taken to the naval wharf and waited for orders but none came. Around nine thirty, we again were asked to board the official launch and this time were taken back to our own ship. No sooner when I boarded the ship than a plainclothes man yelled, "Hey! you Jap, I want some information. You better tell me everything, or I'll kick you in the _____." My blood boiled. I felt like clubbing his head off. It was just a hat rack and nothing more.

Another gentleman came aboard, and seeing that I was an Oriental, he said, "I want you to come with me to the Immigration Office."

At the office, I was told to take a seat in plain view

of several officers. Noon came, so they went for lunch while I sat there waiting. Three o'clock came. I was feeling hungry and irritated. Finally I asked one of the officers why they apprehended me and why they were keeping me waiting without lunch. He said the instruction was to bring all Japanese nationals in for questioning.

One of the officers obligingly took out some papers, called me to his side and started to ask the following questions:

"What do you think of the war?"

"Terrible."

"Who do you think will win this war?"

"Who knows? God only knows."

"Do you think Japan has the materials she needs to wage this war?"

"I never was there; so your guess is just as good as mine."

"Are you a navigator?"

"Yes, I navigated boats for the last eight years."

"Are you good at it?"

"Never missed my mark."

"Do you know all the bays along the coast?"

"Yes, nearly all the bays and coves along the entire coast from Seattle to Ecuador, South America."

"Have you been a good American citizen?"

"I was and I am."

"Will you fight for this country?"

"If I am needed, I am ready."

"Were you a soldier of any country?"

"Yes, I am Veteran of the Foreign Wars, U.S. Army."

I was released that evening.

Re attempts to participate in the war effort:

I went to see the Port Master in San Diego to get a permit to sail the sea. Seeing that I was a Japanese, he said, "No permit for any Jap." We argued awhile. Losing his temper he said, "Get out or I'll throw you out." So I told him, "Say officer I wore that uniform when you were still unborn. I served in the U.S. Army and fought for Democracy. I may be a Jap in feature but I am an American. Understand!" I saw fire in his eyes, but he had no further words to say.

In San Pedro, when I applied at one shipbuilding company, I was told it would be better for me to try elsewhere because I will not enjoy working here. They said the fellow workmen were very antagonistic. They said they had two Japanese boys working as welders, but they did not think they would be here very long because of discrimination of the fellow workers.

Re the Terminal Island evacuation:

It was really cruel and harsh. To pack and evacuate in forty-eight hours was an impossibility. Seeing mothers completely bewildered with children crying from want and peddlers taking advantage and offering prices next to robbery made me feel like murdering those responsible without the slightest compunction in my heart.

The parents may be aliens but the children are all American citizens. Did the government of the United States intend to ignore their rights regardless of their citizenship? Those beautiful furnitures which the parents bought to please their sons and daughters, costing hundreds of dollars were robbed of them at the single command, "Evacuate!" Here my first doubt of American Democracy crept into the far corners of my heart with the sting that I could not forget. Having had absolute confidence in Democracy, I could not believe my very eyes what I had seen that day. America, the standard bearer of Democracy had committed the most heinous crime in its history.

Re the beginnings of his hatred of JACL leaders and other collaborators in the evacuation procedure:

Truly it was my intention to fight this evacuation. On the night of my return to Los Angeles from San Diego was the second meeting which the Citizens Federation of Southern California [sponsored by JACL] held to discuss evacuation. I attended it with a firm determination to join the committee representing the Nisei and carry the fight to the bitter end. I found the goose was already cooked. The Field Secretary of the JACL instead of reporting what actually transpired at a meeting they had had with General DeWitt just tried to intimidate the Nisei to comply with evacuation by stories of threats he claimed to have received from various parts of the State.

I felt sick at the result. They'd accomplished not a thing. All they did was to meet General DeWitt and be told what to do. These boys claiming to be the leaders of the Nisei were a bunch of spineless Americans. Here I decided to fight them and crush them in whatever camp I happened to find them. I vowed that they would never again be permitted to disgrace the name of the Nisei as long as I was about.

Re initial experiences in and reactions to Manzanar:

The desert was bad enough. The mushroom barracks made it worse. The constant cyclonic storms loaded with sand and dust made it worst. After living in well furnished homes with every modern convenience and suddenly forced

to live the life of a dog is something which one can not so readily forget. Down in our hearts we cried and cursed this government every time when we were showered with sand. We slept in the dust; we breathed the dust; and we ate the dust. Such abominable existence one could not forget, no matter how much we tried to be patient, understand the situation, and take it bravely. Why did not the government permit us to remain where we were? Was it because the government was unable to give us the protection? I have my doubt. The government could have easily declared Martial Law to protect us. It was not the question of protection. It was because we were Japs! Yes, Japs!

After corralling us like a bunch of sheep in a hellish country, did the government treat us like citizens? No! We were treated like aliens regardless of our rights. Did the government think we were so without pride to work for \$16.00 a month when people outside were paid \$40.00 to \$50.00 a week in the defense plants? Responsible government officials further told us to be loyal and that to enjoy our rights as American citizens we must be ready to die for the country. We must show our loyalty. If such is the case, why are the veterans corralled like the rest of us in the camps? Have they not proven their loyalty already? This matter of proving one's loyalty to enjoy the rights of an American citizen was nothing but a hocus-pocus.

Re decision to renounce citizenship¹:

My American friends . . . no doubt must have wondered why I renounced my citizenship. This decision was not that of today or yesterday. It dates back to the day when General DeWitt ordered evacuation. It was confirmed when he flatly refused to listen even to the voices of the former World War Veterans and it was doubly confirmed when I entered Manzanar. We who already had proven our loyalty by serving in the last World War should have been spared. The veterans asked for special consideration but their requests were denied. They too had to evacuate like the rest of the Japanese people, as if they were aliens.

I did not expect this of the Army. When the Western Defense Command assumed the responsibilities of the West Coast, I expected that at least the Nisei would be allowed to remain. But to General DeWitt, we were all alike. "A Jap's a Jap. Once a Jap, always a Jap." . . . I swore to become a Jap 100 percent, and never to do another day's work to help this country fight this war. My decision to renounce my citizenship there and then was absolute.

1. This excerpt is also quoted in Chapter XIII but is repeated here for the sake of context.

Just before he left for Japan, Kurihara wrote:

It is my sincere desire to get over there as soon as possible to help rebuild Japan politically and economically. The American Democracy with which I was infused in my childhood is still unshaken. My life is dedicated to Japan with Democracy my goal.

In connection with Kurihara's own account of the development of his attitudes, it is of interest to quote the opinions of administrators from our own field notes, recorded by Togo Tanaka in Manzanar during the fall of 1942:

WRA administrators familiar with Kurihara's case were, in general, sympathetic with him. In August, 1942, after Kurihara had made several public speeches which some listeners considered "subversive" and "anti-American," one project administrative officer said he had a talk with Kurihara. "I find Joe Kurihara very bitter about the entire situation, but he is bitter and sore in quite an American way," was his observation. The Assistant Project Director, in a conversation with a group at which Kurihara was not present, remarked: "If I were Joe Kurihara, I'd be mad too. He was a veteran of the World War, was discharged from the United States Army honorably, had done his part as a citizen. It's just as if I had saved one of you guys from getting stabbed or killed in a street brawl, and you rewarded me by kicking me into the gutter. Hell, sure I'd be bitter."

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SUMMARY ON ATTITUDES OF SELECTED GROUP
REGARDING REPATRIATION

April 28, 1944

Recently, the Welfare Department held a series of interviews with a group of arbitrarily selected evacuee residents. The express purpose of these interviews was to study the trend in thoughts of residents who had heretofore neither expressed desires to repatriate nor had signified intentions to relocate. However, this purpose could not be attained for an obvious reason. A selected number of fifty evacuees were referred to the Welfare Department for interviews, out of which forty-seven reported. From the group that reported, forty persons had already filed repatriation papers.

In view of this fact, a study of the attitudes toward repatriation held by this group was made as an alternative. Here again, an accurate study could not be made since the persons selected for the study were concentrated in the upper age bracket (76 $\frac{1}{2}$ % were over forty years of age) and did not represent aliens and citizens and members of both sexes equally. Furthermore, different fields of occupations were not represented. There was a definite need to contrast the viewpoint of professional men, business men, and rural people. This is particularly important from the standpoint of the contacts that each had made in pre-evacuation days within American society and life peculiar to his own occupation. There was also a very poor spread in educational backgrounds. The average education of the selected group was found to be only 6.61 years in the field of Japanese education and 1.14 years in the field of American education. Thus you see that any viewpoint represented in this analysis would reflect the thinking of a predominately Japanese educated mind, which did not even attain a high school education in any instance. For these reasons, the following analysis will only represent the philosophies and attitudes of the older, alien rural group for the most part.

In summarizing the attitudes of the evacuees toward repatriation, the following general observations can be made:

- I. The attitudes taken at the segregation hearings were still holding true
- II. There is a strong desire for repatriation

Figures reveal that forty (85%) of the total persons interviewed had filed repatriation papers. Out of this number, twenty-nine persons (73%) requested repatriation at the first opportunity while five (12%) asked for repatriation after the war with six persons (15%) being undecided. Taking the total persons interviewed, it was found that thirty-two persons (68%) asked to be repatriated at the first opportunity while six persons (13%) desired repatriation after the war and nine persons (19%) were still undecided.

Of the seven persons who had not as yet filed repatriation papers, four indicated their desire to repatriate; one person wished to discuss the matter further; while one person definitely did not desire repatriation but was being forced by family responsibilities to do so. It is also interesting to note that out of these seven persons, three asked for immediate repatriation, three were undecided, and one person asked for repatriation after the war. Six in this group are aliens, and one person is a citizen.

III. Reasons for desiring to repatriate are based on several facts

A. Sentimental basis

The analysis chart shows that the aliens have resided in this country for an average period of 34.1 years while they only remained in their native land for an average period of 17.6 years. This fact reveals that the aliens came to the United States at a very early age and probably did not have many opportunities to visit their homeland. A desire to spend the remaining years of their lives in Japan is evident.

B. Ineligibility of aliens in becoming United States citizens

C. Discouragement and dislodgement that resulted from evacuation

D. Old age

The average age of the alien is fifty-five years while the median age is fifty-seven years. Aliens feel that their usefulness is over and the regaining of a normal existence in the United States would be very difficult especially in view of the language barrier and discrimination.

E. Family ties and responsibilities

There is a definite feeling that families should be kept together and that children should recognize definite responsibilities toward their parents at the sacrifice of their own desires. It is felt that the majority of the citizens will probably fall under this category while the aliens probably will fall more in the first categories.

F. Although there is a strong desire for repatriation, relatively few persons have any concrete plan for the future.

In view of the above analysis, we feel that it is safe to conclude the aged, rural group show a sincere desire for repatriation while the younger age group seem to request repatriation as a part of their family responsibility.

CLASSIFICATION OF REPATRIATION APPLICANTS
TULE LAKE WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY
NEWELD, CALIFORNIA
AS OF JUNE 30, 1943

[illegible]