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OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION
WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

Dunsey
WB-1178

Text of Address by Dillon S. Myer, Director of the War Relocation Authority, over the National Broadcasting Company network at 10:45 p.m., EWT, Thursday, July 15, 1943.

During recent weeks, a great deal of public attention has been given to the War Relocation Authority, the relocation centers, and the Japanese-American people who live in these centers. Unfortunately, much of the information given circulation was untrue, and misleading. Much of what has been said has caused confusion, by focusing attention on some minor details and covering up the really basic issues.

The proper handling of the people of Japanese ancestry who were removed from their homes along the Pacific Coast into relocation centers is a matter of importance to every person in the United States. It is essential that everyone who gives thought to the problem keep certain facts clearly in mind.

First---enemy aliens suspected of being subversive were arrested immediately after Pearl Harbor and are now interned. They have never been in relocation centers.

Second---During the first month of the evacuation period -- in March 1942 -- the Japanese-American people were first told simply that they must move out of the Pacific coastal zone and were free to go anywhere else they liked. It was only after this voluntary movement had caused difficulties that controlled evacuation came into the picture. Relocation centers were established primarily to provide living quarters for the evacuees while long-range resettlement plans were being worked out.

The evacuation did not imply for one moment that all evacuees were guilty or even suspected of endangering the national safety. It was a precautionary move taken in view of the exceedingly critical military situation on the West Coast. The evacuees in the relocation centers are not charged with any crime or subversive intentions; they are a dislocated people who had to have some place to live-- and the relocation centers seemed to be the most feasible temporary solution to the problem. There is no reason to conduct the relocation centers as internment camps or prisons.

On the contrary, there are good reasons why they should not be so conducted. Two-thirds of the people who were moved into relocation centers were born in this country. They are American citizens, and 72 per cent of this citizen group have never even seen Japan.

(over)

X-18063

In the ten relocation centers, the evacuees are provided with most of the basic necessities of life--and the opportunity to earn a small amount of money so they may buy other things not provided by the government. They receive food, lodging, and medical care, and schooling is provided for the children.

The living quarters are barrack-type frame buildings, divided into family-size compartments--and furnished with cots, mattresses, blankets and heating stoves. There is no running water or cooking facilities in the barracks--but community bath houses and mess halls are located in each block to serve 250 to 300 people.

The school program is planned to meet the standards of the state where the center is located, but until recently there were no buildings put up especially for school purposes. Classes have been held in barrack buildings originally intended for living quarters or for recreation.

The medical service in a relocation center is barely adequate even as measured by wartime standards. Non-Japanese doctors and nurses are in charge of the medical staff in each center, but most of the staff is composed of evacuees.

Any community of--say--ten thousand people, eating three meals a day--will require a lot of food. Most of the relocation centers were able to produce very little of their own food last year--and so most of it had to be brought in. People who have seen the trucks going into the relocation centers loaded with food quite naturally have been impressed with the large amounts--and so many rumors have started that the evacuees in relocation centers are getting huge amounts of food--far more than other civilians.

I want to say right here and now that people in relocation centers are rationed--just the same as the rest of us. Most of the food is bought through the Quartermaster Corps of the Army. But there is a top limit of 45 cents a day per person which may be spent for food, and the actual cost has ranged from 34 to 42 cents a day. By way of comparison, the Army allows a maximum of 61 cents a day and actually spends 55 to 57 cents a day for each man. From the standpoint of quality, the food served in the centers is, of course, never better than Army standards. And on many items, such as beef, it is definitely inferior.

The government of the United States has an obligation to feed the evacuees in the relocation centers but--we are doing it in strict accord with rationing regulations--and with a keen regard for the heavy demands on the nation's food supply.

I won't take time to dwell on other details of the relocation center activities--except to say that the War Relocation Authority is operating with a minimum staff--and has attempted to give a maximum of responsibility to the evacuees themselves for providing the services needed by the community--and for managing their own affairs.

The wages for those who work are just about enough to provide for the necessities--12, 16, or 19 dollars a month--plus a small clothing allowance for each member of the worker's family. The evacuees are not compelled to work--but only those who do work receive wages and clothing allowances. About 90 per cent of the employable evacuees at the centers are now engaged in some kind of work.

In spite of the fact that the War Relocation Authority is responsible for managing the ten relocation centers--we don't feel that they are desirable institutions, or anything in which the people of the United States can take pride. It isn't the American way to have children grow up behind barbed wire. It may be possible to make good Americans out of them--but the very surroundings make a mockery out of principles we have always cherished and respected. It's difficult to reconcile democracy with barbed wire--freedom with armed sentries--liberty with searchlights.

But, in spite of these discouraging surroundings, Americanism is predominant in the relocation centers. It is taught in the schools--in the adult education classes--through organizations such as Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Girl Reserves, and Parent-Teacher Associations. Several of the centers have U.S.O. Clubs or similar arrangements for the entertainment of soldiers of Japanese ancestry who come back to the centers to see their families or friends.

However, there are some people in the relocation centers who have indicated that they prefer to be Japanese rather than American. And there are others whose records indicate that they might endanger the national security. Accordingly, we are planning within the next few weeks to segregate these pro-Japanese people and establish them in a single center where they will live for the duration of the war or until repatriated to Japan. It has taken time to gather enough information for such a program of segregation. We now have the necessary information and we expect to carry out the program as soon as transportation can be obtained to make the move.

We feel that the remainder of the population--those who are thoroughly American in their loyalties--should not be required to remain in relocation centers. They can make a much greater contribution to the war effort by working on farms, in factories, and in other places where their abilities can be used to best advantage.

In the spring of last year, when the evacuation was only beginning, there was an insistent demand from sugar beet growers and refiners for evacuees to work in the beet fields of the Western States. Before the harvest season was over, about 10,000 people from the centers had gone to work in the fields of the West--and they harvested enough beets to provide a year's sugar ration for about 10 million people.

The results of that program were generally good from every point of view. And so the War Relocation Authority went one step further. Starting in July one year ago, we began to work out a program whereby evacuees with sound records might leave the centers indefinitely to take jobs and establish homes in normal communities. Up to the present time, about 10,000 of the evacuated people have taken advantage of these procedures and have gone out on indefinite leave to establish themselves mainly throughout the interior sections of the country. In addition, approximately 6,000 have gone out on seasonal leave for work chiefly on farms throughout irrigated sections of the West. And in all these months, not one case of disloyal activity on the part of these people has been reported from any reliable source.

(Over)

X-18063

Within the past few weeks, there has been a great deal of public discussion about the release of people from relocation centers. The procedures for granting release and the methods of investigating individual evacuees have been widely misunderstood. So tonight I want to state those procedures just as clearly as I can in order that the public may have the true facts. Over a period of many months, we have gathered a considerable amount of information on each evacuee 17 years or over -- information on their individual backgrounds and interests and their past employment records. Before any evacuee is granted indefinite leave, this information is carefully checked at the relocation center. If there is any indication that the evacuee might endanger the national security or interfere with the war effort, permission for leave is denied.

In addition--as a further precaution--we have submitted the names of all evacuees past 17 to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The FBI has now checked nearly 90 per cent of these names against its files and has supplied us with whatever information it had on the individuals involved. We have been using this information in determining eligibility for leave. But I want to emphasize the determination is made by WRA and not by FBI.

There are certain classes of evacuees who automatically are denied leave: one-- those who have asked to be repatriated or expatriated to Japan, two-- Shinto priests, three-- American citizens who have refused to swear allegiance to the United States and four-- those who have been denied leave once because of bad records. At the same time, there are thousands whose records show no reason why they should not be permitted to leave the centers.

The main point I want to make concerning the granting of leave to evacuees is this: the War Relocation Authority is exerting all proper precautions for the national security--and at the same time is providing the means for loyal American citizens and law-abiding aliens--to take their place in the national life and enjoy the freedoms which are assured by the Constitution.

The War Relocation Authority recognizes that the foremost task before the people of this country is to win the war. This means concentrating on fighting the enemy -- rather than fighting among ourselves -- and using all our available manpower where it can do the most good.

We have faith in the American democratic way of life, with equal rights, privileges, and responsibilities for all, regardless of race, creed, or national origin.

We assume that the great majority of the people of Japanese ancestry now in this country will stay here during the war and afterwards.

We have confidence in the ability of the armed forces to wage the war, and of the authorized intelligence agencies of the Government to give proper surveillance to all suspected or potential enemies within our country.

We believe that it is possible to distinguish between the loyal and the disloyal people of Japanese ancestry, as well as with other national or racial groups, to a degree which will insure the national security.

We believe loyalty grows and sustains itself only when it is given a chance. It cannot flourish in an atmosphere of suspicion and discrimination.

Let me repeat -- the manner in which the WRA conducts its program is of concern to all the people in the U.S. And it has a significance which goes far beyond the boundaries of this country. Our actions are being watched in Japan, where thousands of American soldiers and civilians are held as prisoners or internees; undoubtedly they are being watched in China, India, Burma and other countries whose collaboration is necessary if we are to defeat our enemies surely and quickly. These countries are watching our actions to see if we mean what we say when we talk about racial equality.

So it is important that we all approach this problem sanely and calmly, without racial emotion or hysteria. As I have said before, let's not handle this problem as Hitler would handle it in Nazi Germany, or as Tojo would approach it in Japan. Let's do it the American way.

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July 22, 1943

Dillon Speaking Before University of California Student Body

After telling RBC about the telegram from Sproul to Myer inviting him to speak before a student body meeting, I called Sproul's office and found that he was in Los Angeles and would not return to Berkeley until the early part of August. I asked Miss Robb, Sproul's secretary, if there was any possibility of working with a substitute date. It finally ended that the entire responsibility of trying to work this out was placed in Mrs. Kingman's hands, to be sure that any such program did not conflict with the arrangements she is making for meetings during Mr. Myer's stay.

Mrs. Kingman called up this morning, stated that both President Sproul and Dr. Deutsch are very anxious to have Dillon speak. Mrs. Kingman believes that this meeting will probably be as important as the meeting of the Commonwealth Club. There will be about 6,000 students and faculty, and high ranking navy officers. She pointed out that Governor Warren is an ex-officio chairman of the Board of Regents, putting the University of California, a State institution, on your record as being interested enough in the evacuee problem to invite the Director of WRA to speak, and will have far-reaching effects. While the University preferred the date of September 9 rather than miss this opportunity they gave two alternative dates - second choice at 10:00 AM on the 6th - third choice, 10:00 AM on the 5th.

As it was impossible to call and discuss this matter with RBC, I took the responsibility of inviting Mrs. Kingman to come to the office in order that we could make a joint call to Myer in Ohio to present this situation. This was done. Dillon seemed impressed with the importance of the opportunity and finally decided that he would speak at 10:00 AM on the 6th.

Mrs. Kingman stated that she would write him a long letter giving details on the importance of the meeting and describe just how the meeting would be conducted.

While Mrs. Kingman was here, she told about the three noon-day luncheons that she is arranging on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th. At the meeting on the 3rd she expects to have people connected with the press and radio. On the 4th, labor. On the 5th, Board of Supervisors

and other political figures. She thinks there will be from ten to twenty at each meeting. In each case there will be a number who will be antagonistic to the Japanese and WRA. However, there will be several handpicked people at each meeting who are known to be definitely sympathetic to the WRA and Japanese.

Philip J. Webster

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The Commonwealth

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

Vol. XIX

San Francisco, California, Monday, August 2, 1943

No. 31

Friday Luncheon Meeting

Palace Hotel

"The Truth About the Japanese Evacuees"

as seen by

Dillon S. Myer

National Director, War Relocation Authority

Dillon Myer can give us official answers to such questions (raised by the Dies Committee and others) as:

Will Japanese be permitted to return to the coast? Should they be?

What check does the F.B.I. make of Japanese being released?

Is it true that Army questionnaires showed a large percentage of American citizens of Japanese descent give first loyalty to the Tenno? Are such citizens being released? Should they be?

Are disloyal Japanese being segregated from other Japanese evacuees?

Are we treating the Japanese fairly? What ought we to do with the evacuated Japanese? Should we treat them like others of enemy nation descent?

As National Director of the War Relocation Authority, Myer is in charge of relocation and care of all Japanese evacuated from Pacific Coast strategic areas.

\$1.25 a plate

H. J. Brunnier, Quarterly Chairman

Friday, August 6th, 12:10 p. m.

Palace Hotel

Inexperience Still Chief Problem of Shipyards; Sundays Off Favored

FRIDAY FLASHES—JULY 23rd

From Address by Dr. GEORGE P. HEDLEY
Convenor of School of Social Institutions,
Mills College; Part-time Shipworker

"IN MID-1943 the nation's yards are putting new merchant ships into service at the rate of over 140 a month. This means an increase in the tempo of construction of better than 200 percent over the best accomplishment during the First German War, and of 10,400 percent

over the supposedly wild dreams of Joseph P. Kennedy in 1936.

—One East Bay yard completed major and minor repairs on 614 vessels in the fourteen months immediately following Pearl Harbor. This work requires the most able and highly skilled men available.

—The very size of the program, adolescent and sprawling, with the consequent terrific increase in personnel, constitutes item number one among the problems of shipyard efficiency.

—The magic that turns blueprints into steamers

Continued on page 142

RAC

P.W.

Industrial Relations Report to Be Criticized From All Angles

THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS SECTION is entering the last stage in the preparation of its report on "Industrial Relations in a Democracy at War" with a series of speakers, beginning today, discussing from all angles a proposed Section report that has been submitted to the Section membership.

The report was prepared by a drafting committee headed by Dr. Max Radin, professor of law at the University of California.

At today's luncheon in the St. Francis Hotel the report will be discussed by Barney Mayes, research director of the State Federation of Labor. Next Monday noon the speaker will be Ted Lyman, who is an industrial engineer with the San Francisco Employers Council. The following Monday noon the speaker will be Mervyn Rathborne, secretary of the California State C.I.O. Club members are invited to attend by phoning DO. 4903 for a luncheon reservation.

IN THE COMMONWEALTH LIBRARY

"THE CITY-COUNTY CONSOLIDATED" by John A. Rush, A.B., A.M., L.L.B.

In reviewing this book William Allen White commented: "Probably one of the most important things to be considered by legislatures is the simplification of municipal government. Our cities are too top heavy and the load on the taxpayer should be lightened. This book tells how the latter may be done."

It is a factual, analytical, yet stirring description of the origin of the city-county, reaching from the city-state of ancient times through the Middle Ages with their free cities, the teutonic burghs, the Anglo-Saxon boroughs, the cities of counties, and the modern county boroughs in Great Britain.

It also devotes a chapter to the twenty-four Virginia cities of the city-county consolidated type (1708); a chapter each to New York City, New Orleans, Baltimore, Philadelphia, City and County of San Francisco, St. Louis, City & County of Denver, City & County of Honolulu; together with facts showing the movement toward city-county consolidated in other large U. S. cities; and a chapter on the results of the city-county consolidated.

INSIDE NEARBY SHIPYARD (Continued)

works very slowly the first time. No engineer can envisage every detail.

—Steam freighters are simplicity itself compared to naval auxiliary ships with which my own duties are concerned.

—Yet with three types of naval auxiliaries, speed of construction increased 5.9 percent between the first and second ship of type A; 17 percent between the first and second of type B, and 55 percent between the first and second of type C.

—The early ships are slow-growing. It is with the later ones that the spectacular speed occurs. The problem, solved again and again, becomes routine.

—On the one hand, it may be argued that since we want ships, want a lot of ships, want them quickly, we should get them out on the original plans without pausing to incorporate bright but delaying new ideas.

—On the other hand, it must be recognized that experience both in the yard and at sea (and especially in the combat zones) continually teaches us new and important lessons. More and bigger guns, more and stronger protective shields, are built into the vessels month by month.

—Since both life and victory may depend upon what seem minor improvements, it would be rash to dismiss all the Navy's frequent revisions as irrelevant or unnecessary.

ALTERATION MINIMUMS NOT LOW

—Alterations consume time in delay and in extra work, and sometimes involve double ordering of materials. Manifestly they should not be tolerated for mere whimsy, should be held to the minimum consonant with safety and efficiency. But that minimum is not low.

—No one who knows the facts will deny that there is some loafing and a lot of wasted time, but loafers are loafers whether in wartime or

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peacetime. Deliberate loafing is in my opinion responsible for only a minor part of the loss of time in the shipyards.

—The question of voluntary absenteeism is one finally of morale, which depends no less upon the prevailing public mood than upon the direct efforts of any given industrial enterprise.

—The prevailing shipyard wages are unquestionably high for inexperienced youngsters. They are not high for men of experience and responsibility, especially in these times. They are certainly not high enough to offer to any large number of workers any real encouragement with the costs of living as they are, to work half a week and to lay off the remainder.

FATIGUE CAUSES REDUCTION IN OUTPUT

—Overtime is probably the only possible source of really high income in the shipyards. My own experience suggests that the first few hours of overtime in a given day, if not repeated too many days in succession, are the most productive hours of all. Too much overtime, on the other hand, induces fatigue and inefficiency.

—To put the sixth day on the same basis as the rest would not only reduce wages but also eliminate the incentive to work on the sixth day.

—I have a strong notion that the reduction in output in war industries is not from overconfidence or loafing but sheer fatigue.

—The seven-day week, with days off staggered among all of the seven, is designed to keep machinery continuously active while human agents take turns resting. Actually it does not produce this result 100 percent, for adequate substitute operators are not easy to find.

—The staggered absences of key men mean that on each day of the week some important information is not available—some important decision simply cannot be made.

UNIFORM SUNDAY OFF FAVORED

—I am disposed to think that a change to a uniform Sunday off throughout the yard and the industry, already adopted by one major Bay area enterprise, would simplify and so would speed total production.

—Frankly, I think the labor union problem is a minor one today. The labor-management committees are functioning cordially and fruitfully.

—Labor and management can get along for the duration probably better without uninformed public comments and without unenlightened legislative interference.

—The largest and gravest problem is sheer

Continued on page 144

International Action in Education Urged in Peace Aims

EFFECTIVE PEACE MACHINERY will require cooperative international action in education, Dr. Grayson N. Kefauver, Dean of Education at Stanford University, said in a Commonwealth Club KYA quarter-hour.

"Social machinery will be ineffective if it is not supported by widespread social understanding among the peoples of the participating nations," he said.

"In any cooperative action in international education, the several countries must participate as equals. No country should have control over the education of another.

—The problem of handling education in the Axis countries at the close of the war may constitute a special case. Obviously, the victorious United Nations cannot allow psychological and educational warfare to continue. We have here a new instrument in total warfare which must be eradicated if we are to have total peace.

—With the exception possibly of the removal of Nazi-appointed administrative leadership in the individual schools and in school systems and of the direct control incidental to military occupation for a limited period, I would rely largely on the new leadership to bring about a desirable reorientation of the educational program. Too much control would lead to resistance and resentment.

—A temporary International Commission on Education should be formed without delay and assigned five important and definite tasks.

1. It should develop recommendations for the handling of education in the peace treaty.

2. It should develop plans and assist the new governments of the Axis countries in the reconstruction of their programs of education in harmony with internationally accepted social goals and social values.

3. It should likewise cooperate with the governments of the occupied countries in the reconstruction of their programs of education at the close of the war.

4. It should study and propose means by which programs of education can contribute to public understanding of the interdependence among nations today, the nature of the peace aims of the United Nations, and the problems that will be faced by the countries of the world at the close of the war.

5. It should prepare a plan for a permanent International Education Organization."

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. FOUNDED 1903

"Get the Facts"—Founder Adams

Entered as second class mail matter at the San Francisco post office, May 11, 1925. Subscription rate 60 cents per quarter, included in monthly dues.

SECTION LUNCHEONS

Monday, August 2nd

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS—Speakers: Ewan Clague, Director of the Bureau of Employment Security of the Social Security Board; former Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania; Barney Mayes, Research Director, California State Federation of Labor. Subject, "The Report of the Section."

Tuesday, August 3rd

BEGINNER SPANISH GROUP OF LATIN AMERICA SECTION—Subject, "Beginners' Spanish Lesson." Instructor, Sr. Ulpiano Borja, Former Consul General of Ecuador.

LATIN AMERICA—Speaker, William Fisher, Exporter to Latin America since 1914. Subject, "Latin American Trade After the War."

Wednesday, August 4th

ECONOMICS—Speaker, Ernest Ingold, President, San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Subject, "The Work Pile."

STUDY GROUP ON "LEGISLATURE OF CALIFORNIA"—Subjects, I. Chapter X., Lobbies & the Legislature. II. Examination of Topics for Further Legislative Study to Be Recommended for Submission to Club Sections.

Monday, August 9th

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS—Speaker, Ted Lyman. Subject, "The Report of the Section."

MUNICIPAL AND COUNTY GOVERNMENT—Speaker, Desmond M. Teeter, County Auditor, Contra Costa County. Subject, "County Fiscal Procedure."

Wednesday, August 11th

GOVERNMENTAL EFFICIENCY AND FINANCE—Speaker, Phil Berger, Secretary and Chief Examiner, Alameda County Civil Service Commission. Subject, "The Personnel System of Alameda County."

INSIDE NEARBY SHIPYARD (Continued)

inexperience. Every one in the yard—management and labor—is inexperienced in building so many ships so quickly. The vast majority are totally inexperienced at building ships at all. But the solution for the problem of inexperience is found in gaining experience.

—Each new month the total working force includes fewer misfits. The armed forces are nearing their maximum strength, leaving less uncertainty as to who is available for the shipyards.

—The problem of the shipyard is that of any industry, of any human enterprise. It is the problem of adjusting fallible humanity to hard and relentless technical requirements.

—Fallible, clumsy, ignorant, stupid, lazy human beings—fallible and stupid and lazy as are we all, and eager and loyal and able to learn as are we all—are doing the job.

—When it's done, and the victory is gained, I shan't be surprised if the public concludes that the men and women in the yards were better workmen, and worked harder, than today's prevalent opinion will concede."

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

If no objections are filed with the Secretary prior to August 16, 1943, following applicants will stand elected:

CARR, RICHARD B., retired, 2701 Claremont Blvd., Berkeley, Calif. By F. A. Wickett.

COLE, CECIL C., traffic department, Consolidated Freightways, 140 Bluxome St., S. F. By Bennet H. Butler.

DEWING, RALPH M., farmer and produce buyer, Hickmott Canning Co., Antioch, Calif., 1604 North Stockton St., Stockton, Calif. By Chas. L. Mariner.

EASTMAN, BYRON L., mining engineer, Reconstruction Finance Corp., 200 Bush St., S. F. By George W. Rust.

EDMUNDSON, H. CLYDE, vice-president, The Continental Insurance Co., 60 Sansome St., S. F. By Membership Committee.

HOUSTON, H. P., advertising, United Newspaper Magazine Corporation, 2702 Shell Bldg., S. F. By Walter Robison.

LIVINGSTON, LEON, Leon Livingston Advertising Agency, Mills Bldg., S. F. By Harold S. Simon.

LYON, HARVEY B., executive, Lyon Storage and Moving Company, 3400 Broadway, Oakland, Calif. By Willie Osburn.

LYONS, EDMOND, broker, Felix Butte, Jr., 85 2nd St., S. F. By Felix Butte, Jr.

MALLORY, GLEN E., hospital owner—operator, Paso Robles Community Hospital, P. O. Box 545, Paso Robles, Calif. By Dr. Gifford L. Sobey.

McWHINNEY, WILLIAM P., purchasing agent, H. R. Basford Co., 425 - 2nd St., S. F. By R. B. Masters.

PRICE, L. H., merchant, Price Building Specialties Co., 35 Gilbert St., S. F. By E. T. Thurston.

ROBINS, RAYMOND, agriculturist, Chinsegut Hill, Brooksville, Florida. By Alex Hyde.

TRESSLER, ARTHUR W., office machines, owner, 135 N. Sutter St., Stockton, Calif. By Al G. Henry.

MAURICE E. HARRISON, Secretary
August 2, 1943

Club KYA Programs Announced

Thursday, 7:45 p. m.—Ernest Green, general secretary, Workers Educational Association. "*Bringing the University to the Workers.*"

Friday, 7:20 p. m.—Dillon Myer, director War Relocation Authority. "*The Truth About the Japanese Evacuees.*"

IN MEMORIAM

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM P. UPSHUR

Joined the Club April 21, 1942

Died July 21, 1943

CHARLES SCHIFFELER

Joined the Club January 12, 1943

Died July 22, 1943

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. PADDOCK

Joined the Club February 15, 1943

Died July 21, 1943

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COMMONWEALTH CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS, SAN FRANCISCO

SECOND FLOOR

DOUGLAS 4903



FOUNDED 1903

RELEASE 1 p.m. Friday, August 6, 1943

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6--The War Relocation Authority is now in a position to make a "reasonable determination of loyalties on every adult individual" in relocation centers, Dillon S. Myer, director of W. R. A., said in addressing the Commonwealth Club of California today on the Japanese evacuee problem.

"We are going to separate those evacuees who have indicated--either by expressed statement or by persistent action--that their loyalty lies with Japan, and we are going to maintain them in a center by themselves," he said.

"The first group to be segregated will be those who have requested repatriation or expatriation to Japan and who have not withdrawn their applications prior to July 1, 1943.

"All others to be segregated, however, will be given individual hearings. Aside from the repatriate-expatriate group, candidates for segregation will be drawn chiefly from those who have unfavorable records with intelligence agencies and those who are denied leave clearance by the War Relocation Authority because of other information indicating loyalty to Japan."

Myer discussed the "loyalty question", no. 28 in the W.R.A.'s registration to acquire information on the evacuees in connection with the granting of leave.

P.W.

"Here are the facts," he said. "Eighty-eight percent of those who registered answered 'yes' to question 28 without qualification. Seventy-four percent of the citizen males who registered answered 'yes' as did 85 percent of the citizen females who registered, and 97 percent of the aliens who registered. Approximately 11 percent answered 'no' or qualified their answers."

"Relocation centers were never intended as concentration camps or prisons. They were established primarily as an expedient--to provide communities where the evacuated people could live while long-range relocation plans were being developed.

"Before the movement into relocation centers was well under way, a strong demand for farm labor arose, especially in the sugar beet producing areas of the west.

"The War Relocation Authority and the Western Defense Command jointly worked out a special program for recruitment of evacuees. Before the close of the harvest season in the fall, nearly 10,000 evacuees had been recruited from the centers for seasonal work under this group leave program.

"The results of the program were generally good. In nearly all cases, the evacuees were accepted as valuable workers and treated as such. Before the season ended, they had harvested enough beets to provide a year's sugar ration for nearly 10,000,000 people.

"By mid-summer, evidence was beginning to accumulate that the relocation centers could never be developed into normal communities. Signs of unrest were mounting and valuable skills were obviously not being put to full productive use. On the other hand, the experience in the sugar beet fields was encouraging.

"And so on the 20th of July, the War Relocation Authority adopted

a policy making it possible for American citizen evacuees who had never lived or studied in Japan to leave the relocation centers indefinitely, after investigation, in order that they might take full-time job and establish residence in normal communities. Later on the policy was broadened so that any resident of a relocation center--citizen or alien--might apply for indefinite leave, outside of the evacuated areas.

"We have been bending over backwards in the precautions we have taken. If there is any evidence from any source that the evacuee might endanger the national safety or interfere with the war effort, permission for indefinite leave is denied. We are acquiring from the F.B.I. all information available in its files, and from other intelligence agencies on all adult evacuees at the centers. Nearly 90 percent of the adult evacuees have now been checked through F.B.I.

"Some of you may be surprised to learn that the evacuees, as a group, are not rushing forward to take advantage of the leave procedures. In fact, our principal trouble has been in the other direction. The evacuees read the same papers as the rest of us and listen to the same radio programs. Naturally, many are reluctant to leave the centers to face a public that seems predominantly hostile."

Myer said that at the present time there are almost 35,000 people of Japanese descent outside relocation centers. "Some 20,000 lived outside the evacuated area or have never been in relocation centers," he said, and added that "not one case of sabotage on the part of any person of Japanese descent has been reported from any reliable source."

He denied charges that evacuees are "enjoying a better diet than the average civilian family" and said "the cost of feeding over the past several months has ranged from 34 to 42 cents per person per day. All ration restrictions applicable to the civilian population are strictly followed."

"THE TRUTH ABOUT RELOCATION"

(An address delivered by Dillon S. Myer, Director
of the War Relocation Authority at a luncheon
meeting of the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco,
California on August 3, 1943)

THE TRUTH ABOUT RELOCATION

The removal of some 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry from the Pacific Coast during the spring and summer of 1942 posed a problem for the government of the United States unlike any it had ever faced before. Some aspects of the problem by now have been solved, but there are many others which still must be dealt with, not alone by the War Relocation Authority, but by the American people as a whole. There are many different courses which the War Relocation Authority might follow in the treatment of the evacuees now in the relocation centers. On the one extreme, we might adopt the policy of turning all evacuees loose from the relocation centers at one time, to go wherever they like. At the other extreme, we might follow a policy, advocated by some of keeping all the evacuees detained for the duration of the war. Our present course is charted for good reason somewhere between these two extremes.

For some time now -- but more particularly in recent weeks -- there has been a tremendous amount of misinformation and some deliberate deception about the way we are managing the relocation centers and the way we are returning many of the evacuees to private life. So today I want to tell you how we are conducting our program and why we have adopted the policies we are now following.

But first let me review some of the background facts. You will remember that when the evacuation was first announced -- in early March of 1942 -- the people of Japanese ancestry were told simply that they must move out of the prescribed coastal zone. Nothing was said at that time about detention in government centers. It was the hope of the War Department that many of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans would move out voluntarily and resettle inland on their own initiative. Throughout most of March in 1942, there was no restriction on the movements of a person of Japanese ancestry once he had left the military area. Clearly, there was no charge or even implication that all persons of Japanese descent were disloyal. The real point was simply that their presence complicated the problems of defense in a sensitive and threatened military zone. Remember that as soon as war broke out, the intelligence agencies apprehended all the enemy aliens they suspected of being dangerous to national security; so the Japanese population had been cleared of that supposedly most dangerous element.

During the first weeks of March, some 8,000 people of Japanese descent closed out their business affairs, packed up their belongings, and moved eastward. Some went to the eastern part of California, which was then outside the area designated for evacuation, while others moved to communities in Utah, Colorado, and other states

of the inter-mountain region. Within a few days after the War Relocation Authority was established -- on March 13 -- events began to occur which indicated plainly that voluntary relocation would not be a feasible policy. The mass movement of such a large group of people in such a short time would have caused trouble regardless of the racial antecedents of the migratory group. But in this case, the problem was further complicated by the fact that the evacuees were racially related to an enemy nation and were being excluded from the Pacific Coast for reasons which were not made entirely clear. So it's not surprising that those who moved voluntarily ran into difficulties and by the last week of March, the situation was such that further Federal action was essential. On March 27, the Commanding General of the Western Defense Command issued the so-called "freeze" order and two days later voluntary migration came abruptly to an end. Plans were immediately drawn up to carry out the evacuation from that point forward under Army supervision in accordance with a systematic schedule.

About this same time the War Relocation Authority began to formulate some of its first plans for relocation. Since the most likely area for immediate relocation was the inter-mountain west, the Director of the WRA asked the governors and other leading officials of ten western states to attend a meeting in Salt Lake City on April 7.

That meeting proved to be an important turning point in the relocation program. The War Relocation Authority had several possible plans for relocation in mind, but the reaction of the assembled governors and other state officials was sharply unfavorable to most of these proposals. Some of those at the meeting refused to be responsible for the maintenance of law and order unless evacuees brought into their states were kept under constant military surveillance. And practically all were strongly opposed to any type of unsupervised relocation. Following the meeting, the only feasible plan left was the establishment of relocation centers with sufficient capacity and facilities to handle the entire evacuee population for a temporary period.

Relocation centers were never intended as concentration camps or prisons. They were established primarily as an expedient -- to provide communities where the evacuated people could live while long-range relocation plans were being developed. After the Salt Lake City meeting with the western governors, the intention of the War Relocation Authority was to receive the entire evacuee population at the relocation centers, develop individual records, and then work out a relocation program on an individual basis. However, within a few weeks after the meeting -- before the movement into relocation centers was even well under way -- a strong demand for farm labor arose, especially in the sugar beet producing areas of the West.

By the middle of May, the need for workers had become so acute that the War Relocation Authority and the Western Defense Command jointly worked out a special program for recruitment of evacuees in Army assembly centers and in the few relocation centers which were then in operation. By the latter part of June, approximately 1600 evacuees from the centers were at work in sugar beet areas and other sections of the agricultural west. Before the close of the harvest season in the fall, nearly 10,000 evacuees had been recruited from the centers for seasonal work under this group leave program.

Evacuees were permitted to work only in areas where state and local officials had given written assurance that law and order would be maintained. Each group of evacuees going out was assigned to work in a specific area and the members of the group were not allowed to leave this designated area without special permission from the Western Defense Command. Even with these precautions, some of us in WRA feared that serious difficulties might develop between the evacuee workers and the people of nearby communities. Surprisingly enough, however, the results of the program were generally good from every point of view. In nearly all cases, the evacuees were accepted as valuable workers and treated as such. Before the season ended, they had

harvested enough beets to provide a year's sugar ration for nearly 10,000,000 people.

While this movement into the agricultural fields was going forward, the great bulk of the evacuated people were pouring into relocation centers. By mid-summer, four of the centers were in operation and nearly one-third of the evacuee population had been transferred to these new communities. The program was still young, but already evidence was beginning to accumulate that the relocation centers could never be developed into normal communities, in the full sense of the word. Signs of unrest were mounting and valuable skills were obviously not being put to full productive use. On the other hand, the experience in the sugar beet fields was encouraging. It showed that evacuees could make a significant contribution to the solution of the manpower problem. And so on the 30th of July, the War Relocation Authority adopted a policy making it possible for American citizen evacuees who had never lived or studied in Japan to leave the relocation centers indefinitely, after investigation, in order that they might take full-time jobs and establish residence in normal communities. Later on, toward the end of September, that policy was broadened so that any resident of a relocation center -- citizen or alien -- might apply for indefinite leave, outside of the evacuated areas.

In recent weeks, there has been a great deal of public discussion about this leave program and about the adequacy of check made by the War Relocation Authority prior to the granting of leave. The impression has been created that we make practically no check at all, and the charge even has been made that we are consciously turning spies and saboteurs loose upon the Nation. I want to refute this charge with all possible emphasis. As a matter of fact, we have been bending over backwards in the precautions we have taken. The federal government has more information concerning the people in relocation centers than it has on any other group. Records on many of these people have been built up over a period of years by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and other investigative agencies. In addition, the War Relocation Authority has been accumulating information on the entire group ever since they entered relocation centers. In granting leave we make a very careful check of the records which have been developed for each individual at the relocation center. If there is any evidence from any source that the evacuees might endanger the national safety or interfere with the war effort, permission for indefinite leave is denied. As a further precaution, we are acquiring from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, all the information available

in its files and from other intelligence agencies on all adult evacuees at the centers. The names of nearly 90 percent of the adult evacuees have now been checked through FBI and the job should be completed in the next few weeks. I should add that in the great majority of cases so far considered, there has been nothing in FBI files or elsewhere to justify denial of leave.

Besides checking the record of the evacuee himself, we also try to determine the attitude of the community where he is planning to relocate. If popular opinion seems to run strongly against the acceptance of any person of Japanese descent, the evacuee is so advised and is urged not to relocate in that particular area. We also require each evacuee going out on indefinite leave to inform us of any change of job or change of address. And we are maintaining in our Washington office a locator file so that individual evacuees may promptly be located if the need arises. Some of you may be surprised to learn that the evacuees, as a group, are not rushing forward to take advantage of the leave procedures. In fact, our principal trouble has been in the other direction. Ever since the present leave program was adopted last September, we have been trying to convince the evacuated people that relocation in normal communities is the best course, both for themselves and for the nation as a whole. But the evacuees read the

same newspapers as the rest of us and listen to the same radio programs. They hear themselves branded by a few public officials and influential citizens as a group of potential saboteurs, day after day and week after week. And so, naturally, many are reluctant to leave the centers to face a public that seems predominantly hostile.

There are people here on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere who feel that the War Relocation Authority is making a serious mistake in urging the people of Japanese descent to leave the sanctuary of relocation centers. Some of these people feel that it is not safe for the nation to have any person of Japanese descent at large. Others argue that confinement in relocation centers is necessary for protection of the evacuees themselves. I disagree strongly with both these points of view and I would like to tell you why.

First, let us take a look at the argument that all people of Japanese ancestry constitute a menace to the national security. At the present time, there are almost 35,000 people of Japanese descent outside relocation centers within the continental limits of the United States. About half of these people have left the centers only in the past few months, but some 20,000 of them lived outside the evacuated area or have never been in relocation centers. Yet in all these months of war, not one case of sabotage on the part of any person of Japanese descent has been reported from any reliable source.

Contrary to the persistent rumors of sabotage by resident Japanese at the time of Pearl Harbor, we have it from the very highest authorities that no such actions have been committed either on December 7, 1941 or at any time since. In view of that record, both in Hawaii and on the mainland, I am frankly unable to see any factual basis for assuming that every person with a Japanese face is automatically a threat to the safety of the nation.

The argument that people of Japanese descent must be kept in confinement for their own protection is remarkably similar to the justification which the Nazi regime has sometimes advanced for its treatment of the Jews. This argument is based on the assumption that the law enforcement agencies of the nation have somehow broken down and that they are no longer able to offer the protection which they provided in time of peace. Essentially, the argument is a slander against these agencies and against the basic good sense of the great majority of our people. Despite all the racial emotions that have been aroused, I refuse to believe we have proceeded so far in the direction of anarchy that we find it necessary to lock up all persons of Japanese descent in order to protect them from bodily harm.

So far I have been talking mainly about the leave program of the War Relocation Authority because that is, and has been for several months, the most important part of our total program. But we still have an important job to do in managing the relocation centers. In considering the manner in which the relocation centers are operated, it is important to keep clearly in mind the status of the evacuees. They are not living in the relocation centers as punishment for any wrong-doing, or because they are suspected of being dangerous; they are not prisoners of war; they are not internees. They are a dislocated group of people removed from their homes and their means of livelihood as a wartime emergency measure. As such they are entitled to treatment according to American standards of decency. Ever since the summer of 1942, when most of the centers were still in the early stages of construction, all sorts of unfounded rumors and inaccurate stories have been circulated about the WRA management policies. Some of these stories have been obviously fantastic -- like the one circulated in Idaho over a year ago that all evacuees lived in snug little bungalows with pink tile bathrooms. And more recently, there was the story attributed to a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities that all evacuees are provided by the Government with five gallons of whiskey. Unfortunately, most of the stories have not been so plainly ridiculous. Although equally untrue, they have generally carried more of

an appearance of plausibility and consequently have been widely accepted.

It is extremely significant, I think, that most of the stories about pampering of evacuees have come from people who have never visited a relocation center. In a number of cases, people who have actually visited a center have taken pains to make a public denial of all pampering charges. But such stories, of course, have not received as much attention as the original allegations. The same thing is true of the charges that have been made in recent weeks by investigators, and spokesmen for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. We have made a careful analysis of the more important of these charges and have found that the great majority are inaccurate or misleading and that many of the most startling ones are completely untrue. Yet the great bulk of the Americans still remember the charges and have not yet learned about the actual facts.

Perhaps the most widely criticized aspect of relocation center administration is the policy under which evacuees are being fed. Food is a delicate topic these days and it's not surprising that people should be aroused when they hear that evacuees are enjoying a better diet than the average civilian family. If these stories were true, I will readily concede that there would be grounds for the most intense kind of public resentment. But the stories are not true and I believe

that all of you sitting here today would be convinced of their falsity if you could eat just one meal in a relocation center. The food served at the centers is nourishing, but could not be called luxurious by any conceivable American standard. The cost of feeding over the past several months has ranged from 34 to 42 cents per person per day. And it is the established policy of the Authority that this cost shall not exceed 45 cents per day in any case. All rationing restrictions applicable to the civilian population are strictly followed. Two meatless days are observed at each center every week. And in areas where local milk supplies are short, milk is provided only to small children, nursing or expectant mothers, and special dietary cases.

Ever since the relocation centers were first established, our policy has been to produce as much food as possible on the project lands. We expect a greatly increased production of vegetables, meats, dairy products, and poultry products during the current year, probably up to one-third of the total food requirements of the centers.

The housing at relocation centers is certainly no more than adequate by any ordinary standards. Evacuee residents live in plain barracks of frame construction which are partitioned off into family-size apartments. A family of six or seven people will ordinarily occupy a room about 20 by 25 feet. In the barracks there is no running water, no cooking facilities, and no baths or toilets. However, each block of 12 or 14 barracks --

-- accommodating between 250 and 300 people -- is provided with a messhall and a bath and laundry building.

Education is provided for the evacuee children through the high school level. At all centers, we have developed our school curricula and selected our teachers in conformity with the standards of the state where the center is located.

All evacuees at relocation centers have been provided with medical care and hospitalization when needed and these services are supplied largely by evacuee doctors and nurses.

In operating the centers, we have always made maximum use of evacuee manpower. Evacuees are employed in clerical and stenographic positions, on construction activities and land development work, in food production, and -- to some extent -- in manufacturing. Most of those who work are paid at the rate of \$15 per month; apprentices and others requiring close supervision receive \$12, while professional workers, such as doctors, are paid \$18. In addition, each evacuee working at the center receives small clothing allowances for himself and his dependents. These allowances range from \$2 a month for small children in the southerly centers to \$3.75 for adults in centers where the winters are severe. At the present time, about 30 percent of the able-bodied evacuees at the centers are engaged in some line of work.

The policy of the War Relocation Authority provides that evacuees at all centers are to have an active voice in the management of their own affairs, but maintenance of law and order within the center is a responsibility of the WRA Project Director. To assist him in this function, the project director has a small staff of non-Japanese internal security officers and a sizeable crew of evacuee policemen. The exterior boundaries of each project area are guarded by a detachment of military police who are available for service within the center in cases of emergency.

I won't go into further detail on the conditions that prevail in the relocation centers. But I believe I have said enough to indicate that life in the centers is not exactly a bed of roses. When the evacuees first arrived at each of the centers last summer and fall, construction work was still in progress and it continued at most places until well after the arrival of the last evacuee contingent. Under the circumstances, a great amount of turmoil and confusion was inevitable. Evacuee families from all sections of the Pacific Coast and all walks of life suddenly found themselves crowded together in a strange new environment. They found themselves cut off from all normal intercourse with the larger American community and deprived of all ordinary economic opportunities.

Practically all the social controls that ordinarily make for family and community solidarity were thrown out of gear and the problem of juvenile delinquency began to assume serious proportions.

It is significant, I think, that we have had our most serious problems at the four oldest centers. These centers were all established during the spring and early summer of 1942 before the War Relocation Authority had really worked out many of its most fundamental policies. It must be remembered that we were operating in an almost entirely new field of governmental action virtually without precedents or guide posts. Under the circumstances, some confusion of administration was inevitable. At the Pecos Center in western Arizona, last November, the residents of one of the three communities there staged a strike and protest meeting that lasted for the better part of a week. However, the trouble was settled peaceably without any violence or any destruction of government property despite all rumors and reports to the contrary. At Mantamar, we had a more serious disturbance which happened to occur just before the anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack. In this case, the military police were called in to restore order. And in the fracas, two evacuees were killed and ten others wounded.

Some of the accounts gave the impression that both of these incidents were manifestations of pro-axis feeling on the part of the evacuees. And the Manzanar incident has also been described as a celebration of the Pearl Harbor Anniversary. These explanations are dramatic, exciting, and easy to accept. But they do not square with the facts. Actually, both of the incidents were extremely complicated in their origin.

Were there anything else, they were the culmination of community anxieties and resentments that had been building up over a period of months. Evacuees at both of these centers had been through the experiences I have just mentioned. Many of them -- citizen and alien alike -- had suffered substantial losses of property at the time of the evacuation. Most of them looked forward to the future with misgiving and uncertainty. A few had even reached the point of abandoning all hope that they would ever make a successful adjustment to life in the United States. In such a highly charged atmosphere people were easy prey for the agitators and the slightest spark of trouble was bound to cause an explosion. And in time the spark was introduced.

Following the Manzanar incident, we took steps to strengthen our internal security system at the centers and established a special isolation center for persistent and incorrigible troublemakers. This center was temporarily established in January at an abandoned CCC Camp near Moab, Utah, and is now located on the grounds of an Indian Service

boarding school at Loup, Arizona. At the present time about 76 evacuees -- all American citizens -- are being quartered at this center. Alien evacuees who incite trouble at the relocation centers are certified to the Department of Justice and transferred to internment camps.

Now let me return to the subject of clearing evacuees for leave. It has taken time to develop individual records on all the evacuees at the centers, but we are now in a position where we can make a reasonable determination of loyalties on every adult individual. The task of gathering these records was started several months ago and is now just about completed. On January 28 of this year, the Secretary of War announced the formation of a special combat unit in the United States Army to be composed entirely of American citizens of Japanese descent. During February and early March a recruitment program was carried out by the Army in the Hawaiian Islands and among Japanese-Americans on the mainland both in and out of relocation centers. I might add parenthetically that nearly 1200 young men of Japanese ancestry at the centers volunteered from behind barbed wire and the greater part of them are now in training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. But the main point is that while this recruitment was going on, the War Relocation Authority, with Army collaboration, carried out a vast registration program involving all evacuees at the centers 17 years of age or over. The purpose of the registration

was to acquire information on the evacuees that could be used in connection with the granting of leave. Each adult evacuee was required to fill out a form that would provide extensive data on his background, attitudes, and organizational affiliations. One question on that form that has come in for widespread public attention is the so-called "loyalty question", No. 28. At first, through an oversight, all evacuees -- both citizen and alien-- were asked to swear allegiance to the United States and forswear obedience to any foreign power, including the Emperor of Japan. After the forms had been printed and distributed, it was realized that since alien Japanese are not eligible for naturalization, they could not answer this question in the affirmative without becoming "men without a country". So the question was changed for aliens in such a way that they were asked to swear that they would abide by the laws of the United States and would not interfere with the war effort. But throughout the entire registration, citizen evacuees were asked to make a definite declaration of loyalty.

Partially because of the confusion in the wording of question 28 for aliens, a great many premature and inaccurate reports have been circulated about the number of evacuees who failed to answer "yes" on this question. So many varying percentages have been tossed around publicly that I find it hard to keep up with them myself. But here are the facts. 88 percent of those who registered answered "yes" to question 28 without qualification. 74 percent of the citizen males who

registered answered "yes" as did 85 percent of the citizen females who registered, and 97 percent of the aliens who registered. Approximately 11 percent answered "no" or qualified their answers and a little over one percent refused to answer this particular question. In addition, there were about 3,000 evacuees at the centers who failed to register. If all evacuees were as untrustworthy as they have frequently been depicted, we most certainly would not have had a single negative answer to question 28.

Using these same questionnaires as basic information, we are now about to begin a program of segregation. We are going to separate those evacuees who have indicated -- either by expressed statement or by persistent action -- that their loyalty lies with Japan in the current hostilities and we are going to maintain them in a center by themselves. The first group to be segregated will be those who have requested repatriation or expatriation to Japan and who have not withdrawn their applications prior to July 1, 1943. These people will be segregated as a group rather than on an individual basis. All others to be segregated, however, will be given individual hearings. Aside from the repatriate-expatriate group, candidates for segregation will be drawn chiefly from those who have unfavorable records with intelligence agencies and those who are denied leave clearance by the War Relocation Authority because of other information indicating loyalty to Japan.

Tule Lake in northern California has been selected as the segregation center. Present residents of Tule Lake who are eligible for indefinite leave will be given a choice of relocating immediately or of transferring to another center. Persons at the other centers who are designated for segregation will be transferred to Tule Lake. Actual movements will begin as soon as preliminary arrangements are completed and transportation becomes available -- probably soon after September 1.

The end product of this segregation program will be one center composed entirely of evacuees who have indicated in effect that they want to be Japanese. They will receive fair, decent treatment; they will be adequately guarded, and will not be generally eligible for leave. Then there will be nine other centers composed entirely of evacuees whose records and statements indicate that they want to be Americans -- and all of these people will be eligible for leave from the centers outside of designated military areas.

A great deal has been said, especially in recent weeks, regarding the extent of Americanization that has taken place among the citizens of Japanese descent who were born and raised in this country. My own experience with these people over the past 14 months, together with all the information I have been able to obtain from authoritative sources, convinces me that the great bulk of the Nisei or second-generation group are wholeheartedly American in all their fundamental attitudes and loyalties. Approximately 72 percent of them have never

even visited Japan and only about 15 percent have ever studied there for any extended period. The overwhelming majority of these youngsters have been brought up in this country, have attended American public schools, and have absorbed Americanism almost as naturally as they breathe.

To claim otherwise is equivalent to asserting that American institutions exercise a less potent influence over the youthful mind than the transplanted institutions of the Orient. I deny that assertion. I have faith in the strength of American institutions and I believe that few human minds can be exposed to them during the formative years without absorbing the rich heritage of American life. The most eloquent testimony of this is being provided almost every day at relocation centers -- in the community newspapers, in the classrooms, and in activities of such thoroughly American organizations as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, YMCA, YWCA and National Red Cross. Residents of the relocation center have given evidence in many ways that they wish to become part of the fibre of this country. They have bought thousands of dollars worth of war bonds and stamps. They have contributed to the Red Cross -- at many centers well in excess of their quotas. They have volunteered for service in the Army. And large numbers have expressed an eagerness to play an active part in war work.

Americanism is stressed at all centers in the schools, in adult education courses, in discussion forums, and in almost every aspect of community activities. However, Americanization

can never be wholly effective within the confines of relocation centers. We have felt from the beginning that the only effective way to carry on the Americanization process among the evacuees would be to restore those with good records to normal American communities at the earliest possible date. That is one of the basic reasons why we have developed a leave program and why we are now concentrating our energies mainly on relocation outside the centers.

Ever since the time of the evacuation, we in WRA have been acutely conscious of the grave implications of our program. We have been aware that our program is being watched by the Japanese government and that it might provide a pattern for the treatment of American nationals -- both soldiers and civilians -- in Japanese hands. We have also born in mind the reactions in other parts of the Orient -- in China, India, Thailand and other countries whose collaboration we need in the fight against the Tokyo end of the Axis.

We recognize that the WRA program is a proper subject for public inquiry. We welcome investigation by committees of the Congress or any other group. We welcome constructive criticism of the manner in which we are discharging our responsibility. We heartily endorse the fundamental American right of a healthy difference of opinion. But, in view of the serious issues at stake, we do ask that investigations of our program be conducted in a truly fact-finding spirit and that criticism of our

administrative actions be based on truth rather than on rumor or manufactured allegations.

In carrying the program forward, we have also kept constantly in mind a number of basic assumptions. In the first place, we have assumed that the foremost task before the American people is to win the war and we have felt that this means concentrating our energies on fighting the enemy rather than fighting among ourselves. Secondly, we have assumed that the great majority of the people of Japanese ancestry now in this country will remain here after the war and continue to be good citizens or law-abiding aliens. Thirdly, we believe that it is possible to distinguish between the loyal and the disloyal people of Japanese ancestry to a degree that will safeguard the national security. Techniques for determining loyalty, which have been employed by the intelligence agencies over a period of years, have amply demonstrated their effectiveness, and we feel that these same techniques can be used in determining eligibility for leave. Finally, we believe that loyalty grows and sustains itself only when it is given a chance. It cannot flourish in an atmosphere of suspicion and discrimination.

If these assumptions are accepted, it becomes extremely difficult to justify the wholesale detention of all persons of Japanese descent in relocation centers. In fact, I fail to see how such an action could possibly be squared with the basic principles on which our country has been developed and which

we are now fighting to defend. But there are many other -- more immediately practical -- reasons why we decided many months ago that a large leave program was the only logical step.

We realized that the skills and energies of the evacuees could never be put to full use in the relocation centers; that manpower was going to waste at a time when the nation needed every ounce of manpower.

We are aware, too, that operating the relocation centers is draining money from the taxpayers and from the war effort. We hope that outside relocation will reduce the population of the centers so some of them can be closed and turned over to the Army for whatever use they can make of them. Ideally, I hope all the people who are not segregated can be relocated -- and we can work ourselves out of a job before the close of the war.

Another reason for adopting the leave program lies in the constitutional and legal principles involved. Lawyers generally are doubtful of the legality of detaining American citizens, against whom no charge has been placed. In fact, a Federal district court in California recently rendered a decision denying an evacuee's petition for the writ of habeas corpus only because WRA has established a leave program and the evacuee had failed to apply for indefinite leave.

There is one important point about the leave program which I believe is being overlooked in much of the discussion that has taken place here on the Pacific Coast. I'm thinking about the Little Tokyes and the concentrations of people of Japanese ancestry which existed before evacuation. I have found no one who thought that these concentrations of population were desirable even in peacetime, let alone in time of war. Most of the people who comprised them are now in the relocation centers, and some people are insisting that they be kept there for the duration. Suppose that were to be done. In that case, what will happen when the war is over? One alternative that has been suggested by some is to send all of them to Japan, regardless of citizenship and regardless of loyalty. I cannot conceive of either the American conscience or the constitution permitting such an act. The thing which most likely would happen would be for the evacuated people to return to the place they called home --and the Little Tokyes would probably spring up again, with all their undesirable features.

But if the leave program is successful, a large number of the evacuees will re-establish themselves in other parts of the country, where they can be absorbed readily. It is hoped that the bulk of the relocated people will stay where they strike root. It is hard to understand why residents or officials of California or other west coast states would oppose rather than support a

program of relocation and dispersion which provides the only sensible answer to one of the most pressing social problems which the West Coast and the Nation has faced.

To my mind, the most serious aspect of the whole relocation program is the fact that we are dealing exclusively with a racial minority. The Nazis of Germany and the warlords of Tokyo have made it clear that they consider themselves the master races of the earth and regard all other peoples as inferior. This is a doctrine which most of us instinctively detest -- a doctrine that runs counter to all our cherished traditions and principles. Yet there are mounting signs that a similar attitude is gaining ground in this country.

In recent weeks I have seen resolutions passed by organizations all over California and other states reflecting the same type of racial thinking that prevails in Tokyo and Berlin. I realize, of course, that war always breeds strong emotions. And this war has been especially trying on all of us. The scope of the combat, the magnitude of the issues at stake, and the stern necessity for constant unstinting effort have tried our tempers, frayed our nerves, and warped our judgments. But this is all the more reason why we should exercise restraint and hold fast to the principles we have always cherished. Now, more than ever before, the United States is being regarded from all quarters of the globe as an outstanding example of democracy in action.

If we give in to racial feeling, if we practice the theories of the Nazis and the militarists, we are weakening our position on every battle front in the world. If we repress or persecute tens of thousands of our own citizens, solely on the grounds of race, the other nations of the world may well ask whether we have a moral right to assume a leading role at the peace table, or to ask for cooperation in waging the war.

But despite all resolutions that have been passed, despite all the intemperate statements by some public officials, and despite the strongly worded mail that has been coming in to my desk in recent weeks, I still have confidence in the basic good sense of the American people. I believe that much of current agitation is based on misinformation rather than fundamental conviction. And I feel sure that once the facts are known, the conscience of America will reassert itself. Our treatment of the people of Japanese descent in our midst will certainly go down as one of the most significant chapters in the history of the current war. That chapter can be a shameful blot on our national record or it can be to our everlasting credit. In the last analysis -- the choice is really up to the American people.

F U T U R E R E L E A S E

Please Note Date

Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority
Washington, D.C.

For Release Upon Delivery
on Monday, October 2, 1944
at 2:00 p.m., PWT

RACISM AND REASON

An Address to be delivered by Dillon S. Myer,
Director of the War Relocation Authority at an
interfaith meeting sponsored by the Pacific
Coast Committee on American Principles and Fair
Play, at Los Angeles, California, on October 2,
1944.

RACISM AND REASON

There is a special meaning in the opportunity you have given me to meet with you tonight. I see in your invitation your determination and confidence that the problem of the Japanese and Japanese Americans in this country must and shall be settled through processes of reason and in a Christian spirit.

You refute a misconception rather widely held elsewhere in the country, that the people on the West Coast all react toward persons with Japanese faces with blind, unreasoning hatred. Some people in the Pacific states unfortunately are victims of their own bigotry on this question, but there are many citizens out here, like yourselves, who have been standing up for the same just and democratic treatment of the Japanese minority that should be accorded to all minorities.

It has been easy for the racists to claim to represent a majority point of view on the evacuee question. The War Relocation Authority program has always been peculiarly subject to emotional distortion by these people. Because the WRA is dealing with people of Japanese descent, many American citizens who are rightfully indignant about the barbarism and treachery of the Imperial Japanese have found it difficult to approach the problems of WRA thoughtfully and judiciously. They have tended to identify the people in relocation centers with the real enemy across the Pacific. They have accepted without question a great many lies and half truths about the relocation centers that have been spread across the country by malicious men with malicious motives. Some have even demanded that American citizens of Japanese ancestry born and raised in this country be treated, as a group, like prisoners of war.

But in the past several months the temper of public opinion on this issue has been changing-- rapidly and unmistakably. People who were completely unaware of the Japanese American problem a year ago have begun to express themselves on this subject in rather caustic language, directed not against the Japanese Americans but at the race mongers who insult the Nation's good sense with their fantastic charges and who throw fair play overboard by their ruthless hounding of a helpless minority group. Some public officials who once demanded wholesale confinement of all persons of Japanese descent have begun to realize with the President that Americanism is not a matter of race or ancestry but a matter of the mind and heart. Some private organizations which formerly advocated total exclusion and mass deportation of Japanese Americans have softened and modified their attitudes.

Naturally this shift in public thinking is profoundly encouraging to me. But I take no personal credit for it, and I claim none for the War Relocation Authority. The change has been brought about, I am convinced, primarily-- by the magnificent combat record of Japanese American boys in the uniform of the United States Army. Since the early part of this year, these boys have written in blood and steel a record that compels all of us to think a little harder and more deeply than ever before about the real meaning of America. They have found their way up the peninsula of Italy, usually in the very forefront of the action, taking desperate chances, wiping out machine gun nests, harassing the enemy from all sides, driving him relentlessly back toward the Alps.

The outfit I am speaking of here is the far-famed 100th Infantry Battalion made up of Japanese American boys from the Hawaiian Islands. Some of them are men who were stationed at Pearl Harbor at the time of the Japanese attack on December 7. A few of them had close family relatives who were killed by the bombs made in Tokyo---bombs made perhaps from American scrap metal. When these boys first arrived in the United States for preliminary training at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, they immediately impressed their commanding officers with their eagerness to become good soldiers, their willingness to absorb the toughest physical grind, and their alertness in performing their military tasks. Later on, they were moved to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, where they continued to maintain the same excellent record in final pre-combat training. Then, in August of last year, they had their first contact with the enemy in the area around the beachhead at Salerno. From there they stormed against the German defenses along the Volturno and Rapido Rivers, crossed these two streams, and spent 40 days in the front lines at Cassino. Later they were transferred to the tight little beachhead at Anzio, and finally took part in the break-through to Rome.

Throughout all this action, the boys of the 100th Battalion displayed the same qualities of good American soldiership they had shown in their pre-combat training. Time and again, members of the unit were singled out for especially dangerous missions and cited by their commanding officers for unusual bravery in action. Not once did a member of this Battalion go AWOL; the nearest approach was the case of two wounded boys who left the base hospital prematurely and hitch-hiked up to the front to join their comrades. As the War Department has pointed out, this is AWOL in reverse, and with a vengeance.

The normal strength of the 100th Battalion is about 1,000 men. But of course there have been replacements so that the total number of troops who have served with the unit is in the neighborhood of 1300. This is a fairly small contingent when you realize that the Japanese American boys in this group have now received a total of more than 1,000 Purple Hearts, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars, nine Distinguished Service Crosses, and three Legion of Merit Medals. Within the past few weeks the entire Battalion has received a Presidential citation from Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark for "outstanding performance of duty in action, on June 26 and 27, at Belvedere and Sassetta in Italy." In the closing words of his citation, General Clark said--and I quote--"The fortitude and intrepidity displayed by the officers and men of the 100th Infantry Battalion reflect the finest traditions of the Army of the United States."

In newspapers here you may have read recently of an instance of such fortitude and sacrifice, the death of Lieutenant Kei Tanahashi of Los Angeles, who fought with the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. Lieutenant Tanahashi died near Castellina, Italy, the War Department reported, because after being wounded he refused medical attention until every other wounded soldier of his platoon was given first aid and evacuated to a safe place. Army doctors said he might have lived if he had permitted himself to be treated earlier and evacuated with the first group of wounded. The Lieutenant, known for his activities in Boy Scout work, and earlier popular as a student at UCLA, was evacuated to a relocation center with his parents. They still live at our Heart Mountain center, while his widow, whom he married a week before going overseas, resides in Cleveland.

The 100th Battalion is now part of a larger fighting unit, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. The 442nd, which comprises thousands of Nisei from the mainland, including a number who once were evacuees or who have families in the relocation centers, has begun to make an enviable record in its own right. The War Department announced recently that members of a reconnaissance patrol of this Japanese American unit are believed to have been the first Allied troops to reach the historic city of Pisa. There is an aspect of this incident which symbolizes the United Nations in microcosm. Those Japanese American boys who went forward into Pisa were officered by a naturalized Canadian and an American of French extraction. Some people in these parts who think that as old settlers they have a priority on patriotism, should think that one over.

Recognition of the Japanese American soldier is not confined by any means to the War Department, the commanding generals and the official citations. The ordinary doughboys who have been in action alongside these troops---, the men of English, Irish, Italian, and all other ancestries who have seen them going into battle---are even more eloquent in their praise than the official communiques. One of them, convalescing at a military hospital in North Carolina, recently wrote to Time Magazine. "I just came from Italy," his letter reads in part, "where I was assigned to the Japanese 100th Infantry Battalion. I never in my life saw more of a true American than they are... Ask anyone who has seen them in action against the Jerry (to) tell you about them. They'll tell you that when they have them on their flanks, they are sure of security in that section..." And then he concluded, addressing his remarks to the people who have been villifying the Japanese Americans here in the United States. "They, my friends," he wrote, "are not the little 'yellow bellies', you are."

Another one wrote directly from the front lines in Italy to the Secretary of the Interior after reading about some of the worst examples of discrimination against people of Japanese ancestry that have occurred recently. "May I suggest," he asked, "that you send all those narrow-minded, bigoted un-Americans over here to relieve the 100th Infantry Battalion of the 34th Division?" The Secretary's reply was terse and to the point. He wrote: "Thank you for your letter. It is quite apparent that you know what you are fighting for."

The boys who wrote these two letters are apparently not at all unique. Within the past few weeks I had an opportunity to talk with an Army captain just back from special service in the Italian theater. Almost everywhere he went, he tells me, he found admiration for the exploits of the 100th Battalion and bitterness about the shameful and misguided actions that are being perpetrated against people of Japanese descent on some sections of the home front. The feeling he encountered seemed to be almost unanimously one of burning resentment against people who are persecuting loyal Japanese Americans in the press and through direct economic action.

One incident, in particular, that aroused the ire of our soldiers in Italy and elsewhere was the event that took place a few months ago in Great Meadows, New Jersey. It centered around the farm of a man named Ed Kowalick who tried to hire five evacuees of Japanese descent from one of our WRA

relocation centers to help him produce the food that is so vitally needed in our drive against the Axis. Before the incident was over, one of Kowalick's barns had been burned down, his family had been threatened, and he had become almost a social outcast in his own community. But, without going into any further comment, let me quote from the letter of a junior officer in Italy with an Irish American name:

"It is two years and a couple of days since I left the states with a whole hatful of company on the war's leeching business. During the ten-minute breaks in Africa and Italy we have devoted a lot of effort to trying to realize in the imagination what life is like at home....

"Today a magazine (Time, April 24) comes to the beachhead and... tells a story, and these pleasant images become hideous and confused. According to the story five Japanese, including one Frank Kitagawa, are sent to Great Meadows, N.J. from an Arizona relocation center to help Ed Kowalick run his 600-acre farm...Ed Kowalick's neighbors mount a blind patriotism against this five-man Oriental menace within their gates...A building on Kowalick's farm is burned; and Kowalick, being one man, is forced to send the offenders away. This is, as I said, a little thing. Nobody killed, nobody maimed. To show they hold no hard feelings, the farmers present Ed Kowalick with a box of cigars, and the incident is closed....

"It is the schoolhouse, I think, that sticks in my craw. Presumably the small fry of Great Meadows are taught in this school-house: study algebra; and Archimedes' principle; and nouns; and learn that Lincoln called them "the last best hope of earth..." This is the schoolhouse where hundreds met to hunt down five, who had committed the crime of discarding their ancestry for the ties of a new country.

"There are crosses with Japanese names in the American cemeteries in the bitter Italian hills. These men are worthy to bear arms; how then are they not worthy to grow tomatoes?

"Since I began, a score of shells have dolloped into the vicinity. They threaten my life, for which I have a high regard, but not the things that give my life sustenance. Now I feel that these things are threatened and I do not know where to go to find a clean picture of my country. It is not the matter of Great Meadows alone. Lord knows, that is only the latest and one of the least striking of the items on a long list. Somewhere in the confusion is the central matter of what is true and what is not true about our national life.

"This is a very personal matter, like love or good beer or dying, and I should like someone to give me an answer."

There are indeed crosses with Japanese names in the bitter Italian hills---dozens upon dozens of them. Some of them mark the graves of boys whose parents are living today in "RA relocation centers. Just recently memorial services have been held at two of these centers for the boys who have fallen on the Italian front. And in the months that lie ahead, I am sure that the relocation centers, like all American communities, will find their honor rolls and their lists of Gold Star mothers steadily increasing.

Today there are well over 10,000 American men of Japanese descent in the uniform of the Army of the United States. Many hundreds of them are boys who were evacuated with their families from the West Coast two years ago and who have lived in WRA centers. Others come from the Hawaiian Islands and from various points on the mainland of the United States. They are serving not only on the Italian front against the Nazis, but in Burma, China, and the far Pacific Islands against the fanatical hordes from the main Japanese islands. One of the Caucasian soldiers with Merrill's Marauders in the China-Burma-India theater recently paid high tribute to the Japanese American boys fighting with that redoubtable organization. "Every Marauder," he wrote, "knows these boys by name even if they don't know ours---this is due to the courage and bravery shown by them. One of our platoons owe their lives to Sergeant Hank G. who translated Jap orders...foolishly yelled to the effect that they were attempting a flanking movement. Hank---we call him Horizontal Hank because he's been pinned down so many times by Jap Machine gun fire---guided the machine gun fire on our side which killed every Jap on that side. The boys who fought alongside of Hank agree that they have never seen a more calm, cool, and collected man under fire---he was always so eager to be where he could be of the most use and effectiveness and that was most always the hot spot...And yet while the other boys boast of the number of Japs they got he doesn't talk very much about the three he has to his account. He usually changes the subject by saying, 'Honorable ancestors much regret meeting Merrill's Marauders.' I hope I haven't given the impression that I'm trying to glorify him. Many of the boys and myself especially, never knew a Japanese American or what one was like---now we know and the Marauders want you to know that they are backing the Nisei 100 percent. It makes the boys and myself raging mad to read about movements against Japanese Americans by those 4-F'ers back home. We would dare them to say things like they have in front of us." This boy and the other men of Merrill's Marauders, quite obviously, do not have the difficulty experienced by so many of our Home Front Commandos in distinguishing between the Japanese enemy and loyal Americans of Japanese descent.

Recently I was pleased to learn that a Japanese American soldier who formerly lived at the Manzanar Relocation Center has become a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. This man is Sergeant Karl G. Yoneda, who is now fighting in Burma and who in 1936 was on the picket line when longshoremen and Chinese picketed shipments of scrap and oil to Japan. Men who know and worked with him have described him in these words, and I quote, as "a long time fighter against Japanese imperialism and fascism of any kind." To my way of thinking, that makes Sergeant Yoneda more American by far than the people who shipped that scrap and oil to Japan.

If bigots had reasoning processes, one could easily prove to them that their proposals to exclude the evacuees from the West Coast permanently are not really based on suspicions of disloyalty, but solely on racial prejudices. You could start by asking whether the Japanese Americans fighting in Italy or the Pacific are disloyal, and whether the families of these boys, including families who have received "killed in action" telegrams, are disloyal. It would be a cold-blooded bigot indeed who would dare to make such a charge. And if they are not disloyal, as you and I certainly know they are not, then these servicemen and their families should have the right to return to the West Coast whenever the blanket military prohibition against return of evacuees is

lifted. Once the bigot admits that much, and he certainly hates to, he has admitted a large scale exception to his crude dogma that, "The Only Good Jap is a Dead Jap." He either must admit that loyalty of the evacuees is the real yardstick, or he must retreat to his previously prejudiced position.

Sometimes I believe that if the race-baiting extremists in California were able to override the many residents of this state who differ with them on the question of the evacuees, the logical outcome would be some kind of secession from the Union. Mentally, this minority has seceded from the rest of the nation by preaching unAmerican methods of handling the Japanese in this country, both citizens and law-abiding aliens. Newspapers throughout the country, including some on the West Coast, have differed with these advocates of second class citizenship, or harsher treatment, for Americans of Japanese descent. I would like to cite some recent examples.

The New York TIMES declared:

"Their names are: Masaki Fujikawa, Shinei Nakamino, Denis Masato Hashimoto, Grover Kazutomi Nagaji, Kenji Kato, Tsugiyasu Tomas, all killed in action against their country's enemy...Other Americans of Japanese descent have fought for our flag in the Pacific and in Burma, taking risks, because of their race, over and beyond those assumed by white soldiers...Letters from other American soldiers received in this office have proclaimed the loyalty and devotion of these men.

"What this proves is a fact encouraging for Japanese-Americans, for the country of which they are citizens and for the long prospect ahead. There is nothing in the Japanese blood, or in any racial blood, that makes men ignorant and brutal. Education and environment turn the scales one way or the other. A whole generation in Japan and Germany has gone to waste and worse than waste. Under decent governments, in a decent society, in a decently organized world, the coming generations may be reclaimed. The war must be won by destruction, but the peace will be kept only by education."

The San Francisco CHRONICLE said:

"The Army has awarded Bronze Star medals for meritorious action on Saipan to four California boys, coming from Marysville, Stockton, San Jose, and Los Angeles. These young men showed their American fighting spirit by volunteering for a job that took them, in that region, into particular danger. Their names are Honda, Nakanishi, Natsui and Sakamoto."

The Washington POST said:

"If the exclusion from the West Coast is based on nothing more than racial hostility, then it raises an ugly threat to the fundamental principles of American life. It bears, as Mr. Justice Murphy pointed out elsewhere in his opinion on the curfew case, 'a melancholy resemblance to the treatment accorded members of the Jewish race in Germany and in other parts of Europe.' If the freedom of citizens can be restricted because of the spelling of their names, then none of us can claim more than a temporary and illusory hold upon freedom."

An editorial in the Santa Ana (California) REGISTER stated:

"Real democracy, Christianity and Americanism means that people must live

a dangerous life. They must have faith in other people and be willing to take risks. We should have been willing to take the risk that possibly a few Japanese might have caused a disturbance.

"But since we have made a serious mistake, the sooner we correct it the better. There is no excuse whatever now for keeping the Japanese in detention camps. They are entitled to the same protection by the government as every other citizen, no matter what race or color."

The San Francisco NEWS said editorially, in commenting on a test case:

"The News believes the orderly procedure of a court trial is a far better way to test the question of returning loyal Japanese to the Coast than is the action of organizations like the American Legion and the Native Sons."

The Charlotte North Carolina NEWS declared:

"It was last spring that a young Marine, a Guadalcanal veteran, returned to this country and found vicious discrimination against Americans of Japanese ancestry in California -- and in a nationally-circulated letter accused the California Department of the American Legion of actually sponsoring the movement.

"We rejoice in the increasingly distinguished battle records of these troops, and consider their deeds under fire sufficient answer to irresponsible critics and idle talk of the prejudiced. Response in battle, after all, is the final evidence, and adequate testimony to the loyalty of these men to the American ideal -- regardless of their stakes in this country's future."

John W. Vandercook, nationally known NBC commentator, in a recent broadcast pointed out how the racist give Tokyo ammunition for propagandizing the Orient. He said:

"Astoundingly bad Americans have driven harmless, American-born Japanese laborers from their communities, simply because they belonged to another race. In short, we have persistently provided the Jap propagandists with deadly ammunition. We have not thought how that ammunition can be and is being turned against us, and how just as surely as the sun rises, it is costing American lives. To hate one enemy more than the other largely because one belongs to a different race of human-kind, is to lose, hopelessly, one's own moral position...Thinking like that is far more appropriate on the Axis side of the line than it is on ours. It becomes a matter of the very highest priority, as we are approaching far greater battles with the Japs than the one which took place on Saipan. It becomes, therefore, a matter of the very highest priority for us to devise some means as we have in Europe, of reaching the minds of the Jap army in such a way as to convince them that we are what the overwhelming majority of us really are - decent and honorable human beings -- even to our enemies..."

Mr. Vandercook said further in his broadcast:

"Our best propaganda weapon against the Japs would be the truthful report of how the Japanese-Americans in the Hawaiian islands in wartime still go on living loyal tranquil useful lives. It would be a still better weapon - I venture to wager it would save many, many American lives -- if we could honestly report to Japan that the loyal Japanese citizens who are still held in relocation camps

on the United States mainland, were to now be returned to their communities as normal citizens, and that their white neighbors, were receiving them with the ordinary decency which every American of any race should accord to any fellow American of every other race."

H. V. Kaltenborn, noted radio commentator, in a letter to the Rev. Allen Heist and his church, the First Methodist church of Santa Maria, wrote these words:

"It is the people of California who unhappily are primarily responsible for the unfair treatment that has been accorded to American citizens whose only crime is that they were born of Japanese parents. I am very happy to know that some of the good Christians of California are speaking out for truth and justice."

These examples, and I could give you many more if time and your patience permitted, make it plain that by and large the country is hostile toward the minority of extremists who seek to keep the home fires of hatred burning against the Japanese Americans. When confronted with such evidence that they are a minority, these race-baiters libel many thousands of decent Americans on the West Coast by employing their threadbare thesis that, "We residents of the West Coast understand the Japanese problem, and the rest of the country does not."

Those on the Pacific coast who have not wished to let their silence place them in the company of the racists, have challenged the right of the extremist group to speak for anyone but other racists. With every such challenge, the spirit of decent tolerance grows stronger. It is extremely encouraging to note that every time the extremists seek to run riot, public opinion counterpunches and rocks them back on their heels. The Great Meadows incident which I mentioned earlier, was a notable example. Editorials and soldier letters condemned the entire occurrence. LIFE magazine reported this outrageous happening and one result was that many fairminded persons from all over the country wrote to George Yamamoto, one of the five farmer evacuees, urging him not to lose heart. Some enclosed money, which he turned over to the American Red Cross. Now these evacuees are working within 50 miles of Great Meadows. They are well liked and have been able to perform useful work in farming without interference from anyone.

It is also obvious that the race baiters do not as they claim, "understand" the problem of Americans of Japanese ancestry. If they did they would never propose to bar them from the economic life of the West Coast, or to exclude them entirely from these states, or even to ship them back to Japan. Theirs is the counsel of people who fear the future, who preach defeatism, who say that we can only plan for hard times ahead and too few jobs and opportunities to be divided among the Anglo-Saxons, let alone the Japanese. It is a good thing that most people disagree with them and are determined that we shall have jobs and opportunities for all, regardless of race, creed or color.

The most tangible evidence of widespread public acceptance of the Japanese Americans in most American communities is the progress made in relocating more than 30,000 evacuees who have left the relocation centers on indefinite leave. On the average, 425 persons a week bid goodby to the restricted life of the centers and take up new jobs and new lives on the outside. In Detroit and Philadelphia, Des Moines and Savannah, Georgia, in Madison, Wisconsin, and Kansas City, in the big cities, the small towns, and farming areas, Japanese and Japanese Americans have gone to work. In the overwhelming majority of cases they have found themselves welcomed by the men and women working with them and by their neighbors. You will

find the evacuees worshipping in the churches, their children studying and playing with other American children in the schools. These transplanted people engage in community activities, buy war bonds, see their sons leave for the Army, carry on their war jobs. They become part of the normal American way of life once more.

Many of these evacuees, and some of those who will follow them from the centers in the months to come, will never return to the West Coast. They will settle down in communities new to the Issei and Nisei and there make their contribution to American agriculture and industry. Their contribution will be welcomed for among most Americans there is no real fear of the Japanese community in this country, and by that token there is no hatred of it. Evacuees who have relocated have been accepted and have continued the education in American living that the West Coast evacuation interrupted and life in the relocation centers retarded. For make no mistake about it, we in the WRA do not delude ourselves that we can do very much to make residents of the relocation centers part of the national American community. That is the job you can do best, when the military prohibition against their return is lifted and some of these people gradually return to live and work with you. You must recreate the proper social climate for growing Americans.

For becoming an American is a growing process. It takes patience, wisdom and tolerance to become an American in the full sense of the word. A man acts with goodwill toward his neighbors, makes sacrifices for his country, does the things that he believes help all races, creeds and groups to work together and make this a strong nation. He dies at the Biblical threescore years and ten, still busy becoming a better American. Does his son inherit all that through the accident of birth? Not at all. The son is only a potential American and he has to start all over to do what his father did, maybe better, before he can lay claim to the same proud title of American.

This conception is disturbing to the racists. It means that in the struggle to become a good citizen the child born of an old New England family, and the Nisei youngster born in a relocation center, start out even. The New England child may get later advantages, but at the outset they both have the same notion of Americanism--exactly none at all. It is a creed they learn by practice in action.

I think you and I and almost everyone want both those youngsters to have the same chance to grow into defenders of this land. If we relocate the evacuees successfully, with the help of hundreds of communities throughout the country, I feel certain that this war-born problem can be solved in a satisfactory manner and in complete accord with our democratic precepts. The people of Japanese descent can start once more to develop and mature in a truly American environment. And the Nation as a whole can take pride in the fact that, despite the physical upheavals and the emotional strains of global war, we have not lost our national conscience. Despite all the clamor of the race-baiters and their tawdry appeals to fear and hatred, the fundamental decency that characterizes the great majority of Americans is still very much alive. It will, I am confident, assert itself with increasing force and effectiveness in the days that lie ahead.

Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority
461 Market Street
San Francisco 5, California

ADDRESS BY ROBERT B. COZZENS, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, WRA
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-ARIZONA METHODIST CONFERENCE
FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, PASADENA . . . 4:30 p.m. June 26, 1944

Members of the Conference, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The subject matter selected for me to discuss here this afternoon is probably the most important human problem faced by the American people since the abolition of slavery.

"When will the Japanese-American evacuees return to the West Coast?" is the subject.

It is assumed that as assistant director of the War Relocation Authority I should have the answer.

To begin with, I want to settle a matter of jurisdiction that is not clearly understood. The powers of the War Relocation Authority are defined up to a point where they might invade the duties and responsibilities of the military. The military is in charge of our security and in times of war this has to be recognized. It must be recognized that ten million Americans have gone forth from their firesides and comforts to fight and die for those of us who remain behind. The yardstick of peacetime can not be used for measuring American rights in war time.

From reading some of the antagonistic press one might easily assume that WRA can at its own whim permit the return of the evacuees. But the return of the evacuees to the West Coast is not a WRA responsibility at this time.

To begin with, a Presidential Executive Order gave the Western Defense Command the right to determine what it considered the best program for the safety and security of the West Coast.

The Western Defense Command decided -- after we had been at war with Japan for four months -- that the presence of 112,000 Japanese-Americans and Japanese aliens was a hazard to West Coast security.

It was said at the time that the evacuation of the Japanese-Americans and Japanese aliens would protect these people from any evil effects of war hysteria.

The Western Defense Command, under Lt. General John L. DeWitt, ordered the evacuation, set up centers in this State and moved the 112,000 into these centers. From the first camps they were moved to Relocation Centers -- 10 in all at the time -- and then the civilian authority -- the War Relocation Authority -- was placed in charge of them.

The movement of these people from the West Coast was -- and is--

a military responsibility. The Military, by proclamation, established an area extending down the West Coast and including all of California as well as part of Arizona. These people, citizens and aliens alike, were excluded from this area. And that military exclusion still exists, except where the Military decides in individual cases that some may return. No Japanese-American is permitted to return to this area except with full military approval. The military zones still stand as ordered and when they will be rescinded, we do not know!

There have been a number of persons permitted by the Military to return. Now and then some persons in our Relocation Centers are given such military clearance and you can be assured that when they are given this clearance, the Army has full confidence in their loyalty.

During the past week a Japanese-American, his wife and two children were taken from a Relocation Center by the Military and returned to a West Coast metropolis. This man and his family will resume their normal rights as citizens. This man has been assigned by our Government to a strategical war agency. The work this Japanese-American will do will probably hasten the end of the war in the Pacific.

A few months ago, the War Department gave clearance to 33 women and 12 children to be returned to their homes in the Hawaiian Islands. These women are for the most part wives of Japanese-Americans who are in our armed forces. Their husbands are fighting now on the Italian peninsula.

It must be remembered that of the 112,000 who were evacuated that 74,000 are Americans of Japanese ancestry and 48,000 are aliens ineligible to citizenship.

Out of that 112,000 original population, 24,000 have been relocated in other sections of the United States. We still have 88,000 in our centers.

Your question and your interest is centered in the return of these people to their civil and property and human rights.

The answer must be supplied by the Military. If and when the Western Defense Command determines that the military necessity no longer exists on the West Coast, the Army will probably change its proclamation of two years ago.

If and when the Army does change its proclamation, it will be part of our job as the WRA to sustain its decision.

In the meantime, it is the responsibility of the War Relocation Authority to do just what the name implies -- relocate these people in civil and economic life in those areas not covered by the military proclamation.

You may read in some of the press that some organizations are opposed to the return of ANY Japanese-Americans to the West Coast. There are various schools of thought under the exclusion banner. Some few have gone so far as to suggest that they be kept in the Relocation

Centers indefinitely. Some others that all persons of Japanese ancestry be returned to Japan as soon as the war is over.

Others demand that disloyal Japanese-Americans and Japanese aliens be put in cargo vessels -- they do not say passenger liners -- and be sent post-haste to the land of their ancestors. Still others want a recheck on the loyalty of all these people on the basis that they are guilty of disloyalty until proven innocent -- an inversion of an age-old civil and American right.

But there are still those who are opposed to Japanese-Americans who recognize that a legal process has to be followed. Every school-boy knows, or should know, that the Fourteenth Amendment of our Constitution has not been challenged up to this time.

To refresh your memory and possibly bring it to the attention of some of the race baiters on the outside, I quote the Fourteenth Amendment:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the State wherein they reside.

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Those words are plain enough. That first paragraph of the Fourteenth Amendment imposes a responsibility on all citizens. We have a stewardship for which one day we must account both to God and man.

When the hour of our duty arrives, we must be ready to face it. In the meantime we must prepare for it.

I must say here that it would be a mistake for these people to rush back to the West Coast when the military restrictions are finally lifted. The movement back must be orderly -- just as orderly as was the evacuation.

We must picture to ourselves the economic and social state that will exist on this coast, when the emergency is lifted. Will the industrial West find itself with a problem of unemployment due to cancelled war contracts? Will there be order or chaos? Will we find those among us who will seek to pit those evacuees who wish to return against the unemployed caucasian and thus arouse further racial antagonism?

Only by orderly return can the civilian economy not be disturbed, and standards of wages and living not endangered. We can't flood a crowded housing area and a crowded unemployment area without bringing about further evils.

We cannot at this time visualize all the elements involved in this gigantic relocation problem.

There will not be as many returning as were here before the war. Added to the 24,000 who have been relocated from the centers to other sections of the country are about 7,000 who voluntarily moved out of this area prior to the evacuation order. That makes well over 30,000 who have resettled in other sections.

All do not plan to return to California. Nearly 12,000 more are in the services of our Army. Before the war is over it is possible that more than 20,000 Japanese-Americans will be in uniform, according to present estimates.

Many of these veterans -- as they will be -- may not return to this State -- many will not return to any other State.

I would like to say here that there is some common ground on which we are met by those who oppose the return of the Japanese-Americans. Recently at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, Seth Millington, past commander of the State American Legion and past President of the Native Sons, said that men like Sergeant Ben Kuroki, who had flown in 30 air missions over Europe, including the bombing of the Ploesti oil fields of Rumania, could live next door to him the rest of their lives. Sergeant Ben Kuroki, who won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his contribution as an aerial gunner, will be multiplied by many thousands by the time this war is over. I assume that Mr. Millington, who said he was speaking for the Legion and the Native Sons, would also permit Ben Kuroki's father and mother, brothers and sisters, and -- when he has them -- wife and children to live next door to him.

This is a logical conclusion that means the spokesman for the Legion and the Native Sons admits there are some good Japanese-Americans. Of course, he will find that there will be many race baiters who fail to distinguish between the Japanese enemy and the Japanese-American, and who will disagree with him. At least some of them have not yet made the concession made by Mr. Millington.

In very recent stories from the European battlefields correspondents have pointed out that the wrecking of the Ploesti oil fields was the most serious blow hit at Hitler's war machine. It cut down to five or six weeks the available petroleum supply of our enemy. Sergeant Ben Kuroki was only one of many who participated in those raids, but it was a contribution that will save its share of American lives. In addition to receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross, Sergeant Kuroki also received three oak leaf clusters for his contribution toward winning the war.

Other Japanese-Americans have given their lives in the Italian campaign. The Associated Press last month reported more than 900 Japanese-American soldiers at Anzio had received the Purple Heart.

I believe that when fair-minded westerners get the complete story of this loyalty on the battlefields those who demand mass deportation or mass exclusion will not be considered seriously. The Chicago Sun, in a recent editorial, declared that Private First Class Hoshino Omiya, the nisei who was blinded in Italy and whose picture was printed in practically every newspaper and news magazine in the country, should be permitted to appear before the Congressional committee con-

sidering exclusion laws. Said the Sun:

"The sightless eyes of Hoshino Omiya might help persuade some thoughtless Congressmen that vindictive legislation against a small minority would be unworthy of America."

To return to the post-war or post-emergency problem of evacuees:

An investigation made by a San Francisco Chronicle reporter, Mr. William Flynn, who toured the Utah area and talked with many evacuees, discloses that 40 to 50 percent do not plan to come back to the West Coast under any conditions. They have found new homes, a new social environment, have settled down as accepted members of many churches in the new areas and are producing for the nation and for their families.

Approximately every state in the union has its complement of relocated Japanese-Americans and Japanese aliens. Nearly 6,000 are resettled in the state of Illinois. Colorado has 2,500. Ohio and Utah have 1,700 each. More are relocating daily. Our records of moving household and portable goods for these relocatees to other states has tripled since the first of the year. One relocation center -- the Jerome camp at Denson, Arkansas -- closes on June 30. More than 5,000 residents -- half of the original population will have moved to four other centers whose populations have been decreased by relocation in other sections of the nation.

This is the basic work of the WRA and despite the heavy criticism levelled against our agency, the work has been carried on successfully. American citizens are regaining their civil rights with very little friction.

You have read of instances where there have been flareups by eastern communities. These are the rare exceptions -- in view of the 23,998 uncontested relocations to date.

What we have done is shown in part in a motion picture called "Challenge to Democracy", which is our report to the nation. This film, which is available to any group with facilities to project it on a screen, is a 16 millimeter sound and color depiction of the evacuation, life in the camps, the school and church work done at the centers, community life, the relocation in war industry in many sections of the nation as well as the rigid training undergone by the Japanese-American Army unit at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. To those who are as interested, as are you here, in relocation of men and women in the normal stream of American life, it has an added appeal. In this film many evacuees are shown at their lathes in industrial war plants. The film shows dozens of evacuees doing the job of the man behind the man behind the gun, not alone in war equipment production, but also in producing and processing food.

We have had some criticism from our own group that the film does not show the drab side of this restricted life.

However, the film does show the work we have done to offset the adverse conditions that these people faced. Many came from homes not dissimilar to yours. They found themselves transplanted to bar-

racks. Their children were taken from the grammar schools, highschoools and universities of our state -- many with scholastic honors to their credit, with scholarships awaiting them in advanced institutions.

I am sure that in seeing this picture you will project yourself into their places and speculate on how you would accept this changed environment. There is no certainty that if we can do this to the least of our population, it might not be done in succession to others. Therein lies our mutual danger when the war emergency is over.

Our observers at the centers tell us that the most frustrated employees we have are those who teach civics and American history to the young American-Japanese in our center classrooms. The teachers explain the Constitution and when they reach the Fourteenth Amendment, with its clear, ringing statement of equality, they are met with either smiles or bewilderment from the children.

This Fourteenth Amendment is one of the democratic principles for which we are fighting -- for which I fought in the last war. That principle is that all men were created equal. It doesn't say in the commandments of this country that all white men were created equal and that after running the chromatic scale or cultural stage, some were created with fewer rights than others.

Any discrimination is the Hitlerian pattern of Aryan superiority which is being defeated now by 10,000,000 American men and women in service. We have learned in recent history that it was a short step from persecution of the Jews to the persecution of Pastor Neimuller and the Roman Catholic priests of Germany. The rights of political beliefs went out even faster. Then the juggernaut of the German war machine began the persecution of its neighboring nations, whose sole crime was that these neighbors were not Germans.

We have been charged with pampering and coddling those in our centers. Those who are loudest in these charges have never visited our centers and have never felt the oppression one would feel behind wire fences.

We invited two men who had been in Santo Tomas prison in the Philippines to visit Tule Lake Segregation Center. Each had spent nearly two years in the civilian prisons of the Japanese. Each had returned to tell of the misery and restrictions and barbarity of the camp in which he had been held.

One repatriate was Ray Cronin of the Associated Press. The other was Royal Arch Gunnison, syndicate and magazine writer. Each was bitter over the treatment he had received at the hands of the Japanese.

Yet Cronin did pay a compliment to the civilian administration of the camp in the Philippines in contrast to the Japanese Army jurisdiction. Cronin said after his visit to Tule Lake that he did not consider any pampering or coddling was going on.

Royal Arch Gunnison after his visit to Tule Lake declared that there is no such thing as pampering or coddling persons who are behind wire fences. He stated further that those in the Center were leading a Spartan existence.

I quote Gunnison: "What is being done at Tule Lake is what any civilized country should do". He pointed out that where our food provided 3,000 calories daily to the evacuees, the Japanese camps provided but 1,000 calories.

I assure you that we are not pampering or coddling. Nor are we striving to imitate the sordid administration that has prevailed in Japan's concentration camps.

Some organizations have passed resolutions asking that the administration of the Relocation Centers be turned over to the Army -- that they be taken out of the hands of the civilian administration of the WRA. This is a matter for the Commander-in-Chief and the Congress to determine.

One important factor which is ignored by those who charge pampering and coddling is that 72,000 of these people are American citizens. They are American businessmen, farmers and workers, doctors, dentists, collegians, young men and women. There are thousands who are children. I ask, what treatment would they have us give to the children in these centers?

We are Americans dealing in a war emergency with our fellow citizens. We are not Japanese-Japanese dealing in brutality.

We of the WRA face two extremes of criticism -- we are called either Jap lovers or Gestapo.

But we have attempted to steer a middle course in view of the suffering all people must bear in a war.

Our program is not the idea of any one man. It is arrived at by the meeting of many minds in the WRA. The democratic processes are pursued to a final agreement with every element involved being evaluated.

Our National Director Dillon S. Myer sits down with his staff of legal authorities, social service advisors, administrative chiefs, community planners, educational directors, transportation men and public relations men.

All the problems that come up in daily life in any community exist in our centers. So all these problems have to be weighed by the WRA staff in its sessions. I might say the representatives from the Far West -- and I am a Native Californian -- have much to say in these programs, although all the staff members are personally acquainted with all the centers and all the factors involved.

I have told you of the opposition to the return of the evacuees. But I can say also that we of the WRA are not alone in this work of relocation. Our office in San Francisco has a file of thousands of letters from many westerners who recognize the implications of racial prejudice. There are job offers and offers of dwelling places for the evacuees when the emergency is lifted. One group here in Pasadena recently filed with the War Department a list of over 50 jobs, promises of housing for 150.

There are many fine, outstanding individuals among our top ranking educators, church and labor groups, businessmen, industrialists, professional men and editors and journalists of the West Coast who have stepped forward in championing these basic human rights. Daily we are approached by westerners who have personal friends among the evacuees and who will attest to their loyalty. They ask that their Japanese-American friends be returned.

In the radio world of commentators we have heard many sterling voices raised in protest against those who would exclude citizens because of their ancestry.

Most recently the Northern California Methodist Conference held in Sacramento passed resolutions calling for a restoration of the rights of these people.

Simultaneously the Catholic Bishop of the Fresno-Monterey Diocese told a State council of the Knights of Columbus that they must fight race prejudice. He lauded the Christian faith of those Manzanar Japanese-Americans who are members of his church. The American Principles and Fair Play Committee and other groups are fighting discrimination of every sort. The Commonwealth Club of San Francisco is making an exhaustive study of this problem and its members are awake to its threat to the future.

In an article in a recent Cosmopolitan magazine, Lloyd C. Douglas explained why he wrote that best of best sellers, "The Robe", which undoubtedly most of you must have read.

This story, which deals with the inception of Christianity, was inspired by a question on what had become of the Robe worn by Christ.

"As I proceeded with my task," says Douglas in the article, "it became increasingly more apparent that the First Century was menaced by much the same problems as have set the whole world on fire today! We drew the map of the Roman Empire under old Tiberius and found that we had also drawn a map of Hitler's Europe! You couldn't dodge the facts that the world into which Jesus came was enduring the same slaveries, brutalities, aggressions that have made our hearts sick in our own time."

He pointed out that the same problems, the same fears and passionate indignations existed today.

Perhaps that is why "The Robe" has gone through more than 31 re-printings.

Should you ask one of those who object to the return of the evacuees why they do not make the same objection to the bringing of Italian and German war prisoners to work in the fields and industries of the West Coast, they probably would reply that so long as the Army holds a rifle over these war prisoners there is no objection. They haven't yet openly declared that they would welcome back the evacuee -- American citizens -- to work in the fields and factories under armed guard, but the implication is plain.

Could it be possible that we in California would sanction the return of persons of Japanese ancestry -- citizens, mind you -- to work on the same plane with prisoners of war -- to work under military guard?

The picture is clear. The proponents of exclusion view its Americans of Japanese ancestry in the same light as they view prisoners of the battlefields.

The West Coast has to assume its responsibility in a democracy. There seems to be no objection of western race baiters to relocation of the Japanese-Americans in other states of our union. They are perfectly willing to recognize the evacuees' citizenship rights in other states.

I am not here to decide this for you. I am here to present a side of the picture of a democracy to which we all belong, and in which we all have a voice. You are the ones to decide this issue. Our form of Government guarantees your rights, but it demands you take responsibilities.

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An Address by Sergeant Ben Kuroki, U.S. Army Air Force
Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, Calif.
February 4, 1944

I want to thank you gentlemen, especially Mr. Deutsch and Mr. Ward, for inviting me to speak to you today. This is a great honor, and I really appreciate it. I just hope that I won't disappoint you. People who are going to make speeches usually start out by saying that they don't know how to, but in my case it's really true. A soldier's job is to fight, not talk, but I'll do the best I can.

I've spent most of my life in Hershey, Nebraska, which isn't where they make Hershey candy bars. Hershey is so small that probably none of you has ever heard of it. Before the war the population was about 500; now I guess it's about 300.

I didn't even live in Hershey; my father had a farm a mile north of town. I remember the farmers used to go to town every Saturday night and stand in groups on the street corners talking about their cows and horses. We've lived on that farm since 1928, and after I finished high school I helped my father work it until the war came along.

The last two years are what really matter, though, and maybe I can tell you something about them, even if I don't know much about making speeches. That's one thing the Army didn't teach me, though it taught me a lot of other things, and the experience I went through as a result of being in the Army taught me even more.

I learned more about democracy, for one thing, than you'll find in all the books, because I saw it in action. When you live with men under combat conditions for 15 months, you begin to understand what brotherhood, equality, tolerance and unselfishness really mean. They're no longer just words.

Under fire, a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, or even his present rank, don't matter at all. You're fighting as a team--that's the only way a bomber crew can fight--you're fighting for each other's life and for your country, and whether you realize it at the time or not, you're living and proving democracy.

Something happened on my first mission that might give you an idea of what I mean. We were in a flak zone--the anti-aircraft was terribly accurate--and we had a flock of fighters attacking us.

A shell burst right above the tail, and flak poured down. Our tail gunner was a young kid named Dawley, from New Jersey. The piece that got him was so big it tore a four-inch hole through a quarter of an inch of aluminum and double-welded steel. It caught him just above the ear. It went through his fur helmet, and in so far we couldn't even see it when we got to him.

I was firing the right waist gun on our Liberator that day. All of a sudden I heard him yell over the interphone: "I'm hit in the head, let's get the hell out of here!"

We couldn't leave the guns until we'd shaken the Messerschmitts that were after us--it would have been suicide--but in a few minutes the tunnel

gunner and I were able to get back to the tail.

We pulled Dawley back into the fuselage, so that we could work on him and at the same time watch out for more fighters. Then we took off our fur jackets and covered him up. It was about 10 below zero and we were about freezing to death.

He was in terrible shape; I can't even begin to describe the look of pain on his face. He was semi-conscious, but he couldn't open his mouth to speak. His lips seemed to be parched, as though he was dying of thirst. We couldn't understand how he was still alive.

I called the radio operator, because he's the one who is supposed to administer first aid on a Liberator, but instead the co-pilot, a first Lieutenant, came back. He was going to give Dawley a morphine injection, but I stopped him. They'd taught us in gunnery school not to give morphine for head injuries; it might kill the man instantly. The co-pilot had either forgotten or was so excited he could think only of stopping the pain.

Anyway, I motioned to him--we couldn't hear each other above the roar of the motors--I pointed to my head and shook it. The co-pilot evidently understood, because he didn't give Dawley the morphine.

That tail gunner lived to fly and fight again, and the last I heard he had completed his tour of duty. Whether or not I was instrumental in saving his life by stopping that morphine injection isn't important--it was just that we had to work together regardless of rank or ancestry.

The tunnel gunner that helped me with him was Jewish, I'm a Japanese-American, the bombardier of our crew was a German, the left waist gunner was an Irishman. Later I flew with an American Indian pilot and a Polish tunnel gunner. What difference did it make? We had a job to do, and we did it with a kind of comradeship that was the finest thing in the world.

That first mission was over Bizerte; it was the 13th of December, 1942, and we'd just arrived in French North Africa from England two days before. When I say "we" I'm talking about the outfit I was serving with; it was Brig. Gen. Ted Timberlake's Liberator bomber group, which everybody over there called "Ted's Traveling Circus" because it got around so much back and forth between England and Africa. In fact, it got around so much it kept German military intelligence guessing, trying to figure out where it was from week to week.

It was a funny thing--I'd just been assigned to a crew the day before we left England, although the group had been based there for about four months. I'd finished gunnery school more than a month before, and ever since I'd been trying to get assigned to a crew. It wasn't easy; I'd talk to the pilot whenever I knew there was going to be an opening in a crew, and each pilot would assign me temporarily and then replace me when the time came for permanent assignment.

I understood well enough how they felt; and they knew I was as good as any man they did assign, but still they were uneasy. But I wanted to get into combat more than anything in the world, so I kept after it.

In fact, it had been one continual struggle from the beginning of my Army career, and I felt that I had done pretty well to get overseas and to gunnery school.

Two days after Pearl Harbor, my brother Fred and I drove 150 miles to Grand Island, Nebraska, to enlist in the Army Air Forces. We were held up for nearly a month because of all the confusion and misunderstanding in Army camps at that time. For the first time in our lives we found out what prejudice was.

I began to realize right then that I had a couple of strikes on me to begin with, and that I was going to be fighting two battles instead of one--against the Axis and against intolerance among my fellow-Americans.

Finally, after two more trips to Grand Island and three telephone calls, Fred and I were accepted at the recruiting station at North Platte, and sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training.

There was so much prejudice among the recruits there; that I wondered if it would always be like that; if I would ever be able to overcome it. Even now I would rather go through my bombing missions again than face that kind of prejudice.

My kid brother Fred could hardly stand it. He'd come back to the barracks at night and bury his head in his pillow and actually cry. We were not only away from home for the first time; but because of this discrimination, we were the loneliest two soldiers in the Army.

After basic I was sent to clerical school at Fort Logan, Colorado, and then to Barksdale Field near Shreveport, Louisiana, for permanent assignment. Of the 40 clerks sent to Barksdale, I was the last one assigned. I spent about a month at Barksdale, most of it on K.P. You've all heard the Air Forces motto, "Keep 'Em Flying." Well, my motto was "Keep 'Em Peeling"; they called me "Keep 'Em Peeling" Kuroki in those days.

The most discouraging thing about that was the fact that I had no assurance that I ever would be assigned. About the only thing that kept me going were the wonderful letters of encouragement I received from home. My sister would write me that I had to realize that Americans were shocked by Pearl Harbor, and that many of them were unable to distinguish between Japanese and Americans of Japanese descent. I still was without a friend in the Army, though, and that made it bad. There was only one boy who was kind to me at all--he used to get my mail for me when I was on K.P. and couldn't get away.

I was finally assigned to a squadron in General Timberlake's bomber group; which had been formed at Barksdale and was ready to move to Fort Myers, Florida, for final training. A few days before we were to leave, the commanding officer of my squadron called me in and told me I wasn't going; and that I was to be transferred to another outfit.

That was about the worst news I had ever heard. I asked him why, and he said that he had nothing to do with it. He started asking me questions then--how I liked the Army, and so forth. I told him pretty bluntly about

the prejudice I was encountering, and that I didn't even go into town because I couldn't enjoy a minute of it when I did. He seemed sympathetic enough, but he said there was nothing he could do to stop my being transferred.

But, my words must have had some effect, because the day before the group left, he called me back and told me to pack my bags, that I was going with them.

At Fort Myers I did clerical work for about three months. I gradually began to win over some of the soldiers, and the boy who used to get my mail for me at Barksdale became a good friend of mine. We were in a truck accident one day, and I was able to help him. After that we were inseparable.

When the group had finished training and was ready to go overseas, I was given orders, as I had been at Barksdale, transferring me out of my squadron. This was even worse than the time at Barksdale, because I really wanted to go overseas and had been counting on it for three months.

General Timberlake--he was then a colonel--was already up north with the air echelon of the group, so I couldn't see him. I went to see the squadron adjutant and begged him, with tears streaming down my face, to take me along. He said there was nothing he could do about it, that it wasn't because I was of Japanese descent. But he did agree to talk it over with the group adjutant, and in about an hour he came back with the good news that I would remain with the outfit. I was about the happiest guy in the world just then.

We shipped north right after that and sailed from New York on the last day of August 1942. Ours was the first Liberator group sent to the European theater. As soon as we had our base set up in England, I applied for combat duty. I had to beg for that too, but at least I was sent to gunnery school.

It wasn't much schooling--about a week, I guess--a lot different from the way it is now, when every crew member goes to school for months in this country. I really learned to shoot the hard way, in combat.

As a result of the recommendations of the armament officer, I was accepted on Major J. B. Epting's crew as an auxiliary member; we were to go out on a raid the next day, but it was cancelled because of the weather. About a week later I was permanently assigned to his crew. The next day we flew to Africa and my tour of duty began. Once again I'd received a break just in the nick of time.

We were glad to get away from the cold, fog, rain and mud of England. Boy, Africa seemed like heaven for the first two days. It was dry and warm and the sun was shining. It was interesting, too, at first. I met my first live Arab. The Arabs used to come out to the base peddling tangerines and oranges and eggs, foods we hadn't seen for months in England. I remember in London they were asking 18 shillings--about \$3.50--for a pound of grapes; one of our boys even asked the vendor if they had golden seeds in them.

One of our gunners made a deal with an Arab--a filthy barefoot old man dressed in something that looked like grandma's nightgown. The gunner told

him he would trade the plane for six eggs delivered every day for six months. So every day the Arab would bring him six eggs. Then he would go over to the plane and pat it and smile, thinking of the day when it would be his. We wondered what he thought when we took off one day and didn't come back.

After the second night in Africa we weren't so sure it was an improvement on England. It started to rain and kept on raining until we finally couldn't operate at all. We had no tents or barracks or any place to sleep. Some of the boys slept under the plane until it got too muddy. I picked the flight deck inside for myself, but gave it up so that Major Epting could sleep there. I slept in the top turret.

If you have any idea of the size of a top turret on a Liberator, you can imagine how comfortable I was. I had to sit up, and all night I would bump into switches which would snap on and wake me up. One night of that was enough for me.

We'd left England in such a hurry that we didn't have mess kits. All the time we were in French North Africa we ate our canned hash and hardtack out of sardine cans.

And the mud--I've never seen such gooey mud. Our group flew about three or four missions from that base and then the planes couldn't even get off the ground. They'd start to take off and sink into the mud all the way up to the belly, and then we'd have to unload the bombs, dig the ship out, reload and try again. It was a mess! After about 18 days we gave up and moved out of there.

From French North Africa we went to the Libyan desert, near Tobruk, not long after the Germans had surrendered it. Tobruk was the most desolate place I have ever seen; it was full of abandoned tanks and guns and broken buildings. Only a church had escaped complete destruction, and no living person dwelt in that city.

But as far as we were concerned, we were glad to get out of our mud-hole in North Africa, but not for long. We were in Libya three months. In all that time, we were able to take a bath only once, and that was when we were given leave to fly to an Egyptian city for that specific purpose. That was the only time we shaved, too; we must have looked like a convention of Rip Van Winkles before we left.

There were no laundry facilities; we were allowed only a pint of water a day for everything. This water we drew from a well, which we had to abandon after a while when we found some dead Germans in it.

We were at least 300 miles from any town, excepting the dead city of Tobruk. We had no entertainment of any kind out there on the desert; when we weren't on raids we just lay around in our tents, or took walks in the desert.

The most dismal Christmas eve of my life I spent on the Libyan desert. It was cold, and we didn't even have tents to sleep under. We slept in our clothes and didn't even take off our shoes. Our morale was certainly low

that night, as we thought of the fun we could be having in the States, and of our families and friends back there. But it's things like that, as well as actually fighting together, that bring men close to one another, as close as brothers.

Our group was going on raids about every other day while we were in the desert, and they were all pretty rough. We bombed Rommel's shipping lines over and over at Bizerte, Tunis, Sfax, Sousse and Tripoli in Africa. Then we started in on Sicily and Italy.

We had some boys of Italian parentage flying with us, and whenever we took off to bomb Naples or Rome I'd kid them about bombing their honorable ancestors. "We're really going to make the spaghetti fly today," I'd say, and they'd retort that they couldn't wait to knock the rice out of my dishonorable ancestors.

Naples was always a rough target. It was the "flak city" of the Italian theater. The flak burst so thick and black you couldn't even see the planes a hundred yards behind you. Yet our raids over there were called spectacular examples of precision bombing.

We participated in the first American raid on Rome last July. It was the biggest surprise I'd had so far; we thought we were going to run into heavy opposition, and we were almost disappointed when we found hardly any.

We bombed Sicily and Southern Italy at altitudes of about 25,000 feet, and it really gets cold at that height. One time over Palermo it was 42 below zero. I froze two oxygen masks; after that I had to suck on the hose to get any oxygen.

Even at that height we could see our bombs breaking exactly on their targets, and as much as an hour after we had left the targets we could see the smoke rising from the fires we had caused.

It gave you a funny feeling; you couldn't help but think of the people being hurt down there. I wasn't particularly religious before the war, but I always said a prayer, and I know for sure that my pal Kettering, the radio operator, did too, for the innocent people we were destroying on raids like that.

But we were in no position to be sentimental about it. The people knew they were in danger, and they could have gotten out. Besides, we weren't fighting against individual people, but against ideas. It was Hitlerism or democracy, and we couldn't afford to let it be Hitlerism. And so, unfortunately, it was German and Italian lives or ours. That was the only way you could look at it.

It was a happy day when after three months of Libya, we received orders to return to England. We took off from Tobruk at midnight. There was no formation; the planes left at two-minute intervals, and each was on its own.

The next morning, instead of seeing daylight, we looked out over a blanket of clouds without any opening. We had had to go up to about 10,000 feet to get over the clouds, and now we couldn't go under them, for fear of crashing into mountains.

We were lost. The navigator could do nothing, and the radio operator, though he was working like mad, couldn't get his messages through because of the weather. Finally he got a message, but by that time we didn't have enough gas to get to the air field that had answered us. We'd already been up 11 hours and 20 minutes with a 10-hours' supply of gas. We expected to go down any minute.

The pilot called back that anyone who wanted to bail out could do so. Nobody did; I know I had so much faith in Major Epting's flying ability that I wouldn't leave until he did. All of a sudden, and it seemed like a miracle to us who were tensely waiting for the crash, there was a tiny rift in the clouds. Epting didn't wait one second; he just dove right into it, and made a perfect landing in a valley that wasn't big enough to land a cub in safely.

We had just gotten out of the plane when a swarm of Arabs surrounded us. There must have been a hundred of them, and they were armed with rifles, spears, and some with clubs. When we saw them coming we debated whether we should shoot at them or try to talk to them. We decided to talk to them, but we couldn't understand them and they couldn't understand us.

They didn't hurt us, but they certainly weren't friendly. They took everything away from us--guns, wallets and everything we had in our pockets--and they wouldn't let us near the plane.

We had no idea where we were, but in a few minutes a Spanish officer came up and arrested us, and we found out that we had landed in Spanish Morocco. The officer marched all of us, our crew and the Arabs, into a native village about two miles away. The procession we made caused more excitement, I guess, than that village had had in its entire history.

The natives all thought I was Chinese, but Kettering, our radio operator, explained to the Spanish soldiers that I was Japanese American. That created quite a stir when it got around. Most of the people, both Spanish and Arabs, flatly refused to believe it, and later it took the American embassy to prove it to them.

In a few days we were flown to Spain in a German plane and interned in a mountain village. We thought we'd be there for the duration, but within two months, through methods I can't reveal, we were in England.

From England we bombed targets in Germany and began preparations for the raid on the Roumanian oil fields at Ploesti, preparations that were to last three months and take us back to the Libyan desert. In England our group practiced low-level bombing. We practice-bombed our own airfields, each plane having its own specific target. That way our bombardiers got accustomed to finding targets at low altitude.

After nearly a month in England we returned to Africa. This time our base was set up near the city of Bengasi in Libya. Here we had a complete dummy target of what we later learned were the Ploesti refineries.

Up to this time I had been a tail gunner, but now I was assigned to the top turret, the position I held throughout the rest of my missions. To

celebrate the event, Kettering painted in big red letters across the glass dome of the turret these words: "Top Turret Gunner Most Honorable Son Sgt. Ben Kuroki." "Most Honorable Son" was what they usually called me--that or "Hara-kiri." They were a great bunch over there.

Every day that we weren't on missions, 175 Liberators loaded with practice bombs would take off in groups at regular intervals and bomb duplicates of the real target. On these practice raids, each group rather than each plane had its specific target, so that it was really a dress rehearsal of the actual raid. Some of the planes flew so low that they came back with their bomb-bay doors torn off. And we sure scared the daylights out of the natives; we had to dodge groups of Arabs and their camels all over that desert.

Despite the heat we had to do double work, because we had only a skeleton ground crew--our real base was still in England. We'd go up into 10 to 20-below-zero temperatures and then come back into 110-above heat. It was no wonder that a lot of the boys came down with colds.

We had fewer sandstorms and they didn't last as long as when we had been stationed near Tobruk. What really worried us were the poisonous sand-viper snakes and scorpions. The scorpions especially--big two-inch long devils with curving tails were thick as flies. We'd find them in our blankets and everywhere else. If you got stung by one of them, you really knew it; you'd be sick as a dog for at least a day.

The month preceding the Floesti raid we were taking part in the invasion of Sicily, bombing Massina, Palermo and various airfields. It's unusual for heavy bombers to bomb airfields, but we were assigned that job so that it would be impossible for enemy fighter planes to take off from those fields and strafe our ground troops as they landed.

During all our practice for Floesti we were intensely curious as to what our target was going to be. Rumors of all kinds floating around, but no one thought it would be Floesti because no one could imagine how we could carry enough gas to get there and back.

Our base was guarded by British anti-aircraft gunners, and we used to ask them what they thought about our flying so low. They said it was an advantage from the point of view of escaping the heavy anti-aircraft fire, but that we would be dead ducks for anything smaller than 40 millimeter cannon. Right then we began to think of the approaching raid as a "suicide" mission.

The last week in July every crew member in every group was restricted to the base until after the mission, but it was not until the day before we left that we were told the target was the Roumanian oil fields. That was news all right. You hardly ever hear of an oil field being bombed--the only other one I know of was in Burma. We were really surprised. There had been a couple of rumors that our target was to be Floesti, but nobody had put any stock in them--it seemed too improbable.

We were briefed all that day and into the night. The American engineer who had constructed the Floesti refineries talked to us; he knew the exact location of every refinery and every cracking and distilling plant. The information he gave us proved invaluable the next day. They showed us motion

pictures which gave details of the individual targets of each group.

In the afternoon Major General Brereton, commanding general of the Ninth Air Force, came around in a staff car and talked to us for almost an hour. He said we were going on the most important and one of the most dangerous missions in the history of heavy bombardment, that it had been planned in Washington months before. He told us that Ploesti supplied one-third of all Germany's oil and nearly all of Italy's, that it was timed, furthermore, to cut Hitler's fuel supply as his divisions rushed to defend it against the coming Allied invasion.

When he finished, our group commander--not General Timberlake, who had just been promoted from colonel and was now a wing commander, but the new group commander--briefed us again, and went into minute details of the takeoff the next morning. He tried to encourage us as much as possible.

"I'll get my damn ship over the target if it falls apart," he said.

He got his ship over the target all right--we were close behind him. And we saw it when it fell apart, flaming to the earth.

That afternoon before the raid he emphasized that nobody had to go who didn't want to; it was really a volunteer mission. No one declined, but we were all very tense. Someone had mentioned that even if all planes were lost it would be worth the price, and that started more talk about its being a suicide mission.

We didn't sleep very much that night, and there was none of the joking that usually went on among our crew. We tried hard to sleep, because we knew it would be a long trip and we had to be at our best, but you can imagine how easy it was.

The first sergeant blew the whistle at four in the morning. While we ate breakfast the ground crews, who had been working on the planes for the last two days, gave them a final checking over. Those planes were beautiful, parked wing to wing in a long line on the runway.

We took off at the crack of dawn. It was a perfect summer day, warm and balmy. The lead plane of the group started out, and the others followed at precise intervals until finally the whole group was in the sky in perfect formation. Our group joined other groups from nearby fields at pre-arranged places. It was all split-second timing.

We were keyed up. We knew it was going to be the biggest thing we had ever done, and we were determined it would be the best. It was the same with the ground crews; they had always taken great pride in the ships, but this time they had gone overboard to get them in perfect condition. They shared our excitement and anxiety, too.

From Bengasi we flew straight over the Mediterranean. It was very calm and blue that day. We were going along at about 5,000 feet when suddenly we saw one of the planes ahead take a straight nose-dive. It went down like a bullet, crashed in the water and exploded. For half an hour we could see the smoke from it. It gave us a haunting feeling, as of approaching disaster--we could see that not a man on that plane had a chance

to escape.

A couple of hours after we left Bengasi, we were crossing the mountains of Italy, going up sometimes as high as 10,000 feet to get over them. Then the Adriatic and into Jugoslavia, through Bulgaria and across the Danube into Roumania.

Over the Danube valley, in Roumania, we went down to about 300 feet, so low that we could easily see people in the streets of Roumanian towns waving at us as we went over. They must have thought we were friendly bombers because we were flying so low. Or maybe they recognized the white star on our wings and were glad that we were coming.

About 10 miles from the target, we dropped to 50 feet, following the contours of the land, up over hills and down into valleys. Our pilot would head straight for those hills, and every time I thought sure we'd crash right into them, but he would pull us up just in time, and just enough to get over the ridge, and then down into the next valley. Coming back we were flying part of the way at five and 10 feet off the ground, and some of the planes returned to base with tree tops and even cornstalks in their bomb-bays.

We had a very good pilot. He was our squadron leader, Lt. Col. K. O. Dessert, and his copilot was our regular pilot, Major Epting.

This was the 24th mission I had flown with Major Epting and the same crew, except for Dawley, the tail gunner who was hurt during our first raid. Our ship was named in Major Epting's honor; his home town is Tupelo, Mississippi, and so we called the plane "Tupelo Lass."

The major, who is 23 years old, is one of the best pilots I've ever seen. He pulled us out of a lot of tough spots when we thought we were gone.

And between Major Epting and Col. Dessert they got us through Ploesti without a scratch, but it was a miracle that they did.

We came into the oil fields at about 50 feet and went up to about 75 to bomb. The plane I was on was leading the last squadron of the second group over. Five miles from the target, heavy anti-aircraft started pounding us. When we saw the red flash of those guns we thought we'd never make it. We really started praying then. We figured that if they started shooting at us with the big guns at that distance, they would surely get us with smaller and more maneuverable batteries. We remembered the British anti-aircraft men who had said we'd be dead ducks for anything under a 40 millimeter cannon. At our height you could have brought a Liberator down with a shotgun.

Ploesti was wrapped in a smoke screen which made it very difficult to find the targets. When we got over, the refineries were already blazing from the bombs and guns of the planes ahead of us.

Red tracers from the small ground guns had been zig-zagging all around us for half a mile or more, and the guns themselves were sending up terrific barrages. Just as we hit the target, gas tanks started exploding. One 10,000 gallon tank blew up right in front of us, shooting pillars of flaming

gas 500 feet in the air. It was like a nightmare. We couldn't believe our eyes when we saw that blazing tank high above us. The pilot had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid what was really a cloud of fire. It was so hot it felt as though we were flying through a furnace.

The worst I saw, though, was the plane to the right of us. Light flak must have hit the gas, because all of a sudden it was burning from one end to the other. It sank right down, as though no power on earth could hold it in the air for even a second. When it hit the ground it exploded.

Every man on that ship was a friend of mine; and I knew the position each was flying. I'd seen planes go down before, but always from a high altitude, and then you don't see the crash. This way it seemed I could reach out and touch those men.

The most pitiful thing was that ship's co-pilot. He was an 18-year-old kid who'd lied about his age to get into aviation cadet training. We always called him Junior. When our regular co-pilot, who was firing the right waist gun that day, saw Junior's ship go down, he let loose with his gun like a crazy man. Junior was his best friend.

Then we saw flak hit our group commander's plane. In a second it was burning from the bomb-bay's back. He pulled it up as high as he could get it; it was fantastic to see that blazing Liberator climbing straight up. As soon as he started climbing, one man jumped out, and when he could get it no higher, two more came out. Every one of us knew he had pulled it up in order to give those men a chance. Then, knowing he was done for, he deliberately dove it into the highest building in Ploesti. The instant he hit, his ship exploded.

We left Ploesti a ruin. Huge clouds of smoke and fire billowed from the ground as we pulled away from the target. It was like a war movie, seeing those masses of flames rolling toward you, and white flashes of 20-millimeter cannon-fire bursting alongside of you.

We got back to camp 13 hours after we had taken off. It was the longest bombing mission ever flown, and that explains why it was necessary to do it at low altitude. If we had bombed at the usual level, we would never have had enough gas to get back.

It was also the most dangerous mission in the history of heavy bombardment, ranking as a battle in itself. It is officially regarded not as the Ploesti raid but as "the battle of Ploesti."

There was no line at the mess hall that night. Even though we were starved, we couldn't eat when we thought of the men that should have been standing in line and weren't.

And even though we were dead tired, we couldn't sleep. I know I didn't sleep for several nights after that. The ground crew kept the runway lights on all night, and many of them stayed up until morning, though they knew the planes they had worked so hard on and their friends, the men who flew them, weren't coming back.

The next morning was rough, too. We always got up at six o'clock, and

there was always a lot of yelling back and forth between the tents--sometimes we'd throw rocks at each other's tents. The only yelling we heard that morning was our co-pilot calling for his friend Junior, although he had seen him go down in flames the day before.

Ploesti was my 24th mission. For most of the crew it was the 25th; in other words, it completed their tour of duty for them. I was assigned to another crew for my last mission.

For a long time I had been thinking about volunteering for an extra five missions. I wanted to do that for my kid brother; he wasn't overseas then. The day after my 25th, I asked my commanding officer if I could go on five more. He said I should go home; in fact, there were orders out already for me to do so, and a plane ticket to the States waiting for me. But he finally gave me permission, and I stayed with the crew I had flown with on what was supposed to be my last raid.

It took me three months to get those five missions in, the weather was so bad. And then when I came home it was by banana boat and not airplane. I was sure burned up about that.

It was at this time that I flew with the only full-blooded American Indian pilot in the European theater; everybody called him "Chief", but his name was Homer Moran, and he was from South Dakota. Four of those extra five missions I flew from England over Germany.

I nearly got it on the 30th mission, my last one. We were over Munster, in Germany, and a shell exploded right above the glass dome of my top turret. It smashed the dome, ripped my helmet off, smashed my goggles and interphone. The concussion threw me back against the seat, but I didn't get a scratch. I thought the ship had blown apart, the noise of that explosion was so loud. I passed out, because my oxygen mask had been torn off, but the radio operator and the engineer pulled me out of the turret and fixed me up with an emergency mask.

Things like that aren't explained just by luck. I must have had a guardian angel flying with me that time and on the other missions, too. They say there are no atheists in foxholes; I can tell you for sure there are none in heavy bombers either.

I left England the first of December. They wanted me to stay over there, with my outfit, as chief clerk in operations, but from the beginning I have felt my combat career would not be over until I had fought in the South Pacific, and so I asked to come home for a brief rest and then be assigned to a Liberator group in the South Pacific.

It was December 7, two years to the day after Pearl Harbor; when our ship reached New York. I thought I was a pretty tough sergeant, but when I saw the Statue of Liberty and the sunlight catching those tall buildings, I damn near cried. I knew I had come home, and I felt so lucky to have gotten through all those bombing missions without a scratch that I said a prayer of thankfulness as I leaned against the rail. I only wished that all my buddies could have come home too.

I spoke earlier of having two battles to fight--against the Axis and

against intolerance. They are really the same battle, I think, for we will have lost the war if our military victory is not followed by a better understanding among peoples.

I certainly don't propose to defend Japan. When I visit Tokyo it will be in a Liberator bomber. But I do believe that loyal Americans of Japanese descent are entitled to the democratic rights which Jefferson propounded, Washington fought for and Lincoln died for.

In my own case, I have almost won the battle against intolerance; I have many close friends, in the Army now--my best friends, as I am theirs--where two years ago I had none. But I have by no means completely won that battle. Especially now, after the widespread publicity given the recent atrocity stories, I find prejudice once again directed against me, and neither my uniform nor the medals which are visible proof of what I have been through, have been able to stop it. I don't know for sure that it is safe for me to walk the streets of my own country.

All this is disappointing, not so much to me personally any more, but rather with reference to my fight against intolerance. I had thought that after Ploesti and 25 other missions so rough it was just short of a miracle I got through them, I wouldn't have to fight for acceptance among my own people all over again.

In most cases, I don't, and to those few who help breed fascism in America by spreading such prejudice, I can only reply in the words of the Japanese American creed; "Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people."

The people who wrote that creed are the thousands of Japanese Americans whom certain groups want deported immediately. These Japanese Americans have spent their lives proving their loyalty to the United States, as their sons and brothers are proving it now on the bloody battlefield of Italy. It is for them, in the solemn hope that they will be treated justly rather than with hysterical passion, that I speak today.

Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority - Northern California Area
Sheldon Building - 461 Market Street
San Francisco, California

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(Captain George H. Grandstaff, one of the few Caucasian officers to serve with the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, both comprised of Americans of Japanese ancestry, delivered the following talk before an audience of nearly 1000 members of the Commonwealth Club of California in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, at noon on Friday July 27, 1945.

(Captain Grandstaff, 35, married, and whose home is in Azusa, California, was in the citrus fruit business until his enlistment at Covington on May 22, 1945. He was chosen to attend Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga., and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant, January 6, 1943. Shortly thereafter he was assigned to Camp Shelby where he joined the 100th, which he helped train, going overseas with them as Battalion Supply Officer. He landed with them in North Africa and went into action with the 100th at Salerno September 21, 1943.

(He fought with the 100th throughout the Italian campaign, was with the 100th when it became the 1st Battalion of the 442nd.

(Wounded three times, he was awarded the Purple Heart and two clusters. He also wears the Presidential Unit Citation bar, won by the unit at Belvedere and Sassetta, the ETO ribbon with four stars and the Silver Star, awarded to him for his part in the rescue of the "Lost Battalion" (1st Battalion, 141st Infantry of the 36th (Texas) Division in the Vosges Forest in France.

(Captain Grandstaff returned home on furlough after German forces in Italy capitulated and shortly before V-E Day.)

I GIVE YOU AMERICANS

Chairman Charles, President Perkins, and members of the Commonwealth Club of California, I am grateful for the opportunity to come before this club for I know your organization makes scholarly and analytical approaches to the problems you study. I am not sure my story will fit into that kind of activity but its real value lies in its truthfulness. I am not an entertainer, I am not a skilled speaker selected by Army Public Relations to help the home front to do its share in winning the war. I am not even assigned to the Public Relations section. I am just a plain combat infantryman, what the boys call a "90-day wonder" and I am here because the War Department has ordered me to 30 days of temporary duty speaking before audiences on the Pacific Coast in an endeavor to give you a first hand story of the performance of Americans of Japanese descent in combat. This I can do for those boys were my boys.

Secondly, I think, I can give you an idea of what is going on in the minds and hearts of the GI's overseas, the ones who are on the front doing the fighting. It is my thought that people are using the GI opinion as a club to promote their own program here at home without having the faintest basis for their manufactured, elusive, contradictory, synthetic pronouncements. I don't pretend to have compared notes with all of the 10 or 12 million men in the service but I can tell you that there are some issues on which there is practically unanimous opinion among our fighting forces. Racial prejudices, un-American mistreatment of minorities, abuses of the weak by the economically strong are chief among these issues.

The splendid record of the Americans of Japanese descent in combat is a chapter still in the making in the history of World War II. The brief insight into that record which I give you today deals only with the Nisei in the European theatre of war.

In order to take in a bit of background, I'll take you back about four years when some fourteen hundred men, all members of the 293rd and 299th Hawaiian National Guard Regiments and all Americans of Japanese descent were suddenly withdrawn from

their units, bundled into a oversize battalion and shipped to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Pearl Harbor had occurred and racial turmoil followed in its wake. The obvious reason for this sudden withdrawal from the Islands, at least to these Nisei, was fear of Japanese treachery--a disconcerting beginning for a Battalion that was soon to build one of the finest combat records in World War II. Nevertheless, a seven-company Battalion was formed and went to work earnestly to prepare for combat. After six months at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, the Battalion was moved to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and it was there that I joined them in February of 1943.

Through diligent work and sincerity of purpose, the outfit was fast approaching a high efficiency, but the minds of the men were filled with questions. Will they let us fight? What do we have to do to prove we are loyal? Lt. Col. Farrant L. Turner, the Battalion Commander, and Mr. Joe Farrington, the delegate from Hawaii, were relentless in their fight to let the outfit prove itself in combat. Ultimately their efforts were rewarded, and in August of 1943, we embarked for an unknown overseas destination.

We landed in North Africa at Oran and morale hit a new low when persistent rumor told of a job guarding a railroad in Africa. Were those long hours of bayonet drill, those sweaty, stinky forced marches, those chigger-filled nights in Louisiana, endured to make us railroad guards?

For ten days we grumbled. Then came startling orders. We were assigned, and to the oldest Division in the European Theatre--the Thirty Fourth! Hurried preparations were made, and in the three weeks that followed, we were equipped, briefed, and on our way to Salerno Beach. We were to serve as the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Infantry Regiment. Try to imagine, if you can, how we felt--newcomers to combat, our first shot yet to be fired, but part of a veteran division of the African campaign.

Pride filled the hearts of the handful of white officers in the 100th. Green troops, Japanese-American boys thrown into a situation so critical that failure might change the entire course of events in the European campaign. What of the skeptics now? Had the courage of these boys been less strong, their belief in America less great, it could have been a different story.

Remember, these were the boys for whom few were ready or willing to speak, yet, these were the boys who led that push all the way to Benevento, and if soldiers ever worked to prove themselves to a Division and to a doubting world, it was the 100th Battalion during our initial drive into Italy. After three weeks of fighting, morale soared upward, these boys knew they had not trained in vain. They were good soldiers. By this time General Charles W. Ryder knew the 100th for its true worth and proudly presented us with the Red Bull patch of the 34th Division. That was a proud day for us, and we will always value the "old Bull" as one of our proudest possessions.

Winter was fast approaching as we made the initial crossing of the Volturno. Rain was rapidly turning Italy's dirt roads into muck, and small streams were setting new high water marks on their banks. In true California fashion, the natives described the weather as "unusual". That was no name for it! Mud clung to your feet, clean rifles were impossible; dry blankets unheard of. Supply trucks sunk unhappily on their bellies with a resolve never to move again unless compelled to do so by force other than their own. "ere the heartbreak of closely related soldiers began to be increasingly evident. To lose a comrade is bad--to lose a brother is plain hell, particularly when one has still another brother with the outfit. Yes, we were getting used to death, we knew its odor, we knew the twisted, crumpled look of a man in whom no life remained. This is the stage of mental adjustment most combat units fear. A few men decide that life is too sweet to risk, A.W.O.L.'s increase, and "straggler lines" lengthen. The 100th Battalion, during its entire combat history never had, nor had need of, a "straggler line" and with them A.W.O.L. was a military term used to describe a hospital patient who returned to the outfit before being declared physically fit for duty!

The Battalion made four crossings of the winding Volturno River, and it seemed

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as if each succeeding one exceeded the next in ferocity of German defense, the number of mines encountered, and mortar and artillery fire received. Winter pounced down on Italy, and the suffering of the Hawaiian-bred men was terrible. Sleet and snow alternated with rain. During that winter the Battalion almost to a man, suffered with trench feet in varying degrees. Many patients had toes amputated because they "stuck it out" too long before asking for medical aid. I will never forget that winter nor those Japanese-American boys who always smiled and never complained.

Casualties were heavy at Castle Hill and Alife, and weather continued to hamper movement. Here for the first time in Italy, it was necessary to resort to the use of mules in the mountains. This substantially reduced the quantity of food, ammunition, and water, which could be transported to the Battalion, and increased the ever-present problem of evacuation of the wounded. During the long drive from Prosenzano across the mountains to San Michele, contact with the rear elements became increasingly bad. At its worst, 8 relay stations were established from which litter teams worked to the point of exhaustion, scratching their way down steep mountain slopes in a race with death. Many wounded men spent twenty-two hours being bumped along on a litter before they could be brought to a one way jeep trail--another hour on a litter rack across a jeep over what only an optimist would call a road before he could be placed aboard an ambulance. Those lads were Americans who bled to death on that goat trail. Their smallness of stature or the color of their skin did not relieve their suffering in the slightest degree. I learned another lesson in life on the battlefields of Italy when I could find no difference in the color of their blood and that of my own. I had pride in my outfit before but those mountains proved to me that we had men who were real men. The 100th Battalion had a spirit which moved it forward--a spirit which few units have ever equaled.

We were tired when we reached San Michele which lies across the Rapido River and its small valley from Cassino. We longed to rest but further work must be done. Cassino blocked the entire advance. Cassino had to fall. To tell you of that battle seems almost futile. I have seen more pictures and read more articles concerning that action than any one engagement of the European War. For 40 days the 34th Division which still included the 100th Battalion pounded the monastery, the Castle, Hengman's Hill and the town of Cassino. Casualties streamed down the mountains under cover of darkness. During those days I asked for volunteers for hazardous tasks, selected those to go and then saw many dry because they were refused permission to go with us. Yes, those were Japanese-Americans who cried--not because they had drawn hazardous duty but because they had not. One night in particular will always remain in my mind. Some forty enlisted men and I had picked a spot at which to meet at 2000. I was delayed by a persistent mortar barrage and arrived about three quarters of an hour late. Instead of forty men there was only one. Upon questioning him, I found that the balance were up in that barrage hunting for me because they knew that I was alone. There are many fancy definitions of "loyalty" but when those men straggled in at dawn after an all night search for me I needed no dictionary for my interpretation of the word.

Cassino was an everlasting nightmare. Suffice it to say that it was the only objective the 100th Battalion or the 34th Division ever failed to take. We were the last American unit to come out when the British relieved us there and we were very few in numbers. Our Battalion looked like a company.

We pulled back into a rest area, or should I say a collapse area, and it was there that we received our first group of replacements. Again brothers met brothers and looks of dismay crossed the faces of these veterans when they saw the eager faces of those kids who had volunteered to join us; I think the powers that be thought it was not my lot to train my own brother--to sit by a camp fire and to attempt to tell him all things which actual experience alone can really teach. They faced this problem as they faced everything in Europe--with a grim determination to do a superior job. We were soon to know the value of that training for within a month we were once again aboard ship and heading for the Anzio Beach Head--a nice spot in which to initiate men to combat. During that voyage we managed to do a bit of reading and

(more)

it was there that our men through the "Stars and Stripes" and local newspapers from home learned of many happenings on the Pacific Coast. They didn't say much about their families and friends in Relocation Centers nor did they rejoice over the fact that the only proven sabotage was committed by white men. The thing that really made my blood boil was to read of the mistreatment of our returning veterans. Had I been a Japanese-American, I believe that I would have become very embittered and doubts would have assailed my mind. But the boys never relaxed and as the incidents increased so also did their determination to go on proving themselves Americans in spite of the un-American acts committed against them.

It was on the Beach-head that Capt. Kim and Pvt. Akishoshi startled all American units with their daylight capture of two German prisoners from behind enemy lines. The pair crawled on their bellies into an area occupied by a German platoon then belly-crawled - not marched--their prisoners right out from under the nose of the whole Jerry platoon at the point of their tommyguns. The information gained was from them was invaluable. Both men were awarded D.S.C.'s for this audacious act. Anzio was not a health resort then. Not a foot of American-held ground was safe from enemy artillery. Ships unloaded while the "Anzio Express" tried desperately to hit them. C.P's and dug-outs were heavily sand-bagged. Kitchen areas were as "hot" as the front lines. There were no spots where field hospitals could be placed where nurses would not be killed in their wards or operating rooms. Plans were laid and we started our push to break out to join with the forces driving toward us from Cassino.

Again the 100th Battalion had a spear-heading job and what a magnificent one they made of it. Those were bitter fights that led to that junction of forces and the ultimate fall of Rome. We chased Jerry madly as he tried to fight a rear guard action, fought for time in which to establish a line capable of stopping our drive.

It was fun in a way but it had its drawbacks for the faster Jerry went the faster we must go--if he went without eating we also could not spare the time--if he went without sleep our eyes also became red-rimmed and bloodshot. Weary and worn, we again stopped to catch our breath near Civitavecchia. We had barely set up camp when trucks started arriving with elements of the 442nd R.C.T. Here was an entire combat team of Americans of Japanese ancestry and we could well be proud that the 100th Battalion had proven their right to be there. They came over with only two of the three normal Infantry Battalions for we had already used one of their Battalions as replacements to our own. The time had come to separate us from our old friends, the 133rd Infantry and the 34th so that we might join the 442nd as its first Battalion.

The training of the 442nd had been conducted very well and its efficiency was high. We got a kick out of the rivalry between the two groups. The 100th knew they were good while the 442nd could see no reason why they couldn't be better. We poured it on a bit by receiving a Presidential Unit Citation for the first action in which the Combat Team participated as a combined unit. However, it was not long before the other Battalions were making the 100th hump to keep its reputation.

The Combat Team was used continuously in the drive through Leghorn, Pisa, the Arno River line and arrived on the banks of the Serchio River when orders came through to pull back to Naples. As in all units, rumors ran riot--we were going home--we were going to C.B.I.--we were going to Yugoslavia. As with all rumors, we were correct--we went to France. We landed in Marseilles and were immediately attached to the 36th (the Texas) Division who were having rough going in the Vosges Forests near Biffontaine.

The Combat Team entrucked and rolled up the Rhone River Valley to join their old friends of Italian Battles, the 36th Division. The first three objectives were quickly taken as the men were somewhat rested by their boat trip, and Bruyeres fell. Bad news came to us there. The First Battalion of the 141st Infantry Regiment was completely surrounded by the Krauts and immediate action was necessary.

There are two things in combat which greatly affect a man's ability to push

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forward. He must be confident that if wounded, aid men will evacuate him to a place of safety with the least possible delay.

Secondly, if a unit is surrounded, he must be certain every effort will be made to re-establish contact and get him out of his predicament. If a soldier ever feels that higher headquarters would not even weigh carefully the problem of rescue but would, without any consideration, sacrifice him and his buddies, the general lowering of morale would be felt all along the line. The 442nd again tugged at their belts and started in to make contact with the "Lost Battalion of World War II". It was eight days before our third Battalion and the 100th Battalion fighting abreast reached those men. Their eighty some men were in bad shape. The only supplies they had during those eight days had been dropped to them encased in emergency gasoline tanks. They had been pounded on all sides. The wounded had been dug in and cared for with the very limited medical supplies carried with them. They were not a very pretty sight, but their gratitude was so touching that the 40% casualties we had incurred in getting there, was worth the price. It seems ironic to me to reiterate again in these our United States that these were Americans who fought so gallantly and took such losses to rescue other Americans. Many mothers and fathers of those Texas boys thank God for those little half-pints whom some people still call "yellow-bellies".

Again the 442nd entrucked and away we went to Southern France to hold the winter line established on the Franco-Italian border. We spent three months there during which time replacements from the States poured in. Extensive training was given those men in the rear areas, followed by periods on the line to give them experience. We enjoyed this brief respite from continuous offensive combat and used the time well to prepare for the future. Battle schools were held 500 yards behind the lines, then the new men went into the line for experience. In March of this year, we were relieved and moved to Marseilles once more under secret orders. Again rumors ran riot as to our destination. We went aboard ship and sailed. We didn't know where we were going but I would have cheerfully doubled my insurance. Groans rose to the high heavens when we docked at Leghorn. Thunderation! we were in Italy again.

General Mark W. Clark, the old war horse of Italy, soon took all doubts from our minds. He told the 442nd that they had earned the right to be in on the final kill in Italy, and now was the time to hit and hit hard. We were attached to the 2nd Division and jumped off on April 5th to make the final drive into the Po Valley and to mop up all resistance in Italy. We were tired of war and wanted to get the job done. Massa, Carrara, La Spezia, and Genoa fell in rapid succession. The blows by the Fifth and Eighth Armies were so powerful and well-planned that the Germans, cut off from the Brenner Pass and fearing total annihilation, surrendered completely near the end of April. I left my friends of the 442nd in mid-May to sail for home and a 30 day leave.

Since my arrival here, I have heard of many organizations which seem to belong in the countries I have just left. The Motto of the 100th Battalion is "Remember Pearl Harbor." The West Coast has a "Remember Pearl Harbor League" and an inspection of its activities gives one the idea it is limited to keeping Americans from returning to their homes on the Coast. Many men in my Battalion lost families, relatives, friends, and homes on December 7, 1941. The desire of the soldiers of the 442nd was to fight the "Japs" first. They remember Pearl Harbor, and they have been giving their lives ever since because they remember! I wonder which organization, after a close examination of the record, is most entitled to that motto.

How many of you told your boys when they went into uniform, "Son, if you ever do anything to disgrace the uniform you wear, don't come home." Innumerable American soldiers of Japanese descent were given those instructions by their parents, and those who are not coming home are dead!

It may be wise to take a few minutes to discuss a number of the arguments which I have received since starting this tour of duty.

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No. 1: that practically all of the Americans of Japanese descent were drafted into the army. My job has been to fight and consequently I had to dig into the records a bit to get the answer to that one. Surprising as it may seem, Americans of Japanese descent had a percentage of 6.2 inducted into the army as compared to 7.2 of all other ancestries or within one per cent of the average. Although they were excluded from induction under the Selective Service Act for a period of more than two years following Pearl Harbor, that percentage could have only been attained through a tremendous number of voluntary enlistments during the time when the army would take Japanese-Americans in no other way.

No. 2: but how can you tell a good Jap from a bad Jap? My answer to that question is how can you tell a good white man from a bad white man? Obviously, by his actions! The Record of the 442nd Infantry Regiment speaks for itself but in the event that that voice has not been heard by all people I would like to quote from the Stars and Stripes of mid-April, a list of the citations awarded the men of that unit. Three thousand seven Purple Hearts, two Presidential Unit Citations, thirty-one Distinguished Service Crosses, one hundred eighty Silver Stars, two hundred and eighteen Bronze Stars, sixty-four Divisional Citations and I can assure you that this list is far from complete. Need more be said on this subject after I tell you they have become known as one of the most decorated outfits in United States Army history?

Question No. 3: Granting that they have made a fine record in the European war against the Germans how about the Pacific theater of war? I have not been in the South Pacific as yet but I can quote some of the newspapers in the United States, articles referring to the deeds of Americans of Japanese descent in the Pacific.

The following is an extract from a War Department Citation.

"The soldier's medal is awarded to Master Sgt. Susumu Toyoda for heroism and bravery near Torokina, Bougainville, British Solomon Islands on June 29, 1944."

The Los Angeles News of August 1944 published the following article:

"Participation of Japanese-American troops in the conquest of Saipan island was disclosed yesterday in a report announcing citations for six American soldiers of Japanese ancestry. Four of the soldiers, all of whom received Bronze Stars, are from California."

The Chicago Daily News in an interview with Marine Lt. Robert J. Newell gave us this interesting quotation. "They have the respect of the marines because they are good American soldiers and we realize the risks they are exposed to, in event that they are captured by the enemy."

The most interesting news item of them all came from San Francisco's own Joe Rosenthal who on April 1945 paid this tribute through the Chicago Tribune and I quote. "Americans of Japanese ancestry who are serving with the Pacific assault forces have proved their loyalty to the United States thru heroism that has won the praise of all who have seen them in action."

This was the message brought back from the Pacific today by Joe Rosenthal, Associated Press photographer who made the historic picture of the marines raising the Stars and Stripes at the crater rim of Mount Suribachi after the bloody battle for Iwo Island.

"There are thousands of Japanese Americans in United States service in all theaters," Rosenthal said in an interview. "All of those with whom I came into contact are anxious to prove their loyalty to this country. Often their anxiety is touching for they volunteer for all sorts of dangerous missions."

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

Rosenthal said many of the Japanese Americans in service in Europe had clamored for transfer to the Pacific where, lent to the marines, their linguistic and other talents could be put to better use. He said virtually all were serving with special units rather than with regular fighting units."

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These quotations are very inadequate to stress my point but the many other things being done by Americans of Japanese ancestry of which I have knowledge cannot be told at the present time for reasons of military security.

Question No. 4 arises in every discussion. I don't object to their return to California but don't you think it would be better to wait until after the war? If I remember correctly, the War Dept. handled the evacuation of people of Japanese ancestry. That self same War Dept. has investigated very thoroughly all people in Relocation Centers. Some declared their allegiance to Japan, some were doubtful cases and with those the Dept. of Justice will settle. But of those who are permitted to return to Pacific Coast there can be no doubt. If the War Dept., the FBI, and Military Intelligence agree that there is no objection to the return of Joe Moto, I fail to see why some self-styled Home Front Commando should intrude himself into the picture and consistent with the age-old policy of racial intolerance (which I have a vague recollection was supposed to be one of the things against which we are fighting) insist that because of the pigment of the skin and his ancestral background (about which none of us have much choice) that he is an undesirable. If the boys of my outfit can give their lives by the hundreds on the Italian and French fronts in some of the coldest, muddiest, bitterest fighting of the whole war, I fail to see where it is going to hurt the people of California to allow returned veterans with their families or relatives to come back to their homes and take their places in the community. The War Dept. has done a magnificent job of helping to clean up Europe and their plans in the Pacific are fast taking shape. If we, members of the armed forces can place our lives in their hands, surely the civilians can trust their judgment in returning Americans to their homes.

The best answer of all, of course, lies in the Hawaiian Islands where the screening was done by the War Department on the spot. People of Japanese ancestry, a majority rather than a minority group in the islands, have lived there several thousands of miles closer to the war than we here in California -- have lived there as loyal citizens both before and after Pearl Harbor.

This particular question has other aspects which should be called to public attention. I refer to the wave of violence and terrorism on the Pacific Coast toward these returning people. I have shocked many people by telling them that they are handing Japan a big propaganda club with which to hit us over the head -- that we might be giving the Japs a beautiful excuse to torture American prisoners of War. I believe that there is enough kindness in all of us to make that possibility unendurable. The long range position of the United States in the peace to follow must be considered also. We have made our democracy felt throughout the world. Friends and enemies know well our capacity for production, our might on the battlefields. Must we jeopardize our future standing among the nations of the world by not practising at home the Democratic principles which our battle flags have carried so far afield.

I feel privileged in having been allowed to serve with the 100th Battalion and the 442nd Infantry Regiment, and if given the opportunity I would serve with them again. I am proud of their record and proud of the individuals who made that record possible. I ask no special privileges for them nor do they. But I do ask that the democratic principles for which they fought to preserve be practised without discrimination or prejudice. With fair play and fair treatment, we can and we will make the United States of America a "land of the free!"

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UNITED STATES DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR
War Relocation Authority, 1031 S. Broadway, L. A. 15 (Prospect 4711)

YOUR SPEAKER HERE TODAY AT U. S. E. S. --

LT. COL. WALLACE H. MOORE, U. S. ARMY

COL. MOORE has "been around". He served through the Papuan and New Guinea campaigns in the Pacific. After over two years overseas the Army brought him back -- to a hospital bed at Walter Reed, Washington.

HE'S STILL IN THE ARMY. He appears here on official War Dept. business. The War Dept., you will recall, was responsible for removing all persons of Japanese descent (whether citizens or not) from the Coast in the spring of 1942. The idea was that in case of invasion they would possibly be confused with the Japanese Army.... Even today some people confuse Americans of Japanese descent with the Jap militarists in Japan -- but the only points in common are facial resemblances.

HE KNOWS THE JAPANESE. And he knows that Hitler rose to power on brutal race hatred. So his interests extend beyond the return of the evacuated persons of Japanese descent. He is interested in combating racism on the home front. Racism was the entering wedge of the fascists and Nazis. It is based on lack of knowledge and lack of understanding.

THE NISEI ("nee-say") are American-born persons of Japanese ancestry. Their parents, if born in Japan, are Issei ("ee-say"). The Nisei are United States citizens. The Issei, like many others of Oriental birth, are not permitted under our naturalization laws to become citizens, regardless of proved loyalty.

SOME 93,000 Issei and Nisei (2/3 of them Nisei) were evacuated from California three and a half years ago. Now all are free to return or go anywhere; except those at Tule Lake who asked for repatriation or expatriation. All WRA relocation centers -- desert camps or barracks in most cases -- are closing down, and the last one (except Tule Lake) will close by Dec. 15. There are already over 5,000 "returnees" in Los Angeles County -- but the number is much less than before the war. More than half of all those evacuated have resettled in eastern states.

IN JAPAN Col. Moore taught, in days of peace, at Tokamatsu College of Commerce (Koto Shogyo Gokko). In the United States he has been, at times, a football and basketball coach; was at Culver Military Academy for 5 years; and at the time he was called to active duty as an officer of the 30th Infantry Regiment at the Presidio, San Francisco, in 1940, he was on the faculty of the Univ. of California at Berkeley, his home. From the Presidio he went to General Staff Intelligence in Washington, and from there, to the Pacific, accompanying the first contingent of Nisei soldiers to serve in all the operations in the Pacific.

HE KNOWS what we've been fighting for. He knows what we are fighting for today -- on the home front. He knows that "Americanism is not a matter of race or ancestry, and never was -- Americanism is a matter of mind and heart."

PREJUDICE, discrimination and exploitation are every-day battles on the personnel-employment front! The Nisei veterans, and so too the veterans of other races who served with distinction in the United States armed forces, come back to find that some employers, and some fellow employees, are not regarding them on the basis of their ability and merit, but on a basis of race and ancestry. This is not Americanism! This, says Col. Moore, "is not what we were fighting for."

COL. MOORE will carry on from there! Take over, Colonel.

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(For U.S.E.S. Distribution at Col. Moore's Talks -- November, 1945)

Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority
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461 Market Street
San Francisco 5, California
DOuglas 8173

ADDRESS BEFORE SAN FRANCISCO COMMONWEALTH CLUB ON
FRIDAY NOON, NOVEMBER 30, 1945,
BY LIEUT. COL. WALLACE H. MOORE.

NISEI IN INTELLIGENCE AND COUNTER INTELLIGENCE

Mr. Chairman, members of the Commonwealth Club of California:

Just about eight weeks ago, your speaker went to Camp Roberts under the impression that he was about ready to be discharged. I was at the Headquarters of the Infantry Replacement Training center when the Executive Officer sent for me. He had a French style telephone turned away from his mouth when I reported. He said, "Moore, the War Department is on the line. They want you to go on a sixty-day speaking tour." I replied, "Colonel, I'm just about ready to get my discharge; my employer in Berkeley has asked me to return as soon as possible, I have been in the army for nearly five years, I have 132 points and don't know anything about speaking." He turned the telephone back and said, "He's available!" so that's the reason I'm here!

The War Department could not have given me a more interesting, more stimulating, a more challenging assignment in this country than this sixty-day tour on the West Coast has been. My purpose and the purpose of the War Department in directing what I accept your invitation to speak is to place before you as simply as possible a few facts. Facts relating to a group of American citizens who joined with those of us who were called into active service in the Army and who made outstanding contributions toward winning the war.

When I was ordered from the 30th Infantry right out here at the Presidio of San Francisco to the G-2 or Military Intelligence section of the General Staff in Washington in the spring of 1941, one of the obvious weaknesses was the lack of translators and interpreters of Japanese for War Department and Combat Intelligence. If you have been reading the papers recently the accuracy of this statement is tragically emphasized. The Table of Organization called for ten translators and interpreters for each division. We didn't have a sufficient number to provide one for each prospective division. Therefore after careful consideration, an intelligence and language school was established at the Presidio of San Francisco in September of 1941 -- preceding Pearl Harbor. To this school were sent about 60 Americans of Japanese ancestry most of whom had splendid educational backgrounds both in this country and in Japan. Yes, we used Kibei. Kibei, as you know, are Nisei or second generation Japanese who returned to Japan and then came back to this country. We found that those who were in Japan for only two or three years were as loyal to this country as anyone else.

Many of these students were dual citizens. For your information, there was a dual citizenship bill sponsored by the War Department, introduced in Congress in October, 1941, and passed by the House of Representatives in November of that year. This bill provided for the same screening process that was carried out by the Army and the Department of Justice after relocation. Before the Senate could consider the bill, Pearl Harbor was struck.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, our intelligence school was well organized. Then the whole problem of Relocation of Americans of Japanese ancestry and alien Japanese arose. The justice or injustice of Relocation is beyond the scope of this discussion. It is sufficient to say that mass relocation from the Hawaiian Islands -- a much more

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strategic area - was not carried out. Suffice it also to say that 300,000 German aliens and 695,000 Italian aliens, who were eligible for citizenship but did not have the interest or inclination or education to take out citizenship papers, were not molested in any way.

The task of the War Relocation Authority has been a difficult one from the beginning because the Department of Interior was not responsible for the evacuation in the first place, inspite of the mis-information many people in the western states have regarding this fact.

The Army has accomplished many things during this war of which we are exceedingly proud. From the point of view of the Army we were glad to get out from under on the problem of relocation.

May I here commend those who are responsible for carrying on in this most difficult task in protecting the constitutional rights of this racial minority.

In September of 1942, orders came through for me to join the Headquarters of the First Corps, at the request of General Robert L. Eichelberger who had formerly commanded the 30th Infantry Regiment at the Presidio. The first group of Americans of Japanese ancestry, graduates of the intelligence school, accompanied us to the Southwest Pacific area. These Americans realized that nearly everyone on the boat was suspicious of their actions and skeptical of any good results they could accomplish. But the members of this group were imbued with the spirit of America and were determined to prove their worth and loyalty under all circumstances.

May I give you just a few incidents?

Early in the Buna campaign, it was obvious that the American Division committed initially, along with the Australians, was having great difficulty defeating and destroying the Japanese forces. One reason for this was the lack of food and ammunition. Another reason was the scarcity of information concerning the enemy. When the Commanding General of the I Corps was ordered into action, he took with him a small nucleus of only three Americans of Japanese ancestry and one Caucasian language officer. For obvious reasons, very few Nips were being taken prisoner. The information we obtained initially had to come from captured documents. On one occasion, a piece of paper not as large as your hand was found on a dead Japanese officer. On this paper was written in "Soshō" or "grass writing" - a kind of shorthand - the time of a Japanese attack the following morning. One of these Americans of Japanese ancestry, then a technical sergeant, now a captain, was able to translate this writing and impart the information obtained to his commanding general. The next morning was like shooting ducks. The enemy attack was repulsed with heavy losses and led eventually to a complete American victory in the battle. The Commanding General who, I might add, had been somewhat skeptical about using three Nisei, called this sergeant before him and said: "Sergeant, in your ability to translate that small document, you have saved the lives of hundreds of your fellow Americans."

If this were an isolated incident we could dismiss it as one of the exceptional experiences in war. But it happened not once, nor twice, but hundreds of times with the result that thousands of the lives of our Americans of Caucasian ancestry were saved.

Later on we loaned the Australian Army a number of our Americans of Japanese ancestry. They placed four or five enlisted men as guards around each one to assure that no untoward incident would take place in regard to them.

I remember one Australian intelligence officer coming in and saying, "You know those bloody Japs you blokes loaned to us --"

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"Yes, what about them?" I asked.

"Gad, but they're good," was his reply.

I later explained to him that the only difference of opinion I held was that it was not Japs that we had loaned them but Americans -- of Japanese ancestry.

One other organization that was in the super-secret category previous to V-J Day was ATIS, the Allied Translator Interpreter Section, composed of representatives from the Army, Navy and Air Corps of Great Britain, Australia, Canada, Holland and the United States. Think of such a United Nations Organization early in our war with Japan -- all of them depending for basic work on Americans -- Americans of Japanese ancestry.

I wish I could give you clear pictures of prisoner interrogations, of the mountains of documents translated, of the work of Nisei with radio and loud speakers, and of pamphlets written in Japanese. The contribution in the psychological warfare phase alone was invaluable. As early as the Buna campaign they began writing and printing leaflets to be dropped over the enemy lines. Originally the value of these leaflets was questioned, but as the War proceeded their effectiveness became more and more apparent. Believe it or not, Emperor Meiji, who is still revered by the Japanese people, was the subject of a number of these pamphlets. You remember that it was during his long reign that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was drawn up. The fact that he favored friendship with the Anglo-Saxon was a fact of which even the most ignorant soldiers in the Japanese Army could be aware. Every effort was made to make these leaflets absolutely true. They were used with increasing frequency, particularly during the last days of our raids over Japan.

May I give you one illustration of how prisoner interviews were conducted. Picture a crude table about three by five in a tent. On one side of the table sits an American of Japanese ancestry in a sergeant's uniform. On the other side, sits a Jap prisoner who has been trained to fight ruthlessly, fanatically, savagely. He is very sullen at first. In Japanese the conversation goes along something like this: The American asks: In what Division are you?

A: The 22nd.

Q: Where is your home?

A: Kochi

Q: In Shikoku?

A: Yes.

Q: Remember the cherry trees along the east end of Main Street?

A: Yes. They are the most beautiful in Japan.

Q: Yes, I agree. I was there once. What time is your Banzai attack, in the morning?

A: Three A. M.

Q: How many in your family?

A: Five

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Q: Do you like to go to the theater?

A: Yes, I do.

Not once did this prisoner seem to realize that in giving the time of the Banzai attack the next morning, he was giving the one bit of essential information for which the other statements were merely the framework. The Japanese did not train their soldiers as to what they should say in case they were captured. We were trained to give name, rank and serial number and nothing else. The Japanese assumed that their soldiers were never captured. I hope they will continue under that assumption if we ever have to fight them again.

I am sure that you will not think that the activities of the Americans of Japanese ancestry were limited to intelligence and counter intelligence activities during the war. Of course in the Pacific Theater they were shot at more frequently than they shot. But in patrols, in searching out caves, in contacting the enemy throughout the campaigns of the Southwest Pacific and in liberating our own prisoners in Jap Prison camps, these loyal Americans fought with the bravery of courageous and inspired heroes.

What they did in Europe is an old story to you now. You see, we had over 20,000 Nisei in the Army. The 442nd Regimental Combat Team is our most decorated unit. The campaigns of the Vosges alone would give them a glorious page in the military history of this country. It was in that campaign that the 442nd went to the rescue of the Lost Battalion of World War II -- a battalion of the 36th Division which became encircled by the Germans. In four days the rescue was accomplished but with the loss of three times the number of their Caucasian American comrades they rescued. Was that the work of Americans or "Japs"? Was that the work of loyal or disloyal Americans? What is their message to you? One of them sent a message - sent it through Sergeant Tanouye whom I met in Santa Rosa recently. It came from one of the Americans of Japanese ancestry who had both legs shot off in the Vosges campaign. The message was: "We don't care what happens to us; just don't push our families around at home!" Mind you, they are not asking for preferential treatment of any kind. - They just want to be treated just like other people in this country -- like other Americans. What a little to ask when they have contributed so much toward the winning of the war:

Not only have the Americans of Japanese ancestry made notable contributions to our winning the War in intelligence, in counter-intelligence, and in combat, but they are continuing to assist in winning the peace.

Over a month ago we saw in the papers where General Eichelberger and General Kreuger had received orders from higher headquarters to seize 22 banks in Japan. The latter, incidentally an American of German ancestry of the first generation, an Issei, if you will. What a War! Fighting under Americans of German ancestry with Americans of Japanese ancestry as close and effective collaborators and with, as I am informed, an American of Italian ancestry winning the first Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II. So these two generals were ordered to seize these banks. You don't take these banks the same way Jesse James took the first national in Northfield, Minnesota. You don't just rush up in Hollywood cinema style and stick a gun through the cashier's window and shout "This is a stickup, hand over the mazuma." In the parlance of the trade, you've got to case the joint first -- get a layout of the place -- have your fingermen there before you put the arm on them.

To get back to a more academic description, very few in our Country were able to read behind the news or look behind the news and see the intensive administration necessary in carrying out such an order. Naturally it was necessary to be able to

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read the records of the banks; to speak to the individuals controlling the banks; to say nothing of the actual mechanics accompanying the seizure. The contributions of Americans of Japanese ancestry were invaluable. Recently an Intelligence Officer received credit for seizing 80,000 carats of diamonds, platinum and other precious metals. We who have served as Intelligence Officers know that it is necessary to work thru the G-2 or Military Intelligence Section of the Staff. The spade work is done primarily by Americans of Japanese ancestry.

Again when counter-intelligence teams were credited with seizing 26 Nazi spies in Japan, we know that these counter-intelligence teams would not be very effective without the assistance of Americans of Japanese ancestry. You and I could try as diligently as possible to look like Orientals; we would hardly be successful even with the assistance of Hollywood touch-up artists. Here we had in our Country a minority group consisting of less than one tenth of one percent of the population of our Country, which constituted a military asset, the value of which was entirely unknown previous to the War.

The task of reeducating and reindoctrinating the Japanese people has begun. A vast army of American G.I.'s of all ancestries are going about the countryside of Japan unarmed and unconcerned, -- making friends, which is always the basis of true understanding between nations. I submit to you that we need more of this type of approach. But there are vast and difficult problems to solve. As you can see, the contribution of these Americans of Japanese ancestry is essential. Most of them have sufficient points to come home. Essential categories have been reduced since V-J Day. These boys think and act just as you and I would under the circumstance. How would you feel if you were overseas and heard that your family in this country was being discriminated against? Our one plea is for us in this country to work unitedly for permanent peace inside and outside of our country as we worked unitedly for victory in war. Is it too much to ask for, when we need mutual tolerance, mutual respect and mutual kindness as the first steps toward winning the peace?

To express it in the vernacular we in the Army would request that we "don't upset the applecart" until our job in the Army is done.

It has been my privilege to speak to groups of Americans on the west coast from Southern California to Northern Washington. The attitude of the vast majority of our fellow citizens in the West is one of which we can all be proud. When information in regard to the contribution of Americans of Japanese ancestry is given to them, they show an enthusiastic willingness to do their bit in winning the peace.

The churches and schools in the three western states it has been my privilege to visit have been outstandingly intelligent and liberal in their attitude. An exception to this was one high school, not in California, where a Nisei had been slapped across the face with a tennis shoe. In just as friendly a manner as possible, I explained to that student body the contribution made by Americans of Japanese ancestry to the war effort and their importance in winning the peace. The principal himself had been out of the armed services only a short time and was most cooperative. There seems to have been a considerable change in that high school because the antagonism has disappeared and all the students are more friendly. Early this week, I received word that one of the Nisei students had written to the District Representatives that "Colonel Moore brought kindness to our high school." If I had received no other commendation during the past two months, this Nisei's unconscious commendation would be more than an ample reward for the efforts that have been made.

Up in Yolo County recently it was my privilege to talk with a member of the Board of Supervisors. Although he had an English name, he obviously was Irish from the top of his head to the bottom of his foot. He said, "You know this whole minorities question interests me very much. About twenty years ago we were dumping the

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trucks containing Chinese vegetables and other commodities into the river. We had a meeting one night and a big lawyer from Sacramento addressed us. The first thing he said was, 'Boys, let's get rid of the Chinks and then we can start in on the Irish!'" This Irish chairman of the meeting very soon lost his enthusiasm for getting rid of the "Chinks," as they were called.

There have been some efforts made to boycott Americans of Japanese ancestry and friendly aliens who are returning to the West Coast. Original efforts to prevent buying from and selling to this group are falling down rapidly. One store in a community up north had the most business last month it had ever had because it refused to participate in any such boycott.

It is not a commentary that those of us who were sent overseas for months and years to protect the American way of life find it necessary to defend the same American way of life when we reach home? That we find it necessary to defend it from a small but significantly vocal minority of our people? Intolerance is whatever form is an enemy of freedom. You will find veterans of this War tolerant of everything except intolerance. Those at home as well as those overseas worked and fought together to achieve victory in War. We cannot permit defeat in peace.

During this discussion, I have made every effort to emphasize the past and present interests of the Army in the Americans of Japanese ancestry. I have not mentioned the desirability of an attitude of good sportsmanship, nor our obligation for a job well done, nor our attitudes as Christian men and women, nor the provisions for minorities in the basic law of our lands, the Constitution of the United States. No, I have not "waved the flag". But when we take our oath of allegiance to that flag, and say "with justice and liberty for all", I submit that we mean FOR ALL.

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WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY
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960 Union Commerce Building
Cleveland 14, Ohio

TALK BY LT. COL. WALLACE H. MOORE --

Nov. 3, 1945, in Los Angeles, Calif.

Before the U. S. Employment Service.

NOTE: Lt. Col. Moore has "been around". He served through the Papuan and New Guinea campaigns in the Pacific. After over 2 years overseas the Army brought him back -- to a hospital bed at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

He holds degrees from Stanford, Harvard and two other colleges, but he is the opposite of the usual conception of a man who has spent much time in universities, for he is a rugged extrovert -- physically fit, energetic, on his toes and up to the minute in matters that concern the man in the street.

His past experience included 5 years at Culver Military Academy; football and basketball coaching; and teaching in Japan at the Tokamatsu College of Commerce (Koto Shogyo Gokko).

In 1940, while on the faculty of the University of California (Berkeley) he was called to active duty as an officer of the 30th Infantry Regiment at the Presidio, San Francisco.

From there he went to General Staff Intelligence in Washington, D. C. Soon he was sent overseas, accompanying the first contingent of Nisei soldiers to serve in all the operations in the Pacific.

He fought side by side with the Nisei under his command -- he came to know the Americans of Japanese descent in the Army, as he had known them in his home state of California, and as he now knows them as they relocate in California in these post-war months. He found them loyal. He found them Americans. He found them worthy of the support of all real Americans who carry on the home-front fight against dictatorship, the same fight that Col. Moore and his fellow Americans carried on in the Pacific against the enemy.

What he has to say is said as an Army officer on an official War Department tour of the west coast, but the Colonel accepted this assignment of his own free will, believing deep in his heart that he had an obligation to tell the home front the story of the Nisei soldiers in the U. S. Army as he had seen and understood it himself.

Following is Col. Moore's talk before U.S.E.S., Los Angeles:

Here I was with my 132 points, ready to go back to my old job, anticipating my discharge from the Army. The executive officer called me in and said, "Col. Moore, the War Department is on the line from Washington. They want you for a sixty-day speaking tour." I said "I don't know anything about speaking." The executive officer turned back to the phone and said, "He's available!" So here I am. But don't think I'm not glad to have the opportunity of doing this assignment. It's a pleasure to be here.

"You of the U. S. Employment Service are meeting prejudice, discrimination and exploitation every day on the personnel and employment fronts. It's doubtless an old story to you -- the employers ask for this or that color, creed, nationality or race. I've heard they will call you up and ask for a red-haired girl, not under 20 nor over 21, with six years experience, and she must be personable -- and for what salary? You know the wages some employers pay. Why should they feel they have any right to discriminate?

You have a poster quoting federal law on non-discrimination. It says that war jobs should not be subject to considerations of race, creed or color. Yet in one way or another employers specified not only color, race and creed but also age and other characteristics that had no bearing on the job.

They hired not on individual ability, based on experience and background, but on race -- sheer prejudice. Prejudice handed down, of long standing. Unthinking prejudice, unspoken prejudice, but there nevertheless.

And why? We are all Americans. Hitler rose to power in Germany on the slogan, "Down with the Jews." There are petty Hitlers in all countries who use as

their opening wedge toward totalitarianism "Down with --." Down with this or that race -- whichever minority happens to be the one in the local spotlight.

And this discrimination becomes exploitation and in time race riots and pogroms ensue, and eventually there is war.

All because in the beginning someone hired people on the basis of color -- specifying a deadline shade! I tell you that the color of Americanism is not a matter of skin.

I know that particularly from my experience with the Nisei. These American citizens of Japanese descent are Americans in the mind and heart. That's what Americanism is. It's not a matter of race or ancestry. We didn't fight in the Pacific to set up prejudices that would form the basis for World War III.

One case in the South Pacific that came forcibly to my attention was that involving a dead enemy officer -- a Japanese officer. On him was found a small piece of paper little larger than a cigarette paper. Written on it in "soso" or "grass writing" was the time of a Japanese attack scheduled for the next morning. An American soldier of Japanese ancestry -- a Nisei technical sergeant, now a captain -- was able to translate it. The information went to the American commanding general, and the next morning the enemy attack was repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy, leading eventually to a complete American victory in the battle.

The commanding general personally paid tribute to this Nisei by saying to him: "Sergeant, in your ability to translate that small document, you have saved the lives of hundreds of your fellow Americans." Multiply that incident by a thousand and you get an idea of what the loyalty of these Americans of Japanese descent has meant to us.

Atrocities have been committed by the Japanese Army, and they are still fresh in our minds. But if we hold to the premise that the citizens of Japan and Germany are primarily responsible for such atrocities, then we must agree to accept equal responsibility for the actions of OUR citizens in the United States.

I tell you that American soldiers from the Pacific respect the loyalty of these Americans of Japanese ancestry. I imagine you read in October the statement by Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of the United States 10th Army, from New Delhi, India. He was quoted in the CBI Roundup, the GI newspaper in the India theater of war. He said:

"The Nisei bought an awful big hunk of America with their blood. You're damn right those Nisei boys have a place in the American heart, now and forever. And I say we soldiers ought to form a pickaxe club to protect Japanese Americans who fought the war with us. Any time we see a barfly commando picking on these kids or discriminating against them, we ought to bang them over the head with a pickaxe. I'm willing to be a charter member. We cannot allow a single injustice to be done to the Nisei without defeating the purposes for which we fought."

Then there is the famous 100th Battalion of the 442d Infantry Combat Team -- the most decorated unit in U. S. Military History, is the way the War Department describes that 100th Battalion! It fought through the hot, dry battles of Italy -- at Anzio and through the terrific hand-to-hand struggles with the Germans over impassable rivers and through impossible mountains. Over 4,000 Purple Hearts -- that's the number the 442d Infantry earned. It was composed entirely of Nisei, from California and Hawaii mostly. The last record I saw showed that the 442d was awarded 5 Distinguished Unit Citations, 42 Distinguished Service Crosses, 13 Legions of Merit, 249 Silver Stars, 579 Bronze Stars, 62 Division Commendations and a lot of other decorations -- the grand total was over 1,500 of them.

The Nisei in the United States Army today are a military asset. They will be needed in Japan a long time in our army of occupation. They do the interpreting and the intelligence work.

Many of them were trained at the Army's most unusual school at Ft. Snelling, Minnesota. It was a top secret until after V-J Day. It was the military intelligence service language school at Ft. Snelling, which started four years ago and has graduated some 4,000 students, mostly Japanese-Americans, who now serve in the United States Army. This disproves the claim of some that Japanese-Americans could not be trusted. Why, there has not been one single case of disloyalty on the part of the Japanese-Americans in the U. S. Army -- and there are or have been 23,000 serving in our Army.

Our officers who had Japanese-Americans under them have been in a position many times where it would have been easy for the enlisted man to put a bullet through the ribs of his officer. That happened in the first world war -- a good many Americans didn't like their officers, and in the heat of battle they took a

shot at them. But no Japanese-American ever did that.

These Nisei soldiers were never known to malingers. They never reported sick unless they were unable to stand. They got out of hospital beds before they were released, they were so anxious to get back in the fighting.

Graduates of that Ft. Snelling school translated the entire Japanese battle plans for the Naval battle of the Philippines. The plans were captured with Admiral Koga, then commander-in-chief of the combined Japanese fleets. They also translated the complete Japanese plan for the defense of the Philippines long before our forces landed on Leyte. These Nisei graduates of Ft. Snelling frequently worked so rapidly and accurately that American artillery was dropping shells on enemy command posts within a few minutes after Jap papers were obtained.

The War Department cites dozens of instances like those. The official records show innumerable acts of heroism where the Nisei once and for all proved their loyalty to the United States.

Corporal Terry Doi distinguished himself on Iwo Jima by going into cave after cave with only a flashlight and knife to persuade hidden Japs to surrender.

Sgt. Kaz Kozaki, a former instructor at Ft. Snelling, won a silver star for rescuing an American Army officer under fire when they were attacked during a landing on New Guinea. Sgt. Eiichi Sakuya rescued a British officer under fire and also won a silver star. Sgt. Kenji Yasui won a silver star at Myitkyina. With two other volunteers he swam across a river, persuaded 13 Japs on an island to surrender after two others had to be killed and another tried to kill both himself and Yasui.

The Nisei soldiers in the United States Army are a military asset. They will be needed in Japan a long time. If their relatives on the West Coast are mistreated in any way, the morale of these Nisei soldiers in our army of occupation will be undermined. They won't be able to do their best work.

Then there is Tech. Sgt. Ben Kuroki, the Boy from Nebraska. Perhaps you've heard Gen. Mark Clark's famous speech to the Nisei soldiers in Italy. He said: "The 442d Regiment is proud of you -- America is proud of you." We have reason to be proud of that American named Ben Kuroki. Like Sgt. Hank Goshu, his blood is all red. It's American blood. Born in Hershey, Nebraska, he flew 58 missions as an air gunner over Europe and Japan -- yes, Japan. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with two clusters, the Air Medal with six, Pacific Theatre Ribbon with two stars, and the ETO ribbon with six. Some "Jap"! And when that Nisei soldier was in Denver recently he was called a "Jap" -- "a lousy Jap" -- by a taxi driver's fare who said "I ain't gonna ride in no taxi with no lousy Jap." It is not on record that the man who called him that had ever served his country in any way comparable to Ben Kuroki's service to these United States of America.

The proportion of Nisei in the U. S. Army, in comparison to the number of Nisei in the United States of Army age, is as high or higher than the proportion of all Americans. There were only 93,000 Japanese, both Issei -- the Japanese born -- and Nisei, or American-born, in California at the time they were evacuated in the spring of 1942. Now all the WRA centers in the lonely deserts and wind-swept plains of the mountain states are closing, and in December of this year, 1945, the last will close, and then all the Nisei and Issei will again be just as you and I, subject to liberty and justice for all! But only one-third of the 93,000 who were in California will be back here. The rest have resettled in Illinois and other eastern states. They find that those states have a different idea of Americanism than we have in California. California, you will remember, is the state where Chinamen, a hundred years ago, were shot on sight -- you know the expression "a Chinaman's chance".

Why were the Japanese evacuated -- evicted, removed, tossed out -- of California in 1942? Because then we expected an invasion. Seems unbelievable, but Californians were convinced then that the Japanese navy and army were about to pounce on our shores. And a lot of Californians moved inland! So the Army reasoned that in case of invasion, the Japanese Americans would be confused with the enemy. Hence they ordered them all out of California on a few days notice. They were guilty of nothing -- accused of nothing -- charged with nothing. Except that they had Japanese faces! Well, now they are coming back, to take up where they left off. But it's no bed of roses. Most of them are broke, homeless, jobless. You can correct the job situation. You know they are hard-working, conscientious people. And you know that while many think Japanese Americans are primarily gardeners and farmers and household workers, actually they are among some of the most skilled professions.

The Army, the FBI, military and naval intelligence have all testified that no Japanese American was at any time -- before, during or after Pearl Harbor -- either in Hawaii or in the United States proper -- guilty of any sabotage. Not one

single case! But there were a lot of sabotage cases involving those of German and Italian descent -- and a lot more involving just plain 100% Americans!

Every one of the returning Japanese Americans, both Issei and Nisei, that are here or coming back to California have been OK'd by the Army for loyalty. The Department of Justice is now in charge of such matters and they too have put their stamp of approval on these returning Americans of Japanese ancestry.

You have a situation in Southern California today where there are a lot of jobs open, but also, judging from job insurance figures which are at an all-time peak, you have considerable unemployment due to shipyard and aircraft cutbacks and layoffs. Then there are many returning veterans who are unable to find a home, and until they do find a place to live they can't arrange to go to work.

The Japanese-Americans are citizens and as such are acceptable in civil service, waterfront and other employment, just as are other Americans. The Issei, or Japan-born, are mostly over 50 years of age. They are not citizens, because our law doesn't permit most Oriental-born people to become citizens no matter how loyal. But they are the fathers and mothers of those 23,000 Nisei soldiers who have proved their loyalty the hard way. Four thousand Purple Hearts in one unit is the hard way, as I see it.

You know what would have happened to these Nisei soldiers if they had been caught by the enemy. Some were. Slow torture. Not only that, but they stood a chance of being mistaken by their own men for the enemy and shot down in error. But more than that -- they knew that back here in California their parents were being held in concentration camps -- the WRA calls them relocation centers, but they have barbed wire around them just the same and are barracks; lonely, desolate, wind-swept and dusty. And when they came back to California, while most Californians have an inborn sense of sportsmanship, there are some petty Hitlers who took pot shots at them, pushed them around, made it hard for them to make a living. That, ladies and gentlemen, is not Americanism. It is not what we fought for. It is not what we came back to find -- we are shocked to find that the spirit of dictatorship is abroad in the land, even though it is suppressed.

In spite of all this, these Nisei have remained loyal Americans. They have risen above and beyond the call of duty to prove to us other Americans that they knew not only the letter but the spirit of what our ancestors fought for at Valley Forge.

You'll find that these Nisei are modest and gracious. They have no resentment, no chip on their shoulders.

There have been a few professional Jap-haters in California who like Adolf and Benito capitalized on the ignorance of the prejudiced. California has all kinds of people!

There are many more Nisei fallen on the field of battle who gave all they had to their country. Beneath the soil in which they peacefully lie a bitter battle was waged a few months ago. Today on the home front that battle carries on. It is the fight against intolerance.

For the Nisei, the war is not over. They have the peace to win -- in Japan. To them the Emperor of Japan is not a god. He is a fascist.

How about their parents, the Issei? Like all peoples born in another country, they remember the scenes of their birthplace. But it is to their eternal credit that they did not stand in the way of their sons who were citizens of the United States. They like their sons were loyal to America.

Bill Mauldin, that young man with a prolific, pertinent cartoonist's pen, knows what it is all about. He said recently: "When I came home I found that a little people within our own borders were being tramped on as badly as Benito ever tramped on anybody. Several thousand Americans of Japanese ancestry were being cheated and hounded and threatened and persecuted by their neighbors. Their homes were dynamited. The very type of criminal their sons were fighting overseas was operating in the country they had left behind -- the United States."

That is what the GI originator of "Willie and Joe" said. Mauldin fought in North Africa, Sicily and Italy. He saw the Nisei in battle. He said furthermore:

"If it is true that we were put into soldier suits to wipe out the Hitlers and Mussolinis and Hirohitos and the beliefs and evils they fostered, then we have not won the war -- we have won only the battles -- when we find this sort of thing going on in America. I would hate to think that the nice guys who are under the neat graves, the decent guys wearing artificial limbs and the good guys who put up

with years of danger and hardship, did it all for nothing."

The War Relocation Authority -- WRA you call it -- is sort of sponsoring my talks, because they have an obligation by act of Congress to close the WRA centers, and the Japanese Americans must relocate. WRA ran the centers, you know, because there was no other place to put these Issei and Nisei when they were ousted from California on a few days notice in 1942. They had to sell their \$200 refrigerators for \$10 and their \$50 radios for \$5 right here on Terminal Island. And you know they went to Terminal Island long before the Roosevelt Naval Base was built there. The cannery and fishing industry brought them there.

WRA has helped put a good many returnees in jobs, with the aid of you people of USES. There are Japanese Americans working in the Hollywood studios and in the homes of many prominent directors and actors. And many returnees are operating their own small businesses -- hotels, nurseries, and so on. They are first class people at detail work, at anything that calls for patient persistence. They work hard and they get results, but they don't work for sub-standard wages if they can help it.

They want to keep wages up for all Americans. Now the Army has an obligation to give you the word -- to fill you in, as they say, on the background -- about the loyalty of the Nisei soldiers. And the WRA has an obligation on behalf of the government to help re-establish the people the government once evicted. Never before in our history has there been a case where almost 100,000 people were thrown out of a state on short notice -- for no good reason except that their faces looked different! There were more than that -- there were around 115,000 Japanese Americans in the three Pacific states, and about 10,000 more elsewhere in the U. S. All those on the west coast were moved out. The Army did the job, and then turned it over to WRA.

Here in Los Angeles before the war there were about 23,000 Japanese Americans. Right now there are only about 5,000. When relocation is finished at the end of this year, two-thirds of the original number will be in eastern states. So if there were jobs for three times the number that will be here, before the war, it should not be too difficult to find jobs for these ones that are returning. You people of USES should find it comparatively easy.

But you always have the battle against racism. It is sometimes hard to remember that the Flag Oath -- "Liberty and Justice for All" -- means that. Just that. For ALL.

There are still people who cannot distinguish between Japanese militarists and loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry. These people are superficial thinkers, if they think at all. The young men and women who come back from the Army after service in the four corners of the globe, come back as world citizens. They are no longer provincial. America is something real and genuine to them. Even if they are inarticulate they still feel Americanism in the same way you and I breathe the fresh air that comes in from the Pacific.

We have learned the difference between the Nazi in Germany and the American of German descent. General Ike is of German descent. President Truman comes from Confederate stock. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York is of Italian descent. Why, in New York City the tickets in the coming race for mayor each include a Jew, an Italian and an Irishman. But they are all Americans. Minorities? Why, we are all Minorities. You government servants, civil servants, are minorities! Who isn't a minority of some kind?

Right here in Los Angeles are over 100 employers each of some consequence in the industrial world who employ Japanese Americans. Joe Moody's mattress factory has about 115 workers, and about 30 of them are Nisei and Issei. You know Clifford Clinton, who has been described as that "extraordinary citizen". His cafeterias in Los Angeles have Japanese American cooks and kitchen workers of various kinds. The head chef at one of them is an Issei. You won't find racial discrimination at Clifton's. Some firms discriminate in employing but not against customers. That is, they won't hire the dark-skins as sales clerks but they are glad to take the money of dark-skin customers.

The Los Angeles Railway company had a little trouble as you know about hiring Negroes. The union and the company personnel heads both said that most of their workers would quit if Negroes worked side by side with whites. But they were hired -- and I am told only one person quit, and he was a neuro-psychopathic case of some sort. In short, he was nuts. But aren't we all nuts if we proclaim ourselves Americans and then fail to live up to the spirit of Americanism?

"This is a white man's country," an attorney pleaded in a case involving a Japanese American incident in northern California earlier this year. That's what Hitler said -- Aryans only. And look what it got him. What did we fight Hitler

for if we are going to adopt his philosophy?

We can't overcome Nazi tactics by using Nazi tactics ourselves. Can we be less American than these Nisei, who have by their courage proved themselves among the best of Americans? I repeat -- Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry. Americanism is a matter of mind and heart. We fought to abolish racial discrimination. And if we don't succeed in abolishing it, our children will fight World War III.

Let's do away with DISCRIMINATION -- and substitute instead the discriminating mind! As personnel specialists, as employment experts, that thought should appeal to you. You can use in your daily work a rule of thumb that you already know but I take the liberty to remind you -- select not on the label, but on what's in the bottle. The color of the skin doesn't tell you the color of the heart.

To those who say the Japanese work for less -- answer, "Pay them the standard wage." I understand there is an AFofL union, the Teamsters, here in L.A. that won't admit Nisei to membership. All other unions will. There is a job for some of your people -- to orient this union so it will see and understand a little more clearly. Then some veterans organizations, not as an organization but in cases of isolated individual posts, have turned thumbs down on Nisei memberships. I know that no veteran of this war was responsible for that. It is good to see that many posts of the Legion, VFW, Amvets and Disabled American Vets and American Veterans Committee are quite receptive to the Nisei soldiers.

The Nisei ask no favors. They just don't like to be pushed around, any more than you and I and other Americans like to be pushed around.

Japanese? No, they aren't Japanese. They are Americans.

I hope you will remember that the next time a Nisei applicant comes before you to seek the benefit of your advice about what job to take. Forget the superficial aspects of his face and skin. Look into his mind and heart.

There you will see a FELLOW AMERICAN.

I thank you.

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Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority - Northern California Area
Sheldon Building - 461 Market Street
San Francisco, California

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Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my privilege to introduce to you tonight, one of the men who fought and gave his blood to preserve America, and the American way of life.

I think it is only fair to relate to you some of his background and bring out some of the things which his modesty would prevent him from mentioning.

Lt. Smith enlisted in the army in September, 1939, and served in Hawaii and in the Pacific as an enlisted man. He was at Hickam Field, Hawaii when the Japs struck on December 7, 1941. He was with an air unit which participated in the battle of Midway in June, 1942. After the battle of Midway he was selected for the Infantry Officers' Training School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Upon graduation he was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to duty with the 442nd Infantry Regiment, composed of loyal Japanese Americans and known as the Japanese American Combat Team. He served with this regiment for 2½ years and fought with them in Italy and in France.

He wears the Combat Infantryman Badge, the Presidential Unit Citation, the Purple Heart, the American Defense ribbon with one star, the Pacific Asiatic Theater ribbon with stars denoting two battles and the European Theater ribbon with stars denoting four major battles. He also wears overseas service stripes denoting more than three years overseas.

I might just add that Lt. Smith attended Ohio State University for two years before enlisting in the army and that he worked on a fruit ranch, in a steel mill, played football, and even earned a living as a professional wrestler before entering the army.

He returned to the United States only a few weeks ago from the battlefronts of Europe. He is here tonight as an officer of the United States Army detailed by the War Department to relate to the people of the West Coast some of his experiences in combat and his firsthand observation of the men with whom he served.

Lieutenant Roger Smith: --

SPEECH BY LT. ROGER SMITH

At the very outset I would like to tell you why I am standing before you tonight. Gentlemen, the War Department did not detail me to come here and speak to you. I am here absolutely of my own free will. Because I desire to be here. Because I welcomed the opportunity. Let me explain to you briefly just what I mean.

As you know I have just returned to the States some short six weeks ago, having served a tour of duty of approximately two and one half years with the 442nd Combat Team. This assignment started with the activation of the organization at Camp Shelby, Mississippi in February, 1943, and was terminated shortly after the close of the war in Europe. Upon returning to the States I was given the customary thirty day leave which is given to servicemen returning from overseas. Upon completion of my leave I was to report to Camp Gordon, Georgia. While I was at home the War Relocation Authority communicated with me, asking me if I would like to go on a speaking tour on the West Coast and tell people some of my experiences with the 442nd Combat Team. About this time one other thing happened which was of great world importance and rejoicing -- V-J Day. V-J Day aside from the part of being of world interest, had a special effect on me as an individual. Now with total victory, with my six years in the Army and with my 130 some odd points under the Army's discharge system, a civilian status was virtually in immediate sight if I so wished. So gentlemen, with these three alternatives from which to make a decision, I stand before you tonight, because I have an honest conviction of the true Americanism of the Japanese

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Americans and the first hand battle experiences with them to bear me out. I only hope that in some small way with my limited vocabulary, yet with a deep feeling of sincerity in this conviction, that I might leave you too with this same feeling toward the Japanese Americans who fought so admirably and so gallantly in Italy and in France.

I hardly know where to start heaping praises on these men. During all the phases of our training and in combat, and in all departments of soldiering the Japanese American soldiers of the 442nd Combat Team have either stood on par with other comparable units, or stood head and shoulders above them. Verification of this statement can be found in many sources. Some of the more important of these sources are as follows. First, by examination of the efficiency and training records established while at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Second, by examination of actual combat records in Italy and in France. And third, and probably the most important one to be reckoned with is what other combat units with whom these men fought alongside of in Europe, have to say about the Four Four Two.

It will not be necessary to dwell at too great a length on our training period. The challenge to excel was ever present from start to finish. To either a lesser or to a greater degree each man knew the Four Four Two was a segregated unit, marked for intensive observation by the War Department and by the public. Here was the opportunity to prove to a prejudiced West Coast minority, yet a minority that was beginning to carry some weight, that the Japanese Americans were at least as good as any other group of American soldiers. And prove it they did with flying colors, by either coming up to or by surpassing all military and physical standards of training. And now we come to our combat record.

Once again the same challenge we had in training was present as we prepared to go into combat; the challenge to prove to everyone that we were as good as if not better than any other combat unit. In addition to this an added incentive to excel was present. The 100th Battalion, composed of Japanese Americans, which had preceded us some odd eight months into combat, had achieved an outstanding record. Here was a standard for us to parallel or to surpass. The 442nd Combat Team did just that. Before the end of the first concerted effort by the combat team as a unit, the new units had learned the hard way as all new units do. By the time we reached Pisa the successes of the 442nd had paralleled those of the 100th. From that time on the two units were integrated into one fighting unit of regimental strength. Suffice it to say at this time the long hard push from Grosseta to Pisa was studded with stories of outstanding unit and individual performances.

Shortly after Pisa, higher headquarters withdrew the 442nd from the Italian front and we were sent to eastern France in the Alsace-Lorraine region where the fighting was very heavy. Once again we had a learning process to go through, although the outfit by now could be called one of seasoned veterans. We had been fighting in rocky mountainous country. Now we had to fight in a heavily wooded country. Here once again the outfit learned and learned rapidly in what was probably the ruggedest fighting we encountered. Even though fighting through mountainous country in Italy was tough, the heavily wooded areas in France where one could not see ahead were tougher. In addition to this we had extremely miserable weather with which to contend. It is here in France that many stories of outstanding individual and group performances are recorded. I mention only two of these group performances at this time.

The first concerns the many times told story of the rescue of a lost battalion of the 36th Division by the 442nd Infantry. It is just merely another story of dogged determination to get the job done, to get to and rescue a battalion that had been cut off from the larger unit. Shortly before this action took place I was hit by shrapnel, so I was not actually present at the rescue. However, I do know that this rescue was effected under extremely adverse conditions of weather, loss of sleep by the men and the fact that the 442nd had been in the lines some odd 20 days without a rest. Needless to say in getting this job done, we suffered extremely heavy casualties. To make this a little clearer, I might add that the number of

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casualties we suffered was greater than the number of men we rescued. The next outstanding unit action concerns two platoons assigned to do a special job and gives me an opportunity to throw out my chest, since I was the platoon leader of one of these two platoons. The place was near Bruyeres, France. The situation was as follows -- the two forward companies of our 2nd Battalion had gone so fast that they had by-passed quite a few elements of Germans. This left what is known as a "pocket of resistance", that was causing considerable trouble with the supply lines and with the reserve elements of the 2nd Battalion. At this time the reserve company of the 2nd Battalion, F Company, had their hands full and could only spare one platoon to clean out this pocket. This was not enough men to do the job. So a platoon from the 3rd Battalion was borrowed to assist in the clean up, the 2nd Platoon of Company L, my platoon. It would be quite difficult for me to paint you a picture of the action that ensued, so I'll just give you the box score. A conservative estimate of one hundred Germans killed, wounded or captured, and the majority of these one hundred Germans WERE NOT captured. Our losses -- three casualties between the two platoons, no one killed. At this time each of our platoons consisted of about 25 men. Of course I realize the grace of God must have been with us and that the coordination with Lieutenant Brown's F Company platoon worked out remarkably well. But the thing that made this action so successful was the aggressiveness of the men, the determination to close with the enemy and get the job done. I would hardly know where to pay any individual tribute for that day's work. Every man was in the fight giving his all.

Earlier in my talk I said that the men in the 442nd either stood on par with or stood head and shoulders above other comparable combat units. To substantiate this I have described briefly our training and our combat records. If you will recall, I spoke of the appraisals of the Japanese American soldiers by other units whom we fought alongside of, as being probably the most important thing to be reckoned with. Let me clarify this statement simply by saying -- ask any old soldier or officer of the 34th, 36th, 3rd, 45th Divisions, or any other outfit that we have fought alongside of in France or in Italy, what they think of the Japanese American soldiers. Their praises and high regard for the Four Four Two never cease. This to me in the last analysis is the real criterion as to the Americanism of the Japanese American soldier, the high appraisal by the other units with whom they fought. A word to the wise I believe would be in order at this time. It wouldn't seem advisable to make any remark to the effect that, "A Jap is a Jap" regardless of where he is born. You might just be talking to a veteran who fought alongside the Four Four Two in Italy or in France. To use the quotes of another, "It's Not the Slant of a Man's Eyes That Count, But the Slant of the Heart."

And now, I bring you to what is probably the most amazing thing regarding these men's performance in combat. It is the way they have gone forth into battle and gotten the job done, while at the same time overcoming a terrific mental stress and strain imposed upon them, that no other group of soldiers has had to contend with. I refer to the anti-Japanese American sentiment, the internment and intimidation of their families, the thought of "What are we fighting for and what do we have to come home to?", the refusal to accept returning veterans into veterans organizations and many other things of this nature. Gentlemen, this is not Americanism. This is not what we've been fighting for. We must take our hats off to these men who fought so gallantly under such a mental strain.

In closing I would like to mention a few personal names and incidents that happened within my company and within my platoon. And at the same time I want to make apologies for omitting many outstanding personal exploits. I am sure you realize that due to the haziness of many incidents, regarding the time and the place and in view of the numerous outstanding performances I could not mention them all. Staring closest to home and working back I mention my platoon sergeant, Technical

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Sergeant Dick Otsubo. Throughout training and throughout combat he continually displayed the highest qualities of a soldier and of a leader. This was particularly true when he had charge of the platoon during my two week period of hospitalization in eastern France. On the strength of the fine and courageous leadership he displayed during that period he was recommended for a field commission. Two days before he was to have received this commission he was killed near Sospel, France, by an artillery shell as we were moving up to relieve another unit. The next man I'd like to tell you about was Sergeant Otsubo's successor, Technical Sergeant Albert Nakama, a man that was always grinning, even in the face of death. Sergeant Nakama started out as my platoon runner but it was apparent from the start that he was capable of a more responsible job of leadership. However, don't get the idea that a platoon runner's job is not one of responsibility. A man who can convey messages accurately and who can find his way around in the heat of battle, is a mighty wonderful person to have, and I had just such a man in Staff Sergeant Masa Okamura who is probably now Technical Sergeant Okamura, having taken over Sergeant Nakama's job when he was sent home under the Army's discharge point system. I would like also to pay tribute to Staff Sergeant Ray Murata who acted as a scout and an outstanding one throughout most of the Italian and French campaigns. You might be interested to know just what the duties of a scout are in combat. A scout probably has the most dangerous and disagreeable job in the infantry. By this I mean he is always out in the front of his organization, some times creeping, some times crawling but always searching out the enemy. Naturally he is going to be the first man to be fired upon. Aggressiveness and fearlessness at all times are the prerequisites of a good scout. Quite often it is the sole job of a scout to draw enemy fire thereby making him disclose his position. I repeat Sergeant Murata did an outstanding job as a scout throughout most of the French and Italian campaigns. Also I would like to pay tribute to all the men in my platoon who served so long and fought so hard in Europe. I would like to pay special tribute to Lieutenant Sholchi Koizumi formerly Technical Sergeant Koizumi, Lieutenant William Oshiro formerly Staff Sergeant William, First Sergeant Takeru Iijima, Technical Sergeant Tom Sagamori, Staff Sergeant Wallace Doi, Sergeant Kazuo Mori and many others, all of whom did an outstanding job in training and in combat. It might be of especial interest to you to know that of the last ten men of whom I spoke, six of them are from the West Coast. I hope no discrimination has been practiced against their families.

Up to this point I have spoken only of the Japanese American soldiers in the European theater of operations. This is because my experiences have been with them. Let me now give you a few facts regarding the Japanese American soldiers in the South Pacific. And you may rest assured that what I have to say is authoritative. There have been from three to five thousand Japanese American soldiers in the South Pacific, scattered throughout various outfits and doing various jobs, most of which were very hazardous. For reasons of military security, it has not been possible for the War Department to release many stories on their activities, such as these stories on the 442nd. Nevertheless the work they have done in getting enemy information and in persuading large numbers of Japanese to surrender, has shortened the Pacific war immeasurably. In addition to this, they have continually been subjected to the possibility of being shot by our own men.

I would now like to read you at this time some excerpts from a talk by Major-General Bissell, Assistant Chief of Staff, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota where Japanese Americans are trained in intelligence work:

"In outlining the work of the graduates in the past, General Bissell told on his recent tours to the battle fronts throughout the world and of his conversations with such leaders as General Mac Arthur who testified to the 'indispensability of the Nisei under combat conditions in the Pacific.'

'From captured Jap documents they have gleaned valuable information that per-

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mitted our forces to go on to victory with the saving of many hundreds of lives,' General Bissell reported field commanders as saying.

'They have gone into caves to persuade hiding Japs to come out and they brought out a great many captives. But some of these School graduates never came out. And others followed them knowing this.'

General Bissell declared that 'the record of all Nisei in American armed forces is a record of which every American can be proud.' He told the School's students that if anyone ever questioned their loyalty to America they shouldn't even bother to answer them back.

'All America will soon know of the intense loyalty of the Japanese American soldiers who are serving and will serve their country in the defeat of her enemies and the establishment of world peace,' General Bissell emphasized.

And here is one last item which is indeed very interesting:

'The Nisei of this school will be absolutely essential to the successful occupation of Japan and to the winning of the peace,' General Bissell said emphatically. 'Just as the former graduates served as the vital connecting link between Allied soldiers and Japanese in combat,' General Bissell explained, 'the Nisei will serve as the language bridge between the Allied occupation forces and the 80,000,000 people of Japan.'"

In conclusion let my words be simple and short -- With This Magnificent Record the Japanese American Soldiers Have Made, Who Can Say These Men Are Not Americans? If These Men Can Do What They Did in Winning the Peace, How Can There Be Prejudice Against Them? Gentlemen, Here Is A Challenge of Democracy Directed Towards You. It Is Not Enough For You To Merely Accept This Situation Mentally, But Rather To Go Forth And Preach The Gospel. In Other Words, It Is Up To You To Carry The Ball From Here On In. This Is The Real Challenge of Democracy.

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Department of the Interior
War Relocation Authority
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F1.015

A SEQUOIA HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT SPEAKS

When Japanese-Americans and Japanese aliens were evacuated from the West Coast to Assembly Centers and then to Relocation centers it uprooted many high school youngsters. One of these is Kiyoko Kasai, one of six Senior Girls of the 1941-42 Class, of Sequoia High School, Redwood City, California. She was President of the Toastmasters for a semester and Secretary of the Publicity Board. She was continually on the Honor Roll and is a permanent member of the California Scholarship Federation. The following is reprinted from the little book mimeographed by the Japanese Students Club of Sequoia High:

I, TOO, AM AN AMERICAN

Kiyoko Kasai

I, too, can say, "But I live here; here are my beginnings and my endings. I know only this, and I love only what I know--" I and the host of thousands who are Japanese Americans.

Questions! Questions! Questions! When did you come? Why did you come? How old are you? Where's your passport? Questions! Questions! Questions!

I can't give you the exact time of year nor even the exact year in which the hosts of Japanese laborers began to enter the western coast of America. I know only that amid the thousands who came to this nation there was a young woman who was destined to become my maternal grandmother. Like many other immigrants she lived among her own people, and she clung to the old ways in the new land. One would see her bow and hear her say, "Kon nichii wa? (How are you?) and "Sayonara" (Goodbye). America could not change her physical features, but America did change her philosophy and spiritual outlook on life. You may ask, "How could she expect to understand the democratic principles of living without being able to understand the English language?" There are many ways in which she has come to learn and appreciate the American love of liberty, justice, and freedom. She saw her children come here from school literally bursting with news of what they had done and especially of what their teachers had taught them. She saw that they had equal rights with those whose forefathers were Americans; they had the opportunity to become doctors, dentists, lawyers, farmers, or business men; and that they had the right to build homes for their children. She learned that she could walk down Market Street without being made to feel inferior to those of greater wealth or higher social position. She could voice her own opinion without fear. The little things that she encountered every day made her believe in and love the democratic way of life. Her Christian faith also helped her to stand upon a common footing with others in America.

Grandma was of an older generation--one with memories and roots in Japan. What of my generation--the generation of American born Japanese, who have become an integral part of the American schools, churches, and communities? Where would our loyalty naturally stand?

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There really was never any question in our minds. We deferred to our elders and learned the language and some of the customs of Japan. But America--land of kindness and of promise--was our country. We wore the garb of the young American, spoke his language, had his aspirations, and assumed his loyalties. We intended to live and die here--Americans.

We who are Japanese Americans realized as did other Americans that the situation between America and Japan was very tense, but before December 7 we did not think that war was imminent.

For me the morning of Sunday, December 7, was like any other Sunday morning. In fact, it was not until I got home from church that I heard the news--America had been attacked! Pearl Harbor was bombed. There never had been news more stunning. I felt the same emotions well up in me as those I had felt when my grandfather had died. I didn't wish to meet nor talk to anyone because a huge lump would come into my throat; but still I had to attend Guild Vesper Day, a day set aside for girls of all races all over America to come together for prayer. News reports were coming in spasmodically as the girls from our church and I drove down to San Jose. How could I face all of them and lead in this prayer? "God bless all nations, Men of all lands

Give them vision and courage,

To make justice and peace their demands.

To the people of all nations

Let the Christian message flow

God bless all nations, Both friend and foe."

The Japanese aliens were stunned as greatly as the Japanese Americans by the dastardly incident which took place in Hawaii. The position of the alien Japanese is now an especially difficult one. Although their hearts may be loyal to what America stands for, they are still classed as alien nationals because they are not eligible to apply for American citizenship. However, I--and they--can see the importance of preventing any possibility of fifth column activities which would endanger the Pacific Coast and America.

I was not prepared, however, for the fact that I and other Japanese Americans must be classed as possible enemies. I could understand the desire to prevent another Pearl Harbor here in the western states by restricting alien actions; but why should we, Japanese Americans, be evacuated with the aliens? We are American citizens. Why must we be compelled to undergo curfew regulations? Why must this happen to those who know nothing but America, and who have no loyalty but for America? These were the thoughts that entered my mind as I had to give up the special Sunday services at church, when I had to resign myself to leave school just on the eve of graduation, when I had to give up my hope of college. I was bewildered and hurt. When, however, I think of things beyond myself I can understand that removal of Japanese from military zones may be for our own protection as well as for others. I can realize that these necessary hardships which I must experience are insignificant when compared to those made by our American soldiers and sailors in the Philippines, in Burma, and in other parts of the world. I know, also, that we Japanese Americans will be able to begin anew wherever we are. America is humane, and I cannot help believing that somehow all things will work together for good. A wiser and less selfish self says to me, "Yes, here are your beginnings and endings. You know only the American way of life enriched by the very fact that it offered opportunities to your parents and your parents' parents. You say that you love only what you know. Then you can face sacrifice; you can bear to see your home dismantled; you can bear to leave your friends, your school, everything that you know; you can bear to sacrifice your plans for the nation, America.

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I, Too, Am An American-3

If the concentration and government supervision of the Japanese can contribute to the ultimate victory of America and the safety of your friends, you can go willingly, gladly.

I am a Japanese by ancestry and by physical features; but my heart, mind, and spirit are with America because this is my home. There is no love of Japan in me, no spiritual, no mental tie. I can feel a oneness with other Americans of foreign ancestry--German, Irish, Swedish, Italian, Chinese, or Greek Americans--in saying that my blood will never flow for the land of my ancestors.

PORTION OF ADDRESS BY ATTORNEY GENERAL FRANCIS BIDDLE BEFORE THE
WEST VIRGINIA BAR ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 9, 1943

One of the most difficult and delicate problems presented by the War is that presented by the situation of American citizens of Japanese descent. Over 100,000 persons have been evacuated by the military authorities from the West Coast to relocation centers established by the War Relocation Authority. Roughly two-thirds of these people are American citizens by reason of their birth within the United States. The remaining one-third are aliens ~~under the procedure~~ not considered sufficiently dangerous to be interned as enemy aliens under the procedure established for that purpose.

I suppose that no group in the history of the country has ever been confronted with the degree of antipathy visited upon these Japanese--in terms which draw little distinction between citizens and aliens or between those who are loyal and disloyal to the United States.

The first problem confronted by the Government was to provide a sanctuary for all evacuees, citizen and alien alike, establishing so far as possible under such adverse circumstances the conditions of civilized life. Once this was accomplished, the problem was to distinguish so far as practicable between the loyal and the disloyal, segregating the disloyal in separate centers. This program has been under development for a long time and is now well under way. Finally, the problem is to assist the loyal Japanese, and especially those of United States citizenship, to accommodate themselves to the exceptional sacrifice exacted by conditions of war and to help them to re-establish themselves outside the centers in places where they may gain understanding and sympathetic acceptance.

Theoretically persons at re-location centers are not interned; subject to prescribed regulations, loyal citizens and law-abiding aliens may apply for temporary or indefinite leave. The theory of the re-location program is that it is designed to assist rather than to restrict reestablishment in normal life. So far as Japanese citizens of the United States are concerned,

this theoretical basis of the program is probably essential to sustain its validity. Detention of citizens on the sole ground of their race for a longer period than is necessary to separate the loyal from the disloyal and to facilitate re-settlement in new communities is difficult to reconcile with the constitutional rights of citizens. The War Relocation Authority strongly pressed as it is to intern all persons of Japanese descent for the duration of the War, has no such power under the President's Executive Order, under which the Authority was set up. There are, moreover, strong indications in the decision of the Supreme Court in the Hirabayashi case that no such authority could constitutionally be conferred. The only question decided by the Court, as the opinion of the Chief Justice makes clear, was the validity of the curfew orders applied by the military authorities prior to the evacuation of all Japanese on the West Coast. The Court did not consider the validity of the evacuation orders and certainly not the more difficult problem of detention. But even the curfew order was said by Mr. Justice Murphy in his concurring opinion to go "to the very brink of constitutional power." And Mr. Justice Douglas, speaking in passing of the problem of detention, was careful to observe: "Detention for reasonable cause is one thing. Detention on account of ancestry is another."

NO 11 20

THE VICTORY PROGRAM OF THE
LAWYER'S CLUB

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen:

It is time now for the Victory program of the Lawyer's club of Los Angeles, heard every Saturday evening at 6:15 pm., and in charge of Attorney Marion P. Betty, chairman of the club's victory committee.

This program is devoted exclusively to contributing aid in winning the war and establishing a permanent peace. Mr. Marion P. Betty.

Mr. Betty: Thank you Bert Royer.

Tonight I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. R. B. Cozzens, San Francisco field assistant director of the War Relocation Authority, in charge of Pacific Coast states. Mr. Cozzens is a native Californian, a veteran of World War I. with two years overseas experience. He spent many years in the construction business, and as a government executive with the department of agriculture, he has been prominently connected with WRA from its beginning....Mr. Cozzens...

Cozzens: Good evening.

Announcer: And now Mr. Cozzens, how was WRA established and what was it directed to do?

A. War Relocation Authority was established March 18, 1942, by an executive order of the President. Under this order, the director of WRA was authorized and directed to formulate and effectuate a program for persons of Japanese ancestry excluded from military areas. Ten relocation centers were built and people of Japanese ancestry were

transported to them by the military and received by WRA.

Q. How many people were sent to relocation centers, Mr. Cozzens?

A. Approximately 107,000....divided roughly as follows; 60 percent American citizens and 40 percent aliens.

Q. Will you explain some of the other duties WRA was directed to perform under this Executive order?

A. Gladly---the question is an important one. Many people lose sight of the fact that WRA is operating under an executive order, and as directed in that order, WRA is to provide for evacuee employment in industry, commerce, agriculture, or on public projects, thereby diverting much needed labor into important channels.

I wish to emphasize that the Japanese people were charged with no offense or crime, requiring their retention or imprisonment in relocation centers. They were merely excluded from designated military areas by the army for national security reasons only.

Q. Did the executive order establishing WRA affect all people of Japanese ancestry in the United States?

A. No. The orders affected only the military areas by the army for national security reasons only.

Q. Did the executive order establishing WRA affect all people of Japanese ancestry in the United States?

A. No. The orders affected only the military areas in the Western Defense command....and small areas in the eastern and southern commands.

Q. Do I understand that there are a substantial number of people of Japanese ancestry now in the United States that never came under exclusive orders?

A. All persons of Japanese ancestry living in California, coastal areas of Oregon and Washington....and about one-third of those in southern

Arizona were evacuated and provided emergency places of residence in relocation centers. Several thousand voluntarily moved out of the restricted areas--prior to the freeze order by General De Witt.

Some twenty thousand others were and are living in other parts of the United States. None of the people in the two latter groups have ever been placed in relocation centers or under WRA jurisdiction.

Q. That's very interesting. Is there any other group which has never been relocated?

A. Yes, a number of aliens were considered potentially dangerous to internal security. They were apprehended by the department of Justice immediately after Pearl Harbor, and confined in enemy internment camps. Those camps are not under the jurisdiction of WRA.

Q. That's fine, Mr. Cozzens. It is extremely interesting to know some 20,000 or 25,000 people of Japanese ancestry were, and are, living throughout the United States who were never evacuated, and have at no time been under the jurisdiction of the war relocation authority. I understand WRA has a relocation program---will you tell us how that operates, Mr. Cozzens?

A. The leave policy permits people from the centers to relocate on jobs in normal communities where demands for labor are great and where they can perform work to aid the war effort...particularly in agricultural work.

We are constantly deluged with requests from individual farmers and farm groups for workers to fill the gaps on farms in the middle west and east---others are given leave to work in industry, commerce, or on public projects.

Some 20,000 people have been relocated under this program with

not a single case of subversive activity reported.

On the contrary---they are making a very important contribution to the war effort. The leave policy is in accordance with the directive in the presidential order creating this agency. It is aimed at bringing about the relocation into normal communities of the largest possible number of the evacuated people consistent with national security.

Q. I am glad you raised the question. First let me say we have not, as has been stated, relocated or released any people of Japanese ancestry on the Pacific coast. That is entirely a military matter. We have no authority to relocate these people in any restricted area. Moreover, we do not turn them loose indiscriminately. Any resident of a relocation center may apply for leave---permission is granted only if these conditions are met.

1. There is nothing in the applicants record indicating he might be dangerous to society or to national security.

2. He has a place to go and a means to support himself.

3. There is evidence that his presence in the community to which he proposes to go would cause no disturbance.

4. The evacuee agrees to keep the War Relocation Authority informed of his address at all times.

Q. How is that information and those facts established?

A. The War Relocation Authority has basic records on every evacuee 17 years old or older who is in the eligible class. These records provide information on the evacuee's education, affiliations, foreign travel, employment, religion and other pertinent facts in addition to his own statement on the matter of allegiance to the United States. Both records are carefully checked when the evacuee applies

for leave. If any question arises about the desirability of granting a permit, the records---if any---of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other intelligence agencies are secured before a decision is made.

Q. Are all evacuees eligible for leave, Mr. Cozzens?

A. No sir. Leave permits are not issued to persons who have applied for repatriation or expatriation to Japan, those who have not pledged unqualified loyalty to the United States, or any others whose records indicate reason to question the advisability of their living outside the centers in normal communities during the war. Everyone in effect, must have a clean bill of health to earn the right to leave and then to only those areas not prohibited by the military.

Q. Your discussion Mr. Cozzens has cleared up many points which have been a matter of concern. Would you mind telling how the people are fed?

A. In relocation centers all are fed in mess halls, operated by the Authority with the use of evacuee labor. It is the policy of the Authority to provide the evacuees substantial food.

Food is purchased for the centers through the quartermaster corps of the army---under specifications by the army. Strict control over the kind and quantity of food is exercised by the Authority. All rationing regulations and recommendations applicable to civilian populations of the United States are strictly adhered to. Food costs average about 13 and one-third cents a meal per person.

Q. Do the centers produce any foodstuff?

A. Yes---under a planned program, then the centers produce much of

to California the most complete record of its residents in its history.

Hundreds of young Japanese from the centers volunteered and are now winning distinction in the armed services of our country.

Also the amount of war stamps and bonds purchased by the evacuees has been very gratifying.

Q. How many Japanese-Americans are there in the armed forces of the United States?

A. My only information is that which was released by the military and by the Secretary of War to the press.

Commanders of Japanese combat units are very proud of their commands and highly confident of their ability and desire to fight enemies of the United States wherever they meet them. The recent showing of Japanese-American soldiers against the Germans in Italy merited the high commendation of Secretary of War Stimson.

Q. How are Japanese-American soldiers regarded by other men in the army?

A. As a veteran of the last war I can best answer your question by quoting an old army slogan, "We always keep a soldier's faith, our country and our flag and our comrades."

The boys on Bataan told the world there were "No atheists in the foxholes of Bataan," and by the same token I can say,

"There is no race prejudice in the ranks of the fighting men wearing the honorable uniform of the American army and dying to keep alive the precious heritage of freedom and equality guaranteed all Americans under the constitution of the United States of America."

the food used.

Q. Mr. Cozzens---will you be good enough to tell us something of the segregation?

A. I shall be glad to. Segregation has been widely discussed by those who did not understand the problem it presented. Had it been a simple problem it would no doubt have been undertaken by the military when evacuees were transferred from military assembly centers to relocation centers.

To determine the disloyal from 110,000 people required the establishing of individual records, extensive observation and investigation, which when pieced with such information as WRA secured from intelligence agencies plus a complete study and analysis of each record to determine previous affiliations, family background, schooling and many other factors affecting the entire life of each individual gave us a comprehensive pattern to follow. Such an extensive investigation necessarily required time. Segregation is now practically complete and all of the disloyal for whom we have quarters are now concentrated in the center at Tule Lake under strong military guard.

Q. Are the evacuees in the centers contributing to the war effort?

A. Yes indeed. The evacuees are doing many things to aid the war effort. Several million yards of camouflage nets have been manufactured and are now being used at home and in the war sectors. Models of enemy war ships are being turned out at an Arizona project which are used in schooling men of our armed forces in the identification of enemy craft. Two hundred girls at the Rivers, Arizona project just completed filing 3,000,000 California ration book applications giving

We could win the war and lose a vital part of what we are fighting for by yielding to the emotional appeals of the professional race baiters, or to those who become victims of war hysteria acts, that are in themselves betrayals of the men who are fighting--the sacred things they are fighting for--the rights of minorities, the rights of freeborn people to live happily in a democracy where the torch of freedom beacons them to the sanctuary of the only home they ever knew or loved.