

# Purely PERSONAL

By Sue Kunitomi

## TO BE OR NOT TO BE

"Should Japanese Americans be Returned to the Coastal Areas?" a question that is all-important to a lot of people, including us, was the title of a radio discussion held Sunday night over a small radio station. On the affirmative side were Rev. Glenn E. Smiley and Dr. Edwin P. Riley. Rev. Smiley is a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation organization and Dr. Riley belongs to the Civil Liberties Union. These two groups have been working, unheralded, but steadily for the evacuees. They have the heartfelt gratitude of all of us and we tip our hats to them. As for the other two who were opposed to the return of the nisei, their names are not worth mentioning. Besides, I forgot who they were.

## HERE GOES NOTHING

The strike of thousands of coal miners has resulted in rightful and indignant comments from many of my friends who are itching to go out and help in the war effort. When the President was broadcasting his appeal to the public for unity and cooperation, one neighbor remarked: "If we ever had a strike like that, we'd be thrown out of the country. Yet, those men are Americans. So are we." He had every right to say that for he had worked at a defense plant, many years until evacuation.

Listening to the Commander-in-Chief make his fervent appeal, I wondered how many of those strikers have relatives and friends who are out in the dense jungles of Guadalcanal or the hot sands of Africa fighting for \$50 per month, giving their lives while men on the home front are asking for more pay.

We wonder how anyone who is or professes to be a real patriotic American could defy the plea of the President. Granted, this is a democracy and each one has a right to gripe and strike, but it is certainly not the right time. The nation is waging a titanic struggle for its life and it needs the help of everyone who is on the side of justice and right. All we can say is "God help you, Mr. President."

## NO RATION ON LAUGHS

It's easier now to laugh at things than it was a year ago. Maybe it's because the future isn't as gloomy. Mary Kitano, who is out in Grand Junction, Colo., (plug) still keeps up our morale with her sharp remarks and quips via letter. We often wonder where she gets such originals. Have you heard about the moron who went down to the sea because he heard the country was at war? Ouch! 'Enuf said.

## MOVIE LIKES & DISLIKES

There's nothing like a public opinion poll to gather information of people's likes and dislikes. This one taken on preference of movies is a general idea of what the folks want: Most of the ones questioned declared that the pictures shown in the past could have been better chosen, and that they preferred action and drama to slapstick comedy.



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Reiman Morin, author of "Circuit of Conquest" tells in his new book of meeting a Nisei in China. The war correspondent was arrested on charges of being a spy and this Nisei, an officer in the Japanese army, was interpreter. When the two were alone, the officer told his story. He was raised in Santa Barbara, Calif., and gave up America when he couldn't take the prejudice that came his way. He became a loyal Japanese soldier and was doing his bit for Japan, he claimed.

"Do me a favor when you get back to the States," he said. "Look up my two brothers in the U.S. Army. Tell them to be loyal to America and fight their best for her."

This same correspondent was in the thick of fighting in the Southwest Pacific and sent back the first news dispatch about a Los Angeles Nisei, Sgt. Fred Nishitsugi of the U.S. Army.

Fighting with Merrill's Marauders in the China-Burma-India front are two volunteers from Manzanar, Koji Ariyoshi and Karl Yoneda.

A story that left us speechless was this one about a Hawaiian Nisei girl in Chicago who has received numerous telegrams from home bearing the names of friends killed in Italy. So proud is she of them and of the 100th Infantry that she has pinned the telegrams for everyone to see. The last we heard, one wall of her apartment was completely covered . . .

'Tis Autumn in the Middlewest. For us who lived so long in a climate of little changes, this is new and enlightening. Golden-hued leaves gently falling to the ground; walking through the leaves as they crunched under your feet and the whirlwind as it circles through a neat bundle; the invigorating air that sometimes tell us snow is coming. Then it's a White Christmas and Irving Berlin's song will put us into a nostalgic mood. It's a nice thought, this one I heard in Manzanar—"If Winter comes, can Spring be far away?" Not only does it apply to the seasons, but it's an encouraging phrase to remember when the world seems tearfully gray . . .



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At Joe's Grocery store:

"Say, I hear you can go back to the Coast. Are you leaving?"

"Not for a long time, Joe."

"That sure was a rotten deal they handed out. You like it here better?"

"I don't know. Why go back when the people don't want us? Why go back to nothing?"

"Yeah, I get what you mean. Sure is tough. Say, where's your brother stationed?"

"In Kentucky. It's far away."

"It sure is. A lot of them are going in now. I guess it's tough all over."

"Well, we got along. I guess we'll get by. That's all I need, Joe."

"Okay, I'll send the boy over with them. Thanks."

"Good-bye, Joe."

"Good-bye."

On the streetcar:

"Hello, it's a long time since I last saw you."

"It certainly is. How are you?"

"Getting along all right. Gee, it's good to see you."

"It's good to see you, too. Still working at the same place?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Doing all right. Hear anything from Manzanar?"

"Nothing new except for the coast opening. What are you going to do with your family?"

"Gee, I don't know. Sure would like to get the family together again, but it's going to be a lonesome life for the parents. I'd like to get my kid sister and brother out. They're missing out too much in life."

"They are, But you can't support them by yourself. All your brothers are gone."

"I know. But we have to start planning and might as well begin now. By the way, how's your brother?"

"He's back at the front. He sent us his Purple Heart. We heard from him just the other day."

"Gee, bet your folks were worried. Do they want to go back or are you planning to call them here."

"My mother wants to come here. I don't know about my Dad. Well, here's where I get off. I'll see you again."

"Bye. It was nice seeing you."

And over the telephone:

"Hello, this is Mary."

"Hi, Mary. How've you been?"

"Okay, and you?"

"Just fine."

"Say, I just called to ask you if you'll be interested in seeing 'Hollywood Canteen.'"

"Well, I guess I'd like that. When's the date?"

"I'm free this Saturday afternoon. I can meet you for lunch and then we can go down to the 'Loop.'"

"Swell. Isn't that the picture that shows scenes of Los Angeles and Hollywood?"

"I think so. It'll make you homesick."

"I know, but it's okay. I feel like going back, don't you?"

"Yup. This weather gets me down. And I don't like the noise."

"Well, we just have to get used to it. Are you going back?"



# Letters from the Public

(The following is an excerpt from a letter written to Robert L. Brown, assistant project director by Mr. Phil Townsend Hanna of the Automobile Club of Southern California.—Ed. note.)

Dear Bob:

Thank you so much for your letter of October 5 and the very interesting pictorial edition of the Manzanar Free Press. This is a swell job and I know means much to the evacuees. By a curious coincidence I am sure that

one of the little girls shown in the picture in the lower right-hand corner on page 3, notably Sue Kunitomi, for many months served Mrs. Hanna and me at the vegetable stand in Von's Market at Eighth and Irolo Streets in Los Angeles. I may be mistaken but she certainly resembles the girl I allude to. She was an extremely courteous and kindly little person and we have missed her sorely since she went away...



# Letters from the Public

Dear Editors:

Remember "White Christmas?" My next door roommate is playing that on the piano across the hall. It is coincidental for I was sitting down to write to you.

Well, how're you all doing? So far, you seem to be doing a nice job and I really feel homesick with each issue. I've shown the papers to many people and they have been impressed by them. It still strikes me as a peculiarity because so few of the people out here know about the camps. Last night I spoke to a Ladies Aid group of the Bethel Lutheran Church. I swear three to four of the old ladies had tears in their eyes. I certainly am not asking for pity from these people. I just told them how I felt and the description of Manzanar since its beginning.

Next Wednesday I'm speaking to the Women's International League group and a few weeks ago (right after my arrival in Madison) I spoke to a group of service men and their wives. On the same program, a Jewish sergeant related his experiences in a concentration camp. His descriptions were so vivid that every time somebody calls these centers concentration camps, I feel myself wincing. There really is no comparison!

## MISS MOUNTAINS MOST

So much for that. I miss the mountains most and I'm always telling people of the swell California weather and they always answer, "Yeah? Where they have heavy dew instead of rain?" But I can't help standing up for my home state even though they don't want Japanese there.

So far, the weather has been like Manzanar, not too cold for me. But I've been warned about blizzards and snow that covers the first floors and automobiles. I must be over optimistic because I'm looking forward to all this.

I've been stopped by perfect strangers asking if I were Japanese. I've told them and they usually say "But you were born in the States?" Which means that the people at least, have no prejudice. I can't get over this cosmopolitan attitude in Madison. All the same, I'm expecting somebody to say something anti-Japanese.

My work is fascinating, my boss handsome but married, my co-workers, corny as Mas! Keep me laughing all the time.

On Nov. 18th, Roy Matson, Wisconsin State Journal Editor, is speaking at the "Y" Fellowship dinner and I'm hoping to meet him. I spoke and saw Louise Marston, society editor so I'm not

entirely cut off from newspaper influence. The executive secretary of the "Y" wants me to start a newspaper to cover all "Y" activities and I may take it up.

Let me know the how, why, what and etc., of the Free Press and Manzanar. I certainly miss you all!!

Sincerely,  
Sue Kunitomi

## Co-op Honors Bruces At Farewell Party

Approximately 220 persons, all employees in the various departments of the Co-op, delegates, managerial staff and the board of directors were present at the farewell party for Dr. and Mrs. William J. Bruce at Kitchen 22 Sunday, November 14.

Master of ceremonies for the evening was Frank Yasuda, executive secretary of the Board of Directors. Speakers for the evening were Sokichi Sugimoto, general manager in behalf of the Co-op and the managerial staff; Mr. Nakano, chairman for the Board of Directors and Congress; Kiyoharu Anzai in behalf of the Block Managers and the residents, and Lee Poole, assistant procurement officer, associated with the Co-op since the Community Enterprises was under the WRA and who has been appointed successor to Dr. Bruce as new superintendent of the enterprises.

Koichi Masunaka, vice president of the board of Directors presented a Manzanar-made gift to Dr. Bruce. Gifts were also presented to old members of the board of directors and to the managerial staff. Recipients were: F. Enseki, S. Hirada, M. Yashiki, F. K. Kurahashi, C. Nakano, Y. Sakuma, A. Hashii, I. Aramaki, S. Takeyasu, A. Hasegawa, H. Okada, Y. Muramatsu, K. Shiro-yama, T. Tashima, N. Kawamura and S. Sugimoto.

## Correction Please

Through an error a classified ad in the Saturday edition of The Free Press referred to a sale of a used truck. The correct advertisement is an used trunk for sale. Persons may inquire at block office 31.

## DENSON, ARK....

Automatic fire alarm system installed in hospital...Tells location of fire besides calling the fire department...High school football team plays a Louisiana high school...



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One hundred thirty million people of the United States have returned to their complete jobs, heavy in heart and grim in determination to complete the unfinished task of our President Roosevelt. The shock of his death is still with us. It was President Truman's speech that renewed our weakening assurance that this country in its great crisis will carry on.

The night when we heard the sickening news over the radio we shook our heads. We could not believe it; we knew it was true and we did not want to believe it.

Our correspondent in Rome was awakened by an American soldier a few minutes to midnight and told: "The President is dead. I have been walking the streets because I don't know what to do. Tell me, sir, what are we going to do?" This was the way the correspondent heard and he too, wondered what he was going to do.

I wish those of you in Manzanar could have seen the grief and the shock that took place of hope in the eyes of your fellow Americans. I wish that you could see the determination that now lines their faces as they rise above the tragedy to keep on fighting. You would know then that this is the greatest country under the wide blue sky and the best you will know in one lifetime.

What are we going to do? We're going to move forward. There's a war to be fought and won. There's the peace to plan and enforce. The challenge of "Thy Will be Done" must be met. Americans, mindful of the responsibilities and proud of the heritage of a growing nation, will carry on . . .



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Early one morning at the Dearborn Station, I met a WRA representative awaiting the arrival of evacuees from Poston, Arizona. He was there to talk with new resettlers and find out if there were any complaints against the railroad company serving them. The Chicago office had received a letter from the center regarding minor incidents. Instantly, I was aware that the WRA, busy in its last stages of relocation, is personally concerned over the welfare of the evacuees. Only in these United States is this possible.

Which brings us to the article "The WRA Says Thirty," written by National Director Dillon S. Myer in the June 25th issue of the New Republic. "Over the past three years we have watched some of these formerly enterprising, energetic people become . . . .obsessed with feelings of helplessness, personal insecurity and inertia. And we have observed the heart warming changes that take place . . . .once they have made the plunge, faced the problems of personal adjustment and left the centers forever," he writes.

.. If heartaches, sweat and tears have shown that institutional living can not be reconciled with democracy, then we hope that no other group, class or minority will be forced to live as we did. This is one time when the American government must balance off the books and re-pencil across the pages: "Mission accomplished. Experiment perilous."

Those who worked in the neighborhood of the Post-Office and Shoe Ration Board may remember Cpl. Niel Scheeler of the 319th M. P. Corps who inspected packages during the summer of 1943. With 4½ years of army service behind him, two of which he spent traveling, Niel is back home in Montebello, Calif. Receiving a medical discharge, he is adjusting himself to the strange civilian life of gabardine suits and sport jackets. He pens: "When you see or write to any of the gang I know, give them my regards," and asks for the whereabouts of Tom Yamada, one-time sports editor of the Free Press.



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On April 16, Life Magazine carried the story of the "Forgotten Front" in Italy. The article made no mention of the 442nd Combat Team whose spearhead attack aided in the final capitulation of the enemy.

The casualty list revealed in center papers was long. It was heartbreaking, for six boys I know were on the list.

In a moment of disappointment I wrote to the editors of Life:

**"Can the story of the Italian campaign from Cassino to Rome be told without including the 100th Infantry Battalion? Or are we exaggerating their importance for the terribly simple reason that we know so many who won't be coming back?"**

Answering for the editors, Miss Seawell replied:

**"Thank you for your letter of April 17 in which you call Life's attention to the fact that no mention was made of Japanese American troops in our article 'Forgotten Front.'"**

**"At the time the April 16 issue went to press we were under the impression that these troops were already on rotation and therefore were not at the front. An Associated Press report came out later in the day giving details of their part in the action, which made us realize our error of omission."**

**"Certainly these Japanese American troops deserve the gratitude of all Americans for their part in bringing about victory in Europe."**

Probably many of you know the story behind the expression "Kotonk" which the Hawaiian Nisei use in speaking of the mainlanders. We'd like to repeat it for those who haven't heard it. When the mainland boys and the island boys met in Camp Shelby, Miss., to train as the 442nd Combat Team, they had a great many disagreements. The islanders in khaki usually won over the mainland boys when fists began to fly. And when the loser fell, the island boys tell us, his head hit the ground with a "kotonk". Thus the nickname struck to the G.I. soldier from the mainland. Now it is used to indicate any Nisei who is not from Hawaii."

The islanders like to call themselves "Butaheads," which translated literally means "pig-head

Both parties get along wonderfully well now, each respecting the other's personality.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the



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For a great many people, the war is over. The war is over because their sons, husbands, sweethearts and brothers lie beneath white crosses on alien land.

Sunday before Thanksgiving, my sister-in-law's family in Heart Mountain received the two-starred envelope that contained the words: "The War Department regrets to inform you . . ." Nineteen year old Ted, favorite of many, first student body president of Heart Mountain High School was killed in action in Southern France.

We say that these sons, these husbands, sweethearts and brothers died so that Democracy may live; so the ideals and beliefs inherent in man's heart may burn, —more brightly than it ever has. Yet, our thoughts eventually climb the one-track road to the unanswerable: "Why?" It will hit us harder when Christmas packages wrapped with love and care return with the word "Deceased" stamped across the face. Or when letters are handed back by the postman . . .

Words such as mine cannot pay tribute to Ted, to those who have made the supreme sacrifice. Or take away the deep sense of loss.

I can only recall the words of Abraham Lincoln; a humble and grateful tribute to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, Mass. whose five sons gave their lives in the Civil War. He wrote: "I have been shown in the files . . . that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."



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MADISON, Wis.—All is not action in the South Pacific according to a letter recently received from a Manzanar volunteer serving with the Army Intelligence in the Pacific war-front. Track meets beckon more more than 150 contestants, a horse show was sponsored by the Red Cross and baseball teams engage in games for top honors. Even a newspaper, "South Pacific News" is printed out there in the God-forsaken islands. But, warns, Henry the Sergeant, it's different from the Hollywood version of a South 'Sea Island. There is definitely no sarong girls a-la-Lamour to keep up their morale.

REV. L. B. MOSELEY of the First Baptist Church spoke a few weeks ago about the Northern Baptist Conference held in Atlantic City. When he spoke, in his forceful manner, about the representatives who unanimously voted that niseis be given the right to return to the West Coast and enjoy the rights of citizenship, those of us who attended church that morning, were deeply moved. I found myself wiping away the tears that involuntarily came to my eyes.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin is one prominent member of Congress on our side. When the Senator was ill at the Madison General Hospital, a nisei girl nursed him. When he left, he took her hand and said: "I will never forget what you have done for me." The nurse was Miss Toshiko Eto, relocatee from Manzanar, now Mrs. Colburn Nakamura.

WHEN THE FORMER PASTOR of Christ Presbyterian Church left for New Jersey, he went with a promise that he would work toward community acceptance just as he did here. We bade him Godspeed and tried to express our gratitude, but he shook his head and said "There is still so much for me to do." Somehow, it made the few of us who were present, wish that more niseis had gone to say goodbye and "thank you" to a grand friend.

**ALL THIS LEADS TO THE MORAL:** Come out to the Mid-

## Philadelphia Hostel

Hostel to accomodate 25 residents was recently opened in

# DOLLARS and SENSE

**By Chester Ito**

The coming of summertime, with its heat, long days and dry throats, brings on a desire for something cool to quench one's thirst. Yes, and when you trudge across endless firebreaks to stop at the canteen in hopes of getting an ice cold 'coke' and find it lukewarm—hold your temper, don't get mad for the boys and girls behind the counter as well as the management are trying their best to satisfy you.

The Manzanar Cooperative has been indeed very fortunate in being able to keep you supplied with soft drinks. We should like to continue doing so but a great deal will depend on the situation of broken and lost bottles. We have repeatedly asked that bottles be returned to the canteen when empty, but unfortunately have received very little cooperation. Let's not jeopardize our chances for future shipments by being so thoughtless.

In last week's issue it was announced that the Sporting Goods and Flower Shops would move to 16-1 sometime this week. After due consideration further plans have been completed for the moving of the Dressmaking shop to occupy space in the same building. These departments will all be ready to serve you within another week . . . . another step for the Co-op in making it easier for you to patronize

dlewest and share with us the exciting, but normal way of life which you and you and you are entitled to. "Come on out, the water's fine." Need I say more?

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# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

May 8, 1945. Today is V-E Day. Europe after more than five years of bloodshed, destruction and suffering will now know the lonely emptiness of quiet. Guns will be silent. The khaki of the military, the rumble of heavy trucks will still be there to keep vigil with those who sleep in eternity. Yes, the enemy has laid down his arms and what do you think as you read the blazing black headlines that tell of the beginning of the end?

You see the picture of Il Duce's body sprawled in the soil that he stained with the blood of a thousand youths. You read the eye-witness description of war victims kicking and spitting on the body. Did you turn away from the paper to find yourself sick in the stomach? You didn't believe that men could crawl to the low level of primitive animals. You asked your friends angrily: "What good is it to spit and kick a dead man? Will it bring back the men who fell in battle? Will it bring back the laughter to the families whose war ended with the receiving of a 2-starred telegram? You're sick because men can't find decency and common goodness in their seeking for revenge. No one has the right to give an order deliberately snuffing out innocent lives. It has been done. It can not be undone by demanding an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth. War criminals haven't enough eyes, enough teeth to pay for the broken hearts, the burning cities, the world-wide desolation.

You notice the shining eyes of your friend are dull. She married an officer in March, spent two weeks with him. He was killed last Fourth of July. You hold a Christmas package in your hands. It was mailed early in October and came back in January. An unfamiliar . . . handwriting, . . . "Deceased sixth November 1944."

In a restaurant you overhear a soldier, "Why celebrate V-E Day? My buddies are still in the Philippines." His service stripes signify six years in uniform, two and one-half years in the Pacific area.

You read a soldier's mail—slightly wounded, he writes, nothing serious. The same day your girl friend calls to tell you that Pvt. So and So was killed in Italy. Only a few days before Italy surrendered.

The switchboard buzzes all morning at the library. "Will you be open all day today?" Old Glory flies from buildings everywhere—there's one whipping bravely beside a gold star service flag.

At 8 p.m. you go to services at the Presbyterian Church. You pray for those who made the supreme sacrifice. You asked for courage for the wounded—faith for the bereaved. You asked that peace and harmony cover the land and the world that you love.

You wonder how your fellow countrymen will react when full Allied Forces turn to the Pacific. It was just last night when an Issei said: "You're American but you can't change your features. And there are still some people who don't understand."

This is your reaction to V-E Day, May 8, 1945.



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Sue Ohara was one of the moved-outers. She left her home in Cordova, Calif. with her mother and younger brother, Kim, to live in the temporary stable-barracks of Santa Anita in the spring of 1942. Her father, a florist, was sent to an internment camp. Her older brother was in the U. S. Army and her sister was an honor student in a midwestern university.

Florence Means, author of "The Moved-Outers," tells in simple, moving words the story of one Japanese family and the life in the assembly center and later in Amache, Colo. She writes of the soldier brother whose letters urged them to be patient; of Kim who finds temporary comfort in the company of the "zoot-suiters" and of the Issei mother who finds it difficult to eat in the mess hall and not wash dishes or keep house. She describes the unshaking faith of Jiro who helps Kim overcome his disillusionment restores his faith in American democracy. The hour when the War Department telegram impersonally notifies the family of the death of its eldest son is related without drama.

The tears came when I read of evacuation day, of the strong bond of love between Emily, Sue's best Caucasian friend and Sue; of the loyalties that broke family ties and friendships. And I re-lived in sharp remembrances the days that were so lonely and so long.

The story ends when Sue gets on the train for Denver to attend the university. Kim finds his world again with Jiro and both volunteer for the U.S. Army. What comes later is yet to be told. Families have gone from new communities sprawling from California deserts to the rock-bound coast of Maine.

The book was read in one evening. It was midnight when I turned the last page. For a moment I sat and let my thoughts wander. The words inscribed on Lady Liberty echoed in my mind:

"Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning  
to breath free,

The wretched refuse of your  
teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, the  
tempest-tost to me,

I lift my lamp beside the gol-  
den door."



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One morning last week, I awoke to find Ole Sol shining in the window. Without effort, I remembered a golden field of California poppies, an April breeze dancing with the dandelions and I knew that Spring had come to Chicago.

The postman exclaimed in proud Chamber of Commerce style that "Chicago in spring is beautiful!" and I added "with apple blossoms and a wave of green grass, it'll be just like California!" The reply to that one was "bah."

Store windows have blossomed out in pastel shades. Hats of all sizes and styles bring forth envious looks from women shoppers. Men shed their heavy coats for warm jackets or winter clothes. Off comes galoshes, scarfs, and mittens. The change is electric. Millions have awakened from a hibernation period. People all walk with spirited gait, children run and play in lighter clothes.

Everyone sighs: "It's too nice a day to work," and gazes out the office window—Ah, Spring has sprung.

Benches in Washington Square, known as "Bughouse Square" on the north side will soon be occupied by the old and perhaps useless men whose lives have already seen a score of springs. They are content to feed the squirrels that scurry among the pigeons or listen without interest to soapbox orators who have little else to do.

Spring is here and with it, new hopes and greater dreams of a teeming people.



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It was just a photograph in a paper-bound book but it gave my sentimental heart a queer twist when I saw it. The scene was in front of the Free Press Office with Roy Takeno, Itch Hirata and Nob Sawamura intently reading the Los Angeles papers. In the background, scenic Sierra peaks blended into the horizon.

This photo came from Ansel Adams' picture book, "Born Free and Equal," the story of Manzanar and her people. Without a doubt all of us will feel a nostalgia for camp long after Manzanar is abolished. Ansel Adams' book will renew the yearning. The interval of confinement had its pleasant moments, its laughter-filled days.

The picture of Block 34 Garden brought to mind the open house day when Inyo county residents paid a visit to Manzanar. Today as spring is tiptoeing in, I can vision snow-capped Mt. Williamson, and will anyone ever forget the vivid yellow, red and orange of the sun against a limitless sky?

Neat rows of flowers and vegetables cared for with the patience of the first generation is a sight for eyes sore from looking at concrete and wood fencing in a wanderlust. Baseball players pictured in the two-page spread reminds me that youngsters in the city play in narrow streets threatened by careless drivers and the fear of broken windows.

Patience is a virtue we acquired in camp. Waiting in mess hall lines such as that pictured in Adams' book helped to cultivate that virtue.

There are laughing faces, solemn faces, faces of the young and old. Which one hides a breaking heart? How many of them know the joy of being a free person—not freedom from a wire enclosure but freedom of their soul? Behind these personalities, there lie the courage and faith of a minority.

"One of these days, over a glass of beer, I'd like to talk of all the things that's happened to us since high school days." Thus a veteran of the Normandy invasion V-mailed from England. He's on his way to Berlin and eventually back home. When we meet again, these candid shots of Manzanar will refresh my memory. Until we get together for a reunion, there's still time—plenty

## Nisei Interpreters Foil Enemy Attack

TACOMA, Wash.—The aid that American soldiers of Japanese ancestry are furnishing the United States Army through their bi-lingual ability was disclosed this week by Major Cortez of Sacramento, the Seattle Post Intelligencer reported.

He stated that the Japanese American interpreters successfully aided in foiling a Japanese night attack on an American command post in the Camotes Islands.

Americans were stationed behind trees in a square around the post when the Japanese massed in surrounding woods for an attack. Just inside the defense perimeter, the Nisei, listening to the Japanese commander instructing his men, translating the instructions to his American buddies.

The Japanese tried to crash the defense square three times, hitting first on one side and then the other. Each attack was preceded by a command in Japanese, and each time the Nisei warned where to expect action. The attacks continued for four hours. At dawn, help came to the Americans and the Japanese fled, leaving 30 dead.

## Issei Draftsman From Topaz Center Enjoy New York

NEW YORK—George Genoku Shimamoto, an Issei architectural draftsman from the Topaz, Utah Relocation Center and his family seldom see each other,, a WRA press release reveals.

Mrs. Shimamoto is kept busy shopping in the great New York stores and enjoying the trees in Central Park while Shimamoto is busy at work.

Shimamoto declares that "my little girls, who attend the first and fourth grades at Public School No. 54, have been invited to so many parties by their classmates that they don't have much time for me, either."

● READ THE ●  
SUPPLEMENT

of time for me to learn to guzzle down a glass of beer . . .



# Letters from the Public

Opinion: Why should the residents of Manzanar pay for the debt of the Baseball Association, whereas the debt concerns only the individual teams, Baseball Association and the Community Activities. As far as the residents and the various clubs are concerned, I believe that the Community and Social Activities are too extravagant for the pocketbook of a resident.

—A Resident.

(As many as 2000 fans have attended the Saturday afternoon "world's series" in our "stadium." This is ample indication that our baseball teams do have box-office appeal. The indebted teams originally proposed to hold benefit movie shows. In order that benefit affairs may be conducted in orderly procedure with community-wide consent, the Co-op was asked to obligate itself for the \$1452.15 owed by the eight ball teams. Numerous charges have been made that this is an exorbitant amount of indebtedness. Hereafter, the C. A. Co-op is expected to keep stringent supervision over purchases made by all evacuee organizations.—Editor.

## AN EDITORIAL Please No Insulty

(This editorial, appearing in a recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle, refers to the case of a 22-year-old nisei girl married to a Caucasian. Mrs. June Arie Terry recently returned to her home town. One aroused neighboring woman attempt

Following letter appeared in THE WISCONSIN JOURNAL, Jan. 18. Written by a former Manzanar resident now in Madison, Wisc., it represents the center's appreciation for the gracious help given us.—Ed. Note)  
Editor, The State Journal:

Many of Madison's residents sent Christmas gifts to the relocation centers for distribution among Japanese Americans at Christmas time. On behalf of these children, I extend my sincere appreciation and thanks.

I received a letter recently which told of Christmas in the Manzanar Relocation Center where I lived for a year and a half. My friend wrote, "If the people could have seen the faces of the children, they would have cried. The gifts enabled them to keep a strong faith in Old 'St. Nick.'" Most of them expected to be forgotten. Now they see that Americans on the "outside" are working and praying for them. And that is the greatest gift that can be offered to anyone.

I know that the spirit of goodwill that traveled across our broad land with the gifts to Manzanar, Calif., is overcoming the disillusionment and frustrations that does exist in the center.

My thanks again for the generosity and tolerance of Madison, not only on behalf of the youngsters but for those of us who are making our homes in Madison we will not forget our Christmas behind barb-wires but through the experiences, strive to become better Americans in a greater America.

Sue Kunitomi.



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

One year of life in Chicago has sped by with the intensity of lightning accross the sky. At the advise of my employer, yours truly decided to indulge in the luxury of a weeks vacation. A nephew, almost two years old, a brother about to graduate from Intelligence School at Fort Snelling and my wanderlust took me ot Minneapolis.

Scheduled to take the 11 p.m. train, the conductor kindly suggested the 9:45 p.m. coach so "you won't have to stand all night." There were a few empty seats and early dawn found many more vacancies. But the rocking motion resulted in fitful slumber.

**My eyes were wide awake when familiar Lake Mendota and Northwestern Station of Madison, Wis., appeared at midnight. The few moments stop almost tempted me to step off. At Hudson, the last stop before crossing the Wisconsin border into Minnesota, a WAVE and I pressed our noses against the windowpane to watch a school of fish jumping in the morning sun; their silver bodies glinted against the blue water.**

It was a bright October noon when my heart stopped at the beauty that is Madison. The grandeur of Minneapolis was more heart rending than my first vision of Wisconsin's capital city. Minnehaha Falls located in Minnehaha Park is not as large as the falls in California's national parks. But the scenic beauty made famous by Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" is a sight that shouldn't be missed. Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles are tourists' delights. Of course, there are other eye-catching beauties, —girls of Scandinavian stock whose blonde hair and tall figures are in a class by themselves.

**No where else can there be bound so many soldiers of one nationality. The Nisei G. I. lead a lonely life. From many lips I have heard the same words: There is little to occupy what leisure time we have. We miss more than ever. Mr. Earl Finch's plan to start a Nisei USO certainly sounds like it should be followed through. It needs the support of any and all persons who have a loved one in service.**

Only too soon, the days ended. Chicago, fascinating and exotic at night, turned drab and noisy the next day. The only resemblance to Minneapolis' greenery is Lincoln Park which sprawls across part fo the North Side.

The return trip to Chicago which followed the route of the Mississippi River was breathtakingly beautiful and speedy. The hours passed quickly with soothing music over a loudspeaker and refreshments served by the porter. For anyone intending to travel across the Middle West, I recommend with a Chamber of Commerce punch, this seven to ten hour ride between Chicago and Minneapolis.

out tools average at least \$250



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

In Lincoln High School, back in the winter of 1938, a missionary came to speak to the assembly in the new auditorium. He spoke of his life among the Chinese, the ignorance and misunderstanding he overcame in order to bring Christianity into their world. He was an excellent orator. And when he began speaking of the Panay sinking and denounced the entire population for the brutal behavior of the Japanese, the Nisei students squirmed uncomfortably in their seats. He condemned the Japanese race in general and we were burned by the fire of his hatred.

I remember someone whispered: "Let's get out of here."

"No, we're too far up in front."

"Why make a comotion?"

We didn't leave but during the second assembly, all the Nisei boys walked out. It caused enough furor that the third assembly was cancelled.

That was our first painful blow with prejudice. We were freshmen and none of us forgot it. Since then Pearl Harbor, evacuation, confinement and relocation have made us sensitively aware of the factor we have all known all our life—our racial difference.

Perhaps, I am unusually lucky—knock on wood. I have encountered twice as much good will and tolerance than bad. I have been made to feel humble with gratitude and seldom angry and remorseful. I felt pride surge upward when someone praised the Japanese. I felt shame when a stranger asked: "Why is it you young people don't know enough of the Japanese language?"

In Madison, two drunken soldiers began a conversation with us by threatening to harm us because we were "Japs." After half an hour of chatter, they apologized and agreed that we had quite a sense of humor. They insisted that we accompany them to the USO center. What a time we had getting out of that one!

Another Air Corps cadet stopped us in church to ask if we were from California. He attended Venice High School and lost track of a Nisei pal who was "sure a swell mechanic."

While apartment hunting in Chicago, we were refused because "they didn't want Orientals." Some other person found an apartment with a landlady who said: "Aren't you lucky you're Japanese?" It seems there was a clause in the lease which stated that Chinese were not wanted in that district.

There are other incidents, the good and the bad that will return from the past to remind us that our life is one of variety. Personally, I feel that after the experiences of evacuation the Japanese Americans can take and give their share bringing Victory and lasting peace to this world.

Project Director



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

This column I wanted to write a year ago. It has been on my mind since the first time I put my thoughts in the Free Press. It is being written when the news of the opening of the West Coast is but a day old.

To say that we rejoiced with hysteria over this latest development would be an exaggeration. We heard it with sort of relief relief from a lot of things that are hard to explain and not often put into words.

The Chicago Tribune, in its front page story reviewed the evacuation and quoted Governor Warren's appeal to "all Americans" to comply "loyally, cheerfully and carefully" with the war department decision. It mentioned the "Remember Pearl Harbor" league, resolved to keep the Japanese out of Washington.

The Daily News reported that most of the 12000 relocatees like the Middle-west and intend to stay on their jobs.

The Chicago Sun carried an editorial and gave a sounding whack to the Hood River, Ore., American Legion for erasing the names of 16 Nisei G.I.'s from their honor roll. It extolled the heroism of Joe Nisei in its story. Very few are expected to return, it stated after an interview with Miss Prudence Ross, acting supervisor of the Chicago WRA area office.

All this made me wonder what the headlines in the West Coast papers looked like. I thought of the Los Angeles Times and wondered if they have been following the wolf-pack during the year and one half since I last saw a copy of it. I remember Tom Treanor whose sudden death in Europe ended a career looked upon as most colorful. I thought of the hulabaloo that is bound to result from this bit of news.

Which one of my friends "back home" would sit down and write me first? Would they warn me of the prejudice still prevalent or tell me of the many who know only good will and tolerance? Would the ocean breeze hit me with its force (in my imagination) on a hot, humid day in Chicago? I can remember the gas stove we had to keep ourselves warm. Now our coal stove peters out because we haven't acquired the technique of keeping it burning.

Yes, I thought of a lot of things. I tried to imagine where the boys overseas would write from. One would be waist - deep in the mud of the Philippines, another would write by candlelight from an air-base, and the third would answer with his usual ginger from a hospital bed in the States. I thought of my three brothers in service and the miles that separate our family, and homesickness swept over me.

Most of all, my mind lingered over the resolve that many people made—never to return to the Coast. And I wondered, if they, like I, let these thoughts wander through their heads the first night, only to awaken the next morning confused and undecided whether to stay here or to return.



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

Mamie is a colored girl from Texas. A university graduate, she taught school before coming to the Library. Her co-worker and pal is Dorothy from Iowa and the two of them enjoy many happy lunch hours together. I met them a year ago when I was just beginning to miss the "Inseparables" of the Madison YW.

—Both girls are tall—five feet eight or nine and my five feet five, a source of despair for my mother, seems, very short. We recommend the movies we see and talk about our dates. And oh, the most delicious pie we had for supper the previous night. Or how wonderful it was to hear from a soldier whose letters have long been overdue. Mamie tells us about the bountiful advantages of Texas and her last vacation home. She's a great one for air travel. Flying home last year, she was grounded in St. Louis, Mo., and took a pullman from there to Houston. Coming back she had no trouble and nothing will dampen her enthusiasm for plane travel.

Dorothy read parts of a soldier's letter. His description of a beach landing in the Philippines and crawling beneath enemy gunfire started the whole thing.

When I received a letter from Luzon, we compared notes. Then we discovered that Dorothy's friend is also somewhere on Luzon. Airmails have gone out to the soldiers relating the incident and we hope the two will get a chance to meet. Our curiosity has gotten the best of us—we are anxious to find out what they think of us.

The word "assimilation" has been used many times regarding our relation. I have always thought the word too cold and hard. But if my friendship with a colored girl from Texas and a Scotch-Irish from Grinnell sums up the meaning of the word, then it isn't hard and cold.

Multiply this by the dozens and dozens of other friendships blossoming in the Middle West and you have the answer to the entire problem of assimilation. It doesn't mean that we are giving up our other Nisei friends or thumbing our noses at Nisei gathering. It only emphasizes the fact that we can enjoy the same clean fun we had in the centers. Only our companions have blue eyes instead of brown.



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

Christmas, 1941...it was that fateful year and we wondered what there was to be merry about. I remember this Christmas vividly because of a little incident that occurred on Christmas Eve. Seated around the table we were talking about many things, when one of us suddenly said: "What a swell Christmas present this is." We didn't have to be told what his words conveyed. We laughed it off as a joke but our laughter ended on a hollow note. That night, we tossed in our beds and with wide eyes, wondered how many more meaningless Christmases we would spend...

Christmas, 1942...It was cold in Manzanar and the wind whipped our noses on Christmas Eve. That night, 100 voices sang lustily: "O Come All Ye Faithful..." We tramped all the way from the hospital grounds to Mr. Merritt's home singing in the dark and in the shadow of the beacon shining from the sentry tower...the stars were brighter that night, too. A soldier stopped us at the postoffice, but when given the explanation, he let us pass, and we continued our caroling. On our return, a group of us said: "Merry Christmas, soldier," He answered low and clear. We slept that night with untroubled minds and hearts at peace.

Christmas, 1943...It is my first Christmas away from my good family and friends. It is also my first white Christmas. Although far from familiar scenes, I'll spend this holiday among people who have made my two months' stay so grand. I'll recall the farewell party at the press office when Irving Berlin's immortal "White Christmas" was dedicated to me...I'll picture the snow-capped Sierras I miss and the cold wind so much like the winds of Wisconsin...the laughter of little children opening gifts sent by kind friends on the outside...

The light of fellowship and goodwill is burning here in Madison and in all the little Madisons, U.S.A. Should Christ look down as I know He will, He'll find that light is more than a flicker. On all the Christmases to come, those of you in the relocation centers will find this light and your future in it.

Together with the "MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR" that I send across a thousand miles to Manzanar, I leave this thought: "Peace on Earth, Good-will toward Men" may seem to be a worn-out phrase but its meaning rings truer today than ever before. I know because I have found it so...Sue Kunitomi.

—Spanish Consul



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

FACINATING is the only word to describe this city, a mecca of Nissei and Issei reaching for the stars to guide their destinies. Yes, Chicago is facinating. Blanketed in white, the soot and smoke-sheeted buildings stand out against the grey sky. Along the route of the elevated trains, the backs of apartment houses are grim reminders of misery in the midst of plenty. On the Southside, the colored people with their "Negropolis" as one newsman calls it and the relocatees ignore each other's presence. On the near Northside, the fabulously rich, the fortunate few live in their swanky apartment homes along the gold coast.

"IS CHICAGO REALLY as dirty as they say?" asks a curious Nisei from camp. Yes, Chicago is dirty. Its streets are littered with papers. Coal smoke irritates the throat and clothes are worn out more by washing than by wearing. Compared to the clean air and the greenery of Madison, Wisconsin, this Windy City is a teeming metropolis of scurrying people. It's the best place to be the loneliest person in town but it's a facinating city.

LAKE MICHIGAN shines in her splendor along Grant Park, on the outskirts of the "Loop." The Field Museum and the Aquarium attract a great many visitors and tourists. You can hear a vendor selling his wares—a ride on a motorboat. Of course, this should be in the month of July, not February. At North Avenue and Clark Street there's the Historical Society and the Zoo at Lincoln Park. All along the lake shore you can stroll. There's something about a body of clear blue water that chase your troubles away. Watch the sailboats bravely headed toward the sun; see the lapping waves and listen to the buzz of traffic behind you. Perhaps, nostalgia for the Pacific ocean is strong here. Or maybe, you'll find yourself liking this elbowing with a mass of humanity. Whatever feeling it may be, it's summed up in the trite expression: "Chicago is facinating."

IT'S A SOLDIER'S TOWN. Streetcar rides during certain hours of the day are "on the house." Men in uniform usually head straight for the USO in the stations, in the "Loop" and make use of their off-duty hours. Many Nisei boys with the brave stripe of infantry blue on their overseas caps look over the town; some bewildered at the hughness and hustle of the city, others confidently making their way through the crowds.

FOR SOME, Chicago is a resting place, a step on the ladder leading to a quieter life when peace returns to this earth. For others, it will remain their roost, the end of their travels. For the rest of us, it is a curious interval—one which may well turn out to be the beginning of our climb into a new dawn.



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

CHICAGO—March 16, Carey McWilliams, author of "Brothers Under the Skin" and "Prejudice—Japanese Americans, Symbol of Racial Intolerance" spoke before an audience of about 800 people on the meaning of evacuation to democracy. The majority of the audience was Japanese. It was the question period following McWilliams discussion, that interested me. Someone from the balcony asked why the Nisei should take on the burden of some other minority when we have burdens of our own. In my opinion, that was tops in selfishness and inconsideration. True, we involve ourselves in a life of complications, but would we deserve whatever rights we receive if we didn't work for them ourselves? The colored people, alone, have done more for the Japanese American people than the Nisei have ever done for them. They have asked for nothing in return. Didn't the experience of evacuation bring the Nisei into broader thinking than this?

A graduate electrical engineer wanted to know the quickest means of finding a job for which he was educated. According to him, the unofficial policy of the Federal government was to "give the worst jobs and cheapest pay" to the Japanese and colored people. Fortunately, that question was ignored. The vast majority of relocatees have found jobs that are paying from forty to fifty dollars per week. That is almost twice as much as what they earned working in fruit stands and wholesale markets on the Coast. They are enjoying the right to work at the skill for which they were trained. Before evacuation, that right was as impossible to reach as reaching for a star. That engineer needs only to use his initiative and look for a job, and not depend so much on a job looking for him.

A colored man in the audience asked whether it was the Japanese who were the problem, the Negro, a problem, or the Caucasian, a problem. To this, McWilliams answered: "The Caucasian is a problem." Laughter swept over the audience.

So far, I haven't stuck my neck out in writing, on the ticklish matter of minority groups and their fight for equal rights as citizens of a great country. Now I know and feel strongly that if we are to solve our problems, or even attempt to take on the responsibility, we must learn to be tolerant of others. The Jew, the Negro, the Mexican, the Italian, the Chinese and Filipino—all of them must put their shoulders together with the Nisei on the wheels of humanity—or as one patriot of Washington's time said: "We will all hang seperately."



# Purely Personal

By Sue Kunitomi

The following essay won an Army-sponsored contest somewhere in Italy. It was sent to me by a Spanish boy, a classmate of my brother's who is in the Air Corps. He says in his letter that he is using subtle propaganda toward better understanding among his buddies, of the situation of the Japanese Americans. I am wishing him the best.

## "What Victory Means To Me".

"At the moment it's difficult to think of Victory as meaning anything else but the end of fear, to loneliness and death, and a chance to go back to pick up the strands of interrupted lives.

"Henceforth, each simple pleasure, each right we always took so lightly will take on rich meaning. We know what it cost to keep them, and we know too that we have really earned a share in them.

"But Victory means much more

"With Victory, we stand on the threshold of limitless inventions and comforts. We possess the resources to extend our horizons in every field of endeavor and every aspect of human relations.

"However, rancient and stubborn enemies are still to be conquered. Enemies which must be overcome not by armies, but by minds and hearts and talents set wholly free. Such enemies are poverty, insecurity, prejudice and disunity.

"These too shall be conquered. For we have begun to think more deeply and more dynamically. And if we can sweep aside untold obstacles to smash the most ruthless efficient machine of destruction ever devised, surely we possess the vision and the practical genius for living.

"Till now, many have ruled because of accident of birth or power of wealth. But throughout the world, the unfit, the weakling and the traitors are falling by the wayside. New leaders are rising from the people—those who never sold their heritage of courage, faith, and simple human dignity.

"With Victory, we shall have destroyed those who would have enslaved the world. Our sacrifices have been great, but we have won the opportunity to emerge from the kingdom of the Animal and enter the kingdom of Man.

"I look forward to living in such a world."