

Vol. 12, No. 14

LIFE

APRIL 6, 1942 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



THE PHOTO SCENERIES OF THE SECOND GROUP OF VOLUNTEERS WERE TAKEN MARCH 23, 1942. THE MAJORITY CAME BY TRAIN AND SOME CAME WITH THEIR CARS AND PICKUPS WHICH WERE CONFISCATED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

MORNING WIND SENDS DUST SWIRLING DOWN OWENS VALLEY AS FIRST JAP INTERNEES CARRY THEIR LUGGAGE TO DORMITORIES WHERE THEY WILL LIVE TILL END OF WAR

COAST JAPS ARE INTERNED IN MOUNTAIN CAMP

In a high mountain-walled California valley 210 miles from the sea, the vanguard of 112,000 Japanese residents of the proscribed Pacific Coast combat zone were settled comfortably last week, prepared to wait out the war in willing and not unprofitable internment. Of 1,000-odd Japs who arrived at the Government's Manzanar "reception center" in Owens Valley, March 22-23, more than four-fifths were citizens of the U. S. All were volunteers who had offered their services to help prepare the encampment for those who will necessarily follow. For in the next month, the Army warns, evacuation of all Japanese and all German and Italian aliens from the West Coast's military zones must be complete.

The Army hopes this great and unprecedented migration will continue to be as spontaneous and cheerful as its first chapter. For continue it must, and continue it will, until every enemy alien and every individual of Japanese descent—whether friend or foe—is banished from the strategic areas of the coastal States. Last fortnight the Army extended a velvet glove to its first voluntary internees. The soldiers who escorted them across the Mojave Desert to Manzanar

ar were friendly and affable, and the Japs commented afterward on the courteous treatment they had received. Nevertheless the trappings of war were there. And the commanding general of the West Coast area promised the Army would not shrink from using force to complete evacuation, if other methods failed.

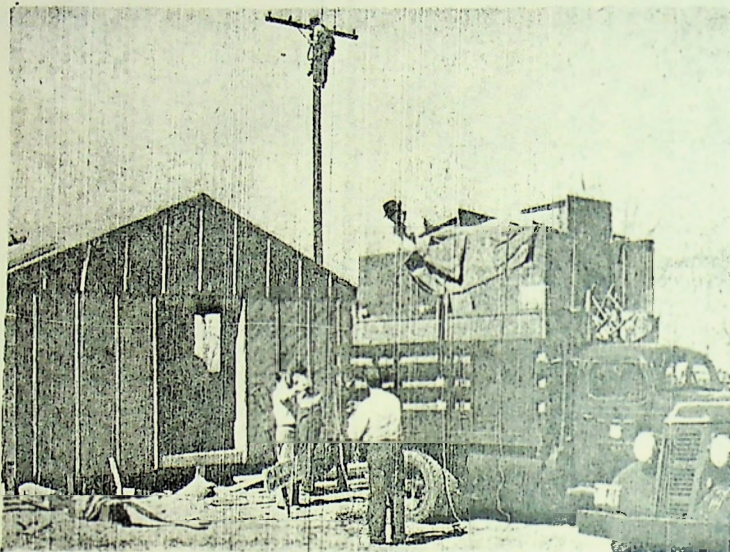
The reception center in which the internees found themselves proved a scenic spot of lonely loveliness. The Japs gasped when they saw Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the U. S., shrugging its white shoulder above lesser ranges just 15 miles away. They were gratified to discover no mosquitoes. They tested the soil and found it hard and arid, but potentially fertile. The Government had promised them seed, machinery, irrigation. Within a few months, it was hoped, Manzanar should be self-sustaining. It will have its own democratic government, its own stores, workshops, beauty parlors, barbershops and canteens. The residents will develop agricultural, fishing and game facilities. Each internee will be paid from \$54 to \$94 a month depending on his skill. From this wage, \$15 a month will be deducted for bed and board.

All this looked good last week—to the Japs, to

coastal Californians who had howled long and loud for evacuation of aliens, to the Army, and even to some of Inyo County's hostile citizenry who had bitterly protested establishment of the center in their serene valley. Yet Manzanar, for all its hopes and assets, was no idyllic country club. Manzanar was a concentration camp, designed eventually to detain at least 10,000 potential enemies of the U. S. Last week a Japanese American internee emphasized that he and his comrades had come to Manzanar "without bitterness or rancor—wanting to show our loyalty in deeds, not words." There was talk of establishing an airplane parts factory within the center, so that loyal Nisei could help win the war against their ancestral land. But though this should come to pass, the Army last week stood careful guard over the nearby bomber base, the nearby Los Angeles Aqueduct and strategic U. S. Highway No. 6. And those who interned themselves of their own free will pledged never to set foot outside except by special order. The penalty for leaving is refusal of re-admission—and that may well mean involuntary internment in another camp less pleasant than remote and mountainous Manzanar.

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER GROUP ENTERED THE MANZANAR CAMP - MARCH 21, 1942

INTERNEES GET SETTLED IN THEIR WARTIME HOME HIGH IN THE SPECTACULAR SIERRAS



A WPA truck distributes tables and desks. The administration of Manzanar will be in the hands of the residents themselves. Each block will elect its own representative, each group of ten blocks its own "ward boss." Five duly elected bosses will run the camp government.



Extra bedding is distributed to the arriving internees. The business of registration went off expeditiously. Each resident, after signing in, received his dormitory assignment, comforters and mattress ticking. Administrative work was capably handled by American-born Japanese.



Getting settled the morning after his arrival, a sturdy old Jap packs his belongings to the dormitory that will be his home until the war ends. Note sewer pipes at the left. When rough work is done, it will be up to residents to add refinements of walks, landscaping, garden

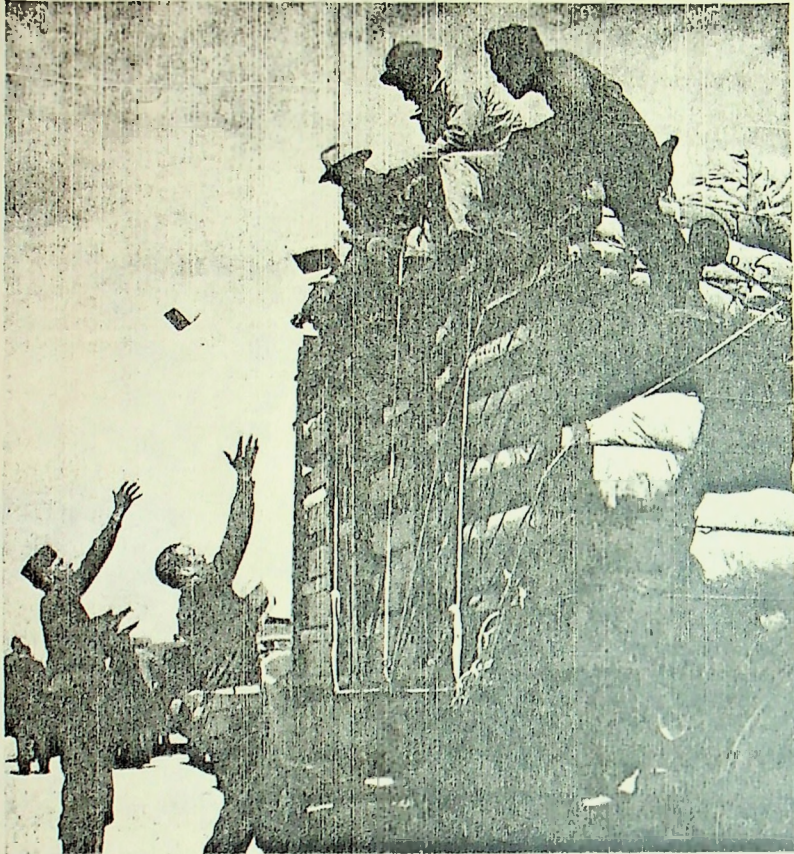


Internees fill mattress tickings with straw as the last daylight fades over the Sierras. Upon these ticks, covering metal Army cots, Japs slept comfortably if not luxuriously. Only essential furniture was supplied. Additional comforts will be fashioned in Manzanar workshops.

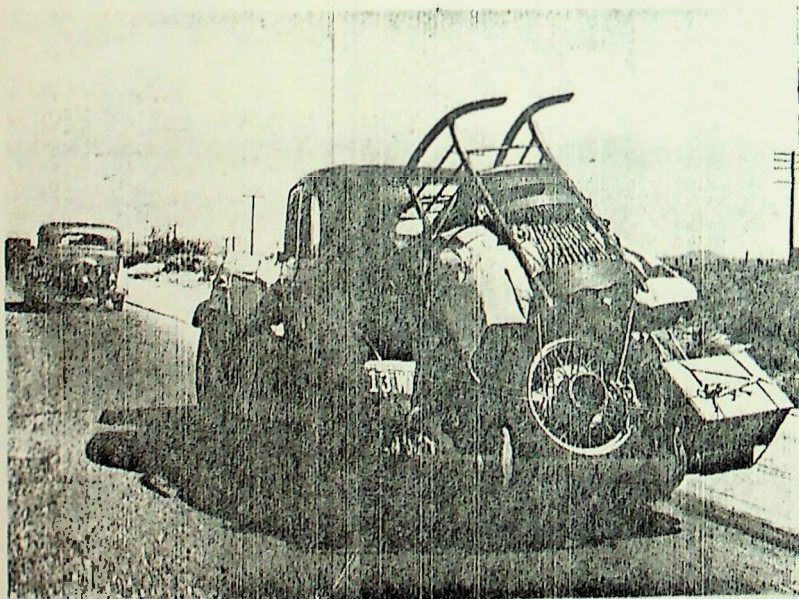
JEEPS LEAD JAPS ON JOURNEY FROM THE SEA

Half of Manzanar's voluntary internees journeyed to their new mountain home by train. The other 500 met at sunup near Pasadena's famed Rose Bowl, their 140 cars piled high with treasured encumbrances. At 6:30 their long convoy headed northward, inland and away from the embattled sea. Here was no "Okie" he-gira. The cars in line transcended jalopies, though most had known many years and many miles. Their sequence was punctuated at ten-car intervals by Army jeeps.

All morning long the retinue rolled on, over the coastal range, into the desert country of sagebrush and Joshua trees, past dry alkali lakes and through red rock canyons, following the line of the Los Angeles aqueduct. In midafternoon they sighted the snowy Sierras. And at 6:30 as the sun dipped behind the western mountain wall they entered Manzanar's gates. Their trip had been leisurely and without incident. Three spent cars were under Army tow. And one Japanese driver slumbered in his own back seat, the victim of a last lovely splash of sake.

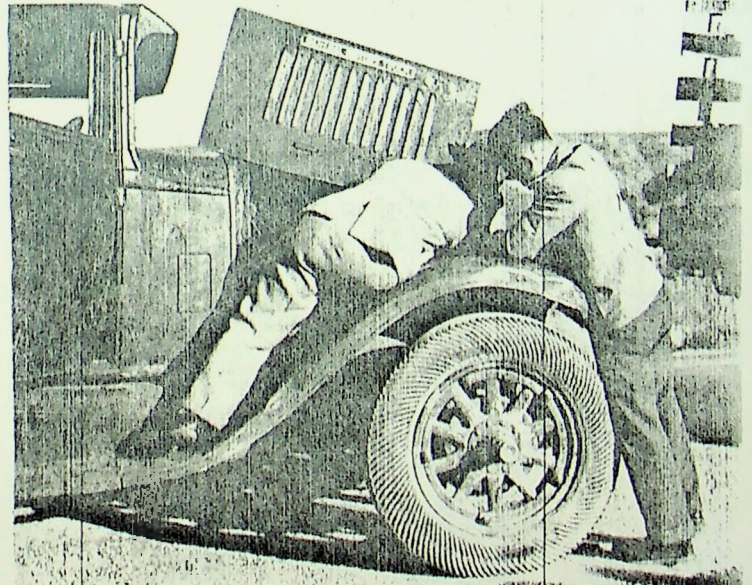


Box lunches are distributed by soldiers escorting convoy. Each box contained ham and cheese sandwiches, cup cakes, a carton of milk, an orange. Each traveler had been ordered to bring his own water.



Impedimenta is limited by Army orders to what each internee could carry with him. Required of all were cooking utensils, clothing, tools of trade, bedding. The rocking chair shown here is pure luxury.

Across the Mojave Desert the four-mile-long convoy cuts northward, following the arrow-straight flight of the Sierra Highway to the cool, snow-topped mountains. Pacing the process-



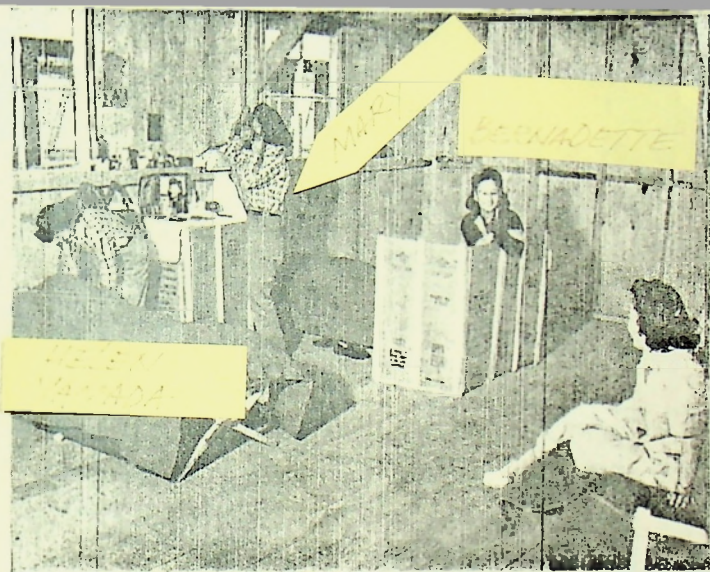
A bit of carburetor trouble commands the diagnostic skill of two young Japs. Every car in the convoy was ordered equipped with spare tire and sufficient gasoline for the 240-mile trek.

IF YOU OR
YOUR FRIENDS
ARE ON DIS-
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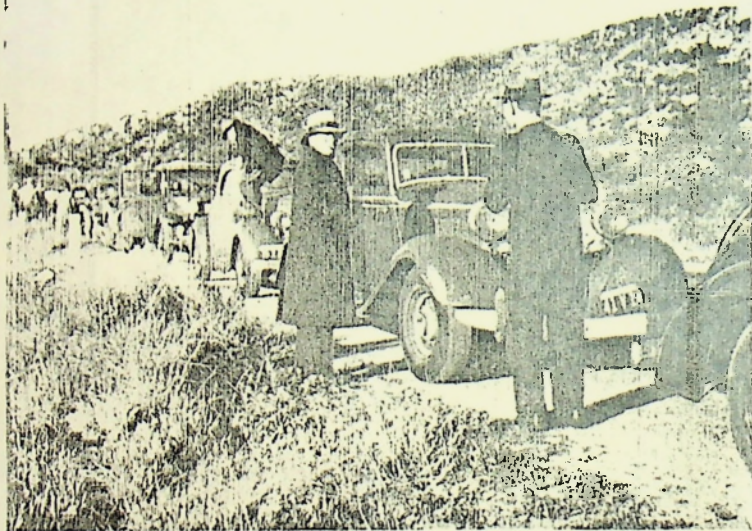
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Dinner is served—and consumed standing up owing to lack of tables and chairs. Camp steward is Arthur Hirano, former New York restaurateur. His first menu consisted of beef stew, steamed rice, string beans, peas, apricots, bread and jelly. His customers were appreciative.



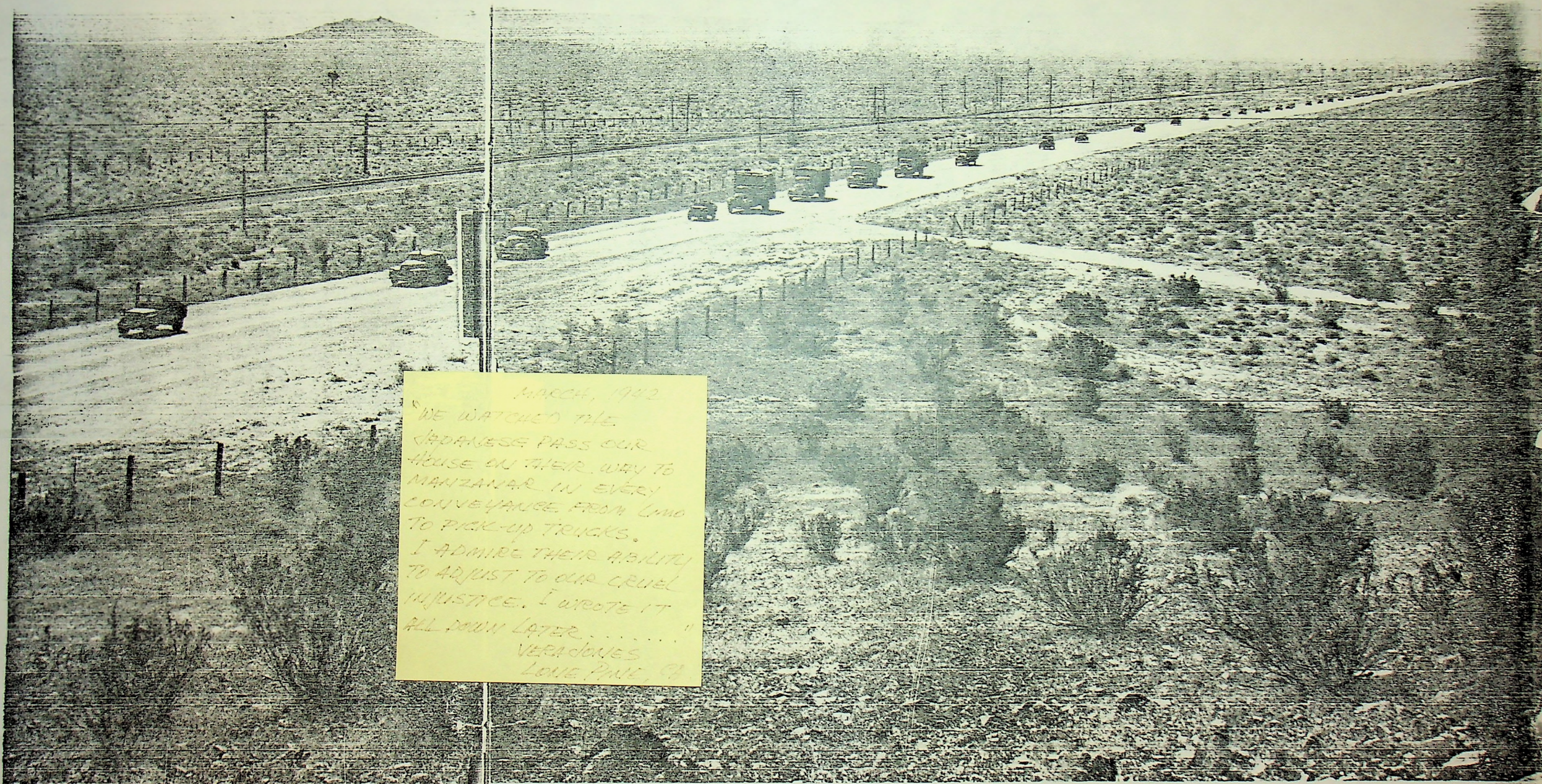
Nisei girls make themselves at home in clean but Spartan dormitory. Makeshift screen has been created out of packaging from oil burner with which each of the barracks is supplied. Note the picture of General MacArthur on wall and graduation photograph on dressing table.



Ten-minute rest stop permits pilgrims to stretch legs briefly. Halts were made at two-hour intervals. Some Japs strolled into sagebrush, others tinkered with motors, smoked, talked.



Journey's end is Manzanar, attained by the desert-dusty convoy as the long shade of the Sierras reaches across Owens Valley from the west. Arriving Japs were enchanted by scenic surroundings.



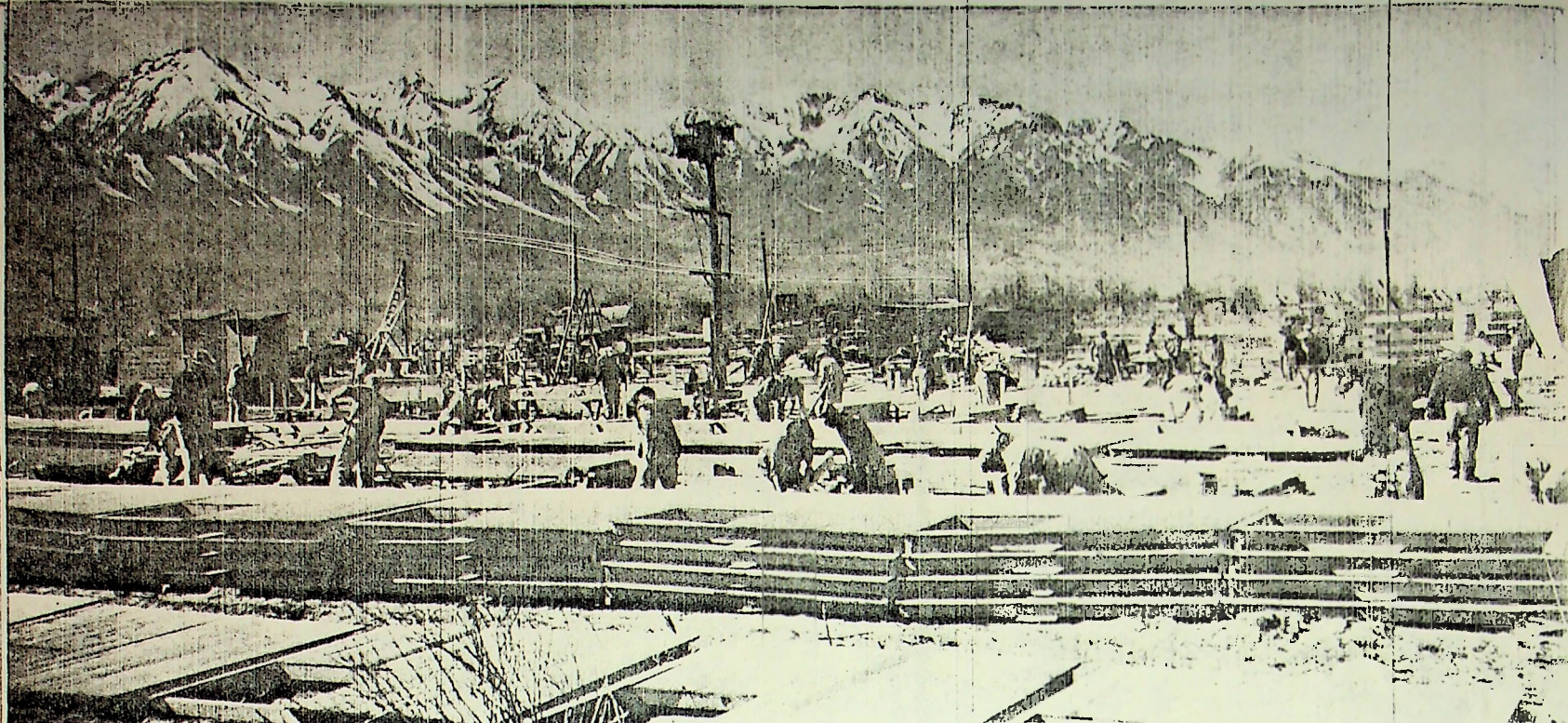
MARCH, 1942
"WE WATCHED THE
JAPANESE PASS OUR
HOUSE ON THEIR WAY TO
MANZANAR IN EVERY
CONVEYANCE FROM LIMCO
TO PICK-UP TRUCKS.
I ADMIRE THEIR ABILITY
TO ADJUST TO OUR CRUEL
INJUSTICE. I WROTE IT
ALL DOWN LATER."
VERA JONES
LOVE PAINE, CA

Across the Mojave Desert the four-mile-long convoy cuts northward, following the arrow-straight flight of the Sierra Highway to the cool, snow-topped mountains. Pacing the process-

sion at 30 m. p. h. is a jeep with red headlights. Behind it rolls a staff sedan carrying the provost marshal in command of the convoy. Behind that follows a press car. And thereafter,

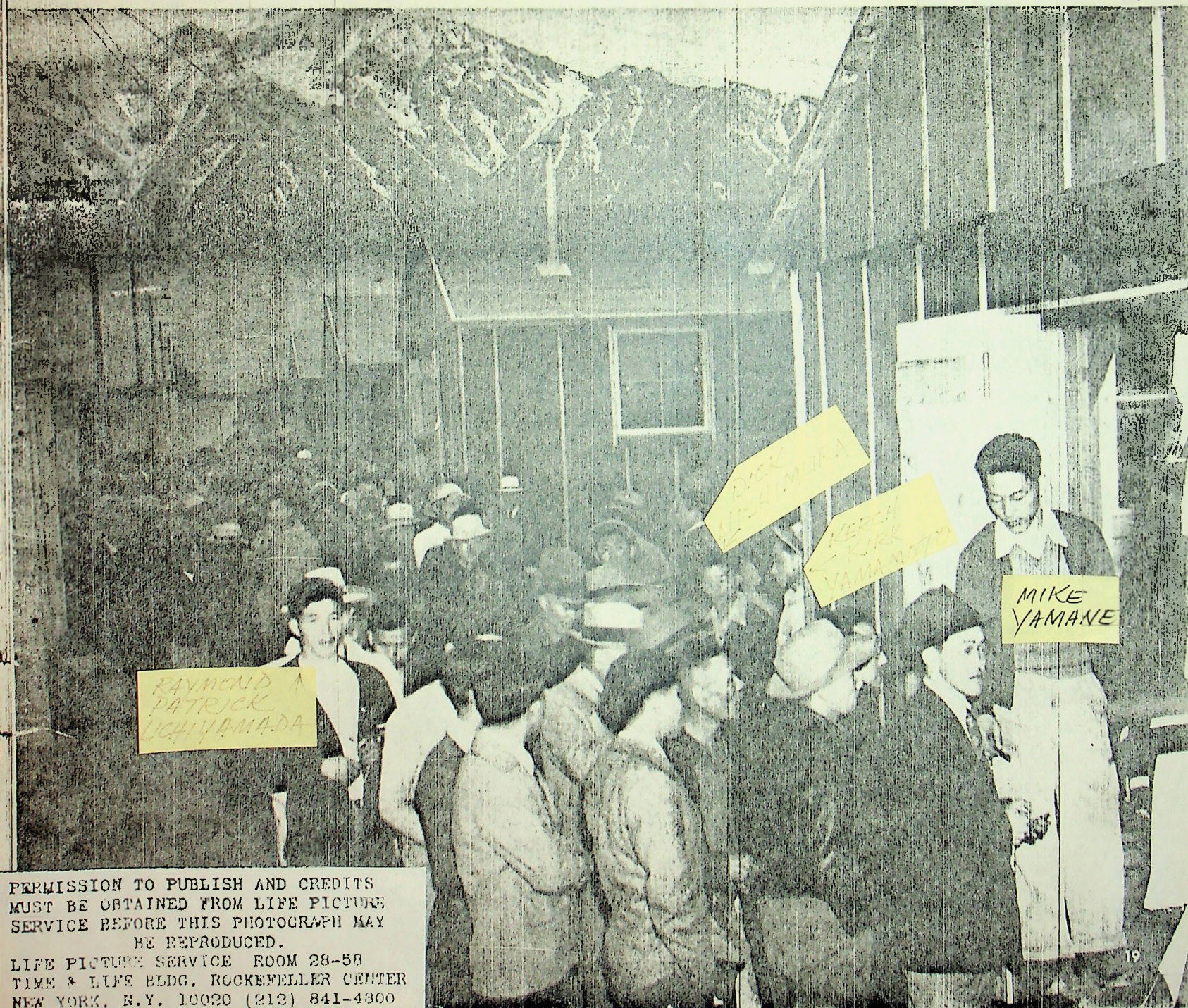
led by baggage trucks, rattle the long ranks of Japanese internees, interspersed periodically with jeeps. The railroad tracks on the far side of the road are those of the Southern Pacific's inland route.

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Forty-eight blocks—each encompassing a mess hall, recreation hall, laundry, lavatories with showers and 14 barracks with accommodations for 250 persons—are being rushed to completion by A. F. of L. carpenters. Schedule calls for construction of 20 buildings a day.

First arrivals await their turn to register. Completed when Japs descended were 38 prefabricated structures, including administration, barracks, mess hall and 150-bed hospital. Water pipes had been laid, but sewers were still under construction—batter privies not left.



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1994.03.16