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THE CONTROL PROGRAM

Never before in the history of the world has a democratic nation, battling for its life against three powerful dictatorships, attempted to take more than 100,000 of its residents--some aliens, most of them citizens--and place them quickly, humanely but firmly in guarded resettlement areas.

There have been great migrations before, historic movements, dramatic, terrible, or pathetic--the great mass exodus of the people of Israel from Egypt, the migration of the Acadians to Louisiana, the transfer of the Indians to their reservations, the flight of the Okies and the Arkies from the dustbowl.

But none of these could compare with the American evacuation of Japanese from the Pacific Coast in 1942. Never before had a mass migration been conducted with such advance planning and under such extreme difficulties. The dustbowl migration in the thirties averaged 7,000 a month; the Japanese were to be moved 30,000 a month.

In December 1941, there were approximately 113,000 Japanese--72,000 Nisei or American-born and 41,000 alien Issei--in the four western states of California, Arizona, Oregon and Washington.

Almost since December 7, there had been a growing demand that these Japanese be removed from the vital Western Defense Command and its strategic military and industrial centers. In some quarters, this demand called for the instant slaughter or at least imprisonment of every Japanese. From others, incarceration was urged of all suspected Japanese and complete freedom, under surveillance, for all others.

Here, mirroring the changing attitude of the public and the decisions of governmental authorities, is a brief record of what actually happened:

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- Dec. 7, 1941 -- Police surround leading Japanese districts and consulates in leading cities. Provost Marshall General Allen Gullian orders round-up of all "previously known suspicious aliens." Travel forbidden to Japanese aliens.
- Dec. 8, 1941 -- Treasury Department seizes all Japanese banks and businesses.
- Dec. 9, 1941 -- Many Japanese language schools closed.
- Dec. 11, 1941-- F.B.I. warns against possession of cameras or guns by aliens.
- Dec. 15, 1941 -- Three-man civilian boards will give hearings to arrested aliens. Restrictions on financial transactions relaxed.
- Dec. 27, 1941 -- Attorney General orders all enemy aliens in West to surrender short-wave radios and cameras.
- Dec. 30, 1941 -- California revokes liquor licenses held by alien Japanese.
- Jan. 1, 1942 -- Attorney General freezes travel by all enemy aliens, orders surrender of weapons.
- Jan. 14, 1942 -- President Roosevelt orders re-registration of enemy aliens in West.
- Jan. 27, 1942 -- Los Angeles City and County discharges all Japanese on Civil Service lists.
- Jan. 29, 1942 -- Attorney General establishes first two prohibited zones in California, to be cleared by February 24. Western Congressmen demand Army designate danger areas and evacuate all enemy aliens, resettling them in interior districts.

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- Jan. 31, 1942 -- Attorney General establishes 69 additional prohibited zones in California, to be cleared by February 15.
- Feb. 2, 1942 -- Attorney General establishes 15 additional prohibited zones in California to be cleared by February 24.
- Feb. 4, 1942 -- Attorney General establishes curfew zone in California to become effective February 24, 11 additional prohibited zones in California to be cleared by February 24, and 7 in Washington and 24 in Oregon to be cleared by February 15.
- Feb. 7, 1942 -- Attorney General establishes 18 prohibited zones in Arizona to be cleared by February 24.
- Feb. 9, 1942 -- U. S. Employment Offices offer aid to potential evacuees.
- Feb. 12, 1942-- Navy takes jurisdiction over Terminal Island.
- Feb. 15, 1942 -- Pacific Coast Congressmen ask Army control of alien situation.
- Feb. 17, 1942 -- Pacific Coast Congressmen demand martial law.
- Feb. 18, 1942 -- Pacific Coast Congressmen denounce Justice Department, again demand martial law.
- Feb. 20, 1942 -- President orders Army to take control of any strategic areas, removing any unwanted aliens or citizens. Attorney General approves.
- Feb. 23, 1942 -- Army takes over Japanese colony on Terminal Island.
- Feb. 24, 1942 -- Aged or ill aliens exempted from evacuation orders.
- Mar. 2, 1942 -- Army establishes military areas 1 and 2 in Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona.
Japanese must leave first.
- March 7, 1942 -- Army acquires Owens Valley site for Manzanar Reception Center.

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- March 10, 1942 -- Federal Reserve Bank to aid evacuees in disposing their property.
- Mar. 11, 1942 -- Leo Crowley named alien property custodian.
- Mar. 14, 1942 -- Wartime Civil Control Administration created to coordinate alien control.
- Mar. 16, 1942 -- WCCA establishes military areas in Idaho, Montana, Utah and Nevada, designates 934 prohibited zones to be cleared.
- Mar. 18, 1942 -- President establishes War Relocation Authority.
- Mar. 20, 1942 -- WCCA acquires Santa Anita as reception center.
- Mar. 21, 1942 -- Congressional Act approved to provide penalties for violation of alien control laws.
- Mar. 22, 1942 -- WCCA orders evacuation of Bainbridge Island.
- Mar. 23, 1942 -- First Japanese caravan to Manzanar.
- Mar. 24, 1942 -- Curfew law for all aliens and Japanese proclaimed for military area 1 and other strategic areas in west effective March 27. Contraband law extended to American-born Japanese effective March 31. WCCA acquires sites for reception centers at Merced, Tulare, Marysville and Fresno.
- Mar. 27, 1942 -- WCCA blocks voluntary evacuation by Japanese in military area 1 after March 29.
- Mar. 29, 1942 -- Exemptions from curfew and exclusion orders granted certain German and Italian aliens.
- Apr. 5, 1942 -- First compulsory evacuation of Los Angeles Japanese to Santa Anita.

RELOCATION CENTERS: PARKER

At 2 o'clock one March morning in San Diego, bleary-eyed Ellis Georgia of the U. S. Engineers picked up his telephone.

"Lo," he muttered. "S'matter?"

The voice on the other end of the line was infinitely more wide awake. "How would you like to build a city for 20,000 people?"

"Hell, no!"

"We're using standard 'theater of operations' buildings—but we have to put on a double roof."

"Why?"

"It's out on the desert—over on the Parker Indian Reservation. Think you can handle it?"

"No," replied engineer Georgia. "When we supposed to start?"

"Yesterday," said his chief. "You'd better start packing. Q'by."

Georgia hung up the phone and tried to remember where he'd left his suitcases.

Two weeks later, he was standing in the center of the Colorado River Indian Reservation near Parker, Arizona. His clothes were encrusted with dust. The temperature was hovering near the 90-degree mark—cool for the desert. Around him were hundreds of wooden buildings—with double roofs—in every stage of construction. Two well-borers were biting into the soil. Trucks were lurching and bumping over the roads with towering loads of lumber. Tractors trampled noisily over high stands of mesquite and sage. Crews of pipe-layers were playing follow-the-leader with a dust-spitting machine that scooped trenches for sewer and water lines. A few hundred feet away, power-driven

saws screamed as they bit into lengths of wood being prefabricated into building sections.

"I don't know how I landed here," Georgia sighed. "I kept saying "no"."

"We started here March 23--sixteen days ago--on a 40-day contract. When we began, there was nothing here but the brush. Not even a road. We had to follow an old Indian trail to get in here, so right awgy we laid down a couple of roads. Then we had a ten-day clearing job--did that with a couple of tractors hauling a 150-foot length of chain.

"But we didn't wait for the clearing. As soon as we got a little land cleared off and leveled, we started throwing the buildings together.

"We're starting between 20 and 30 buildings every day--and usually finish that many.

"I don't know how many men are here now--something like 1200 or 1500. They're working on two 10-hour shifts--six or seven days a week. Or maybe it's eight days a week. You sort of lose track out here.

"Trouble? No, we haven't had much. We've killed a couple of dozen rattlesnakes--at least that many were big enough to count. We ought to have more water-wagons to keep this blanket-blank dust down. Our telephone service back to headquarters--to San Diego or Los Angeles--is terrible. Takes four or five hours to get a rush call through--and that raises plenty of hell when we want to get something shipped up here in a hurry. Five hours for a telephone call--say, I could drive there that fast!

"This camp here--number one on our sheets--is supposed to hold 10,000 Japs. Yesterday we started clearing on number two and number three down the line. They're little ones, each of them holding 5,000. Building has already started on number two, and we'll get going on three in a day or two.

"If we could only get some workmen up here—another thousand or so—we'd really show you how this ought to be done. Fifteen hundred aren't enough."

They told Georgia and his chief, area engineer Tom Allen, that many of their fellow U. S. engineers were building other evacuation camps on race tracks and fair grounds throughout California.

They looked at each other and spat out a mixture of dust, saliva and heart-felt profanity. Finally Georgia grinned and wiped his face with a grimy handkerchief.

"Well, that's mighty nice," he remarked. "Fairgrounds, huh? With flowers and lawns in the background, I suppose. That's what's wrecking the U. S. engineers today. I'll betcha these guys have desks and chairs, too . . ."

"The Colorado River Indian Reservation is 225 miles due east of Los Angeles on the California-Arizona border, sitting lop-sided on the Colorado River. Most of the reservation is in Arizona, east of the river; only a small portion—its exact size depending on what channel the river happens to use each year—is in California.

More than 150 miles to the north is Boulder Dam, where the Colorado River is^a rushing, hurling monster, freshly pale after dropping its load of red silt in Lake Mead. But here at the Reservation, the Colorado is quiet, swift (and dangerous to swimmers) and in some places more than half a mile wide.

The Reservation is an arrowhead-shaped area, its point poking northwards to the Chaco-Muevis Mountains, its southern end resting on famed, heat-baked U. S. Highway 60 near Blythe.

Near the northern point of the reservation, but outside its boundary,

is Parker Dam and the aqueduct which carries water to the Metropolitan Water District of Los Angeles County. A little below the dam but inside the reservation is the diversion gate which pulls water out of the Colorado and sends it coasting down the irrigating canals in the reservation.

Look again at the boundaries of the reservation, the arrowhead-like land pointing to the north. It is more than 45 miles long, 15 miles across at its widest point. Along most of its western boundary is the curving channel of the Colorado River. Along the eastern side are ranges of bare, dry mountains-- the La Paz Mountains, the Moon Mountains, and many another chain of sharp-rising buttes and bluffs and hills. Inside the boundaries are 113,000 acres of land--some of it flat and sloping gently to the south, nearly a third of it the steep, useless flanks of the mountains.

Divide the reservation into thirds. The lower third, to the south, is virtually unpopulated, undeveloped.

The northern third has a monopoly on the reservation's activities. In its center is the town of Parker, unincorporated, its population varying with the number of workmen at Parker Dam and generally hitting the 300-mark during dull seasons. A mile from the city are the low, green-roofed white houses of the Indian Agency, surrounded by trees, lawns and flowers. To the south are the homes and farms of the 700 Indians, the chief reasons for the reservation's existence.

The middle third, until the middle of March 1942, was dry, uninhabited except by sagebrush and rattlesnakes and their desert cousins, marked with a few stakes indicating the course of an irrigating canal that might be dug some day, spotted with white alkali patches where drainage is poor, dotted with a few mounds that merely exaggerated the essential flatness of the land. There

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District of Los Angeles County. A little below the dam but inside the reservoir--

then is the diversion gate which pulls water out of the Colorado and sends it

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few mounds that merely exaggerated the essential flatness of the land. There

the U. S. Engineers were building the relocation settlements for 20,000 Japanese--settlements number one, two and three, or, as the workmen had already titled them, Little Tokyo, Little Kobe and Little Osaka.

The War Relocation Authority announced the plans for these new colonies on March 23 after more than two weeks of negotiations with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District, the War Department, and leaders of the Indian community.

The announcement declared it would be the "first large-scale relocation" of evacuees from Pacific Coast military areas. Four or five temporary, self-sustaining colonies were to be provided, with the purpose of furnishing homes and useful employment to the evacuated Japanese and of preparing the land for use after the war.

"One of the first big tasks the Japanese will undertake," it was stated, "will be digging canals to bring water to the land so that subsistence gardening may start as soon as possible. Besides raising food for their own use and preparing the land for the future use of the Indians, the colonists may find useful work raising crops particularly needed for the war effort.

"A number of possibilities, such as production of guayule and long staple cotton, are now being studied by the Indian Service, Department of Agriculture, and other interested agencies.

"To a large extent the communities will be complete local units with doctors, nurses, teachers and other specialists provided by the Japanese themselves."

Approximately 90,000 acres of land are available for development of irrigated farming, newspapermen were told.

The announcement made big news in Arizona, a moderate flurry in

parts of California, and practically no dent at all in the rest of the United States. The Colorado River Reservation was one of the least known in the Pacific Southwest, its Indian colony unappreciated, and its agricultural possibilities uncharted. Since the Indians neither lurked on railway station platforms to sell beads and pottery, nor lived in fascinating caves, nor chased buffalo and ate rattlesnakes nor owned oil wells, nor broke loose to massacre nearby white men, their news value was strictly limited.

There were two tribes of them on the reservation, a large group of stern, stubborn Mojaves and a smaller number of easy-going Chemehuevis. They lived together, farmed together, wandered in and out of the town of Parker, and were generally considered—even by other Indians—to be lazy and not very good farmers.

On their small farms, well-irrigated but most often poorly cultivated, rarely covering as much as 30 acres each, they grew alfalfa, cotton, a little rye and occasionally dabbled in flax. Some of them raised beans and corn for their own food.

Item number one on their menus was invariably beans, followed by corn, fried potatoes, tortillas, dried squash, dried pumpkin, and dried meat and canned tomatoes when they could afford them.

They lived in inexpensive wooden houses, generally built to rough government specifications and constantly in need of paint and repairs, but their out-buildings were customarily made out of mud.

A large number owned cars, running from broken down Model T Fords to a shiny, well-tended 1942 Ford truck.

The announcement that they would quickly play hosts or at least neighbors to 20,000 Japanese hit them like a catastrophe. The good natured

Chemehuevis accepted it like a catastrophe--something that couldn't be helped--and they bowed gracefully before it. If that's what the government wanted, they said, then there's nothing that can be done.

Would the Japanese be removed at the end of the war? The Chemehuevis fondly hoped so, but if not--well, you can't buck the government.

Mrs. Ruby Snyder, educated in San Diego but back on the reservation as a farmer's wife, put it this way: "Well, I'm for it. Might as well be, since they're coming here anyhow. The only thing that frightens me--and I suppose it always will--is that they won't be properly guarded, and some of them might escape. My goodness, it would certainly be easy for them to get away--to sneak up to the dam, or the bridge, and blow it up--or even to escape.

"But if they stay here, I think they might do us some good. I hear they're wonderful farmers. I'd like to go down and see how they grow things. And maybe they'd grow enough fresh vegetables to sell to us--real fresh tomatoes and asparagus and lettuce, my goodness, I've almost forgotten how they taste!"

Down the line lived Herbert Chappo, another Chemehuevi farmer. "Aw!" he said, "the Japs can't be much worse than a lot of white men. I'm gon' let the gov'ment worry about it."

Such was the prevailing sentiment among the Chemehuevis, but the Mojaves had different ideas. The Mojaves reacted almost automatically--first, the Chemehuevis were for it, which immediately made the Mojaves oppose the project; second, the government was bringing more people on the reservation, another encroachment on Indian land, and the Mojaves had learned by bitter experience to fight any such encroachment quickly and stubbornly

The entire project was discussed before the Indian council meeting. The Chacshuevi representatives first reacted favorably; then the Mojave spokesman denounced it so powerfully that they carried the Chacshuevis along with them.

Even after two weeks of careful consideration, according to Henry Walsh, chairman of the council, the Indians were still opposed and unreconciled.

Walsh, a member of the Mojave tribe quickly outlined his objections:

"This is what I think. Probably most of my people agree. It's not good to bring Japanese here. We're not afraid of Japanese. We don't want anybody else but Indians on the reservation. When they come, they don't want to go. We can't remove them. White settlers lease land here before. When they go they leave farms in bad condition. But most don't go.

"Bad to let public know we have land here not being used. Congress may say we have too much, more than we need. Maybe they open big piece of reservation to settlement. Indians get squeezed again.

"You say the government promised to remove Japs after the war? What branch of the government?—Indian Service? Department of Interior? Agriculture? I don't know, maybe they keep their promise. Maybe they don't. Indians were promised lots of things by the government.

"If Army promises it, maybe they keep their word. I don't know.

"Japs getting good land down there. They tell me they make good farmers. After the war, maybe they want to stay, maybe they put pressure on Congress to change contract. I don't know.

"If they fix up the land, put in irrigation, Indians probably move in afterwards. But we don't think it will happen like that. We think

the Government will let the Japs stay, or give leases to white men."

Another Mojave, Isaac Cathaway, confirmed Welsh's views. "Most of us are still against it. You can't blame us. This was our land, and the government said we'd never be bothered. We don't want to 'lend' it back—we'll probably never get it again. The Indians are always getting pushed around.

"And while the Japs are here, what kind of law will they follow, Jap law or California law or Indian law? We have our own laws here, and we like them. The Japs should follow them."

The question of "whose law" concerned such a touchy matter as the type of burial that would be used. The Japanese, it was understood, would probably want their dead buried in graves or shrines; the Indians cremated their own dead on funeral pyres and permitted no graves, and felt the Japanese should do the same while on the reservation.

Another Mojave, the most successful farmer in the region, is prosperous Ben Butler. "The Japs are getting the best land in the reservation", he said. "They won't want to go—not if they're good farmers and know good land. They are pretty good farmers, I hear. I'd like to watch them. Maybe I could learn a few tricks. You think they could grow tomatoes and beets and all those truck crops up here?"

Over in the town of Parker, where workmen were unloading trainloads of lumber only a few steps from all the stores on the highway, white Americans had accepted the project with quite different feelings.

"Only a few radicals around here were alarmed even at first", reported Sheiff Jim Washum, "and most of them were Okies. They get more worried about California than we Californians do.

"The project's going to be good for the country. It will develop

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a lot of land, bring in irrigation, so white farmers can use it. White men can't work out on the reservation now."

In the office of the Parker Motor Company, Dan Beaver and his wife, Floy, sized up the situation this way:

"I've been here 21 years," said Mr. Beaver, "and I've learned that anything that helps the Indians helps us.

"The way I see it, bringing the Japs up here, and putting them to work, whether they like it or not, is going to help the Indians.

"Right now, business is pretty tough. More money in town than before, but we can't sell cars and we can't sell tires. Costs us a couple of hundred dollars a month. But that's O.K.--we have to win the war. And if bringing the Japs up here is going to win the war, then I'm for it. I can tell you, I'll sleep a lot sounder knowing we have ten thousand Japs right here at Parker than if they were living around airplane factories and oil wells down on the coast.

"I hear those Japs are pretty good gardeners. Say, I hope they can grow us fresh vegetables. Now everything comes from the coast--cost more'n we can afford."

Here Mrs. Beaver joined in: "And I hear those Japs make the best servants. Keep things bright as a pin, they tell me. I certainly like to get one of them for a houseboy. How much would we have to pay, do you think? Or could we make a deal straight with the government?"

"I feel it's a good thing for the country, bringing them up here. This way, they'll keep on working on the irrigation system, and we were afraid that the war was going to stop that.

"After the war, the way I'd do it, the Japs ought to be sent out

and the land offered to the Indians. Then, whatever the Indians didn't take, the whites ought to be able to have. Couldn't let good land like that go to waste."

One of the whites who was already working Indian land on a lease was Ray Thompson, also head of the Parker Lumber and Supply Company.

"I've been waiting for this for ten years," he said. "This is what I came to Parker for. Now the Valley's going to be developed as it should be, and it must be kept going.

"At the end of the war, we'll have to keep the land operating--by the Indians, the whites, or even the Japs, if they want to stay. We ought to offer a lot of it to ex-soldiers coming back from war.

"I know this land up here. I've worked it. It can be made one of the best agricultural districts in the country. It can produce a crop every month.

"Business here? Well, it's up 100 percent since construction started on the Jap camps. It's the same way with everybody in Parker. But we're all starving to death on prosperity--I can't get nails, wire, stoves, refrigerators, or tools, and I have more customers than I know what to do with. But that's all right with me--this is war, and I'm in it, too. And going bust in business is certainly a lot better than getting shot. I'm lucky.

"We all feel better knowing the Japs are going to be up here under guard. Phew!--when I lie awake thinking about all of 'em living near the Consolidated plant and the Douglas plant, and all those other plane factories..."

Other Parker residents listed situations in town which the relocation project would surely correct.

"We have no fire department here--eight houses burned down in one

fire last month, and two babies were killed. We have no hospital and no doctor--there's one in the Indian Agency, but the next closest is nearly 150 miles away."

There was, however, a chiropractor advertising his facilities in the little settlement just across the river from Parker.

"And we could use a local supply of vegetables. Today, practically every bit of it comes from the coast. We pay 10 cents for a tiny artichoke, 18 to 20 cents a pound for tomatoes, 10 cents a pound for squash, 10 cents for the smallest head of lettuce. And strawberries--when we get them, 18 cents a box and up."

Whether the Japanese evacuees would contribute all that the local citizenry expected seemed questionable.

According to the plans developed by the local government officials, particularly E. R. "Si" Fryer and his assistant, Bob Petrie, both brought to Parker from the Navajo Reservation (and later taken to the regional War Relocation Authority office in San Francisco) Superintendent C. H. Gensler of the Parker Reservation, and R. H. Rupkey, who built the present headworks and canals, the future for the Japanese was considerably limited.

The evacuees were to be placed in the three relocation areas within the reservation--mile-square Little Tokyo, 17 miles south of Parker, capacity 10,000; Little Kobe, half a square mile, 3 miles farther south, capacity 5,000; and Little Osaka, half a square mile, 3 miles still farther south, capacity 5,000.

The three community areas were placed on what engineers termed un-irrigable land. Around them, however, were the useful lands to be farmed by the Japanese.

Of the 70,000 irrigable acres in the reservation--and not 90,000, as

announced in Washington--the Japanese were to "subjugate" between 8,000 and 10,000 acres--level and border the land--and bring in the essential irrigating water by constructing canals, laterals, ditches and levees

On this land, according to the preliminary plans, the Japanese were to grow food crops for their own subsistence (no mention was made of shipping such crops elsewhere) and such vitally-needed war crops as long-staple cotton and guayule for rubber. The Indians had already shown that the reservation soil could grow cotton, and a guayule test-planting was just being started by the Indian and white boys in the Parker Public High School.

Non-agricultural projects included the proposed manufacture of camouflage nets and cartridge belts for the Army.

No amateurs in the complicated business of resettlement, the men of the Indian Service emphasized the necessity of establishing self-government among the Japanese at the earliest possible moment, and supplying schools, entertainment and recreational facilities as quickly as they supplied food and shelter. "Self-government must come right away," Bob Petrie declared. "It has to be real self-government to work, too; we couldn't win the respect and cooperation of the Indians by letting them govern themselves by leaders which we picked.

"The Indians had to select their own leaders. The Japanese probably won't be much different--they may pick a lemon once in a while, but they'll do a better job if we leave them entirely alone."

The first Japanese were expected to be sent to Parker the last week of April, a week before all three communities were due to be completed. They were destined to find a desert and the water to irrigate it,

Indian and white neighbors with radically different welcomes to give them, and a challenge to make a new agricultural wonder-land out of an arid wilderness.

It would be their chance--perhaps their last chance--to prove to a dubious America that they were loyal to the United States.

ASSEMBLY CENTERS: SALINAS

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ASSEMBLY CENTERS: SALINAS

Evacuation of Japanese to the Salinas Assembly Center and the general construction and administration of the camp were in general similar to these same phases noted in other camps. There were differences, however, primarily attributable to the nature of the population in the Salinas area.

This district is roughly 100 miles south of San Francisco, one of the richest agricultural valleys in the State. It grows large amounts of truck crops, sugar beets and especially lettuce; Salinas calls itself the "lettuce bowl" of America. The lettuce crop, worth about \$14,000,000 a year, involves 23,000 acres of which about 6,000 are farmed by Japanese. The Japanese have gradually extended their holdings over the past 15 or 20 years; unquestionably, they were growing lettuce long before the huge military encampments and army airports came into the picture.

Typical of such farming communities are Salinas, Watsonville and Chualar. To the west, right on the coast, are other important communities--notably Monterey and Pacific Grove-- which are entirely different and must be considered separately.

About 23000 Japanese in Monterey and Santa Cruz counties were involved in the evacuation. The Caucasian inhabitants were delighted to see them go, for nowhere in the State had FBI raids unearthed higher concentrations of contraband. In Watsonville alone, ammunition was found in tens of thousands of rounds. Even more delighted to see the evacuation completed were the Filipinos.

On the average, there are about 2,000 Filipinos in the district, mostly farm workers and a few small merchants. They say there are four things a Filipino will go for, and in this order-- (1) good looking clothes, (2) a good looking car, (3) a blonde woman, (4) a Jap. Since the fall of Bataan, however, the order of preference has been reversed.

For many years, there has been no great feeling of friendship between the Japanese and the Filipinos. The latter, many of whom worked for Japanese employers, were subjected to what they claimed was harsh treatment. After Pearl Harbor, the situation changed and the Filipinos began intimidating and antagonizing the Japanese. The more successful the Japanese armies on Luzon, the more severe was the intimidation of Japanese near Salinas.

By Christmas time, the Japanese in this district had become so apprehensive that many of them moved into a colony for self-protection. Many of them fled from the country. In early January and February, and especially after the fall of Bataan, there were many rumors that a number of Japanese were no longer living in Monterey county; they hadn't moved anywhere else--they just weren't living there. It was palpably inferred that these Japanese weren't living anywhere, but it was impossible to obtain any concrete facts.

There were other stories of Filipinos and whites beating Japanese children in nearby school yards, burning farm equipment, houses and sheds, turning over cars, and even descending to such

childish pranks as letting the air out of automobile tires.

Behind these reputed acts of violence and antagonism were a number of different factors;

1--According to a widely-accepted myth, Japanese can grow more crops per acre than anyone else. Actually, lettuce experts admit, the Japanese grow no more but they make more profit because their living costs are lower.

2--Japanese in the Salinas-Watsonville district have always been suspected as potential saboteurs and spies. This was confirmed by FBI investigations.

3--Some 150 young men from Salinas, all members of a national guard tank corps, were believed to have been captured or killed during the fall of Bataan. The night after Bataan capitulated, nearly everyone in Salinas expected mass race riots and the slaughter of at least some nearby Japanese. Inexplicably, nothing happened.

4--Many of the more violent Filipinos fail to understand why it is considered proper to kill Japanese in the Orient but not in California.

Austin Anson, secretary of the Vegetable Growers and Shippers Association in Salinas, claims that on several occasions he sat down with Filipino delegations and successfully pleaded with them to postpone potential lynching parties.

It is interesting to remember that ten years ago, it was the Filipino who was despised by the white men. Now both despise the Japanese. Both Filipinos and whites in the Salinas district

were glad the Japanese had been taken to the Assembly Center, but considered this move in itself was only a partial answer. They claimed neither the Japanese nor the countryside were safe until every last Japanese—including the lame, the halt and the blind—were banished from the coast.

Many men declared the Japanese would never be permitted to return.

Over on the coast, however, there was a distinctly different attitude. In Monterey and Pacific Grove, the Japanese had engaged more in fishing than in farming. They were respected members of the fishing fleets, quick to pay their dues, always present at meetings, anxious to meet assessments, contribute to the Community Chest and join the Red Cross. Their enforced departure brought very sincere regrets from many of their Caucasian neighbors, and in many cases, the Japanese were invited to return as soon as the war is over.

It is significant to note that in Monterey and Pacific Grove there has been no bitter agricultural competition, and particularly there is no large population of Filipinos.

Wherever there are Filipinos, it appears, there is hostility to Japanese—perhaps very real danger.

In general, the Salinas camp was very much like Santa Anita, Tanforan, Fresno and other assembly centers. It was more attractive than Tanforan, less crowded than Santa Anita. Chief eyesores at Salinas were the toilets—dirty, poorly-ventilated and dark. The showers were so constructed that only a tall Caucasian—that is,

no ordinary short Japanese--could reach the overhead faucets. The floorboards in the living quarters were laid so far apart that the wind blew right into the rooms; no heating facilities were supplied. Other features--the induction proceedings, the medical facilities, the mess halls and the administration set-up --were all adequate and in some cases excellent.

The WCCA control station in Salinas functioned better and more smoothly than any other seen during this investigation.

When the Japanese finally arrived in the assembly center, a surprisingly large number were bitter and sullen. Several muttered comments beginning, "Just wait until we start kicking you around. . ."--threats which were never heard at any other assembly or relocation center. But in most cases, the evacuees exhibited more genuine relief and gratitude than in any other camp; they indicated their clear recognition of the perils they had escaped.

* * *

*Milton
Silverman*

ASSEMBLY CENTERS: SANTA ANITA

On Easter Sunday--April 5, 1942--hundreds of Japanese were collected over a large area of Los Angeles county and taken swiftly and painlessly to the Santa Anita racetrack at Arcadia. By late afternoon, they had all been registered, settled in their new quarters and given dinner.

Promptly at 7 o'clock that night, a line of them began moving through the doorway of a new emergency hospital, their coats off, their right sleeves rolled up, ready for the compulsory vaccination against smallpox and typhoid fever.

They were all "involuntary" evacuees--men, women and children who had been removed from their homes, their stores and their farms in the vital Los Angeles harbor area, forced out for mutual protection by the pressure of public opinion and the decision of military authorities.

Suddenly, as the hospital line moved steadily onward, a radio in a nearby room picked up the opening music of a great transcontinental program--it was the Star-Spangled Banner. As the music came through the thin walls of the operating room, one Japanese after another pricked up his ears, looked at his neighbors. A few unconsciously stood a little more straight and rigid. A few smiled.

At the end of the anthem, one young Nisei turned to his friends. "What I'd like to know," he said, "is where those

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guys got the idea a democracy like ours can't move fast when it has to . . ."

On land that once had been part of the colorful Rancho Santa Anita, a section of the great "Lucky" Baldwin estate, the \$3,500,000 Santa Anita race track was built in 1934--the most luxurious track ever created in North America. Day after day during the brilliant racing seasons, its grandstand and especially its fabulous clubhouse were filled by the great and the near-great of America. Racing enthusiasts--from hard-bitten track followers to the most glamorous Hollywood stars--poured millions of dollars through its betting windows.

Around the fountain in front of the grandstand were engraved the names of some of the finest horses in America, winners of the Santa Anita handicap--Azucar in 1935, Top Row in 1936, Rosemont in 1937, Stagehand in 1938, KayakII in 1939, the immortal Seabiscuit in 1940 and Bay View in 1941. There was space left for the winner in 1942--but that space would never be used.

Immediately after war broke out, Santa Anita's racing season was called off by order of the Western Defense Command. Military authorities wanted no juicy target of 50,000 or 75,000 people for Japanese bombers, and particularly they feared what such a crowd could do to traffic on adjoining Huntington Drive, one of the most vital military highways in the state.

On March 20, the army apparently sealed the wartime fate of Santa Anita by acquiring it as an assembly center for 16,000 Japanese

to be evacuated from Southern California. The Japanese, it was announced, would be taken from their homes to Santa Anita and then transferred later to relocation and resettlement areas farther in the interior. At the remodeled race track, they would be protected from two theoretical enemies--the temptation to commit sabotage and the anger of the Caucasian neighbors.

There was no doubt 16,000 people could be fitted into the grounds of Santa Anita--after all, 74,000 had been there on March 2, 1940, when Seabiscuit won the Santa Anita Handicap--but there was more involved than merely fitting them in. These 16,000 evacuees had to live there--and in at least as much comfort as interned Americans could conceivably get in Japan.

On March 22, a horde of workmen under the direction of the U. S. Engineers began their preliminary clean-up. Carpenters, plumbers, electricians, surveyors and even jobless jockeys, trainers, and railbirds pitched in. On their heels came the endless procession of trucks with their loads of lumber, nails, pipe, wire and other building materials. They turned to vast rows of stables--2150 units of stables and rooms which could hold 1400 horses and their attendants --and transformed them in 2116 apartments.

Of these, 1888 were to serve as 2-room apartments, each to accommodate an average of 5 people, and 228 to be 1-room apartments, holding 2 people apiece.

Then they moved on the 165-acre paved parking area, able to hold 26,000 cars, and began the first of more than six hundred buildings. These included 585 barracks (each divided into three 5-bed

units) 19 latrines, enough showers to take care of 208 people at the same time, a long laundry with 100 tubs and 100 ironing boards, and mess halls to accommodate more than 15,000. Four of these mess halls were to take care of 2000 apiece, one was to serve 3000, and a huge hall set up under the grandstand was to serve 8000. Out in the middle of the track, they built a 155,000 square foot warehouse, about 300 feet wide, 900 long, and constructed around the "tote boards" and the four tall palm trees.

They built a postoffice, put huge vegetable bins and refrigerators in the kitchens, set up a canteen, put a 40-bed hospital in what was once a steamroom and recreation room for jockeys, and began a 150-bed hospital in the old saddling stables.

They "inherited" a high barbed-wire-topped fence from the racing plant, and around it built a dozen 36-foot high towers. On those towers and on two others located on top of the grandstand, military police would keep constant vigil; each guard station was to be equipped with a searchlight, a machine gun, and a telephone. The towers were outside the fence, designed to protect those inside the wire as well as those outside. For the military police, the contractors built 22 barracks, offices and kitchen buildings.

All together, 644 buildings were on the schedule, and construction was to be completed by midnight of April 13--23 days after work began. Twenty-three days to build a city for 16,000 people!

On the first day, some disheartened race follower nailed a sign on the entrance: "Ghost Town." It was the noisiest, most

exciting, mushrooming ghost town in history.

"At the peak," stated head engineer James Morgan, "we had 1400 men on the payroll, and about 1100 working at any one time. All of them were local men. We ran only one shift--a 10-hour shift. Couldn't get any more men."

On March 30, scarcely one week after construction began at the racetrack, notices appeared on telephone poles, bulletin boards and building walls throughout west Los Angeles County, ordering all Japanese to prepare to leave within six days. This first area to be affected, considered one of the most vital strategic centers in the coast, bordered many miles of ocean front and included oil fields, refineries, power plants, military forts, naval air stations, shipyards, and airplane factories. Estimates placed the number of Japanese involved at nearly 3,000, about 72 per cent of them American-born.

The official exclusion order directed all Japanese family heads to report within 48 hours to special stations for registration and detailed instructions for evacuation. A staff of assistants helped the Japanese fill in long lists, and tabulations, and arrange to store unsold furniture, sell their homes, close their businesses, secure any necessary financial aid and, in some cases, assign power of attorney to a friend or the Federal Reserve Bank.

Attendants remarked later that most of the evacuees had already disposed of such least last-minute details, but they had done so only under next-to-the-last-minute stress. Although they had been warned weeks before to clear up their affairs, they had delayed and, at the

end, sold out in a panic at losses ranging from 30 to 80 per cent.

"In general," one official stated, "the Japanese got only about 30 per cent of what a white person would have obtained for the same merchandise. It was certainly the fault of the Japanese. Even if they couldn't get a fair price, all of them were told they could store their goods with the Federal Reserve Bank. But I think they waited and waited, feeling we wouldn't go through with the evacuation."

The first two groups of evacuees, more than a thousand of them, were evacuated to Santa Anita on Friday and Saturday, April 3 and 4, from Wilmington, San Pedro, Lometa, Torrance, and WALTERIA. A few from these districts, given permission to remain behind to finish last-minute business, and the Japanese residents from Redondo Beach were scheduled to move on Easter Sunday, April 5.

This last group began assembling late Easter morning; by noon their cars were already lined up on West 7th Street in San Pedro, and by 1 o'clock there were 74 cars there--new sedans, old jalopies, trucks loaded with blankets, suitcases, kitchen utensils, lawnmowers, and children. There were 328 people in that caravan, involving 68 families. At the same time, a few score others--who had no cars of their own, or no offer of transportation from friends--gathered at the Pacific Electric station a few blocks away where an interurban train would carry them and their baggage to Santa Anita.

At 1:30, when the last car had lined up in the caravan, Lieutenant James Glatt of the Military Police ordered the start and the first Japanese cars drove off behind a loudly popping jeep. As each ten or twelve cars passed, Lieutenant Glatt inserted another jeep into its spot in the caravan. At the head of the parade were

motorcycle police to clear all traffic out of the way. Bringing up the rear were an ambulance and a tow car.

All during the preliminary loading and organization of the caravan, the M.P.'s and local police had kept three blocks of West 7th closed to automobile traffic, but they couldn't keep pedestrians away. They didn't seem to be ordinary flocks of curious strangers. They were friends of the evacuees, and when the caravan started off, these friends stood on the sidewalks, waving goodby and good luck.

There were few tears involved in the departure, and all of these were contributed by the Americans who stayed behind. "Gee," one woman said, "we were sure anxious to get 'em out of here, but we're going to miss them a lot. I wonder if we weren't making a lot of fuss about nothing..."

The caravan sped down the highway, smoothly, efficiently. Through one city after another, passed along from one group of motorcycle police to the next, it moved without the slightest interference. Cross-streets had been blocked for miles ahead, and the evacuees went through stop-signs, traffic lights and one-way streets--in the wrong direction. Casual bystanders and curious natives, anxious to see history in the making, were brusquely shooed out of the way.

"It's just like in the movies!" one Japanese youngster declared. The caravan went through cities and farm land, past heavily guarded airplane factories and clusters of oil wells, never slacking speed until it passed between the guards at the gates of Santa Anita.

The brief induction proceeding was almost as quick and painless. Each carload was stopped, its baggage searched by soldiers and deputy sheriffs, and its occupants passed through a cursory medical examination--eyes, throat and wrists--and the official registration. Then they were driven to their new quarters, their baggage unloaded, and the cars taken out to the center of the track for at least temporary storage.

They were installed in their new home long before dinner. For these first arrivals, only the quarters in the former stables were being used. The stables were to be filled before the big barracks in the parking area would be utilized.

Families were always kept together. Where the families were small--less than 6--the problem was simple: a double apartment was assigned. Adjoining apartments were assigned for larger families. In the case of the Yamagata family--mother, father and 12 children (a thirteenth was coming to camp later)--three adjoining apartments were assigned.

The Yamagatas, the largest family in camp at that time, included Morio Yamagata, a fisherman from Wilmington--and occasionally from Monterey, his wife, Mitsuyo, three daughters and nine sons. The girls were Michiye 9, Keiko 11, and Nabuko 17. The boys were Tatsuki 2, Hachiro ("the eighth") 4, Hichiro ("the seventh") 5, Yoshio 8, Hakaru 11, Shinyu 12, Mitsuru 13, Moriyasu 16, and Joe 18. A fourth daughter, Tomo, 20, was still working farther north in Santa Maria.

"I hope she can come down here," father Yamagata said. "Very nice to have whole family together. Very nice to have government pay for my whole family."

On the other hand, there were such new families as Lily and Kiyoshi Okura, married only a few months before, who had just returned from a honey-moon trip to New Orleans. Okura had been a personnel technician for the City of Los Angeles, and, according to claims made before the Dies Committee, an exceedingly dangerous Japanese. His young wife had worked in Wilmington as a receptionist, and occasionally as a model and actress. Both were college graduates, Okura from Southern California and his wife from the University of California.

Said Okura: "We used to come to Santa Anita and make a bet or two. I used to be pretty lucky. In those days, I griped that it was harder to get out than to get in, with all the traffic jam and everything. Boy, I didn't know how hard it could be to leave here!"

At the registration desk, each family head was given a colored button (among other things) indicating the mess hall his family would use and told the hour they would eat. With existing facilities, it scarcely taxed the kitchen staff to serve 2000 people in three sittings within less than one hour. The service was rapid and efficient--women carrying babies were given special attention and served immediately without any wait in line--but dining was more leisurely. Once each evacuee had received his stainless steel plate of food, he could stay as long at his table as he desired.

The food, kitchen attendants emphasized, was particularly tender. It had to be, since no knives were visible in the dining halls. (Even in a concentration camp, where the men were at least suspected of being dangerous aliens, table knives were

evident at every seat.)

After dinner, with a chance to survey their surroundings, the new arrivals quickly lost the excitement that had colored their departure from San Pedro. No matter that they were told they were living in "auto-court" lodgings, they nevertheless felt they had been put into only moderately disguised stables. The barbed-wire fences and the soldiers on patrol looked more like the trimmings of a concentration camp than of an assembly center.

The next morning, under a bright warm sun, Santa Anita (already dubbed "Japanita") buckled down to the job of becoming a large habitation--if not a city. Children started games in the streets--baseball, touch-football, ping-pong (on a table thrown together on the spot) and a Japanese version of marbles in which the marbles were placed not in a circle but in a fish-shaped area.

Hastily erected laundry lines sagged under the weight of wet clothes. Scraps of lumber, left in a pile by the contractors, were collected by the armful and brought into the center of camp for transformation in tables, chairs and shelves. A few details of young Japanese boys, identified by "staff" arm-bands, made door-to-door surveys to complete camp records. Other boys were raking paths, cleaning the grounds, distributing luggage.

Most of the evacuees, with nothing to do, indulged in visiting or sightseeing, admiring the luxurious grounds and buildings (\$300,000 had been spent in anticipation of the Santa Anita 1942 racing

season), studying the statue of Seabiscuit, or watching the workmen still busy on the barracks down on the old parking area.

By mid-afternoon, the sun had been blotted out and a cold, dismal rain fell spasmodically. The rain--and the drenched ground--put an end to most sightseeing and outdoor sports. Instead, the evacuees moved inside to gossip, compare accommodations, play cards, dance to the tunes of portable radios or relax with vast quantities of Coca-Colas. A few evacuees continued to walk about outside under the protection of a rare umbrella or even a wide Japanese sunshade.

Gossip revolved about such points as these--

"Where are we going to be moved next? And when?"

"When are we going to be given some work to do here?"

"How are the San Francisco Japanese going to fit in when they get here?"

"What about us young fellows? Are we going to be drafted by the Army?"

Some of the older Issei, professional gardeners, sized up the shrubs and trees around the dwellings and wondered if they would be permitted to indulge in a little spading and pruning. Most of these first evacuees were farmers; only a few were fishermen, recently removed from Terminal Island, and still less were merchants. Even during the first days at Santa Anita, the farmers examined the racetrack nurseries, lawns, flower beds, and orange trees with professional interest, the merchants considered the possibility of opening small stores (banned by the management), and only the fishermen seemed at a loss for ideas.

Among the younger evacuees, only a small group appeared angry

or sullen: these were boys in their 'teens, many of them wearing their high school letters.

On April 7, a thousand Japanese arrived at Santa Anita from San Diego County and 660 came in on an overnight train from San Francisco. Additional hundreds had come from Long Beach, bringing the camp population past the 5000 mark, and notices were posted for the clearance of still more sections of Los Angeles County. By April 11, slightly more than a week after the first evacuees had entered the assembly center, Santa Anita was clearly shaping into a more effective project. Handicapped though it was by its essential (or at least announced) temporary status, and by the constant influx of more Japanese from many different locations, it nevertheless was stabilizing itself into definite patterns of organization.

Many Japanese, especially the pioneers at the center, would signal their return from one part of camp to their own quarters by saying, "I'm going home."

A steady flow of mail, together with receipt of daily newspapers and talks with recent arrivals, kept the evacuees as well informed as ordinary Americans on current events.

The once bare stalls had been made more homelike by installation of shelves, curtains, tables, night stands, cupboards and cabinets, many of these articles being built out of left-over odds and ends of lumber. Most of the rooms were kept neat and clean; many, however, were dirty, unkempt and unattractive.

Plans for self-government within the camp boundaries were proceeding, although members of the camp management quickly indicated

it would be a distinct modification of self-government.

"A lot of those Japs who are already coming to the fore," they said, "are the bad pennies, the cheap ward politicians. We have to be careful of them, and see they don't get us in trouble."

Many of the so-called ward politicians, it appeared, were the aggressive young Nisei who had been leaders in their former communities, and who were now continuing at Santa Anita.

A major proportion of the evacuees, moderately well settled in their new routine, asserted their gratitude at being inside the Santa Anita fence.

"It may be a little hard on our parents and on our youngsters," one Nisei declared, "but we'll all get along all right. It's much better for us to be here. Back in San Pedro or San Francisco or San Diego, we never knew what might happen to us. We'd all heard about acts of violence, and a lot of the Japanese had been threatened and intimidated. If anything had happened to a single oil well, if anybody had blown up a bridge, if a single Japanese was found committing sabotage--and certainly some Japanese were working for the Japanese government--it would have been terrible for all of us.

"This way, even though a lot of us feel we're forced to give up our American citizenship and we all feel we're making at least as much sacrifice as any other group in the country, we're safe from anything a mob might try to do to us.

"The only thing that bothers us is what's going to happen

after the war. It isn't going to be so easy to pick up where we left off."

The commissary department had already changed its operations, shifting its staff and its menus. At first, almost all the kitchen workers were non-Japanese, but quickly they were supplanted by experienced cooks from among the evacuees. William Otani, for 10 years chef at the \$1,000,000 Sabota Hot Springs Hotel at San Jacinto and before that at the Claridge Hotel in Chicago, was assistant chef in one of the Santa Anita mess halls.

"We started out with regular Army canned-food ration, with extra tea and rice," he said. "At first, American cooks make rice wrong way. They cook wet rice. Japanese like rice dry. Now we fix that way. Now we start using fresh food.

"Here's tomorrow's menu--

"For breakfast, we serve here 4500 people. That takes 500 pounds steamed oatmeal, 60 gallons milk, 20 cases sliced peaches, 200 pounds pineapple jam, 65 pounds coffee, plenty bread and butter.

"For lunch, some of our people move to other dining room. We serve 3000. We cook 1000 pounds baked fish--half whitefish, half shark. For cream sauce, we need 3 cases milk. Use 500 pounds steamed rice. Making banana squash--5 cases sweet potato mixed with 450 pounds fresh banana squash. Very good. Make cole slaw salad, use 1000 pounds cabbage. Serve lots of tea.

"Have 3000 for supper tomorrow. We make scrambled eggs with green pepper--that takes 12 cases fresh eggs. That's 4,320 eggs, lots eggs. Very expensive. Also 50 pounds green pepper, 1 case milk. Also, we fix 1000 pounds mashed potatoes, and 5 cases--30 gallons--dill pickles. For dessert, 15 cases pears.

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"Every day, we use 2000 leaves fresh bread.

"Over here, young ladies fix special food for little babies. Have canned milk, Karo syrup, orange juice. Put in bottles with rubber nipples. All sterilized. Fix just like doctor wants. All very clean. Little boys and girls, they get bottle of milk every meal. Sometimes don't want milk. They drink it anyhow. Very good milk. Sometimes have fight with mothers. Mothers very dumb about milk. But doctor says, 'Must have milk,' so must have."

Meanwhile, 30 special milk kitchens--each with a hot plate and icebox--had been built and spotted at strategic points throughout the camp area. The Japanese babies were going to have milk.

Work had also started on clearing the practice race track to make a baseball diamond and perhaps a soccer or football field.

The recent rain, continuing sporadically all week, had failed to make a serious impression on camp morale, especially since many of the evacuees had dug ditches to carry off the water. Outside the camp boundaries, where the soldiers were on patrol, the mud was much more serious but the guards took it and liked it. Or at least they took it.

Still farther away, the citizens of the city of Arcadia were beginning to accept the new project, and even become reconciled. Although they could not visit the camp and see it for themselves, they had discovered many of their earlier fears had been groundless.

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Said W. D. Libby, secretary of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce:

"There was a lot of resentment here at first, but most of the folks have gotten over it. Even so, some people are still sore at me because I didn't go to the Army and tell the generals they couldn't move the Japs here.

"Now that we've found out the soldiers are keeping them well-guarded, nobody is worrying very much.

"Of course, it hurts the city to have Santa Anita closed down, but we'll get by. After all, Arcadia was here long before the track was built--it was incorporated in 1903.

"We call Arcadia the 'City of Homes,' best and cheapest water in California, low utility rates, no big industries. It covers $12\frac{1}{2}$ square miles. Our 1940 census figure was only 9,022, but by now it's probably 12,000.

"A fair proportion of the people here are retired--many of them are ex-soldiers and ex-railroad men. About 80 per cent of the workers commute to Los Angeles or Pasadena, and some of them go as far as Long Beach or Glendale.

"We don't have many industries--three lumber yards, a sash-and-door works, and the 7-Up bottling plant.

"Of course, closing Santa Anita is going to hurt us. A lot of stores and hotels did lots of business with the racing crowd. Some of our men's stores have big stocks of small-size clothes for jockeys. And the track used to pay about \$38,000 a year in taxes, and contributed a couple of hundred to the Chamber of Commerce, and some of the other agencies. But this

is all part of war, and we can't complain.

"We already had some Japanese around--about 50 of them. They had vegetable stands and flower gardens, and some of them were servants. Very decent class, too. Minded their own business, never got in trouble. But I suppose the Japs over at Santa Anita are different."

Like many another citizen of Arcadia, Libby emphasized this: "Naturally, I don't like to have the Japs here. But I'd rather have 'em here than around the harbor and the oil wells and the plane factories. And I understand they're going to be moved pretty soon. Do you think they'll put soldiers in all those barracks later on? Soldiers can come into town, and buy at our stores . . ."

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INTERMENT CENTERS: SHARP PARK

Throughout the early stages of the evacuation and relocation program, most of the officials involved took particular pains to wipe their hands of another wartime problem, the control of dangerous aliens.

The two problems, they said, were totally and completely unrelated, concerning two entirely separate groups of people, two separate groups of governmental agencies, two different types of treatment. They considered relocation to be a democratic, rational and essentially friendly but necessary act ("it hurts us as much as it hurts you") to provide mutual aid and protection; but control of dangerous aliens is a policeman's job, beginning with some acute spying by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, featured by a dramatic house-to-house raid, and ending with a concentration camp.

In reality, however, these two were intimately related parts of the same problem. The campaign against suspected dangerous aliens, with all its flamboyant publicity and its appeal as a pulp-magazine thriller come true, was largely responsible for the birth of the relocation program, a major factor in convincing the public that relocation was necessary, and instrumental in determining the extent of relocation.

The first raids against aliens convinced the Nation that some aliens could not be trusted. Continuation of the raids, even after officials had claimed "everything is now under control," brought the feeling that perhaps no aliens could be trusted.

Even as early as December 27, 1941, Attorney General Biddle stated:

"I should like to remind employers that . . . fewer than 3000 have been regarded as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. Those have

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been taken into custody by Federal authorities."

But all through January and February, the Federal authorities took more and more enemy aliens into custody. By February 26, the Attorney General reported, 5151 enemy aliens had been arrested, and yet the raids went on--productive raids, too, with the seizure of still more dangerous aliens and still more hidden contraband. County jails and immigration stations were jammed with aliens awaiting hearings, additional hearing boards had to be appointed to keep up with the work, internment camps were becoming seriously crowded and store rooms were filled with thousands of contraband weapons, tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition, illegal short-wave radios, signal flags, military uniforms, code books, powerful flood lights, photographic equipment and even dynamite.

More and more innocent-appearing Japanese priests, harmless and impoverished Japanese farmers and faithful Japanese domestic servants all turned out to be colonels in disguise.

And still the raids went on.

Eventually public sentiment turned to the only logical conclusion:
Nobody knows how many dangerous aliens we have. We can't trust any of them.
We must move them all--especially Japanese--from strategic areas. And, for good measure, we'd better move their citizen children along with them.

Whether or not this was justified, it was what the people wanted. It resulted in a clamor for mass evacuation, especially of Japanese, and eventually it resulted in evacuation itself.

Yet the story of the dangerous aliens did not stop there, with evacuation forced on non-dangerous aliens and citizens. For each alien sent to a concentration camp had relatives or friends or neighbors. His wife, his parents,

his children, ashamed or crushed or vengeful, went to relocation centers; their records were clear, but their minds were not. They had a father, or a brother or friend or neighbor, in a concentration camp--he was a criminal in the eyes of the United States Government--and they were supposed to forget about it.

"Don't think about your father up at Missoula," they were told. "That's all over. We're giving you a fresh start."

But it wasn't all over for thousands of families at Santa Anita and Manzanar and Parker. They were starting their new life with strong ties to a man a thousand miles away, branded as an enemy to America. Those ties were destined to have strange but unpredictable effects on the success of the War Relocation Authority.

Internment camps, more commonly known as concentration camps, are nothing new to modern nations. Every country in time of war has had to do something with enemy nationals within its borders; once these victims were of limited importance, for they were quickly slaughtered after the outbreak of hostilities, and that was that, but now--under the rules of civilized warfare--they are placed in concentration camps for the duration.

Every detail of a wartime concentration camp is covered by a universal treaty governing prisoners of war. This pact lists the food and housing that must be given internees, the type and amount of work they can perform, the type and maximum amount of punishment allowable (30 days in solitary confinement, but no corporal punishment) and provisions for investigation by representatives of a mutually satisfactory neutral nation.

Only since the rise of Hitler and the Nazi Gestapo has an uglier set of rules been applied to a concentration camp, and even in Germany, brutality and

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torture has been administered not to captured "enemy nationals" but to those German nationals and slave peoples whose own countries could not retaliate with reprisals in kind.

America had internment camps during World War I, and even before this country went to war with the Axis in 1941, three camps were established for internment of alien Japanese, Germans and Italians held here under the rules of war. The first of these was at Fort Stanton in New Mexico, just north of the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, established in 1940 by agreement with the German Embassy to hold 409 members of the crew of the scuttled liner Columbus. The next two were placed at Fort Missoula, Montana, and Fort Lincoln near Bismarck, South Dakota, onetime headquarters of General Custer. A few days after Pearl Harbor, a western camp was set up in Tuna Canyon, near Los Angeles, and on March 30, 1942, a second Pacific Coast camp went into action at Sharp Park, near San Francisco.

For weeks before, FBI raiding parties had been scouring all Northern and Central California, rounding up scores of suspected aliens--Germans, Japanese and Italians--in the San Francisco Bay area, the fertile Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and the northern lumber towns. These aliens had lived and worked for years as nurserymen, farmers, truck gardeners, grocers, newspaper men, household servants and small business men; but in fact, claimed the FBI agents, they were members of the German-American Bund, the Italian Combatenti, the Japanese Military Virtue Society, the Black Dragon, and the Heimushe Kai.

Every one of these aliens was considered a potential spy, saboteur or enemy agent.

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In each case, the preliminary history had been the same. The FBI men, aided by local police and deputy sheriffs, had closed down without warning on one suspected district, served special presidential warrants, questioned each suspect, searched his house (and usually found some hidden contraband), and booked him at the nearest jail--"en route to immigration authorities."

The immigration authorities then went into action, collecting the seized aliens in trucks and busses, and transferring them to San Francisco's Silver Avenue Immigration Station.

Here, at Silver Avenue, the aliens found no barred cells awaiting them, but instead a huge gymnasium--a left-over from the days when the sprawling buildings once served as a training school for the Salvation Army. That gymnasium had been transformed into a dormitory by the simple trick of covering virtually the entire floor with row after row of double-deck beds. It was jammed with the beds, the hundreds of "detainees" and their luggage; only enough space was left for a dozen card tables (stacked suitcases) for the interminable card games.

Those games were conducted under utmost difficulties. Aisle space was too narrow for efficient navigation, and the tables and players were constantly bumped by every passerby. The air was thick with tobacco smoke and a dozen other fumes and odors. Early in the afternoon, it became still more difficult to concentrate on pinochle: guards began issuing directions--

"Number eight-four-five!"

"Here."

"Pack your stuff and get ready to move!"

"Where we going?"

"You'll find out . . . number eight-four-six!"

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Traffic up and down the aisles became too much for the card-players, and the games finally halted. Nearly two hundred men bent over their suitcases, folding in the last pieces of clothing, the last shirt, the extra sweater, the warm pair of socks. Were they going to icy North Dakota, to sun-baked New Mexico? Neither one, the inside story had it, but to a new camp near San Francisco--down at Sharp Park.

The inside story was always there--and usually it was correct. Not even the newspapers knew about Sharp Park, but the aliens did.

By 2:30 five big passenger busses had pulled inside the fenced courtyard and the first of the detainees climbed the narrow stairs out of the gymnasium and stepped out in the bright hot sunlight. These first were Italians. They came out blinking in the light, unshaven, uncertain, then grinning at the bus drivers and the waiting guards.

The guards, less than a dozen of them, were from the Border Patrol--tall, rangy men brought up from the Mexican border. They carried heavy automatics on their belts, and the guns stayed in their holsters. There was no obvious demonstration of weapons, no machine gun display in the background, no bayonets--just those automatics kept in their holsters, ready but not ostentatious.

The Italians came filing out of the gymnasium. Most of them seemed glad to get out in the sunlight, to get a lung full of the clean air sweeping in from the Pacific. Maybe they were deadly Fascists; they looked like good paisanos--farmers, storekeepers, wine growers. Neckties and clean shirts were rare. Their luggage was all of two types--either old, broken luggage that had never been very good in its prime, or shiny new suitcases that looked like the \$2.98 special. It wasn't traveling man's luggage. A few men carried paper bags stuffed with shirts and underwear. Most had a few clothes hangers under

their arm. Concentration camps, it appeared, don't provide standard hotel facilities.

And still the Italians came filing out, usually starting off in the wrong direction, then called over to the checker to give his name and number, and finally ushered into a bus. The bus drivers did all the work, carrying the baggage and loading it in place.

Once or twice a German appeared in line, but each time he was told to wait until the Italians were all finished. The Italians thought this was particularly amusing.

It took two busses to carry all the Italians, and then the Germans came. There was no mistaking the change: these men were strikingly blond, shaved, clean, well dressed (with neckties). Many of them were surprisingly young, in their late teens or early twenties. Where the Italians were puffing on pipes, the Germans went in for cigarettes. And the German luggage was different-- it was all the same, good, solid stuff--perhaps dirty and scuffed, daubed with hotel and airline stickers, but unquestionably expensive.

The Germans, too, joked in the bright sunlight, but it wasn't good-humored joking. There were sullen jibes mixed with the loud laughs.

"And now we have the Border Patrol with us," one blond muttered in German. "Nothing but damned Mexican-chasers!" And then loudly, in English, with a broad smile, he added, "Hello, fellows. Glad to see you're going to protect us." He laughed uproariously.

The guards failed to appreciate the joke. Leaning against the walls and the bus fenders, they wriggled into slightly more comfortable positions.

"Wish I was back in Calexico," one of them said. "My wife's gonna have a baby in two weeks."

The German-American conversations petered away.

Meanwhile, with the Italians and Germans moving carelessly into their busses, the Japanese were getting themselves organized. It was super-organization. They had lined themselves, three abreast, in a geometrically straight line, with each man standing nearly at full attention, his baggage by his side. If someone had said "Forward March!" they would undoubtedly have stepped out in perfect order. The guards had nothing to do with this organization; a little, well-dressed, black-mustached man, Mr. Inouye, took care of it. He gave his orders, and his orders were obeyed.

When the bus drivers were ready to load the Japanese, Mr. Inouye stepped in as middle man. He took the orders from the bus drivers, relayed them on to the Japanese, and the results were marvelous. Not one Japanese made a single mistake.

The Japanese, too, had their own tastes in baggage. Where the Italians went in for the \$2.98 specials and the Germans for good, solid, expensive luggage, the Japanese were showily modern, super-modern. The Nipponese luggage was super-aircraft luggage, with the most up-to-date color combinations, the biggest stripes, the biggest identification labels, the most streamlined handles.

It took more than an hour to check and load the men and their baggage. At the end of the driveway, out of sight, dozens of women and children and a few men waited patiently to wave goodby. When the busses finally roared up the driveway, the farewell ceremony collapsed; a few Japanese girls waved with complete abandon, one Italian woman broke out with a stream of unmistakable curses, and four children--two German and two Italian--cried miserably. Everybody else merely looked.

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A few passersby, obviously aware of the identity of the passengers, watched without smiling, without jibing, without any comment at all. They calmly followed the proceedings as they would the movements of handcuffed murderers.

Once on their way, the busses made excellent time; without any sirens or motorcycle escort, with only one guard in each bus of forty-odd men, the drivers handled their assignment as if it were the usual 5:15 commuter's special to Palo Alto.

A forty minutes drive south of San Francisco, the Sharp Park camp is girded on three sides by the Coast Range, on the fourth by the Pacific Ocean. Between the ocean shore and the green-roofed, yellow barracks buildings is part of the rolling fairways of the Sharp Park golf course. As a concentration camp for dangerous aliens, it offers a superb view that would delight any chamber of commerce, but the view is filtered through a ten-foot fence topped by barbed-wire.

Three weeks before the first busloads of aliens reached there, Sharp Park was acquired by the Government, and its buildings--once used by the State Relief Administration and more recently by the State Guard--were put into proper condition. Fences were strung all around the camp, and high towers erected on the corners for armed guards.

Late in the afternoon of March 30, the first 191 men were taken forty at a time into the wired enclosure, marched to the barracks and assigned to their beds. Border Patrolmen from the Immigration Service, assisted by State Guardsmen, quickly led the men to the quarters; again, there was no prodding with bayonets or even with guns, for not a single weapon was allowed within the enclosure. As each guard marched through the fence opening, he surrendered his gun to the guard remaining outside. They took no chance that a prisoner

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might grab a gun even inside the fence.

With ten barracks and a top capacity of 1200, the first 191 aliens had ample room, and only a few guards were necessary.

"It's funny finding the Japs coming in like this," one State Guard captain said. "We figgered they might be coming here, but we expected to see 'em arrive on battleships from the West, and now they arrive by Greyhound bus from San Francisco. Well, we're ready for 'em anyhow."

Dinner was served within an hour—meat, potatoes, fresh vegetables, fruit for dessert, plenty of coffee. N. D. "Nick" Collaer, down from Fort Missoula to watch the proceedings, claimed food can make or break a concentration camp.

"Ninety per cent of the trouble in any prison or any camp," he declared, "is due to food—badly cooked, or not enough of it. Here, the aliens can get seconds and thirds and fourths, if they want it, and we're letting them prepare their own food. I brought down two Japs, two Italians, and two Germans from Silver Avenue, ahead of time. They know how their own people like to have their food flavored."

"Our only instruction," Collaer tells interned aliens, "is to see you don't leave here illegally. We have no orders to make you unhappy or uncomfortable, and all our inclinations are in the other direction."

Collaer, an old-timer with the Border Patrol, inspector at Del Paso from 1937 to 1940, was given the job of establishing the first internment camp at Fort Stanton, New Mexico. Later he started the camps at Missoula and Bismarck.

From 60 to 80 per cent of the attempted escapes, he claimed, would be avoided if people wouldn't leave unlocked cars around the camps.

"We keep guards—unarmed, of course—inside the camp all night. They

help to keep up morale, and find out what's going on. Also, they look for fresh dirt--the signs that somebody is doing a little tunneling work."

Everybody in camp must work--probably only a few hours a day--and preferably at something he understands.

"Farmers and gardeners," Collaer said, "will find some flower beds already around the buildings. We're going to have more, maybe put in some lawns. We're going to have some vegetable gardens, too. If we have artists or painters here, we can use their skills; after all, we need plenty of decorations around the place.

"They're going to have recreation and amusement--maybe radio and movie programs, soccer, baseball, maybe football.

"They're going to have their own government, and their own jury system to get care of men who won't cooperate. We won't have to do much enforcing--they'll take care of that themselves.

"We'll have a canteen--after all, they always seem to have money to spend, or they can get it--but we'll divide the authority for running it between all three groups. If we didn't do it that way, the Japs would get control of it in three days."

Five minutes after dinner, the first sign of Japanese initiative appeared. Mr. Inouye, the little man who "organized" his countrymen back at the Silver Avenue Station, came to Collaer.

"I am nurseryman," he said. "Maybe you let me stay here. Plenty work to do. You get me plants, some seeds? Maybe we put in lawn here, petunias over there, climbing roses over roof? I can do. But need help."

"Help?" Collaer chuckled. "We've got 190 men here who can help."

Some officials, he indicated, hesitated to trust interned aliens with

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shovels or saws or even sharper cutting tools. At Silver Avenue, for example, a sign on the bulletin board proclaimed: "Germans shave at 8:30 a.m. Japs shave at 3:00 p.m. Guard must be present."

At Sharp Park camp, the aliens can keep their own razors and shave when and whom they like.

The men brought here, it must be emphasized, still do not know their fate for the duration of the war. They are being held until they can be given hearings before civilian boards and the testimony sent to the Justice Department for decision.

Some of the "detainees"--not yet "internees"--will probably be released others will be let out on probation, perhaps only half will be sentenced to permanent internment until the end of the war. About half of the 191 brought to Sharp Park on March 30, then, are unquestionably enemies of the United States, men who have engaged in espionage or who were ready to commit sabotage. They were the fifth-columnists, working under orders from Berlin, Tokyo or Rome.

They were arch-enemies of a democratic nation.

That nation, which they were trying to destroy, had this treatment in store for them--

Outside, a barbed-wire fence, machine guns, searchlights, guards who carried guns and knew how to use them.

Inside, moderate work to be done, plenty of food, sports, movies, radios, and a good share of self-government.

"Our only instruction," they are informed, "is to see you don't leave here illegally."

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May 2, 1942

B9.01

Meeting with Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Bates, Mr. Tozier and Mr. Silverman.

Mr. Silverman delivered verbal report on his findings in Salinas and Monterey area, in connection with evacuation of Japanese to Salinas Assembly Center.

Mr. Silverman: This area is 100 miles south of San Francisco. It is one of the richest agricultural districts in the state. Chief commodities grown are truck crops, sugar beets, lettuce. Known as the "Lettuce Bowl" of America. About a 14 million dollar crop annually. About 23,000 acres, of which the Japanese harvest about 6,000 acres. This acreage has been in for a long time, 15 or 20 years maybe. That is one part of the county of Monterey. Several nearby districts include small Chualar, which is particularly important, and Watsonville, a pretty big town. Still further away in the western part of the county is the Monterey Peninsula and Pacific Grove. About 2300 Japanese in Monterey County are involved in the evacuation, maybe 2500. Somewhere between zero and 200 are in concentration camps. The largest amounts of contraband uncovered anywhere in the country - ammunition by tens of thousands of rounds, for example - were found in this county. There are about 2000 Filipinos in the area who are primarily farm workers, small merchants. There are four things a Filipino will go for in the following order: (1) good looking clothes, (2) good looking car, (3) blonde woman, (4) a Jap.

For about the last five or ten years, or even longer there has been definitely no love lost between Filipinos and Japanese. Filipinos were never managers or operators. They were and are for the most part farm laborers. Many worked under Japanese; the Japanese

took it out on them, and white laborers took it out on their Japanese laborers.

From the time of Pearl Harbor on the situation apparently got pretty bad. Japanese were intimidating the Filipinos the same way white people were intimidating the Japanese. Around Christmas the thing changed very definitely and the intimidation came in the other direction between Filipinos and Japanese. As a result: considerable apprehension among the Japanese, and I can prove it. The Japanese all moved together into one central colony. Most of them migrated - and this was one of the highest voluntary migration rates of Japanese. Around in early January and all through February things occurred; there are stories about these occurrences, generally circulated about town, which I can't prove yet. For example: a number of Japanese disappeared - there is no question about it - but no one will admit anything. I asked one individual: "What happened to this family?" "Well, they are all gone - they migrated." "What about the others?" "Well, they are gone too."

There are stores, which again I can't prove, of Japanese youths being beaten up in schools by Filipinos and Caucasians. The Sheriff has the dope on this and I think he will talk. There were more stories of burning Japanese farm equipment, houses, sheds, turning over automobiles and a lot of school-boy stuff, like letting air out of tires, which is unimportant. Talking to doctors you realize there has been a sudden upsurge of Japanese patients with psychoneurosis. Last week they moved these 2000-odd Japanese into the Salinas Assembly Center.

It is said of Filipinos, (by way of background information) that they can go over a fence in the dark with a knife between their teeth,

and when they emerge the knife will be wet. The general feeling all through the county is that the contraband discovered was no secret; everybody expected it; many of the Japanese were suspected all along.

The picture is entirely different on the Monterey side. There the Japanese were not part of the agricultural scheme, but more definitely in fishing (sardine, some tuna) working with Italians, Portuguese and some Yugoslavs. The Japanese were always very cooperative in their union dealings; the first to pay their dues; the first to contribute to the Red Cross; always the first to register to vote. In this area they sold their property and made good deals. They never did own many boats; they owned five or six altogether. Those have been disposed of. In that part of the county you get an entirely different feeling - not much intimidation nor much antagonism. Some people were actually sorry to see them go. Whereas, in Salinas they are delighted to see them go. "Thank God we got them out" is the generally expressed consensus.

You get the same picture in Watsonville and a similar picture in Santa Cruz, although this latter area has not been checked as yet. The situation is very definitely due to the presence of Filipinos. Sentiment expressed against Japanese by Caucasians in relation to number of Filipinos around. Monterey has very few Filipinos; Pacific Grove has very few Filipinos. Whereas, in Watsonville and Chualar there are lots of them. The Filipino's antipathy for the Japanese expressed by whites.

Black Monday - the day the National Guard boys (all from Salinas) were considered to be lost, when news came through that Bataan had

fallen to the invader. A large number of Salinas boys in the Phillipines. People tell me they can't understand why there weren't some lynchings that night. No extra police were put on. Somehow, something stopped it.

The best source of information is going to be this: start out with a man by the name of Austin Anson, who is secretary of the Vegetable Growers and Shippers' Association, National Bank Building, Salinas. Anson told me this on several occasions: He has sat in his office with leaders of the Filipinos and begged them to cut it out. The Filipinos feel: if our countrymen are at war with the Japanese there, why not us here. "Can't we go out and shoot a couple?", is the question voiced by more than one Filipino. He says that he can supply us with all the dope we need, either through his own files, or the memories or files of his members. They are ready to talk. I asked him if he would be willing to speak to our attorneys. He said, "Hell, yes".

The situation is somewhat aggravated because of the rather widely-circulated myth that Japanese can grow more an acre. White growers say it is not true, and the Japanese, Italian, Portuguese and whites will grow the same amount within 1/10th of 1 per cent. Japanese will make more profit, however, because their living costs are lower. Japanese grow about 25 per cent of the lettuce; 6,000 acres out of 23,000.

Question: Well, if the main basis for the dislike of the Japanese by the white is agricultural competition, the dislike of the Japanese should be present, not only in Salinas, but in every other agricultural section.

Silverman: You don't find this, though, in truck gardens; you

you don't find it in sugar beets; very few Japanese in that; the competition is not important. You have to consider the crop and the numerical proportions.

Question: The situation is due to economic competition then, rather than to presence of Filipinos?

Silverman: No, I don't think so. I don't know why. In particular geographical areas you expect to find that antipathy; you don't find it in San Mateo County, for example, where the chief commodity grown is the artichoke. In Imperial Valley you do find it, however.

Question: Is there a concentration of Filipinos there?

Silverman: No, I don't think so. Filipinos stick close to relatively big cities. They like to go in and shoot pool of a Saturday night.

Silverman: This tank corps business and the loss of 150 boys will very definitely have to be considered as one of the reasons for the danger of violence down in Salinas. Anson has two sons that he thinks are in Bataan. You have that on one side, aggravated by the contraband, aggravated perhaps to a limited extent to competition, and the Filipino situation. Ten years ago it was the Filipino who was thoroughly hated by whites; now the Filipino is a great guy.

Mr. Bates: In 1935 Welch got his bill through for transporting the Filipinos back to the Phillipines. A large number of them went and there was quite a flurry around Salinas on this thing. I am told that at one time people were telling the Filipinos: "If you ever get back to the Phillipines, you will never get back to this country".

Silverman: The people in Pasadena and Arcadia are now blaming the Japanese for closing Santa Anita. Monterey County lettuce, beets are going to have about a 3 to 4,000-man shortage of labor. The

Japanese are going to be blamed for that, too. I don't know how they will rationalize that out, but they'll do it. They want Mexicans.

Question: Was this dislike of Japanese evident before war?

Silverman: Not much. You will probably find it in quite a few isolated cases out on farms. In cities, particularly in Monterey, which gives an excellent comparison (Monterey has 90 per cent of the intelligence in the county) people have always been very free with the Japanese; they got along perfectly; never been in trouble. They still feel that it is just one of those things. "Sorry, boys, it's got to be done; it's better for all of us," is the prevalent feeling. This wouldn't happen in Salinas or Watsonville.

Mr. Bates: Of Salinas I think it should be said it is typical of a considerable number of counties that you will find in California, and several others in the far west. Salinas is traditionally, historically a cow town. Vast area of the Salinas Valley was held in large ranches, and Salinas itself was a small town as cow towns are. A tough town - well, in the sense that cow towns are tough - a lot of the hilarity was sort of inoffensive, a little shooting now and then. Then came the development of irrigation of a very small portion of the whole valley. An extremely high rate per acre was yielded. As a result: concentration of labor in small area in Salinas and Watsonville, both of which became very heavily populated. Salinas in the twenties more than doubled in population. A new element was introduced at the time of the lettuce strike. A group of people who represented large interests were brought in from the outside whose only interest was in making money and getting out. The San Francisco Chronicle sent a man down there at that time and he was chased out. A reporter got beaten up and ordered out of town. In 1936 the

situation became acute enough to warrant the use of tear bombs, and the vigilantes were called out.

Silverman: The Filipinos are taking care of the "Okie" problem. Salinas was one of the first places to build agricultural camps. Filipinos work three or four weeks and then retire to camps. The people in Salinas did find out this: the Assembly Center is no answer to the problem. They want them out and quick. When asked, "What do you mean by quick?", the reply was "Right now". "We are worried as long as there is a single Jap in the county". "What do you mean by right now?" "Without any delay", "Say six weeks?" The reply was invariably a fervent, "Oh, God!"

Late Thursday afternoon (although I am not sure of this) was the last day of the evacuation and every Japanese in the county was supposed to be evacuated. A few have been given temporary stays to finish up important business. One man was disposing of his farm; the purchaser was coming down from San Francisco but had been delayed six hours after the deadline. Those in authority were inclined to be lenient and said, "Sure, give him six hours more." The reaction of Salinas residents was that they figured they were being double-crossed.

Five Japanese were in the county hospital with tuberculosis and they were pretty sick. I talked to the county physician during their removal and asked him, "What are you doing?" "We are moving them out of hospital; we have to or we would have trouble on our hands." "To the Assembly Center?" "Yes."

Question: Are there hospital facilities in assembly centers?

Silverman: Only by title.

Silverman: There are two bad spots down there: Salinas didn't bother doing a good job on the floor boards. The wind when I was

there was terrific, and it's going to be worse this summer with the dust.

Question: Do the folks in Salinas seem to have any feeling at all that their boys on Bataan will be maltreated?

Silverman: The concept of reprisals is, of course, present in their minds. They are not thinking more than 24 hours behind, instead of ahead. They are wondering what's happened to the boys already.

Mr. Tozier: In other words, they figure the Japanese have already abused our boys and we have got to get back at the Japanese here?

Silverman: Prisoners of war in Tokio have been maltreated.

Mr. Tozier: I have been through the State Department papers on that - situation is a little murky.

Mr. Bates: The people who went to Salinas were from Santa Cruz and Monterey counties?

Silverman: Yes.

Mr. Bates: How long had the assembly center been completed?

Silverman: It still isn't completed.

Mr. Bates: Down in Fresno George Dean brought back the story the town was madder than hell. Carpenters made \$120 a week working double time. Then assembly center was completed and stood there six weeks without anybody in it.

Silverman: Salinas feels their rodeo grounds are their pride and joy (situated along the highway on the outskirts of town). Workers and carpenters arrived and began to tear up the turf. While on the other side of the road were 80 acres of open pasture land which could have been

used. "Why wreck publicly-owned land?", was the general feeling voiced. They can't get over that.

Construction started at Salinas on March 30 and was sufficiently completed on April 27. The first ones went in, I think, on the 27th.

The shower rooms there (constructed on the basis for American soldier encampments) were over-head showers with faucets to the shower head. These were completely out of reach. I couldn't reach the darn things. The Japanese are all pretty short and they couldn't reach them. Finally one was put in (there are perhaps 50 shower heads in each building) and put an extension on it, although I have not checked this thoroughly as yet. They have all been using that. It's the only one they can reach. Then there was the little item of neglecting to put on "Hot" and "Cold" on the faucets. Darned inconvenient.

The latrine situation is unbelievably filthy. At Santa Anita at least there was porcelain plumbing. These are wooden cess-pools, dirty, poorly-ventilated, dark. "Typhoid specials."

Question: What about doctors and nurses?

Silverman: Good set-up there.

Silverman: The Japanese are even more relieved to be there than at Santa Anita. The first groups amounted to about one hundred or two. We really saw the business. It was the best example of a W.C.C.A. control center I have seen yet.