

November 1992

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today



...BY VIRTUE OF THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME AS PRESIDENT
...THE SECRETARY OF WAR...TO PRESCRIBE MILITARY AREAS
FROM WHICH ANY OR ALL PERSONS MAY BE EXCLUDED
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, FEBRUARY 19, 1942

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**Among Friends**

Removing Barriers

World War II formed the backdrop for my childhood. Two of my uncles enlisted—one for service in the South Pacific as a marine, the other with the Red Cross in Europe. I remember the ration cards, my mother making butter, Edward R. Murrow's radio reports from London, the blackouts and air raid drills. My best friends and I spent hours scanning the skies of our Midwest suburban neighborhood for enemy planes. Our childhood heroes were William Holden, John Wayne, General MacArthur—and, of course, my two uncles.

I learned nothing in those years about Japanese Americans. There were no Asians in the schools I attended; no one mentioned the internment either. It was not part of any history course in high school, government course in college, or U.S. Constitution course in law school. I don't think I ever thought about it until the 1980s, when legislation for redress was passed.

Working on this special issue of the JOURNAL, therefore, has taught me a lot. The articles we have received have been personal and very moving to read. We are grateful for the many family photographs people have sent, the good offers of advice, the many words of encouragement. In particular, I have appreciated my visits in recent months with Japanese American Friends Gordon Hirabayashi, George Oye, Kimi Nagatani, Mariagnes Medrud, and Ed Nakawatase. Gordon's suggestions were extremely helpful, and we owe him a special word of thanks.

While in Portland, Oregon, this summer I appreciated a visit with Arline Hobson. I learned of the courageous work done by her parents, Raymond and Gracia Booth, on behalf of Japanese Americans. While in Seattle I met Floyd Schmoie. Floyd, a long-time member of University Meeting, did as much as any Friend to oppose the war and work for people's release from the internment camps. After the war he headed an effort to build houses in Hiroshima—20 in all—as a gesture of friendship and international good will.

I have learned two important things as a result of all this. First, I have learned of the courage of thousands of Japanese Americans whose names we shall never know: those who owned farms, or businesses, or homes, and who had everything taken away; those whose families were uprooted and pulled apart, individuals often separated from one another for years; those who endured the uncertainty, the heat or cold, the humiliation of being housed in horse stables or tarpaper shacks or isolated camps surrounded by barbed wire fences and armed guards; those who, despite it all, were able to maintain their sense of pride and dignity and a belief that their country, the United States, would some day live up to its ideals. To all these individuals, their children, and grandchildren, we must say, "Never again."

Secondly, I've had cause to look at the world we live in now—50 years after the internment—and ask myself, what remains unchanged? Where are the points of government-condoned oppression that we must oppose today? During the Gulf War, I was shocked to see how quickly our country could be whipped into a frenzy to view Iraqis as our enemies. Though we did not intern Arab American citizens, we indiscriminately bombed large numbers of civilians in Iraq. Closer to home, if we were to look at the plight of Haitian refugees, Cubans, Central Americans, or others seeking safety and refuge in our country, we might ask ourselves how far we have to go to become a nation of compassion and justice for all. The Los Angeles riots were another indication that there are large numbers of our citizens who remain confined by barriers of economic injustice and institutional racism.

Will Friends stand with the interned of this day?

Vinton Deming

Moving?

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The Hatayama
family in
1946 (see
page 12).

A look at Vietnam

A short report of my two weeks in northern Vietnam in February 1991 may give additional perspective to that given in the two articles in the April FRIENDS JOURNAL. I served as a team member from an international agricultural research institute in India, invited to Vietnam to help local agricultural scientists plan a three-year research program with the objective of raising peanut yields. We spent about a week in Hanoi with Ministry of Agriculture officials and a week in the area of Vinh (300 kilometers south of Hanoi) interviewing peanut farmers as a first step in research planning.

We received red-carpet treatment by all throughout our stay. The Vietnam scientists who traveled with us were super people. Two knew good English, and one of these had spent nine years in Russia getting his Ph.D. He had taught himself English in Hanoi. The farmers all gave the impression that they were glad to see us (unlimited green tea in every home), and most of the one-and-a-half-hour interviews ended with the farmer saying words such as, "Your visit has brought honor to my house." Said to an American!

The farmers were almost entirely subsistence producers handling very little cash, having received about an acre of cropland per family when the cooperative farms were broken up in 1988. They grew three crops a year—rice, peanuts, and sweet potatoes—and most of their cash came from selling a hog or two during the year.

The agricultural establishment was anxious to have our input. By August 1991, the first year's experiments were completed and the report received in India—the only country out of four in the project that came anywhere near to such an accomplishment. They really wanted to raise more peanuts and were organized to carry out plans.

I got the clear impression that the society in Vietnam has been successfully leveled, in contrast to other south and southeast Asian countries. Everyone was equally poor, although, in wandering through the market in Vinh just before Tet, poverty was hard to believe. The driver of our tour vehicle really was as much a member of our tour team as any of the scientists. He ate with us, talked with us as an equal member of the team, and in all ways was one of us. I asked who lived in a group of large, old houses in Hanoi and was told they are all now foreign embassies.

My Vietnam colleagues clearly wanted to look only toward the future. Opening trade with the rest of the world, the end of the U.S. trade embargo was strongly on their minds. They declined to discuss

the war. On the several occasions when I tried to bring it up, they would simply make a relevant remark and change the subject. For instance, when I told them I wanted to buy a palm hat to give to an AFSC worker who had strongly opposed the war in the United States and who had gone to jail as a result of her protests, they insisted on buying the hat (top of the line) and then said simply, "Remember us to her," and changed the subject.

A few more memories: In the vehicle returning from Vinh to Hanoi, a tape plays of 1960s anti-war songs sung in English, a surreal experience. What do you suppose was the tune played by the musical clock in the conference room of the Ministry of Agriculture in Hanoi? "Yankee Doodle." And guess what you had to have at the airport in order to leave the country? A U.S. five-dollar bill, which one could get at the bank by cashing a traveler's check.

Then there was the food in Vinh—only the best delicacies. Our team rule was, "Don't ask what it is; just eat." This was hard on the strict vegetarian on our team. After three days of delicious rice and eel soup for breakfast, he asked if it could be chicken for the next days. I managed some of everything except the three-inch sections of hog intestine served at one of the other meals. I was taken to the market in Hanoi the day before Tet started. Flowering peach branches and small mandarin orange trees full of fruit—there must have been one of each for every family in Hanoi. Beautiful!

I felt it a great privilege and enlightenment to closely experience these ordinary citizens of Vietnam in their home environment, and I welcome this opportunity to share these experiences.

John H. Foster
Amherst, Mass.

Commemorative Fund Established

In 1980, a group of Nisei established the Nisei Student Relocation Commemorative Fund in tribute to the assistance given by the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council.

The Commemorative Fund, with the contributions from Nisei who were helped, and from other persons who commend its purpose, awarded its first grant in 1982 to the American Friends Service Committee in recognition for being the prime mover of the Relocation Council. Each year since, the Fund has been offering scholarships to Southeast Asian refugee students whose lives were disrupted through war. The annual distributions are rotated throughout the

United States in areas where there are the highest number of Southeast Asian populations.

Fifty years have passed, but the helping hands extended by the Friends forms a long chain into the future.

What a legacy.

Esther Torii Suzuki

Those who wish more information on the Nisei Student Relocation Commemorative Fund, Inc., may write to 19 Scenic Drive, Portland, CT 06480. —Eds.

Watch out for this man

We are moved to share a distressing experience that happened to us when we recently tried to help someone who seemed in need.

A man using the name Mohamed (or "Moe") Shaldrake, among other similar aliases, and claiming to be an undocumented refugee, recently took advantage of our trust and generosity and that of other Austin (Tex.) Friends. We are concerned that he may attempt to contact other Friends meetings with similar intent.

He said he came to the States as a political refugee with his family. He also said he had an accounting degree from the University of London and is a member of a Friends meeting in London. At times, however, his statements about himself were inconsistent.

We found him to be charming and persuasive, to the point of being manipulative; we had difficulty refusing his requests. He attended meetings for worship with the Friends meeting of Austin and lived in the meetinghouse in exchange for working ten hours a week with a nonprofit organization in Austin. He borrowed money and property from individuals in the meeting. As we grew to be uncomfortable with the inconsistencies in his statements and withdrew some of our assistance, we suddenly lost contact with him. Later we realized that he had stolen and forged checks from the nonprofit organization where he worked.

He stands about 5'8", weighs about 150 pounds, and is physically very fit. He said he was 30 years old. He has black, slightly curly hair that thins to a monk-like balding spot on the top of his head. He speaks English with the accent of the Indian subcontinent, which includes many elements of the British accent. He also uses Canadian expressions.

We hope this letter can help others avoid being misled by this man. These events have left us shaken and deeply saddened and questioning how much we should trust, but we hope our experience does not discourage others from helping those who truly need help.

Please feel welcome to call us if you

believe this man is attending your meeting or is involved in the peace community in your area.

Bill Reiner, (512) 445-0565,
Terri English, (512) 385-5571

A useful map

Thanks for reprinting from *Quaker Life* J. Stanley Banker's humorous and thought-provoking dream map of "Quakerland" (FJ July). If only most Friends understood all the history and relationships whimsically set forth on this map; even more that we might be striving more diligently and, yes, less heavily handedly to transcend the divisions set forth, to build more bridges across Separation River, to appreciate that our common source in Foxdale should help unite, not divide us. Perhaps some Genconferland Friends may find in this map some reason to doubt their stereotypical view of pastors in Fumland.

Ross Sanderson
Baltimore, Md.

Invasive gadgetry

Timothy Lillie in his letter (Forum August) expresses concern over terminally ill persons being starved to death. I can testify from experience, on three occasions, that when you are too sick to eat, you do not feel any hunger pains—even for periods of 12 days or more.

I can also testify, from a number of other occasions, that what you do feel is: the stomach tube up your nose, the intravenous needle in your arm, and all of the other invasive gadgetry that they use to keep you alive.

If we are violating God's will by sending people to Heaven before God planned for them to be there, what are we doing when we torture them and keep them away from Heaven after the time that God planned for them to be there?

Thirty percent of those in the States have no health insurance. I do not want to deprive more of them by helping to have insurance rates forced even higher because I am being kept alive unnecessarily.

I want to die when God wills it—not when the tube slips off, the machine blows a fuse, or the insurance money runs out.

John R. Glass
Mickleton, N.J.

We like that quote!

When I read the piece "The Way My Heart Gets Open" (FJ June), it opened

my heart, too. Uganda! How does one learn to be a Quaker in Uganda???

I'd like to offer one small correction—not about Uganda! The article says, "... the old Quaker saying came to mind, 'Work is love made visible.'" I think that is not an old Quaker saying at all. That line first appears, to my knowledge, in *The Prophet*, by the Lebanese-American poet Kahlil Gibran, in the section entitled "On Work." That line, like much of the rest of Gibran's work, expresses Quaker ideas so felicitously that it has been very much quoted by Friends in the last 50 years, often without the origin being given.

The book was copyrighted in 1923. I do not think that quotation is to be found in any earlier Quaker writing, and I do think Gibran should get the credit. In the little reading I have done about Gibran, who seems to have written sometimes in English and sometimes in Arabic, there is no indication that he ever had any particular contact with Friends.

Eleanor Webb
Cockeysville, Md.

About that "old Quaker saying—'work is love made visible'": This comes from Gibran's *The Prophet*. I guess Quakers like to quote it. (I do.)

William B. Kriebel
Easton, Mass.

Extending a hand

I just read the article about Peter Kutosi and was so touched that I wrote him a letter.

Rosemarie Harrison
Media, Pa.

"The Way My Heart Gets Open" in *FRIENDS JOURNAL* for June is excellent! I've just written Peter Kutosi enclosing material along the lines you suggested.

Lauren Ashley Smith
Clinton, Iowa

A word of thanks

I kindly request the editor of *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, to allow me to pass on my word of thanks to the following people for writing and sending me books and tracts: John and Rosemarie Harrison, Marguerite Karaczan, Harvey Gillman, Cameroon Walker-Miller, Thomas and Marg Haviland, Robert Schermann, Arthur and Zelia Jensen, Christopher Crow, Lauren Ashley Smith, and Melissa Kay Elliott.

I have not managed to write to them



individually, due to postage charges that I cannot raise. Brethren, we are receiving everything you are sending us after reading Melissa's article "The Way My Heart Gets Open."

We appreciate everything. Please don't stop sending us things; we especially need information on church administration, why we have programmed meetings in Africa, and how they were formed.

I am reading *FRIENDS JOURNAL* and getting more interested every day I come in contact with it.

Peter Kutosi
129 Mbale, Uganda, East Africa

... and more to come

Monette and I just read aloud to each other the article "The Way My Heart Gets Open," with its moving account of the author's first friendship with Peter Kutosi, Friend in Uganda. I am moved to write him and/or send him some Quaker tracts from our large collection of older Quaker library materials.

I am sensitive to the story partly because I served as a librarian for one year (1967-1968) in a Moslem area of northern Nigeria. We know about the dearth of good library materials in Africa.

Edward Thatcher
Eugene, Oreg.

FRIENDS JOURNAL welcomes contributions from readers. Submissions to Forum should be no longer than 300 words, Viewpoint 1,000 words. Space is limited, so we urge Friends to be succinct.

Certain Inalienable Rights

by Rebecca Bigelow

Fifty years after the United States entered World War II, many images from the war years can be vividly brought to mind simply by mentioning key words. *Pearl Harbor*, *D-day*, and *Hiroshima* all instantly recapture the patriotism, fear, and hardship associated with the war. The words *concentration camp* also evoke instantaneous images. Most people think immediately of the suffering and loss of life at the Nazi death camps. Only a few people, however, will recall the 110,000 Japanese Americans who were evicted from the West Coast of the United States in the name of national security. These Japanese Americans were rounded up and forced to live behind barbed wire in U.S. concentration camps.

The internment of Japanese Americans occurred during a time of fear and racism. Many white citizens applauded the evacuation of the Japanese. Only the Quakers, and a few other, usually pacifist, religious groups protested at all. Even the majority of Japanese Americans did not protest their treatment, but put their trust blindly in the system that advocates freedom and justice for all. It was this system and the promise of a better life that brought them to this country in the first place.

Japanese people began immigrating to the United States in 1890. The vast majority of those first arrivals were single, male, agricultural workers, and they settled mainly on the West Coast. From 1890, until an immigration ban barring the Japanese from entering the United States was passed in 1924, fewer than 300,000 Japanese immigrated to the United States.

White people living on the West Coast expressed concern at this "flood" of Asian immigration. There were isolated racial incidents and anti-Japanese tirades in the newspapers. In response to this concern, a gentlemen's agreement between the United States and Japan was passed in 1907, in which Japan agreed to stop issuing passports to laborers for the continental United States.

Rebecca Bigelow obtained a master's degree in history from Villanova University this past May. A member of Plymouth (Pa.) Meeting, she has worked as a writer, proofreader, and editor.

Laws were passed to prevent the Japanese immigrants (*Issei*) from becoming citizens or owning land in California, but there was no way to constitutionally keep their U.S.-born children (*Nisei*) from their rightful citizenship, or from owning land. In 1919 the Oriental Exclusion League was formed and created an anti-Japanese program that, among other things, wanted to deny citizenship to the *Nisei*.

Meanwhile, the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) did its best to stem this legislative tide. The FCNL joined with Japanese American groups such as the Japanese American Citizen's League (JACL) in lobbying state and federal governments. They fought, albeit unsuccessfully, for the rights of *Issei* to be naturalized as U.S. citizens and to make the immigration laws more equitable.

After Pearl Harbor, Japanese Americans were subjected to random searches for contraband. They were no longer allowed to own short-wave radios, cameras, or anything else that might aid them in "spying." These searches fueled white fears that a fifth column was operating on the West Coast. The area papers, such as the *Los Angeles Times*, printed inflammatory tracts questioning Japanese loyalty. Then on February 19, 1942, Franklin Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066. This one signature was the key to legislative action against Japanese Americans. On March 2, 1942, General John Dewitt issued the first military proclamation, declaring western California, Oregon, and Washington a military zone. On March 24, proclamation number three was issued, making it illegal for Japanese Americans to travel more than five miles from their homes without a pass. It also created a nighttime curfew banning them from being out between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. By the beginning of April, exclusion orders were posted on telephone poles ordering *Issei* and *Nisei* alike to report to assembly points on a specified date. The journey had begun.

Although these orders were issued in the name of national security, the racism behind them has become increasingly apparent. Many more Japanese immi-

grants lived in Hawaii than in the new military zone, yet these *Issei* and their *Nisei* children were not subjected to relocation. Further, the proximity of Hawaii to Japan made possible fifth-column operation much more likely there than on the West Coast. Finally, although the United States sheltered many German and Italian immigrants, there was no suggestion that these "enemy aliens" be relocated away from military zones or sent to camps to wait out the war. The obvious injustice of Japanese American relocation bothered only a few, among them the Quakers.

The American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) was one of the few groups to protest relocation, especially for the *Nisei*, who were U.S. citizens. They held letter writing campaigns and lobbied the government. When these efforts failed, the AFSC and the JACL worked together to help the evacuees

EXECUTIVE ORDER 9066

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, I hereby authorize and direct the Secretary of War, and the military commanders whom he may from time to time designate, whenever he or any designated commander deems such action necessary or desirable, to prescribe military areas in such places and of such extent as he or the appropriate military commander may determine, from which any or all persons may be excluded, and with respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restrictions the Secretary of War or the appropriate military commander may impose in his discretion. . . .

*Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House, February 19, 1942*

sell, store, or give away their belongings, transport the goods they were taking with them, and find temporary lodging when necessary. When permanent relocation centers had been established, the AFSC got permission to drive invalids to the camps so they would not be separated from their families. They inspected several of the camps and reported on their findings to the Japanese Americans in temporary centers to alleviate the fear of the unknown. The AFSC also coor-

minated the drive to send gifts and supplies to the evacuees.

Upon arrival at the permanent relocation centers, the Japanese Americans struggled to adjust to the harsh conditions. There were ten relocation centers: Tule Lake and Manzanar in California; Poston and Gila River in Arizona; Topaz in Utah; Minidoka in Idaho; Heart Mountain in Wyoming; Granada in Colorado; and Rohwer and Jerome in Arkansas. Each

one of these camps was hastily built on land no one else wanted.

The people lived in barracks, and each family was allotted one room, about 20' x 10'. The walls were very thin, offering little privacy from neighboring families. There were lines for everything: to eat, get water, see a doctor, even to use the bathroom. The hospital was simply another barracks with no true sanitary conditions. There were outbreaks of dysentery and other diseases. The quality

Baggage inspection, Turlock, Calif., May 1942



of life at these camps was generally poor, particularly when compared to the style of living previously enjoyed by the Japanese Americans.

After their arrival in the camps, most Japanese Americans tried to maintain a sense of normalcy. They built furniture from scrap wood to try to make their rooms as homey as possible. They maintained as many former activities as possible, including schooling (for both children and adults), sports, newspapers, the JACL, and community dances.

There were strikes and protests at each camp, but serious violence was generally avoided. At Heart Mountain, for example, half the adult population signed a petition protesting the erection of a

children answered no to vote with their family. Other Nisei thought that to answer yes to question 28 and forswear allegiance to Japan meant there had once been an allegiance. They thought it was a trick question. Still more answered no merely as a form of protest. For whatever reasons, 6,700 Issei and Nisei interned in the camps answered no to question 28. Some 2,000 more gave a qualified yes. These people were branded disloyal, rounded up, and sent to Tule Lake. This camp was made the high security camp for "high risk" Japanese. Tule Lake was strictly guarded by the military and had some of the more violent protests throughout the remainder of relocation.

The majority of Japanese Americans quietly continued with their lives and hoped to leave the camps as soon as possible. Some were able to leave for jobs outside the camps. Others were allowed to join family outside the military zone. Some Nisei joined the all-Japanese American 442nd Regimental Combat Team. Finally, some Nisei were able to go to college.

On December 17, 1944, the laws restricting loyal Japanese Americans from living on the West Coast were finally repealed, effective January 2, 1945. Tule Lake was the last camp to close its doors, closing on March 20, 1946. The Japanese Americans leaving the camps felt apprehension. The camps were the only homes they had known for two or more years. Many had no home to return to and no family established elsewhere to help them. It was a frightening proposition.

The same trains that once brought Japanese Americans to the camps, now returned them wherever they wanted to go. Those returning often faced the same prejudice they had left. It was a vicious circle. Many whites felt there must have been some truth to the rumors that Japanese Americans were disloyal or they would not have been relocated. Many were angry that the Japanese were allowed to return to the West Coast at all. There were isolated incidents of violence: people shooting into Japanese homes or trying to burn them down.

Again, the Quakers were instrumental in helping the returning Japanese Americans. If they had no home to return to, Friends helped find housing. If their homes had been left unattended, Quakers helped clean up or make repairs. Friends also helped replant gar-

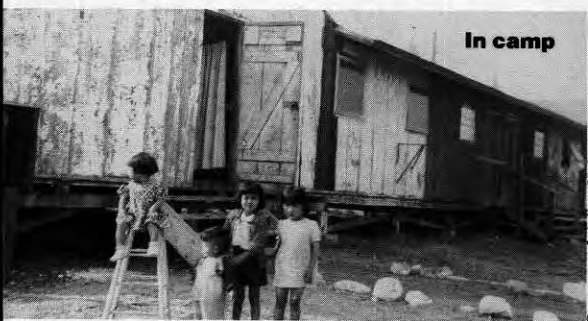
dens, purchase supplies, or reestablish community ties. The AFSC was particularly helpful in locating jobs for those needing them. Generally, the Quakers tried to make the transition back to normal life as easy as possible.

Many Japanese Americans chose not to return to the West Coast. They had nothing to go back to, because they had been forced to give up their homes with the evacuation order. The buyer's market, created by the haste in which Japanese Americans had to leave their homes, had meant selling their belongings at a huge loss. The U.S. government offered storage facilities, but they were entirely at the owner's risk and offered no insurance. Some of those who owned land and houses tried boarding up their homes. This too was a risk, because no insurance company would cover them for losses. Sometimes this was a successful venture, but others lost everything to fire, vandals, or the elements. Those who fared the best were those with trusted friends who acted as caretakers while families were interned.

There were business losses too. Many Japanese Americans owned small businesses and farms, which had to be disposed of quickly. Other Japanese had to give up high-paying jobs when they were evacuated. The salaries they were able to earn in the camps did not come close to the earning potential of some of the Japanese before evacuation.

According to Roger Daniels, in his book *Japanese Americans: From Relocation to Redress*, the estimated figure for income loss is \$136 million in 1945 dollars. The estimated figure for property loss is between \$67 million and \$116 million, making total Japanese American financial losses somewhere between \$203 million and \$251 million in 1945 dollars. Translated into today's money, allowing only for inflation, the Japanese Americans experienced over one billion dollars' worth of loss from property and income.

Recently, Congress voted a settlement of \$20,000 for each surviving internee. This sum cannot begin to repair the financial, psychological, and personal damage done by relocation. This settlement closed the book on the redress movement as far as the United States government is concerned. It should not, however, close the book on the suffering of the Japanese Americans during World War II. This is a period of history whose lessons should not be forgotten. □



In camp

Courtesy of Arline Holson

barbed-wire fence around the camp. The citizens at Topaz went on strike after being served liver everyday for several weeks.

The issue that stirred up the most controversy inside the camps, was two questions on the so-called "loyalty questionnaire." Question 27 asked if the person would serve in the U.S. armed forces. Question 28 asked if the person would swear allegiance to the United States and forswear any allegiance to any other government, including Japan. Those answering yes to these questions were considered loyal. Those answering no were considered a threat to the United States.

Unfortunately, the questions were not clear-cut. They caused much confusion and were eventually rewritten, but the damage was done. Many Nisei had been willing to serve in the military before internment, but had been turned down. Now they felt no desire to fight for a government that denied their civil rights as citizens. As for question 28, Issei felt answering yes would leave them stateless. They were not, nor could they be, citizens of the United States. If they forswore allegiance to Japan, they would have no country. Many Issei for this reason answered no. Many Nisei

Memories of Struggle

During the summer we invited brief accounts from our readers relating to the years of Japanese American internment. What was it like for people to be swept up by anti-Japanese racism? What were people's experiences visiting and living in the camps? Specifically, how did Friends mobilize in those early years of the war and after? What follows are your responses. —Eds.

Contact with visitors

My sister's family and I were sent to the Gila Relocation Camp in the Arizona desert. My job there had a very impressive title, "superintendent of staff housing," which was to take care of non-evacuees' housing needs, visitors, and guest room assignments. One day a tall, lean man arrived in a truck loaded with boxes and suitcases which the evacuees from the Los Angeles area had asked him to bring to the camp. He saved gasoline ration cards in order to make such an extended trip, no easy task during war time. As is customary, I was with him as he visited the families and delivered the respective packages. At one family, after delivering the package, he said in fluent Japanese to a very old man who probably felt he would never be able to see California again, "Grandpa, here is something special for you." It was a thermos bottle full of water from Pasadena! The visitor was a former Quaker missionary to Japan, Herbert V. Nicholson. It was a rare occasion to witness such a moving scene.

I remember two other occasions at Gila camp. One day a tall gray-haired woman, simply dressed, appeared and asked, "If I may be permitted, I would like to have a room in the evacuees' barracks." Such a request was unheard of as most visitors requested or demanded the very best air-conditioned guest room. After I consulted with my supervisor, the visitor's wish was granted, and we hastily prepared modest quarters for her. That was my first acquaintance with Esther Rhoads. After moving to the Philadelphia, Pa., area, I later found her active there in assisting evacuees to resettle.

Another visitor was Tom Bodine, who visited various camps encouraging stud-

ents to continue their education. He was a staff member of the Student Relocation Office, and he had a very good rapport with students.

While in the camp, expectant mothers received layettes, and toys came for the children. At the time, we knew only that the gifts had been sent by a church group. In 1945, after three years of camp life, I learned that the gifts had come from the Quakers.

George Oye
Media, Pa.

An incredible journey

This past June, Yuri and I had the good fortune to participate in a Quaker Pilgrimage in the historic land of George Fox. As I sat quietly meditating in one of the old meetinghouses, I was overwhelmed with the realization that I had traveled an incredible journey to be there in George Fox's beautiful English countryside.

This journey began with my father and mother, who came from Japan in the early 1900s to California when conditions were less than hospitable. Life was hard for the Japanese transient laborers, who faced many discriminatory obstacles and insults, such as laws that

kept them from becoming citizens, or to vote or own land. Nevertheless, my parents persevered. They settled in Livingston, Calif., where I was born on a sweet potato farm. There, I was able to attend school, graduate from high school, and then go on to receive a degree from the University of California at Berkeley.

I had no sooner graduated and started farming on my own, since jobs for Japanese Americans were very scarce, when World War II started and we were all sent to concentration camps. At first, I was not aware of any group or persons trying to help us in our predicament, but during the holidays I learned that gifts were sent to the children in our camp by the Quakers. Later I realized that Quakers were working hard to open up the colleges to accept Japanese American students, find jobs and places to live, and help with the clearance process to leave the camps.

I stayed in camp for nine months, and, upon being cleared by the FBI, I decided to look around the East Coast to find a place to farm. I ventured as far south as North Carolina, but not knowing anyone and realizing the emotional climate and war-time attitudes, I was fearful. I kept my back to the wall whenever possible. I was tracked by the FBI, picked up by the local police, stopped by state police, and finally stopped and questioned by naval intelligence. By then, I was desperate to find a friendly place. So I went north to the Philadelphia, Pa., area, where I had heard there were many Quakers who were friendly and helpful.

Mary Patterson introduced me to Lew Barton of Haddonfield, N.J., who hired me to work on his farm. He made it possible for me to bring my parents out of camp and also several other families to work on area farms. After two seasons, Lew Barton made it possible for me to start farming on my own. Maurice Haines, another good Quaker from Medford, N.J., made it possible for me to buy a tractor when such equipment was very scarce. Tom DeCou, another Friend, taught me much about apple and peach growing and was very helpful and friendly. The understanding and willingness of Helen and Charles Collins of Moorestown to sell us our first orchard



▲ Not so jolly on Christmas Eve,
Granada Relocation Center, Colo., 1943



**Calisthenics,
Manzanar Relocation Center**

and subsequent farms helped launch my farming career.

Yuri and I were married in 1946 and were eventually blessed with four children. In bringing up the children, we were urged by Chester Reagan, headmaster of Moorestown Friends School, to send our children there. And Friends invited us to attend meeting. We were eventually the first to become members of the united Moorestown Meeting.

Indeed, every step we have taken to come to the present time—where we find ourselves sitting in an old meetinghouse where George Fox was led to speak many years ago—could not have been possible if George Fox had not been able to convince all those people down through the years that the Quaker way was the way to live.

To all who helped us, step by step, in our incredible journey, we are deeply grateful.

Takashi Moriuchi
Medford, N.J.

Two Friends remembered

Part of my teaching assignment at Manzanar, the first of the relocation centers, was the U.S. Constitution. This study was a state requirement for all high school students, so in our tar-paper barracks school room, behind barbed wire and search towers, I collected dimes to help get four cases to the supreme court challenging the internment. To the dismay of the students and their teacher, all the cases were lost on the ground of "military necessity."

It is good to remember two Friends in particular, who were deeply involved during this time, Esther Rhoads and Herbert Nicholson, both now dead.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Esther Rhoads responded immediately to the call for help. She knew Japanese from her years at the Friends School in Tokyo. In December 1941, when the fishermen of Terminal Island were interned on 24 hours' notice as suspected "treacherous Japs," Esther managed to find an empty Presbyterian school building in Los Angeles and had cots and food ready for the terrified wives and children of the fishermen. Orange Grove Meeting Friends stood by helping. Later, Esther visited Manzanar, and together we called on Nisei students eager to enroll in Eastern colleges. In 1944, when relocation from the camps back to the West Coast was allowed, Esther opened the same Presbyterian

school building, and, for a dollar a day, returning Japanese Americans could live there and have help finding employment. The profit made by this 100-bed hostel made possible Esther's buying 50-pound-bags of rice, which she gave to Buddhist temples.

Manzanar had a riot on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor, the camp guards killing several unarmed males who taunted them. The Western Defense Command, fearful of further trouble, flew in 15,000 troops, evacuated all but the most essential Caucasians, and camp life came to a halt. My job was to run the ancient switchboard located in a closet, the only communication between Manzanar's 10,000 people and the outside world. Mine was the graveyard shift. A homesick guard sat beside me with his gun, while I made coffee for him on a hot plate. There was no mail service, so the post office soon was bulging just before Christmas.

Then into the camp came Herbert Nicholson and his son, driving a truck filled with gifts from supporters "outside." What a difference it made! He drove to a firebreak in the center of our mile-square camp, and there the two Nicholsons threw the gifts to the people, Herbert speaking Japanese and smiling. Shortly afterwards the teachers were allowed back into the camp, they sorted the piles of mail and packages, schools were opened, the 15,000 soldiers were flown out, and Manzanar got a fine project director named Ralph Merritt. It was he who got his friend Ansel Adams to take the photographs, which were finally published in the 1988 book *Manzanar*, with commentary by John Hersey.

Can a lengthy internment of U.S. citizens and their families ever happen again, with no charges against them, no hearings or trials? Would it be declared constitutional?

Helen Ely Brill
Bloomfield, Conn.

What did you expect?

I visited all ten relocation camps in sequence over a three-year period from July 1942 to March 1945, and have many stories to tell. The problem—is always—is how to choose!

I could write about the time I was visiting the Gila River camp in Arizona and Eleanor Roosevelt came to visit. (How like her to visit one of the camps!) It was a hot day, as were most summer days at Gila River, and she asked the chef at

one of the mess halls for a glass of milk. He brought it. She tasted it and said, "But this milk is sour." The chef replied, "But Madam, what did you expect? All our milk is sour."

Or I could tell of being the guest of Kenji Okuda's family in the Minidoka camp in Idaho. Kenji was one of the earlier students to relocate from camp to Oberlin College, where he was elected president of the student body. The Okuda family invited me to come to their barracks home for dinner. We went across to the mess hall, and the chefs refused to serve a white man. The Okudas were embarrassed and hustled me back to their barracks, returned to the mess hall, got plates of food, and we ate it in their quarters.

On my first visits to the camps, I was compelled by army regulations to live in the administration areas, with the students coming to interview me in the camp offices. Later I was able to get permission to stay out in the evacuee areas, sharing a barracks room and using mess halls and shower rooms with the evacuees. It was the first time in my life that I was in a racial minority. I can remember how conscious I was of my white skin when I went to take a shower. In fact, I was so embarrassed about being so different that I used to try to use the showers very early in the morning or late at night when there was nobody around.

One of my vivid memories was of visiting the camp in Topaz, Utah, a dreary place in a former lake bed far out in the desert 20 miles from any town. The camp, like all the others, was surrounded by a barbed wire fence with guard towers at intervals with soldiers stationed in the towers with guns. During one of the evenings of my visit, an elderly Issei was out exercising his dog. The rule was that no inhabitant of the camp was to go closer than 20 feet from the perimeter fence. The dog ran over toward the fence and the elderly man ran after it. A soldier up in one of the towers saw this and may have thought, "Oh, I can get my Jap," and BANG, he shot him dead.

The U.S. government was beside itself. They were so afraid the Japanese government, hearing about an incident of that sort, where a U.S. soldier had shot a Japanese civilian in a camp, might take it out on U.S. soldiers or civilians held by the Japanese in their camps. As a visitor at Topaz, an outsider, I was summoned to the commandant's office and given quite a song and dance about

how important it was that when I left the camp I not say anything about it. I didn't. I didn't want to jeopardize anyone held in Japan by an incident that happened in the United States.

Tom Bodine
Bloomfield, Conn.

Sponsoring of families

Members of Media (Pa.) Meeting helped supply sponsors and find places and jobs for members of ten Japanese American families. There were three houses on orchard land owned by Herman and Edith Cope, all of which were used to help house people. To expand the orchard operation, an arrangement was made with another fruit grower to use her orchard, which had been allowed to run down. It was revived.

The first family to arrive were Narumi and Aiko Hatayama, whose sister, Emma Hatayama, was studying to be a doctor at Women's Medical College. They were owners of a large grape and peach ranch near Fresno, Calif., and were fortunate to have a Mexican foreman to whom they could entrust their farm while they were away. Later, his brother, Howard, and wife, Rei, plus his parents, were able to come and join the fruit operation. A 1944 peach harvest photo shows 12 Japanese Americans as part of the crew!

Early in 1945, the Hatayamas were allowed to return home to their ranch. Their places were taken by two other

with Sarah Cope Swan's family at Westtown School, where she graduated in 1949.

A postscript: In 1955, after 25 years of teaching at Westtown, I was granted a sabbatical, and Sarah Swan and I went to Japan to visit eight Friends meetings and to help with various projects. As a consequence of this and subsequent trips to Japan, we exchange about 50 Christmas cards a year with people we met.

Fred Swan
Media, Pa.

Greatly enriched

Only two months had passed since Pearl Harbor when I had an opportunity to go to the West Coast to see the work of the American Friends Service Committee. The morning after I arrived I went to the AFSC office in Pasadena. Esther Rhoads of Philadelphia had been sent there to help in any way she could. Having the use of a car, she invited me to go with her to a camp being built about 200 miles from Los Angeles, in desert country. They were barracks with families crowded together into a few rooms. The remarkable part of the situation was the mood of the people facing this unprecedented situation in a calm manner.

Another trip with Esther was to a railroad location. An unused schoolhouse had been turned into a center for Japanese Americans slated to go by train to a relocation center. Every schoolroom was divided into "rooms" by hanging blankets for "walls." Families were crowded there for a night or two while waiting for the train to take them to a relocation center. Often a family would have brought with them something from their home which they hoped to sell in order to have some money in hand. Unscrupulous buyers bargained for low prices, even for electric refrigerators. (I can't imagine how they'd been moved there!)

One form of AFSC assistance was to help find homes to which whole families might move to from the relocation centers. Our family offered to take such a family. The father had emigrated to the States and settled in the Chicago area, where he became employed in rose gardening. When he felt well established, he returned to Japan for a wife, whom he brought back. (This was about 25 years earlier.) When their three children were approaching teen-age, the father had taken the family to California be-

cause he wanted the children to have college educations, reportedly less expensive there. Then they were caught in the relocation.

The oldest child of this family, an attractive young woman, was transferred from her college in California to a college in New Jersey. The second child, a son, had been drafted and was sent to Germany. The third child, another girl, lived with her parents and attended our local public school. What impressed us about these three children was how very *American* they were! The youngest child, whom we knew best, was a typical U.S. teenager. And the parents were so Japanese!

My life has been greatly enriched by the experience of those years. I cannot thank our government, however, for something so very wrong. When I think of my friends Betty and Sim, George and Kaz, my thanks go instead to the AFSC, which brought Betty and George and others of Japanese ancestry into its circle.

Eleanor Stabler Clarke
Kennett Square, Pa.

A much-needed boost

The Reverend and Mrs. Gurney Binford were Quaker missionaries in Japan when my mother was a girl in Mito, near Tokyo. They retired and settled in Los Angeles around 1939 or 1940, and our family was greatly aided by their many kindnesses.

During the period when all Japanese Americans were evacuated from the West Coast, the Binfords were particularly helpful. We had only a month or two to dispose of our furniture and belongings or to store them, also to "tidy up" our business matters so that we could report with our suitcases to the bus loading places assigned to us. On the last morning, the sun was coming up and I still hadn't finished my task after working at it all night long. The Binfords said, "Go, we'll finish the rest." They cleaned up, stored, sold what they needed to (even our house), and took care of the many small details.

Later, the Binfords came to visit us in the relocation center where we had been sent—not in, but to the visitors' fence. They brought us things we were allowed to have. They also formed groups to do other things for those of us at the center, giving us a much-needed morale boost.

I am the eldest child of the Yokota



Ruby Yamamoto with her father after nursing school graduation, 1953

Courtesy of Fred Swan

families, the Sanos, who had been truck farmers in Death Valley, and the Suzukis, who had farmed near Indio.

The Yamamoto family (father and four daughters), who had been truck farmers near Spokane, Wash., got Philadelphia Quaker sponsors and divided up. Some went to Seabrook, N.J., one to a doctor's office in Germantown, Pa., and the youngest, Ruby, went to live

family and was fortunate enough to get a church scholarship from the Episcopal church. I entered the conservatory of music at Oberlin College in Ohio, graduating in 1948, teaching in public schools in various places and finally here in Denver for 28 years, retiring in 1982.

God has watched over me, and I feel very lucky.

Margaret Matsunaga
Littleton, Colo.

A privilege to serve

The Colorado River Relocation Center at Poston, Ariz., was in the desert, where summers were very hot and winters pleasantly comfortable. Some 18,000 Japanese American people lived there for about three and a half years.

Walter Balderston and I arrived at Poston early in October 1942 as had many others of the staff. This center had been built on an Indian Reservation. The tall fences and guard towers had not yet been built. Some of the staff members wrote to authorities in Washington requesting that they not be built—and they never were. Short fences kept out the cattle that grazed over a wide area. Being watchful and helpful was a good way to live each day.

Some people outside, who wished to share the life of the evacuees in the centers, applied for and accepted regular jobs in teaching, social work, and administration. A Friend, Naomi Wood, was teaching in one of the schools. Walter, with AFSC, was in the Community Activities program. His work with adult education was not being provided by the War Relocation Authority administration. Classes were arranged with skillful, able teachers from the Japanese community. After their years of hard work, now there was time for calligraphy, wood carving, flower arranging, dress-making, language, and more. A stage was built, where Japanese drama and dance were performed under clear night sky. Other programs were held there, too, each one in the audience bringing his or her own chair or stool. In the first year, I did some teaching when there was particular need. Our first son shared the second and third years there with us.

My memories of Poston include seeing truckloads of free watermelons, feeling the awful dust storms, watching spectacular sunsets all across the sky, admiring beautiful, small gardens by the apartment doorways. I remember the

people, who were cheerful and made wonderful things with so little. We had good talks with some of them about Poston, their work, and the world outside. We had suspected that the war would last longer than it did. It was a privilege to spend the years in Poston with the Japanese American people.

Marydel Balderston
London, Ont.

A stark reminder

Every December 7th, newspapers in California still print letters that rail and rant against the Japanese who bombed Pearl Harbor. The writers say it was the right thing to do—to put Japanese Americans into internment camps.

Every December I write to refute the letters to the local papers. I try to point out that the people sent to the camps were citizens; they were different from the Japanese military. Putting people into camps was a racist act.

A couple of years ago my husband and I went to Tule Lake, Calif., where one of the camps was located. Some of the little houses are still being used as houses by the farmers who raise potatoes and horseradish in the area. However, one building is kept as a monument to the camp. It is a broken-down building sitting in a field all by itself, and around the field is a chain link fence and barbed wire on the top, which was used to keep the people in—not keep the “bad guys” out! It is a stark reminder of the idea behind the camp. By the roadside is a huge plaque telling of the camp, and an abject apology by the state of California for the treatment given its citizens.

May we never forget this terrible lesson.

Helen Stabler Grinstead
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Doing what we could

We joined Orange Grove (Calif.) Meeting in 1939 and immediately got interested in the AFSC and its work in the world. In 1941, after Pearl Harbor, we became worried about the abuse of Japanese Americans in our area. We could not believe they would be gathered up and put in camps.

Asenath had two very close friends whom she was very concerned about. From them she heard the horror stories of selling of furniture and businesses

and cars. Everything!

The AFSC tried to stand by the Japanese Americans as much as they could. Individuals took on various jobs with the people they knew. Dr. Win C. Bruff of Whittier, for instance, went to Santa Anita and other places to look after people's physical needs.

The AFSC got groups together to take coffee, milk, and sandwiches to the families as they were put on trains. Our first child was born April 11, 1942, so Asenath knows she was in the hospital, but Bob went with the group to help any way he could.



▲ Volunteers did what they could to help evacuees.

Later, when the baby was about three months old, we went to visit one of our friends at Manzanar. We had to get special permission to go. There we saw the way people were housed and the guards all around the place. Our friend's family included her mother with seven children all in one room. The beds were close together with hardly any room to get around. It was depressing to see and feel. The father had been in the Russo-Japanese War, so he was a prisoner in a U.S. federal prison.

At Christmas time the AFSC, with support of Friends and others, sent more than 1,000 gifts and money to help the people in camps and to show that there were people who cared. There seemed so little we could actually do. After the war, when people began to come back, we tried to help them pull their lives together through housing and jobs.

Bob and Asenath Young
Alhambra, Calif.



Evacuation day

Courage Grows With Occasion

by Mariagnes Aya Medrud

Even after 50 years, it is difficult for me to put into words the pain, the sense of isolation, humiliation, loss of family, and the crashing down of my world as a 14-year-old after Pearl Harbor. We lived in Seattle, Washington; after the depression years, my parents were beginning to be able to afford new furniture and a new car; they were beginning to have hope. A few days after Pearl Harbor, in the middle of the night, the FBI pounded on the door, ransacked the house, handcuffed and took my father away. We had no idea where he was taken or whether we would see him again. There were no explanations as to why he was seized. We were not to see him again for over two years.

Letters from my father showed that a censor had read them before we received them (What could a man imprisoned in prisoner of war camps say that would threaten military security?) and

whole sentences and paragraphs would be cut out. The letters would invariably be from a different camp; only later, as an adult, I realized that the men were moved regularly from one camp to another, presumably as a safeguard against organizing within the camp. My father refused to talk about his experiences. If I persisted, he would say he simply could not talk about it, it was too painful.

My father came from Japan with his parents when he was six years old, went to school, learned English. Because he was bilingual and able to read, write, and speak English, he was asked by others in the Japanese community for help in translating, filling out applications and forms. He died in 1978 without telling me about what happened to him during the two years he was imprisoned; I believe that my father had the most productive years of his life taken away from him: He had no spirit left. None of the internees were charged with espionage, sabotage, or any other crime.

After Pearl Harbor, bank accounts held in Japanese banks were frozen. My mother, who had depended on my father not only as a wage earner but as the head of the family, suddenly found herself re-

sponsible for me, my younger sister, and younger brother. Because she did not speak English, I went with my mother to translate and conduct whatever business was necessary. She was terrified. She had no idea what would happen to us, to the Japanese community. The hysteria of war, the hatred expressed against the Japanese in Seattle, the uncertainty that was felt by all in the Japanese community was exacerbated in my mother. The sheer terror she must have felt was exhibited in her behavior. It was almost a relief when Executive Order 9066, signed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was posted on telephone polls and buildings in the Japanese community, in February 1941. It was to be weeks before additional instructions became known for how the removal of Japanese Americans would be carried out. We had to get everything in order to leave our homes and businesses. Everything either had to be sold or stored. Placing belongings in government storage was not advised; some had friends who could store things for them. After we sold all we could, we put the rest in boxes for storage in the basement of the house. Even as we carried the last

A resident of Boulder, Colorado, and member of Boulder Meeting, Mariagnes Aya Medrud is co-director of the Dr. Rosa Minoka Hill Fund, a program that assists Native American young people with scholarships to pre-college prep schools.

box downstairs, my mother kept wondering if we were doing the right thing. Of course, at that point we had no other choice.

When the instructions from the army told us we could take only what we could carry, my mother and I bought suitcases for each of us. Four suitcases that would contain all we would have with us, not knowing where we were going, or for how long, what the weather would be like, or how we would be housed, had to be a cruel joke. Practical women and men took bedspreads and sheets, making huge bundles, hoisting them over their shoulders. While we tried to sort out and guess what we should pack, I remember I packed a copy of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*. My teacher gave me a book of poetry, and inscribed on it a quote from Shakespeare: "Courage grows with occasion."

Our first experience with the "hurry up and wait" army method came when we were to report to the corner of a street about three blocks from our empty house. We reported at 6:00 a.m., and the first of the army trucks did not arrive until past noon. Our destination was to be the Puyallup County Fairgrounds. I don't remember how many Japanese were collected there. I'm sure there were in excess of 8,000 human beings housed in hastily whitewashed animal stalls under the grandstand. My mother, sister, brother, and I were given wooden army cots, no other furniture, and told to report to a location where a pile of straw was available for us to fill the canvas bags that were to serve as our mattresses. One family occupied a stall. There was no ceiling, and the floors were dirt. Partitions were probably eight feet high, and you could hear noise reverberating from everywhere. I don't remember how long it took me to fall asleep because of the unfamiliarity of sleeping on noisy straw, the continuous coughing, sounds of crying, and overhead lights that were not extinguished.

Even after 50 years, I cannot eat canned Vienna sausages that one finds in some kind of sauce at parties; my first meal in camp consisted of Vienna sausages and sauerkraut. (It was years later that I realized that both were German foods that lost marketability and were dumped on us.) What I remember most vividly was getting deathly sick and having to wait in line to use the community bathroom. Standing in line to use the bathroom, the showers, to get food, and

anything else became commonplace. We were at Puyallup for four months. It was a temporary detention center and not pleasant, but worse was the waiting, not knowing what was going to happen next.

Today, I speak as a resource person to social studies classes covering World War II. Sometimes I'm asked to share my experiences with social studies teachers. Often the question as to why the Japanese Americans were removed from the West Coast comes up. The question is phrased, "But wasn't it for your own protection?" I respond with three reasons why it was not: 1) at a time when the country was gearing up for war, and raw materials and goods were scarce, it

AFSC Archives



▲ Puyallup, Wash., Assembly Center, 1942

would have made more sense, if it seemed necessary, for the army to have patrolled the Japanese community to secure the area; it would have been far less expensive; 2) despite the general racism exhibited, I have every confidence there would have been no resort to mob violence; such individual attacks that did occur were not applauded by the majority of West Coast citizens; and 3) if the double barbed wire fence was for our protection, why were the armed guards and guard towers surrounding us manned with machine guns that were pointed toward us in the compound?

No, the reason was the existence of the prevailing sentiment, "once a Jap, always a Jap," and the readiness to believe there was disloyalty, because of longstanding racism against Japanese and other Asians on the West Coast. Journalists, lawmakers, politicians, farmers, and business people contrived and lobbied to make sure the government removed all the Japanese, even those with 1/16 Japanese blood, away from the West Coast, for reasons of economic greed and hatred of the "yellow peril." The constitutional question or the fact that seven of ten points in the Bill of Rights were violated in the case of Japanese Americans did not trouble many.

Early in September 1942, we were told to be packed and ready to move again.

We were taken by army trucks to the King St. Station in Seattle, where trains with shades drawn were waiting to take us where we did not know. We were not allowed to raise the curtains; we sat, ate our sack lunches, and slept as best we could in the coaches. Since we were not allowed to look out, we did not know we were going inland. Two days later the train stopped and we had arrived in southeastern Idaho, onto land which I know was Indian reservation land. The camp was named Minidoka, one of ten camps built in isolated, sagebrush country. 120,000 Japanese would eventually spend some or most of the war years living in these camps. Some 33 percent eventually left and 66 percent remained

in the camps until the end of World War II.

If you take sagebrush country and bulldoze the vegetation, you have dust. We breathed, ate, and lived with dust; when it rained we had mud so thick and sticky that often you would see a boot or shoe abandoned until it dried. In the winter, it was so cold; those of us from Seattle, accustomed to living in a temperate climate, were miserable. Eventually the army issued huge army coats. We were not proud; we wore them. In the summer it was hot and dry. The buildings were row upon row of tar paper-covered barracks. Each building consisted of eight rooms. Families with more than four children were assigned two rooms; our family, with a mother and three children, was assigned one. There were army cots, metal this time, mattresses instead of straw, pillows, and an olive-drab wool blanket for each of us. There was a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room, and we had to scramble to get wood and coal to burn in the winter. My mother and I stood in line for coal in the worst of winter months. The green lumber that was used to construct the buildings soon lost all the knots, and the wind would blow hard into the room. The floor was also green lumber, and as it dried, gaping strips would allow the forever-blowing sand into the room. Two

or three times a day we swept sand out.

We eventually used our meager savings to order sheets and bedspreads, made curtains, and began the business of making the one room our home. Twelve barracks buildings constituted one block. We lived in block 32. Each block had a communal mess hall, a laundry room, and bathroom/shower building. Unless parents demanded their children eat meals together with them as a family, most young people ate with their friends. We still got a lot of Vienna sausage and sauerkraut.

In February 1943, all the camp residents were required to sign a loyalty oath. The bitter irony of being incarcerated against our will for being thought to be "disloyal," caused great dissent among the residents. Since my father was interned in a prisoner of war camp, my mother was advised that we should join him at Crystal City, Texas, for eventual repatriation to Japan. I was adamant in refusing. Eventually, my father said he understood and said he was not going to force me to go to Japan. I cannot say that it was because of a rational decision on my part to refuse except that I believed that in spite of what had happened to me, I was still an American and wanted to remain in the States. I believe that my father, having lived in this country since childhood, and being

denied the right to citizenship as an Asian alien, must have felt there was no hope for him in this country.

My father was detained without a trial, without a hearing of any kind, and one day in the camp he was told to pack up. He thought it was a move to another prisoner of war camp. (I might add a comment: German and Italian military prisoners of war were allowed to leave the camps to assist farmers desperate to get crops out, but the Japanese inmates were never allowed out of the camps.) My father arrived in Minidoka in late summer of 1944, took one look at the camp, and said he would do every-

▼ Waiting for the evacuation bus, Centerville, Calif., 1942. Posted on the wall are names of families and bus assignments.



Dorothea Lange/National Archives

Fragile Moments

When all persons of Japanese descent—citizens and aliens alike—were being evacuated from the West Coast back in 1942, I went down to the post office in Los Angeles early in the first morning of registration. I was unable to endure just "doing nothing" about the plight of these neighbors being uprooted from their homes and jobs.

As I hurried into the building I was conscious of a tiny Japanese woman sitting off to one side alone on the stone steps, weeping bitterly, apparently oblivious to all about her. Turning back, I sat down beside her and spoke reassuringly. Not understanding English too well, she drew away in fear and suspicion. Her little girl, less than two years old, was pulling at her mother's skirt for attention, but the mother seemed completely unconscious of her presence. I smiled and held out my hand and, after star-

ing at me for a moment, the baby's sobs gradually ceased. She climbed up the steps to where I was sitting, dropped down beside me, and with complete confidence snuggled her head upon my lap. As I gently stroked her hair I could see through my tears that she had fallen asleep, exhausted.

Then the miracle happened! In a few moments I felt the little mother creep close to my side, and leaning her head against my shoulder she sobbed gently as if in relief. Then her small brown hand crept up over my lap and came to rest over my hand on top of her baby's head. And so we sat for a long, long time in silence, with only one thing in common—we were both mothers. But that was enough.

Gracia D. Booth
from *Guideposts* Magazine,
July 1966

thing he could do to get us out of there as soon as he could. He found employment and housing for us in Utica, New York, working for the Catholic Church, and we left Minidoka in January 1945.

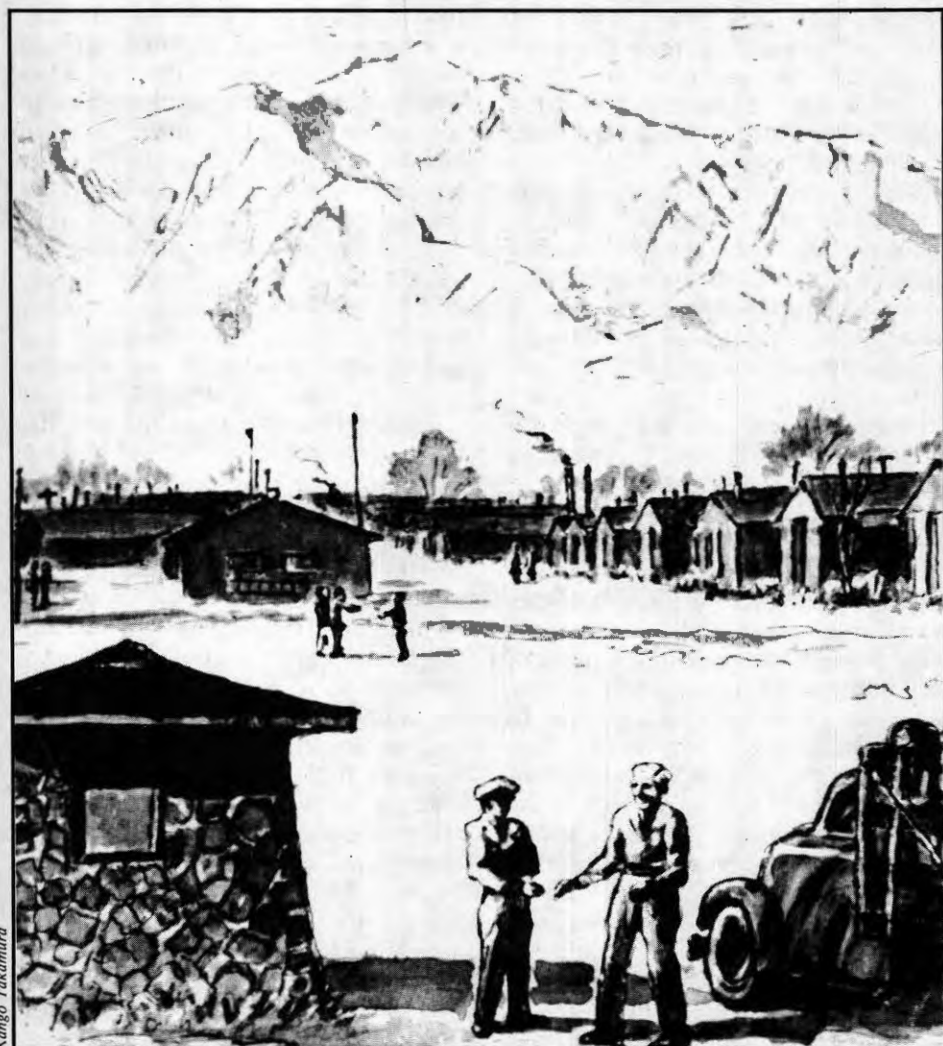
During the years after World War II, until 1966, I went to school, married a U.S. Air Force officer, lived in Japan for three years, two years in Alaska, and two years in Sweden before settling in Boulder, Colorado. I resumed my education through attendance at the University of Colorado during the time when protest against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War was gaining momentum.

My previous experience with Quakers was limited. I remember that AFSC staff and other Quakers visited Puyallup Assembly Center when it was not a commonplace event to have visitors. My father and I visited an AFSC office in New York City in 1945 to look at resettlement possibilities there. My husband was a graduate student at Penn State and we attended a meeting for worship once. It was through the work surrounding the Vietnam War protests that AFSC became a part of my life, and through this association I became interested in Quakers and Friends' ways.

In 1968, after the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, I watched a television news interview with John Mitchell, the attorney general under Nixon. In response to questions by reporters on what the administration might do to control the protestors, Mitchell said the protestors would be rounded up and put into camps. All the memories of my own experience came flooding back. Deep within, I knew that I must actively oppose this potential continuance of subversion of human and civil rights. Association with Friends gave me moral support, and participation in the AFSC provided an avenue to express my deepest concerns.

My experiences as a Japanese American interned in a concentration camp during World War II have determined much of the direction of my life. Broadened interest in support of people who are disenfranchised by our government and political system, the poor, women and children, people of color, impoverished Third World people impacted by U.S. foreign policy decisions are issues that continue to engage me. I am grateful for the spiritual strength and guidance that Quakerism has given me. And to the AFSC, I am grateful for the many opportunities for service and expression

Truck-Driving Missionary



▲ Herbert Nicholson makes a delivery to Manzanar Relocation Center, as drawn by a resident.

by Samuel O. Nicholson

In the summer of 1940 on the boat back to the United States after 25 years as a rural Quaker missionary in Japan, my father, Herbert Nicholson, took me to the third-class fore-castle of the liner, where he joined in the Sunday service of the Japanese emigres to California. After we had settled in Pasadena, the young minister he had met at that time suggested him as a replacement for a Japanese Methodist church's pastor, who had had a stroke. For more than a year before the war Father was an active member of the Japanese ministerium, making many contacts and friends

Samuel O. Nicholson was, for 20 years, an occupational therapist at Philadelphia State Hospital, Byberry. Now retired, he is a member of Southampton (Pa.) Meeting.

among the Japanese community in the Los Angeles area.

The night of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the FBI picked up many leaders of the Japanese community as "potentially dangerous." Father went to the chief of Naval Intelligence for the area, whom he had known in Japan, and verified his thinking that the rumors of sabotage by the Japanese were unfounded.

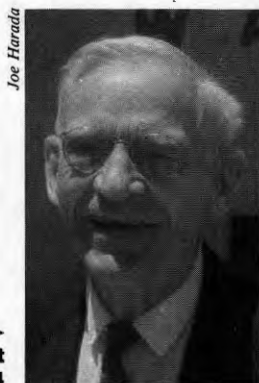
Because so many picked up by the FBI were people he knew, Father decided to visit the families of as many of these people as he could locate. He traveled down to the Imperial Valley, then up the West Coast as far as Seattle, stopping at the churches of the Japanese communities for names, visiting the homes, and recording their names and why they were probably picked up. Then, with Seattle Friend Floyd Schmoe, he went to Missoula, Montana, where the first 600 detainees had been gathered, and visited with them. Department of Justice hearings were about to begin, and interpreters were needed, so he stayed for the four days of hearings to interpret for the team hearing the cases of men from Nevada and also testifying in the cases of those he knew from the West Coast. It appeared to him that the decisions as to whom to release were quite arbitrary.

He continued to visit detention centers and prisons where these people were being held and learned from FBI agents he became friendly with that after some 4,500 hearings, not one case of espionage or sabotage had been found.

Toward the end of February, Father was at an AFSC meeting in Whittier, California, making plans in case of an evacuation, when he felt a strong urge to go at once to see Virginia Swanson, who worked at the Japanese Baptist Church at Terminal Island. When he arrived, she told him that the residents of the Japanese fishing community on Terminal Island were about to be told that they had just 48 hours to get out. They immediately got on the phone to notify the American Friends Service Committee, the Japan American Citizens League, the Japanese Church Federation, and others to help in this emergency. Father was among those helping as many as he could, including finding a

place in Boyle Heights for a spastic boy. The Yamamotos, who owned a grocery store, moved their belongings and valuable stock to a warehouse near Whittier, owned, I believe, by Friends.

As the general evacuation began, the Assembly Center for Southern California was the horse stables at the Santa Anita Race Track. Herbert Nicholson visited there often and one day got permission to take a couple out for the day to be married in our living room. The permanent Relocation Center for much of Southern California was established at Manzanar, California, in the Owens Valley near Nevada. Herbert rented a truck, and I went with him to the Los Angeles Public Library, where we loaded about a ton of cast-off books and added two donated pianos, which he took to Manzanar to start a library and churches. As Herbert was leaving to return from this first trip to Manzanar, Mr. Yamamoto, the grocer, gave him the keys and registration for his truck



►
**Herbert
Nicholson, 1974**

and asked him to transport his and his friends' personal effects up from Whittier. Soon after this second trip, the warehouse where Yamamoto's things were stored was burned by an arsonist, so Father was given the use of the truck for the duration.

On each trip, Herbert would gather a list of requests of things wanted by the evacuees he met, then make daily trips to various parts of the Los Angeles area to collect them at the Pasadena Japanese church. When he had collected enough, he would load the truck with whatever help was available. Until I was drafted as a CO in June 1943, I always helped, and developed a keen sense of what item would fit where to make a maximum load. Once I insisted that a heavy mechanic's tool-box be lashed to the front bumper instead of loaded on the rear,

as the front wheels were really light on the ground.

With his truck, Herbert visited Manzanar regularly and also went to the Gila River and Poston camps in Arizona from time to time. I went with him a few times and would stay by the truck until it was unloaded while he visited with many people from block to block. It seemed as though he knew everybody. There was a rule that visitors could only eat in the staff mess hall and could not spend the night in the camp, but somehow Father was always the exception, lining up with the Japanese at their mess halls and sleeping in the room of some Japanese minister.

Most of the camps were hard to reach other than by road, and since there was gas rationing, he took many people along with him in his truck. Among those he took were Kirby Page, Esther Rhoads, and E. Stanley Jones. But one of the most unusual trips was when he took Roy Smith, a Methodist missionary to Japan who was in Kobe when the war started. Roy told about the lenient treatment of U.S. citizens by the Japanese government before he was returned to the States on the *Gripsholm* exchange ship.

Early in the war, the Nisei in the army had been either thrown out or put on KP duty as unreliable. But the first units of the 442nd Nisei battalion made such a good record that more were recruited from the camps and then drafted while their families were still guarded as dangerous. Herbert told Dillon Myer, in charge of the War Relocation Authority, that it was not fair to draft men from behind barbed wire. Myer agreed, but said he could do nothing, as one government agency does not tell another what to do. He said, "You can, by going to Washington and seeing John J. McCloy, undersecretary of the army, in charge of the camps."

Herbert then went to Poston. The night he got there a young man he knew said there was a bunch of young toughs who were so disturbed by the draft that they were going to demonstrate that night and maybe burn some barracks. Father went to talk to them and advised them that he was on the way to see McCloy to try to get the camps opened, and what they needed to do was to telegraph Eleanor Roosevelt (she had recently visited Poston) and McCloy. Two or three of the young men went with him to see the camp director, who helped them write the telegram, defusing a

tense situation. Then Father went to Camp Shelby, an army base where the 442nd was being trained, to see a Nisei sergeant he knew, who was in the training cadre. When the Caucasian colonel in charge took him to see this sergeant, it was in the evening when the men had their only free hour of the day. They found the sergeant in the barracks with a group of recruits from the Hawaiian Islands who had just gotten off the train, and they were busy going over the manual of arms. The colonel was impressed and said these Nisei were the best soldiers he had ever seen.

When Herbert saw John J. McCloy at the Pentagon, Father told him he had just been to Camp Shelby and said what a positive impression the unit had made on their officers. The 442nd was McCloy's pet project so he was pleased. Then Herbert asked if it wouldn't be fair to open the camps and permit the Japanese to return to the West Coast. McCloy pointed to two baskets on his desk, one for letters from people who wanted the Japanese kept locked up (with only a few letters in it), and the other for those who wanted them to return to the West Coast (and it was empty). McCloy said that if this second basket were full, he could act. Herbert at once sent letters to people he knew in all the camps asking them all to contact their Caucasian friends at their former homes and have them write McCloy asking for the end of the evacuation. He also contacted Friends and others he knew in Pasadena and other areas to join in this letter writing campaign.

By July, 15,000 letters had arrived, and Esther Takei, an honor student, whose brother had been killed with the 442nd, was the first permitted to return, enrolling September 1944 in Pasadena Junior College and living with the Andersons, a Quaker family. Soon a general end of the evacuation was ordered, and Father was busy using his truck to help the Japanese return to the West Coast.

Togo Tanaka said in an oral history interview, "Nicholson brought to the camp truckloads of things, but mostly he brought good cheer—and hope. When help was needed he was there. He's very earthy and pragmatic, the kind of person who pitches in and does things. I never met anyone who, having met him, didn't remember him with a smile. The evacuees liked and respected many people, but they loved Herbert."

□

Leaving Camp for Campus

by Timothy Drake

When Pearl Harbor was bombed, there were 2,500 students of Japanese ancestry enrolled in colleges on the West Coast. Following the announced plans for evacuation, educators, students, and church people came together to try to transfer as many of these students as possible to campuses east of the military zones. These groups were led by the YMCA-YWCA, the Pacific College Association, and various West Coast college presidents. To co-ordinate the efforts, the Student Relocation Committee was organized in Berkeley, California. Progress was slow, but approximately 75 students were able to transfer to new schools in March and April of 1942.

The government's War Relocation Authority, created to supervise the relocation centers, established in-camp schools through the twelfth grade, but was not able to provide any form of higher education. Consequently, on May 5, WRA Director Milton S. Eisenhower addressed a letter to Clarence E. Pickett at the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, requesting that he unite the various groups involved with relocating students and organize a

national council to administer the program. The AFSC accepted the project, and on May 29, 1942, the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council was born.

Volunteer personnel began work immediately. By summer's end, applications had been received from 2,321 students in assembly and relocation centers and 152 students enrolled on new campuses. The governmental procedures for clearing colleges and students was extremely complicated. It was not until the end of 1942 that the process became sufficiently organized to permit any great volume. After 13 months of operation, the Council reported 3,264 applications. More than 1,000 students relocated to colleges east of the West Coast military areas.

As the Council moved into its second year of transferring college students, graduates of the camp high schools were also encouraged to further their educations. The wartime bureaucracy required an average of 25 letters written on behalf of each of these students. The Council continually urged students not to lose faith. Aside from helping students choose their schools, council

workers also secured transcripts and letters of reference, submitted formal school applications, arranged government clearance of both school and student, matched requests for financial aid with sources of scholarship funds, helped students secure employment, and helped smooth the way on the campus and in the new community. By February of 1944, the number of Japanese Americans in college equaled those enrolled at the time Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Work continued, and, as the months went by, the military regulations under which the Council operated were progressively relaxed. On August 31, 1944, the War Department removed all restrictions on the attendance of Japanese American students at educational institutions. The policy shift was announced in a War Relocation Authority telegram that simply stated, "Students to be accepted at all schools on same basis as any others."

Finally, on December 17, the War Department announced that all persons of Japanese ancestry, unless individually excluded, would be free to return to the West Coast as of January 2, 1945.

The National Japanese American Student Relocation Council continued until June 30, 1946, but the majority of its work was completed by 1945. In a little over two-and-one-half years, the Council was able to obtain acceptances for 3,600 students at 550 institutions away from the West Coast. Wartime evacuation was contrary to all ideals of social justice and freedom in the United States. However, due to the efforts of volunteers and organizations such as the AFSC, the long list of sacrifices made by these Japanese Americans did not ultimately include being denied the opportunity of education.

The following has been excerpted from Clarence E. Pickett's message to Friends, announcing that the American Friends Service Committee had decided to accept responsibility for national student relocation:

It would be untrue and a matter of regret if the decision of the Service Committee were understood by Friends and others to mean that we accept the evacu-

Timothy Drake is an editorial assistant for FRIENDS JOURNAL. Originally from Montclair (N.J.) Meeting, he now lives in Philadelphia and is seeking a full-time career in writing and editing.

►
**Relocated Japanese
Americans with
classmates at
Swarthmore College,
1943**



ation as a matter of course. It has come to us with deep humiliation and profound concern that events have revealed in the bloodstream of our American life a poison which has caused this disease of hatred. Whether it be greed or race prejudice or war hysteria, it is equally dangerous. It blinds the patient to the long-established values so dearly bought and which we had thought are represented in American citizenship: our boast of fair play and our emphasis on the value of the individual.

While evacuation is largely centered on the West Coast and has been caused by pressures within those states, it behooves us all to examine our own spirits to see whether we are free from these corrupting influences in our own lives. Penitent as we are on behalf of those who have been the immediate cause, we

want to call every Friend to an examination of his own motives and the spirit of his life.

As part of that penitence, we have felt that we should share in such ways as our limited resources permit in breaking the force of this calamity which has come upon the Japanese population. One of the ways we can help is in the student relocation. Many of our Friends in the affected areas have already expressed in many concrete ways their fellowship with the misfortunes of their Japanese neighbors. It may be that other channels of expression will be open to us, and if so we hope we shall be really guided in meeting them.

The following narrative by Kay Yamashita is based on an AFSC oral history interview conducted by Antonio Leal on

August 23, 1991. Kay, herself an evacuated citizen from Oakland, California, began her student relocation work as a camp detainee, but was permitted to leave when she accepted a position with the staff in Philadelphia.

Upon arrival at the Topaz Relocation Center in Utah, I immediately set about trying to do student relocation work. They let us have one end of a small barrack for our office. The students were able to come there to pick up the questionnaires and applications.

The relocation process was heart-breaking and long. For one thing, most of the important schools in the United States were proscribed by the provost marshal. This meant that if a school had an Army Student Training Program, was within 25 miles of any main railway



by Tom Bodine

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1942, I received a telephone call at our office in Berkeley, California. We were hard at work accumulating, sorting, and analyzing transcripts of the roughly 2,000 Nisei who had been enrolled or were about to be enrolled in colleges on the West Coast. The phone call came from the offices of the Western Defense Command in San Francisco and summoned me to come there at once.

I drove across the Bay Bridge and re-

ported to an army officer whom I took to be Colonel Bendtsen. In his office with him was a civilian gentleman to whom I was not introduced.

Bendtsen had before him an article I had written for *Christian Century*, criticizing conditions in the Puyallup Assembly Center outside Tacoma, Washington, where I had visited as a staff member of the American Friends Service Committee. He scolded me for what he felt was an unfair criticism of the army and threatened to deprive me of further visitor's permits if I ever wrote anything of the sort again.

He then asked me if I knew what day it was. When I replied "the Fourth of July," he asked me if I knew what the

"As for the pursuit of happiness, these people have never been happier. They are creating gardens and taking classes and enjoying themselves."

Fourth of July commemorated. He replied to his own question by saying it stood for the Declaration of Independence, which promised "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." He went on to assert that none of the evacuees had been deprived of any of these in the evacuation, first into assembly centers and later into the relocation camps. He asked me if any evacuee had been de-

Tom Bodine served as field director for the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council. Though now retired from a lifetime of Quaker service, he remains an active member of Hartford (Conn.) Meeting.

artery, or was conducting any kind of research, it was off limits to relocated students. This left only the smallest schools eligible to accept these students. The Council and the staff members had to prepare the campus, get the papers and take care of all the details, and see that the student had a place to stay and could work for their room and board. Whatever, the students were grateful to be getting out of the camps.

Sometimes we got it all in, got everything ready, even the scholarship, the money, and then something would be held up in Washington, D.C. Sometimes, just because maybe the father was a member of the wrong association or something, the student's clearance didn't come right away. Then the starting date of the semester or the quarter would come and go, and the kid is waiting in

the camp. Nothing is happening.

First there was a surge of wanting to get out. And then there was fear. They didn't know what the outside world was like. No news was coming into them and they had very few contacts outside of this community. One of the jobs that I did when I got to Philadelphia was to write a newsletter which went to these camps, and the kids got to read them. It was to tell them what was happening and try to encourage them to get out of the camps and into schools. We made excerpts of letters that they sent back to give the students encouragement of what was possible.

Going to Philadelphia was a new experience. The bitterness of the evacuation experience just fell away when I met the national relocation staff. I'm telling you, this is the thing that overwhelmed,

these were Trudy King, Betty and Woody Emlen, Tom Bodine. They were actually there working 10, 12, 14 hours a day, trying to get through this pile of work. Not only that, but trying to answer the students and get the schools prepared if they could get them in. It was incredible what they accomplished, what they gave up in their personal lives.

As I look back on my 50 working years, I think the student relocation experience seems to be the most satisfying and meaningful. Almost everything I did after that grew from or hinged upon what I had learned. The Quaker ethic has left an indelible mark on me. □

Kay Yamashita and Tom Bodine (see article below) will be telling stories of their internment and relocation work on Nov. 7, at Friends Center, Philadelphia, Pa.—part of a public gathering to celebrate the AFSC's 75th anniversary. —Eds.

prived of life, and paused for me to agree with him. I thought of some of the older evacuees living in army-style barracks with central latrines, but admitted that no one had been deprived of life.

He went on to declare that no evacuee had been deprived of liberty. When I started to demur, he said, "Young man, do you know the meaning of liberty? The word is derived," he said, "from a Greek word referring to liberty of the spirit. It has nothing to do with physical liberty." I was about to protest vehemently when the civilian present caught my eye and winked at me, so that I remained silent.

"And as for the pursuit of happiness," he went on, "these people have never been happier. They are fed and housed and don't have to work. They are creating gardens and taking classes and enjoying themselves." With that, he opened the bottom drawer of his desk and took out a sheet of paper and began to read to me the menu of the Fourth of July dinner that was being served in all the centers that day.

At this point, the civilian interrupted and identified himself as John J. McCloy, the assistant secretary of war, who had come out to the West Coast, among other assignments, to sign a release for Harvey Itano, the 1942 Gold Medalist at the University of California in Berkeley. Itano had been accepted at the St. Louis University School of Medical School in a class due to start July 6. A decision had been reached in Washington, D.C., that the Japanese American

college students in the camps were to be released to study on college campuses in the East, away from the West Coast. John J. McCloy wished to symbolize this was the intention of the Roosevelt administration by signing a release order for Harvey Itano.

A soldier secretary was summoned, the release order was dictated, typed, and signed by McCloy, then handed to me! I was told to drive to Tule Lake immediately and to take Harvey Itano to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to catch a train to St. Louis. I was told to hurry, as St. Louis University required that students report for classes on time and Harvey Itano should not be late. (In war-time, civilians did not travel by air; Harvey Itano was to travel by train.)

Idashed to my car and drove to Tule Lake. On arrival, I reported to the camp commandant on duty, who, it being July 4th, was a young army lieutenant, younger even than myself. The lieutenant expressed amazement and didn't believe me, nor the release form signed by the assistant secretary of war. He was certainly not going to release one of those "Japs" under his control.

I reminded him how serious it was for a soldier to disobey orders, stressed the urgency of Harvey Itano's release, and suggested he phone the offices of the Western Defense Command to learn if the release order was for real. He telephoned, and I could hear the officer he spoke to in San Francisco blister him for disobeying an order.

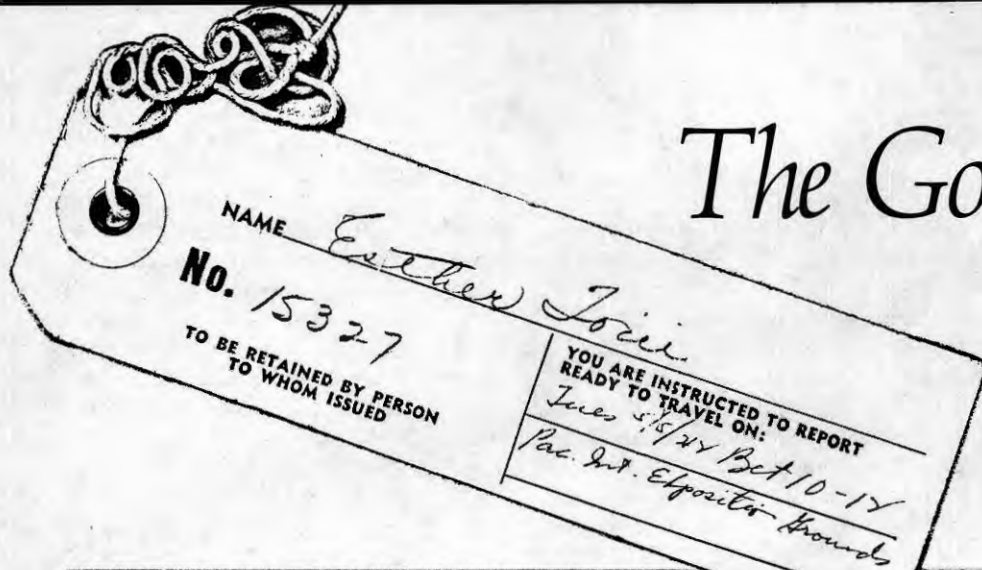
Whereupon the young lieutenant cried

to me to hurry, and we jumped in his jeep and drove wildly through the camp, scattering dogs and children and old people out of our way. We drove up to the Itanos' barracks, and the soldier pounded on the door, certainly frightening Harvey's parents. None of them had seen me before, but Harvey quickly packed, said his goodbyes, and off we went.

Gas rationing had not yet come to the West Coast, but the blackout had. For part of the ride to Klamath Falls, I drove with slits of light for head lamps. We arrived at the railroad station an hour or so late, but fortunately, it being wartime, the train was also late. We stood in the pitch-dark on the platform as the train pulled in, huge and black and frightening. I still remember how brave Harvey Itano seemed to me as he left the relative security of my company and climbed the steps of the train to go off into the unknown.

Harvey Itano graduated from medical school with honors and later became a surgeon in the U.S. Public Health Service and Professor of Pathology at the University of California in San Diego. The next evacuee student was not released until October, so slowly move the wheels of bureaucracy in Washington, D.C., too late for timely entrance into colleges in the East. By the end of the war, the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council had helped a total of 3,500 U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry find their way from camp to college. □

The Good Lives On



FEDERAL WORKS AGENCY
WPA Form 402—Revised 7-28-39

NOTICE TO REPORT TO WORK ON PROJECT

Wage class 8 Identification No. 448 0 TO WORKER

You are asked to report ready for work at 8:00 a. m. ☐ p. m. on June 24, 1942
at Service Division with (Day of week and date)
as Asst. Teacher (Academic Education) on (Equivalent award)
Location of project (City or village, State, street No. or other place) 800 A
(Project number)

Name <u>Esther Torii</u>	Case No.
Address <u>Box 5-F-3</u>	Date <u>June 24, 1942</u>
City <u>Portland</u>	Sex <u>Female</u> Race <u>Japanese</u>
State <u>Oregon</u>	Certified <input type="checkbox"/> Noncertified <input type="checkbox"/>
	Transfer Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
	From Project No. <u>1 A</u>
	To Project No. <u>800 A</u>

ORIGINAL SIGNED BY
Placement officer H. A. SANDBERG
Date employee begins work 6/23
Foreman Req. 215 (215)

I hereby certify that I am the person named above and that I do not and will not advocate or hold membership in any organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence.
Esther Torii
(Employee's signature)
Penalties provided for illegal signature, transfer, or use of this form.

by Esther Torii Suzuki

Three months after President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, our family, in Portland, Oregon, was assigned the number 15327. We were allowed two suitcases each, or the equivalent, which amounted to cardboard boxes and duffle bags. With one week's notice, our household possessions were sold off for less than garage sale prices. Our piano went for \$15.

I was barely 16 years old, and although my depth of despair and feeling of futility may not have compared to those older who lost businesses or jobs, or who had families with toddlers, I was devastated. Not given permission to leave "camp" for my high school graduation exercises, I received my diploma through the mail. My Quaker teacher

Esther Torii Suzuki, before retirement, worked 25 years as a social worker in St. Paul, Minnesota. "Ever since graduation from Macalester," she says, "I have helped students at the local colleges who are far from home in grateful remembrance of all the help I received 50 years ago. The good lives on."

mailed me my only copy of the commencement exercises. My scholarship to a local college was not valid since I could not remain on the West Coast.

The detention camp at the Pacific International Exposition Grounds, where we were sent, was called the Portland Assembly Center. There were 4,000 of us waiting for permanent concentration camps to be built in ten of the most deserted areas of the country.

The days dragged endlessly on, but I was lucky enough to get a job. My first job was classified unskilled—junior clerk—although I could type 60 words per minute and take shorthand at 100 wpm. When it was discovered I could knit, I was assigned to a skilled position as an assistant teacher in the service division teaching knitting and other handicrafts and paid \$12 a month. I saved every cent for college.

We ate in two shifts of 2,000 at a time. Since we lived in an exposition center where rodeos were performed, manure from horses remained. It always rains in Oregon, and the stench was overpowering. Our living cubicle, large enough

to hold five cots, was partitioned off from the other cubicles by eight-foot-high walls. The mattresses were stuffed by us with straw. Showering and toilet facilities were non-private in large rooms. Our one doorway had a canvas hanging for privacy, and the security guard came by two times a day and flipped the canvas open to count our heads. Curfew was enforced so the count would be accurate, but it would have been impossible to escape with the barbed wire encircling the whole grounds and the armed guards.

During the time of internment, I was busy writing letters all over the country trying to get released. Like the pieces of a giant cosmic puzzle, after a time things started to fall into place. The first person to assist me was Margaret Rodman, a long-term substitute teacher at Lincoln High School, and a Quaker. She felt that Macalester College, a small, private Christian college in St. Paul, Minnesota, could possibly be the answer for me. The red tape was indescribable, but the college accepted me, the college was cleared by several agencies to be acceptable to enroll Japanese Americans, and letters were received from the St. Paul police chief and fire department and other representatives of the community acknowledging my acceptance. All these papers were handled by the National Japanese-American Student Relocation Council, and the final approval for release came from the War Department.

Margaret Rodman's interest in me did not end. She found a teaching job in a small town in Oregon for one year. Since there wasn't a Quaker meeting there, she tithed from her \$100-a-month salary and sent me \$10 a month for nine months. I was so excited and grateful that I wrote her a letter of thanks immediately. She answered, asking me not to write my name on the return address; the inquisitive postmistress had questioned her about who she knew in St. Paul. The anti-Japanese feeling was so strong in her small town that she feared losing her job if they found she had a friend of Japanese ancestry.

Life on campus was safe at Macalester. The tenor of the mood was set by the faculty, and the students followed

the lead of student leaders, most of whom were active in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Fellow students invited me for holidays since I could not go home to where my family were incarcerated. (Recently I heard my ten-year-old granddaughter telling a friend, "Did you know that my grandmother was in prison?") As long as the invitation was from a student in Minnesota, there was no problem. The first Thanksgiving I was invited to Eau Claire, Wisconsin, which meant I had to get permission from the U.S. Attorney's office.

One friend from the Church of the Brethren said her mother, who lived on a farm without electricity, felt that the evacuation was a national shame and she wanted to do something personally for me. She did my laundry in a gas operated washing machine with homemade soap, so I smelled clean in all my classes. She ironed with a flatiron heated on a wood-burning stove. This dear person packed in large homemade oatmeal cookies, which smelled like homemade soap, but I ate them with relish.

One classmate's father was a chaplain in the navy, and her mother was director of Christian education in a Presbyterian church in St. Paul. When she heard I skipped breakfasts to save money, she gave \$10 to the dean to give to me anonymously.

I missed Japanese food, and one classmate's father, who was on the faculty and came from Japan when he was 17, cooked sukiyaki for me. In addition, he took his daughter, Ethel, and me to movies.

One religion professor, Dr. Edwin Kagin, had been a missionary to Korea, and in the first week of school he gave me two persimmons, one for my roommate, Ellen Okagaki. He said he understood prejudice because he was subjected to it in Korea, where everyone commented on his big nose. (I didn't think his nose was big at all.)

My sister, Lucy, who was incarcerated from age 11 through 14, wrote me a letter weekly. When we were grown up she asked if I had kept those letters. (She probably envisioned herself as another Anne Frank.) Sorrowfully, I had to remind her that when I answered her letters, I returned her letter with spelling corrections in red ink. So her ambition of being an author was dashed.

One letter said that our family, as well as the majority of the detention camp, were stricken with food poisoning. I was crying as I was typing. Mary Gwen



Page 22, top:
Evacuees were issued
numbered tags with
their
evacuation orders.

**Bottom: Esther Torii's
work assignment,
teaching knitting,
paid \$12 per month.**

**Left: Esther's
Macalester College
graduation photo,
1946**

Owen, the head of the Speech Department, walked down four flights of stairs to the basement grille to buy me an ice cream cone because, she said, "one can't cry and eat ice cream at the same time."

The other religion professor, Dr.

Milton D. McLean, was advisor to the six Nisei students on campus. He opened up his home every Sunday night for popcorn and apples and we looked forward to going to this warm, loving home. Their daughter, Georgianna, remembers vividly the Nisei students and what an

'Look-alikes'

Before confinement, we experienced curfew in Portland, Oregon, starting shortly after Pearl Harbor. Japanese and Americans of Japanese ancestry could not be outside their homes from 8 p.m. until 6 a.m. This posed a problem for those who had to arrive at their jobs early. We could not travel more than five miles from our homes and could not be in the vicinity of any strategic places, such as the water tower.

Our "look-alikes," the Chinese and Americans of Chinese ancestry, devised an ingenious plan to overcome the handicap of being mistaken for a

person of Japanese heritage. Large buttons came out sporting, "I am Chinese." The Star of David badges the Nazis forced the Jewish people to wear marked them for the gas chambers. The reverse of this was the Chinese button, which gave them entrance carte blanche to restaurants, late night movies, and walks in "prohibited areas." I seem to recall that the King of Denmark, when ordered to force all the Jews to wear the Star of David, appeared in public wearing one himself.

Esther Torii Suzuki

impact we made on her family's life. She says that when her father was on leave working for the USO, he had business in Idaho so he left her for one day (her 12th birthday) with my parents and Lucy in the Minidoka War Relocation Area Camp, where they had been sent. Georgianna says she remembers because somehow a birthday cake appeared and she was presented with a homemade pin. It was made from three watermelon seeds with miniature scenes painted on, then pasted on a piece of driftwood and shellacked over. She says she wore it until it fell apart.

My parents remained in camp for the duration with young Lucy so that Eunice, two years younger than I, and I could pursue our college education. People have questioned what kind of

parents would send their young children away to an unknown part of the country among strangers. In the *Caucasian Chalk Circle*, as the two women tried to pull the child out of the circle to prove who was the mother, the real mother let go so the child would not be pulled asunder—so the child could live. In 1987, at the Minnesota awards ceremony of the Nisei Student Relocation Commemorative Fund, when a Vietnamese girl was awarded a scholarship to college, she gave a thank you speech crediting her mother. She would always remember her mother while standing on the shore of Vietnam waving goodbye while her daughter would have a chance for education as an unaccompanied minor in the United States.

While at Minidoka, my mother made

Indian moccasin pins, one inch long, decorated with multicolored beads. She was paid five cents each for them. A man sold these at souvenir stands, state fairs, and in the old five-and-ten-cent stores for considerably more. Working late into the night by the one dim, naked light bulb suspended from the ceiling in their 12-by-12-foot room, mother earned my train fare from the college to Minidoka for a one-week visit in 1943—the best vacation I had in my whole life. Mother also had to pay for my three meals a day, which were measured in nickels. It seemed a lot of money to pay for prison fare. The hours that went into the countless tiny moccasin stitches would be like counting the grains of sand in the desert.

It is fifty years later now, and I am serving on the Alumni Board of Directors of Macalester College. At alumni weekend in June 1992, a couple of classmates came up to me and said they still remembered my unfinished speech, described in an article I wrote for the November 1991 *Macalester Today*. The article started with this paragraph:

I enrolled at Macalester in September 1942 when I was 16. For my first assignment in freshman speech class, I began by declaring, 'The happiest day of my life was the day I left for college.' But suddenly I remembered my father, mother, and two sisters standing on the other side of the barbed wire fence in Oregon, waving goodbye, smiling bravely through their tears. I broke down and couldn't continue. □

"... We could make these camps the finest in the world and they would still be prisons. *Hope is outside not inside*. They appeal to us for help. Our responsibility is to get as many out as possible. If by the end of the war the camps are still full we have failed. If they are empty—there is still a chance of a solution to the problem but it will not yet be solved!"

— Floyd Schmoe
Seattle AFSC staff
1942

Acme Newspictures/AFSC Archives



Singing close harmony
in a high school class
at Manzanar, 1944

An Open Door for the Wronged of a War

by Tom Walsh

From the backseat of Ross Wilbur's frusted 1935 station wagon, Des Moines looked just great to 14-year-old Yuriko Katayama.

The last place Yuriko had called home was an Army barracks at the edge of an Arkansas swamp. Before that, she lived with her mother and three sisters in a horse stable at the Santa Anita Racetrack near Los Angeles. It seemed so long ago, that rainy Saturday morning in 1942, those two men searching her family's home in Long Beach and, without a word, taking her father to jail.

Now he was back, and it was Easter Sunday, 1944. Out the rear window of the Wilbur station wagon, Yuriko could see 2150 Grand Avenue—a big, old

rambling house in this new place called Iowa. Yuriko would soon discover that her room on the second floor shook once a day as the Rock Island "Rocket" roared by on the train tracks out back.

Since September of 1943, this ten-room boarding house had been leased by the American Friends Service Committee. Like other such Japanese American hostels operated by the Quakers, it would serve as a refuge for Yuriko and her family from *haiseiki*—the racism, discrimination, and rejection that came with being Japanese and living in post-Pearl Harbor America. As the Des Moines hostel's director, Wilbur, with his old station wagon, had met many trains bringing families like the Katayamas to new lives in Iowa.

"I really didn't know how very bad my environment was until I went to Des Moines," remembers Yuriko, now 60-

year-old Yuriko Katayama Hori of Chicago. "When we arrived, Mr. Wilbur took us to the Friends meetinghouse. After meeting, we had Easter Breakfast. I must say, I never tasted such delicious food. Real eggs and butter and bread, all those good things. As I looked around at all the people, they were so healthy—just bright and blooming! It was such a contrast to what my life had been."

Yuriko was 12 during that grim wartime winter of 1941-42, when public hysteria and the Bill of Rights went toe-to-toe. It was a quick decision, and the Katayamas of Long Beach and thousands like them were the losers.

"We were told to assemble with what we could carry," she recalls. "We were among the very first to be told to move. My mother made each of the four of us a drawstring bag. In it was a bar of soap, a change of underclothing, a towel, and

Tom Walsh is a journalist and member of West Branch (Iowa) Meeting. His article is excerpted from the Spring 1990 issue of The Iowan and is reprinted with permission.

toothpaste. She embroidered a face and my name on the bag."

Bill Hosokawa arrived at 2150 Grand Avenue by way of Heart Mountain, Wyoming. As a boy in Seattle, he raised more than a few Caucasian eyebrows when he was awarded the role of George Washington in the sixth-grade play about Valley Forge. As a young man, he worked as a reporter in Singapore and Shanghai, returning to the West Coast just weeks before Pearl Harbor.

"Alice and I had been married for two and a half years, and we had a year-old son, Michael," says Hosokawa, now a 74-year-old journalist living in Denver. "Once the war started, there was no point looking for a job. We were given three to six days to close up our homes, to get rid of our businesses, and to show up with only things we could carry. May 15, 1942, was the date on which my family and I were to show up. We were loaded into Greyhound buses for Puyallup, Washington.

Eventually, the Hosokawa family was



AFSC Archives/courtesy of Carolyn Treadway

Above: An evening at Des Moines Hostel

Right: "Totally at peace with the world is Henry Sakata, working at a job he loves amid ideal employment surroundings" — so reads a caption for a publicity photo taken of Sakata by the War Relocation Authority.



War Relocation Authority/AFSC Archives

sent to Heart Mountain. Surrounded by barbed wire and sentries, everyone inside had a job. They taught, cooked, tended gardens, and staffed the infirmary. Bill Hosokawa's job was editing *The Heart Mountain Sentinel*. His eight-page, weekly newspaper turned out to be his ticket to Des Moines. By the fall of 1943, the War Relocation Authority was allowing those with sponsors and leads on jobs to leave for communities throughout the Midwest. Bill Hosokawa had both. He had met WRA Director Dillon S. Myer on his inspection tours of Heart Mountain. Myer knew Gardner Cowles, who owned *The Des Moines Register*, and

suggested that the *Register* could use a man of Hosokawa's abilities.

The guest register of the Friends' hostel at 2150 Grand Avenue shows that Bill Hosokawa logged into Des Moines on October 18, 1943. He signed out ten days later. "I already had a job, I just needed a place to stay," he recalls. "I was a copy editor at the *Register*. I'd go to work at 5 p.m. and be back to the hostel at 2 or 3 a.m. I'd spend the day looking for a place to live. I found one near Drake University—1826 Mondamin Place." With a good job and housing in hand, Hosokawa sent for his wife and son.

The road to Des Moines also had its curves for Ross and Libby Wilbur, the Quaker couple who arrived in the city in late 1943 to run the hostel. At one moment, they were in Newtown Square, Pennsylvania, settling in with their new baby, Carolyn; the next, they were heading to the Midwest, in response to word from the AFSC that help was needed in Des Moines. Ross, a social worker, became the hostel's second director at a salary of \$100 a month. The first director had been drafted and, as a conscientious objector, assigned to a medical unit. The hostel in Des Moines, the Wilburs were told, was not unlike others the Quakers operated in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Cleveland. Each offered a refuge of rooms, meals, and fellowship for thousands of Japanese Americans searching the Midwest for jobs, homes, and hope.

"Whatever concerns human beings in distress, whatever may help free individuals, groups, and nations from fear, hate, or narrowness—these are subjects for the Committee's consideration," the AFSC said of its motives for establishing such hostels. In Des Moines, room and board was \$1 a day for adults and 50 cents for children under 12. Employed adults paid \$1.50. In a letter written to his draft board after his arrival in Des Moines, Wilbur described his duties as "welcoming, caring of evacuees, meeting trains, collection of baggage, arranging for appointments with prospective em-

ployers, landlords, and interested individuals, and the gradual introduction of evacuees into this community."

Beyond the duties outlined in his letter, Ross Wilbur struggled to keep the hostel operating in the black. Ends were met with the help of the Des Moines Relocation Committee and its local coalition of churches, schools, and individuals. To cut costs, Ross raised chickens and rabbits in the hostel's backyard, while Libby, with help from the temporary guests, tended a garden and tackled the canning. Once, a special collection was taken among the hostel's residents and visitors so that dinner on Christmas Eve could feature turkey instead of chicken. At that dinner, Ross later wrote to AFSC headquarters in Philadelphia, "Grace was said with a prayer for those who were absent, since most everyone present represented a family group which was broken by separation."

During the ten months between December 1943 and September 1944, the hostel was housing an average of 18 persons a day, with turnover ranging from a few days to a few weeks. During the same period, 17,000 meals were served. By September 1944, 500 evacuees had settled in and around Des Moines, including 60 families.

Yuriko's father, Tom Katayama, was busy supporting his family as a building custodian at the YWCA. At age 24, Hiroshi Nishijima, known to his friends and customers in Des Moines as "Sam," was running the produce department of Love's Food Store. To the delight of his employer, Henry Sakata brought the Japanese art of arranging flowers to his new job at the La Vere Bracht Floral Company. Other transplanted Japanese made their livings as domestics, farm workers, and chicken sexers—sorting day-old chicks by gender. Although not always the best jobs, they were jobs. Still, for even the most highly educated *Nisei*, there were doors of opportunity that even a Phi Beta Kappa key couldn't unlock.

And there were other problems. The Des Moines local of the International Association of Machinists refused union cards to skilled Japanese workers. When Henry Miyahara bought a home in Des Moines at 1126 39th Street, his new neighbors objected.

Even so, anti-Japanese sentiment in Des Moines seemed tame to what was to be found elsewhere during the war. In California, which had been home for most of those uprooted, there remain-

ed an active and well-organized anti-Japanese movement. Throughout the country, anti-Japanese propaganda relied on Burma Shave signs enticing the driving public to "SLAP . . . THE . . . JAP" and cartoon caricatures depicting Japanese as yellow, buck-toothed monkeys. Nationwide, as late as 1950, there were still 500 federal, state, and local laws and ordinances targeted at resident Japanese.

"Now, I know that the reason given for our imprisonment was national security," says Yuriko Katayama Hohri. "What I don't understand is what a 12-year-old child could do that would jeopardize or harm national security. I really wasn't angry at the time because I didn't know what we were undergoing."

"To have this very unique experience in our country happen to a whole group of individuals undercuts the ideal that we espouse for the rest of the world, [that the United States is] a living, dynamic democracy. It's only people who have been through this experience who understand the significance of the Constitution and what a valuable document it is," adds Yuriko.

Bill Hosokawa left Des Moines in June of 1946 to take a job with the *Denver Post*—the same paper that just a few years earlier had called for a "24-hour curfew on all Japs." He's still in Denver, amid a distinguished career as a newspaper writer and editor, and as the author of *Nisei—The Quiet Americans*, his own story of his own generation's search for dignity and identity.

"I'm often asked how I feel about the whole damn thing, and of course I was

angry," Hosokawa says in hindsight. "But a lot has happened in my life over the last 40 years. It was an outrageous experience, but also an interesting one. What I get out of it is a determination that something like this must never happen again to anybody. There were very few people who had the courage to say, 'Wait a minute, these are good citizens who had nothing to do with the attack on Pearl Harbor.' I still fear that, in some future crisis, people will lose their heads."

"The United States Supreme Court has decided that, under certain circumstances, the rights of citizenship guaranteed in the Bill of Rights may be suspended," continues Hosokawa. "Once the Supreme Court interprets the Constitution in a certain way, it's a precedent for all time. In this case, the ruling of the majority remains a loaded gun pointed at the nation to be used by the next leader who perceives some great crisis. This bothers me very much."

Ross Wilbur received word from Philadelphia in the fall of 1945 that the hostel would be closed. By then, the flow of evacuees to Des Moines had slowed to a trickle. The last guest—number 727—logged in on October 26. The work of the hostel as a Japanese American community center was carried on by other agencies. The furniture was sold, and the Wilburs found a house at 1535 Second Avenue. Ross landed a new job as a state child welfare consultant to an 11-county area southeast of Des Moines.

Before locking the door at 2150 Grand Avenue, the Wilburs set aside the evening of Saturday, October 13, for a "sayonara tea." It was an emotional affair, replete with memories and good-byes, flashbulbs and tears. Before it was over, the guests passed the hat and presented the take to Ross and Libby as a farewell gift.

Ross had his own idea about a useful gift for his friends, and now he had some cash. "It would seem to me that it would be nice to use the gift of the resettlers in a way that they could also share in its benefit," Ross wrote the AFSC headquarters. After Philadelphia accepted his offer of \$150, Ross presented his friends with a set of keys. Though the roof leaked and the transmission was "iffy," the old '35 station wagon that had met so many of their trains would continue to see its new owners through the streets of their new hometown. □

▼ Tom Katayama became a building custodian at the Des Moines YWCA.



War Relocation Authority/AFSC Archives

Many Willing Hands

by Kate and Arthur Brinton

War Relocation Authority/courtesy of Aline Hobson



◀ A Cincinnati columnist draws a laugh while speaking to hostel residents. Behind his chair are (from right) Arthur and Kate Brinton and Gracia Booth. Kitchen manager Mutsu Takao (daughter in lap) is in the front row.

Twenty-eight twenty Winslow Avenue—a house and a street no longer in existence—but to hundreds of Japanese Americans who came to Cincinnati from 1943 to 1945, from any one of ten barbed-wire-enclosed, desert internment camps, the broad, tree-shaded, wood and stucco American Friends Service Committee Hostel was freedom and healing.

The Cincinnati Hostel was opened in the spring of 1943 to meet the influx of Nisei being carefully released from the relocation centers. The 1942 government plan had been to confine these 120,000 citizens and others and forget them for the duration. In less than a year, this concept proved seriously flawed, and cautious release of individuals started. None might resettle in Western states; all were urged toward the East. In each of eight or so larger cities of the Midwest and the East, an office was established with a government representative to assist the Nisei in finding employment. The AFSC won government approval to establish hostels in these cities as halfway houses where Nisei could stay, families and singles, until more permanent housing could be found.

The work that we and our infant son, Keith, undertook in 1943 was to direct the Cincinnati Hostel, where we met Raymond and Gracia Booth, Friends from California, who were temporarily managing the hostel. Raymond had been pastor of a West Coast Friends meeting, but resigned to devote his life

to justice for the Nisei. Appointed by the government as War Relocation Authority representative for Cincinnati, after service with AFSC, he brought wisdom, warmth, and firm conviction to this mission and achieved an outstanding success. The strength of the Japanese American community in Cincinnati today attests to that.

In starting her work at the Hostel, Kate was fortunate to have not only the experienced Booths, but James Heishi Takao, who came in advance of his family from the camp at Poston, Arizona. Not only background, but intelligence and temperament made him an ideal advisor in psychological and practical matters. His wife, Mutsu, and daughters, Tomi and Judy, followed in the course of time. This pattern was familiar: husbands first to reconnoiter, then families. Mutsu came as the first official manager of the kitchen and cooking; she assisted Kate in planning menus and purchasing food. Both of us had everything to learn about Nisei customs, food, ideals, and recent history.

The hostel, a former fraternity house, was a square, three-story building with spacious first floor rooms, a broad staircase, several bathrooms, and many bedrooms—the antithesis of flimsy barracks. In this house, as many as 30 persons had beds (with the third floor a men's dormitory), and upwards of 40 ate on special occasions. As Nisei arrived and became members of the family until a job and a more permanent habitation appeared, the hostel became a convenient center for visiting, sharing news, finding a letter, or just resting.

As the hostel was established to operate cooperatively, there were always willing hands to help with meal prepara-

tion, washing dishes, and cleaning the first floor. Our small son had many grandmothers, who rejoiced in looking after him when Kate was tied up. Residents took care of their own sleeping quarters and laundry. To us, the house always looked cared for.

In a quiet, residential section of the city, 2820 Winslow's past residents must at times have attracted unwelcome attention. Seeing tenants of Asian extraction, neighbors were questioning and wary. Even with a war on, real estate values fluctuate. Our public relations ratings took a jump quite coincidentally. On Tennis Lane, behind the hostel, was an eyesore: A large back lot had been a dumping ground and weed patch for years, breeding rodents and smells. On the West Coast, one-third of the Nisei had been farmers, and the farms they created out of unpromising land made them famous. Now penned in a town house and restless, two or three Nisei went to work on the 50 x 75 ft. lot, and in a few months had produced orderly beds of green vegetables. Result: second thoughts about the strangers!

Cincinnati proved to be a city of tradition and charm, and by and large accepting of the Asian-appearing newcomers. Arthur accompanied scores of couples searching for apartments and fearing rejection, but who showed courage and integrity—not demanding perfection, but not lowering their standards. In job placement, Raymond Booth was a bridge between prospective employers and the Nisei. He could almost guarantee excellent work, and the new employees more than upheld his promises. The results appeared in a satisfied community, and increasing numbers came to Cincinnati. □

Following hostel work, Arthur Brinton went back to teaching English at George School, which had granted him a leave of absence. Kate later worked as a librarian. Both are retired and live on a farm in Ludlow, Vt. They are members of Wilderness (Vt.) Meeting.

Friends Made a Difference

by Grayce K. Uyehara

The Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) is a national civil and human rights organization, which was formed in the late 1920s to combat racism on the West Coast. In the 1980s, JACL established a Legislative Education Committee (LEC) to pursue the issue to petition the U.S. government for a redress of grievances of Japanese Americans—the loss of freedom and the injustice of the removal from their homes on the West Coast in the spring of 1942.

In February that year President Roosevelt set into motion the uprooting of all persons of Japanese ancestry residing on the West Coast. Japanese Americans, with utter disbelief that our government could disregard fundamental constitutional rights, were herded into U.S.-style concentration camps.

Ideas of empowerment to address the injustice and then protect the rights of all U.S. citizens would come to Japanese Americans later, much later. The rebuilding process took time.

Subsequent to issuance of the final report in February 1982 of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, and the recommendations for remedies in June 1983 based upon the commission's fact-finding report and economic impact study, JACL-LEC was activated to establish a nationwide educational program and lobbying office in Washington, D.C. The Japanese American members of Congress, with other congressional support, prepared redress bills for the House and Senate for fall 1983 introduction.

A fund-raising campaign was initiated by JACL-LEC in late spring of 1985, but it seems that many Japanese Americans did not think we had the political presence and strength to get these bills passed by Congress and to get the administration to pass the bills into law. The fund-raising effort only produced \$40,000 by September 1985.

As a member of JACL-LEC, I had

the assignment of organizing the East Coast lobbying campaign. I resigned from my position as social worker with a suburban Philadelphia school district with the idea of giving all my volunteer time to the legislative campaign.

The JACL-LEC Board chair, Minoru Yasui, asked me to volunteer a few days a week in Washington to begin the lobbying effort. The redress bill had been introduced for a second time. In our meeting in Washington with Senator Daniel Inouye, he made it clear the redress bill could be introduced for a third time, but after that it would die. Thus, I was initiated into a job with very little financial and staff support and

in Washington and, particularly, to the religious organizations. The Friends Committee on National Legislation took the lead in forming the Religious Coalition for Japanese American Redress. Meetings of this group were held at FCNL's office since JACL-LEC had no conference room or enough chairs to seat a committee in our small office.

The grassroots lobbying program among the Quakers, particularly in those states such as New England, Indiana, Iowa, and the South, were critical since those states had no active chapters except in Boston and Indianapolis. Each time JACL-LEC sent out a legislative Action Alert, FCNL did their own mail-



Grayce Uyehara (fifth from left) arrives at the Stockton (Calif.) Assembly Center.

with no professional background except for a lifetime of legislative effort as a private citizen interested in justice and fairness based on law and not on ancestry.

Having been taught by my parents that one should give the best effort to any project undertaken and to persevere until the goal is reached, I knew the task to get for the redress bills would require more than just the Japanese American community's support. Thus, my major task became that of finding "proxy Nik-kei" (Japanese Americans).

It was natural, therefore, to turn to the civil and human rights organizations

ing to its constituents. I am certain the redress bill signed into law on August 10, 1988, would not have happened without the support of Friends organizations. Japanese Americans will remember and are appreciative of the emotional, financial, and general support of Friends who participated in the action to redress their grievances.

Redress was not a Japanese American issue, but an American one. The message is that wrongs can be acknowledged and injustice remedied. History will show that those who have the power to help can make a difference. □

Grayce K. Uyehara served as executive director of the Japanese American Citizens League—Legislative Education Committee from 1985 to 1988 in Washington, D.C. She and her husband live at Medford Leas, a Quaker retirement community in Medford, N.J.

My Citizenship Seemed to Dissolve

by May Ohmura Watanabe

In 1941, the author was in her sophomore year at Mills College in California. She was not able to complete the academic year, however. After Executive Order 9066 was issued, she and her family left their home in Chico, California, and were sent to Tule Lake Relocation Center, where she spent the next year-and-a-half before being cleared to attend Syracuse university. Her article is excerpted from the Mills Quarterly, the alumnae magazine of Mills College, and is reprinted with permission.

I am still realizing how much we have all been affected by the experiences of the internment camps. It takes a long time, if ever, to recover confidence after an event that undermines one's sense of worth and from treatment that strips away one's self-esteem and dignity. It takes a long time to recover trust when one is judged and condemned on the basis of prejudice without a chance to respond or defend oneself.

Our children and grandchildren, the third and fourth generations, ask us why we remained the "quiet Americans." Why did we not speak out against this injustice? Ironically, I think the widespread appearance of compliance and acceptance was probably rooted in Japanese culture. At home we grew up with instructions to respect authority, to obey and cooperate with those in higher power. Some individuals did protest these unjust acts and were imprisoned. Today the legality of their imprisonment is under question. Today I also question what kept us so "quiet."

The possibility of redress caused many of these buried memories and feelings to come to the surface. At the beginning of talk of redress, I was summoned to a meeting by members of the Japanese American Citizens League in Cleveland. They stressed the need for people to speak before a panel about the

May Ohmura Watanabe received her bachelor's degree from Syracuse University and completed graduate work in public health at Case-Western Reserve College. Lori Watanabe Saginaw, one of May's two daughters, is a graduate of Kalamazoo College. She conducts conflict management workshops for parents and works with the multicultural program of her sons' school.

internment. I felt overwhelmed by the task. I felt I could not speak authoritatively. I felt I could not speak out. I was still feeling "quiet."

Now, after almost 50 years, Congress has legislated redress for Japanese Americans. My parents are dead and will never see this money. Of course, no monetary value could ever be placed on the destruction and loss of their livelihood,

jealousy of the prosperity and productivity of these people. During the time of war, the government received great pressure from many parties to sanction and justify its final actions. The land from which Japanese Americans were removed, once desert, is now the richest farmland in the nation.

I fear the hysteria of war, but I also fear the emotions and attitudes that can



◀ The Ohmura family around 1931, when May was nine.

security, and well-being. But the redress action does represent something to me. It means that this country finally acknowledges that something very wrong was done. Maybe it is a beginning.

Looking at my own grandsons and thinking about all the grandchildren in this country, I hope this kind of injustice will never happen again to any group. Unfortunately, it can happen unless the forces that caused it are recognized as a dark part of the United States' past and present.

Recently there are acts of growing prejudice and overt attacks against U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry in this country again. The use of a scapegoat in times of economic crisis seems to be repeating itself in our history. As the evacuation is re-examined today, there is a belief and understanding that racism and prejudice were not the only forces behind the removal of 120,000 people of Japanese ancestry from their farms and businesses. There was also economic

distort the truth, even when there is no war. Please let us not be blinded to truth. Please let us not consider human lives without sensitivity and compassion. If my remembrances can offer any insight, provoke any thought, encourage any challenging of what goes on in the world we live in, then my pain will have served a useful purpose. □

Postscript

I am a privileged witness to a painful and fragile process, ongoing in my mother. Eight years ago, shortly after my grandmother's death, my mother spoke to me and wrote about her internment experience for the *Mills Quarterly*, somewhat timidly but with a focus I had never seen previously. Since then, a growing number of disjointed but powerful fragments of memory have emerged in place of the familiar "I don't remember."

When Kristy Yamaguchi received her Olympic medal in winter 1992, the tear-filled eyes and expression on my mother's face captured the personal significance of this historical event to her and to me. My mother's tears were two generations' worth. Welling up from the past's degradation, grieving loss of dignity and hope, they also sprang from the pride and relief of recognition earned that day by a Japanese American before the eyes of the world. Even now I am overcome by the immensity of this emotional reservoir tapped so unconsciously by this incident.

I applaud my mother for the courage she has shown to remember—slowly but surely. I thank her for the work of unfolding and reopening the past in her unassuming but honest way. It is truly the passage of time that oversees the process of healing. As she approaches her 70th birthday, it is mystifying and glorious to me to see my mother recover and awaken parts of her that she had lost to numbness or buried in quiet for many

years.

It is also time's passage that yields the gift of perspective. Not until I was 20, visiting Japan, did I realize my struggle and need to confirm my own identity as U.S. citizen. Not until I was 40, reading an account of three generations of Japanese American women in the United States, were my eyes truly opened to my grandmother and my mother in a historical context. I find I now crave intimate knowledge of the past in order to know myself and teach my children.

My history alerts me and sensitizes me to what I encounter in my sons' schools, in local politics, in my work place, in my neighborhood. My vision is clearer with the aid of my history. My goals are more focused with the aid of my history. For those of us who are moved by my mother's memories, we have a stake together in guarding the present and the future against the patterns of the past so they will not re-emerge to hurt or haunt our children.

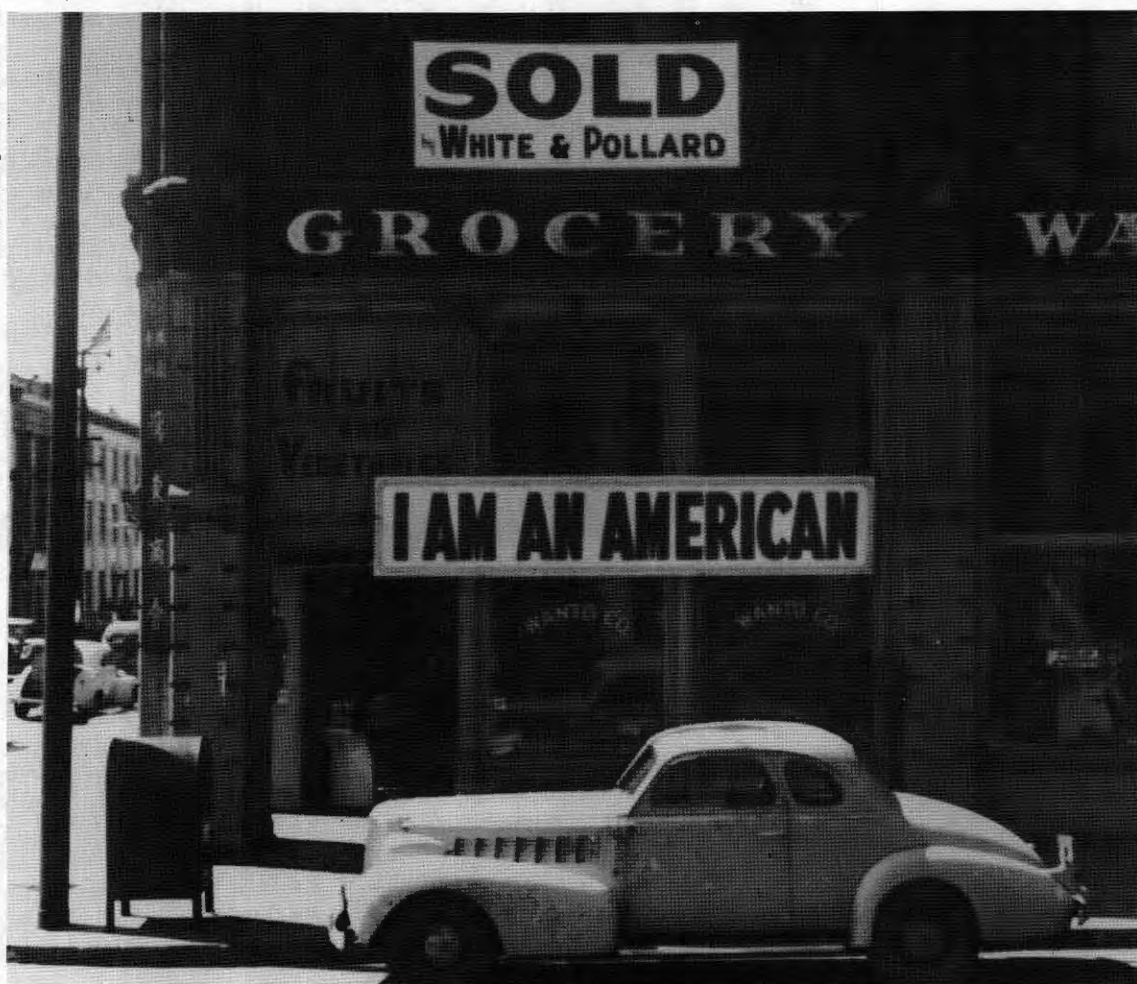
— Lori Watanabe Saginaw

A Collective Silence

"For nearly 40 years there has been a collective silence about the evacuation and the internment. All of us have been diminished by that silence. All of us have much to gain from public discussion of the issues that surround the mandate of the Commission [on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians]. We feel now as we did 39 years ago that fundamental questions about the reality of a democratic society with racial equality and social justice are intertwined with what happened then to 120,000 people of Japanese ancestry."

*Louis W. Schneider
1981 AFSC Testimony to
Commission on Wartime
Relocation and Internment
of Civilians*

Dorothea Lange/National Archives



► **Evacuation orders closed this store. The owner, a college graduate of Japanese descent, hung the lower sign the day after Pearl Harbor.**

Constitutional Rights Ignored

by Arthur G. Barnett

Friends must express their appreciation of Peter Irons, professor of political science at the University of California, San Diego. His devoted research led to his discovery in old army records of the correspondence of Lieutenant General J. L. DeWitt, U. S. Army, and commander of West Coast defenses both before and after the Japanese navy bombed Pearl Harbor. One letter discovered was to Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy, now famous as the "Chairman of the Establishment," as his biographer was to characterize him. DeWitt admitted to McCloy that he had not had time to hold proper hearings before issuing an order evacuating over 110,000 native-born United States citizens and 40,000 aliens, Gordon Hirabayashi's parents among the latter. Irons has written extensively about the evacuation and how the government attempted to salve its conscience by paying an insulting \$20,000 to evacuees who survived four years of confinement and disruption.

Much has been written on this, but rarely detailing how the Supreme Court of the United States stamped its final approval of a violation, based on ancestry, of the rights of native-born citizens. A careful reader will be puzzled to note in an angry dissent by Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson that he was "tricked" in the *Hirabayashi* case by six fellow justices who were to use their unanimous decision as a precedent binding in the *Korematsu* case. In his dissent, Jackson asserted that the majority in *Korematsu* erred in applying their decision about a curfew as a precedent supporting a conviction on evacuation. Most fair-minded readers would agree with his argument that having to be home by 8 o'clock in the evening and remaining indoors until 6 o'clock in the morning is a different matter from being told to

leave your homes, lose your jobs and be transported to live almost four years in one of ten concentration camps. Included among the six justices who constituted the *Korematsu* majority were distinguished former law professors: Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, dean of Columbia University Law School; Felix Frankfurter, a much publicized authority on constitutional law and member of the Harvard Law School faculty; Wiley Rutledge of Yale University and later dean of the University of Illinois Law School; and William O. Douglas, formerly at Yale.

While Jackson was angry at having been deceived, the government didn't seem to hold against him his opposition to the majority in *Korematsu*. President Truman subsequently appointed him as chief allied prosecutor of Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg. Jackson further wrote:

Now, if any fundamental assumption underlies our system, that is that guilt is personal and not inheritable. Even if all of one's antecedents had been convicted of treason, the Constitution forbids its penalties to be visited upon him, for it provides that no attainer of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attained. But here is an attempt to make an otherwise innocent act a crime merely because this prisoner is the son of parents as to whom he had no choice, and belongs to a race from which there is no way to resign.

Also perplexing in these cases was the Army's accommodating stance in letting the executive branch dictate to and manipulate General DeWitt, as noted earlier. DeWitt had called Major General Allen W. Gullion, the Army's chief law enforcement officer. DeWitt told him that he wanted firmer steps taken by the FBI against Japanese and other enemy aliens; he complained that no one was handling them. Quoting DeWitt's telephone conversation with General Gullion in his book, *The Decision to Relocate the Japanese Americans* (J. B. Lippincott, 1975), Roger Daniels tells us that on December 26, 1941, DeWitt "... was opposed to mass incarceration." Quoting further:

I thought that thing out to my satisfaction. ... If we go ahead and arrest the

93,000 Japanese, native born and foreign born, we are going to have an awful job on our hands and we are liable to alienate the loyal Japanese from disloyal. ... I'm very doubtful that it would be common sense procedure to try and intern or to intern 117,000 Japanese in this theatre. ... I told the governors of all the states that those people should be watched better if they were watched by the police and the people of the community in which they live and have been living for years ... and then inform the FBI or the military authorities of any suspicious action so we could take necessary steps to handle it ... rather than try to intern these people, men, women and children, and hold them under military control and under guard. I don't think it's a sensible thing to do. ... I'd rather go along the way we are now ... rather than attempt any such wholesale internment. ... An American citizen, after all, is an American citizen. And while they may not be loyal, I think we can weed the disloyal out of the loyal and lock them up if necessary.

At this point, President Franklin Roosevelt was to sign Executive Order 9066. When President Gerald Ford rescinded the order, he termed it one of the most cruel orders ever signed by a President. John J. McCloy drafted the order once he persuaded his boss, Henry L. Stimson, of its necessity. This order was vehemently opposed by Attorney General Francis Biddle, who would have nothing to do with its enforcement. In his autobiography *In Brief Authority*, Biddle was to write that Roosevelt concluded it was a military question and simply took the War Department's recommendation. Biddle further wrote that had Stimson not accompanied McCloy to a White House meeting, perhaps stiffening McCloy's resolve, the president would not have signed the order. As a three-time cabinet officer and well-connected Republican serving in a Democratic administration, Stimson proved a useful shield against partisan criticism.

I believe it was at this point that McCloy's eventual stature as "Chairman of the Establishment" originated. In 1949, he was to be appointed U. S. High Commissioner in Germany with immense power over its recovery. He was later to be much sought after by European and American industrialists and banking interests and became head

Born in Scotland in 1907, Arthur Barnett came to the United States after World War I. As a young, independent lawyer, he represented Gordon Hirabayashi when Gordon first resisted the Evacuation Order in 1942. Arthur was a team member for Gordon's legal defense, ably assisted by the American Friends Service Committee, Fellowship of Reconciliation, and American Civil Liberties Union. He is a long-time member of University Meeting in Seattle, Washington.

of the Chase National Bank. There was no end to his honors.

The *New York Times* book review of April 12, 1992, which featured McCloy on its cover, relates in a review that when, at the age of 86, McCloy accepted an invitation to testify before a congressional committee investigating the war-

time internment of Japanese-Americans, he expected the deference normally afforded such elder statesmen. Instead, he was treated to loud laughter from spectators when he described conditions in the camps as "very pleasant." McCloy's incapacity to understand the constitutional rights of his fellow citizens had

rendered him the relic of a bygone era.

When I became Gordon Hirabayashi's first attorney in the spring of 1942, we were both members of University Friends Meeting in Seattle. I had just resumed the practice of law after working four years for the Roosevelt administration in a program taking boys—



Left: In his Navy uniform from World War One, this veteran enters Santa Anita (Calif.) Park Assembly Center, 1942.

Below: A young California celery grower who has just completed arrangements for leasing his farm during evacuation, 1942.



Photos by Dorothea Lange/National Archives

and later, men—off freight trains and providing them lodging in well-run transient camps. I felt that Hirabayashi needed older, more experienced lawyers. My letters to the American Bar Association, the Washington State Bar Association, and the Seattle Bar Association asking for help with Gordon's now famous case were answered with three two-line letters denying my request.

One voice raised early was that of Edward Samuel Corwin, perhaps the most eminent constitutional scholar of his time, in his book *Total War and the Constitution* (Knopf, 1947, and subsequently reprinted). Corwin was at work on his book even as the evacuation was taking place in May, 1942. He wrote:

Welcome now to the most drastic invasion of civil rights in the United States which this war has evoked, the most drastic invasion of the rights of citizens of the United States by their own government that has thus far oc-

curred in the history of our nation. [Following these words he quoted the essential paragraphs of President Roosevelt's Executive Order.]

What McCloy did was to lead President Roosevelt to delegate the secretary of war and the military commander, to prescribe military areas in such places as the appropriate military commander determined, from which "any or all persons may be excluded." It is clear from this that the president and McCloy attempted to make the West Coast a military zone under the army's control, giving it unconstitutional power to expel whomever they pleased. It was a ruse that both Biddle and Corwin recognized, but not the Supreme Court, the American Bar Association, the Washington State Bar, or the Seattle Bar Association. It was not the law's finest hour.

We must not forget that the Congress also unanimously endorsed and approved this violation of the Constitution by enacting Public Law 503, making it a crime to disobey any army order issued under Executive Order 9066. Thereafter, it all became constitutional once the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously approved Hirabayashi's sentence for violating a curfew. The subsequent appeal in the Yasui case was made by the government once Portland's Judge Fee had dismissed charges against Yasui. The Government now charged that Yasui had worked for the Japanese Consulate in Chicago, which was tantamount to renouncing his citizenship. Judge Fee had ruled that while the curfew was unconstitutional insofar as it applied to U.S. citizens but that as an alien, Yasui was then subject to the curfew. The Supreme Court restored Yasui's citizenship and citing the *Hirabayashi* precedent ruled that Yasui was subject to the curfew.

In initially overturning Yasui's sentence, Judge Fee opened the question to public scrutiny and put the Supreme Court on the spot by having to rule on the constitutionality of Executive Order 9066. But the learned justices, Hugo Black included, sidestepped the issues raised by Fee's ruling, including his assertion that the president should simply have declared martial law.

Without a declaration of martial law, the three branches of government all ignored the constitutional rights of citizens. This sorry episode ranks in importance in U. S. history with the Dred Scott decision and other monumental cases in which race was the determining factor. □

Anne Timmons/© by The Constitution Project



GORDON HIRABAYASHI versus THE UNITED STATES

Gordon Hirabayashi believed internment of Japanese Americans was a clear violation of his rights as a U.S. citizen. He refused to comply and continued with his daily activities as a Friend attending the University of Washington in Seattle. Jailed for disobeying curfew and evacuation orders, Hirabayashi and his lawyer, fellow Quaker Arthur Barnett, went to the U.S. Supreme Court. In 1943, his conviction was unanimously upheld.

New evidence revealed in the early 1980s, however, that the government's case was fraudulent. Hirabayashi returned to the courts and his conviction was reversed. The decision completed Hirabayashi's 43-year struggle for justice, and challenged the constitutionality of the internment of all Japanese Americans.

In a statement to the Civil Liberties Union in 1942, Hirabayashi said: "If I were to register and cooperate, I would be giving helpless consent to the denial of practically all the things which give me incentive to live. I must maintain my Christian principles. I consider it my duty to maintain the democratic standards for which this

nation lives. Therefore, I must refuse this order for evacuation. . . . I am objecting to the principle of this order which denies the rights of human beings, including citizens."

A Personal Matter: Gordon Hirabayashi v. the United States is a half-hour video that follows Hirabayashi's efforts to reverse his wartime conviction for violating curfew and internment orders. The story unfolds through interviews with Hirabayashi, his family and friends, and other individuals closely associated with his case. Some important questions are raised about the rights of citizens and what governmental actions can be justified "for the sake of national security."

A Personal Matter, produced by The Constitution Project, is directed by John de Graaf and narrated by Scott Simon, who is himself a Friend. The documentary aired October 18, on PBS. Check local listings for repeat broadcasts. The VHS video and curriculum booklet are available as an educational package from: CrossCurrent Media, 346 Ninth Street, 2nd Floor, San Francisco, CA 94103, (415) 552-9550.

Timothy Drake

50 Years Later: Where Do We Go From Here?

by Gordon Hirabayashi

"On February 19, 1942, two and a half months after the Pearl Harbor attack and the U.S. declaration of war against Japan, President Franklin Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066. This in essence delegated to the military commanders under him authority to take whatever actions were necessary in the interest of national security.

"Early in March 1942 a proclamation was issued by the Western Defense Command declaring that enemy aliens—German, Japanese, and Italian nationals—were to follow a curfew confining them to their homes between 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. In addition, any person wishing to travel more than 5 miles from their home, regardless of the reason, was required to secure a permit. Incredibly, this curfew order included U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry.

"In late March another proclamation was issued, this time an exclusion order. It was anticipated by some that only 'enemy aliens' would be included in this new proclamation. But no! German and Italian aliens were exempted. The proclamation read 'all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien.' What is a non-alien?—a U.S. citizen.

"The excluded areas can be loosely described as the western half of the states of Washington and Oregon, all of the state of California, and the southern third of Arizona. The 120,000 persons excluded were herded, carrying only two suitcases, into temporary barbed wire enclosures, usually racetracks and fairgrounds, but sometimes specially constructed confinement areas were used for this first move. When more permanent concentration camps were ready, a second move took place. In all, ten camps existed."

Gordon Hirabayashi has taught in the United States, the Middle East, and Canada, and has been emeritus professor of sociology at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada, since 1983. He was a co-recipient of the 1983 Earl Warren Civil Liberties Award, and he received a Doctor of Laws, honoris causa, from Haverford College in 1984. He is a member of Edmonton (Canada) Meeting.

As I finished speaking to a class of University of Washington students during the 1970s, murmurs of disbelief and even laughter fell on my ears. "That couldn't happen here. It's completely undemocratic. You're joking! Besides, it's not covered in our history books." But when the class ended, a few third generation Japanese Americans, Sansei, stayed behind to pursue my story. They expressed anger.

Over 30 years had passed since this American shame took place, and, indeed, school books did not include this story. Neither was there any disclosure from the first and second generation survivors, the Issei and Nisei. Students of Japanese ancestry living at home confronted their parents: "Is it true that you were forcibly uprooted during World War II and confined in concentration camps?" When pained and reluctant affirmative answers confirmed the story, the young students were speechless. "You mean to say over 100,000 of you were yanked from your homes just because you were of Japanese ancestry and you didn't protest?" They were angry at their parents and frustrated with their country. "Why didn't you object? How come you never talked to us about this? When you mentioned something about being in camp, you had never corrected us when we regarded it as a summer camp experience."

For over 30 years there was a great cover-up. The government tended to justify this sad chapter as a necessity of war; the United States had to protect itself from the enemy, those treacherous Japanese who bombed Pearl Harbor. There was no attempt to differentiate the Japanese Americans from the Imperial Japanese. On the other hand the survivors were shamed by the demeaning experience; although innocent, they felt soiled and dishonored, and somehow felt themselves unworthy. What is the lesson here? Why do victims invariably join their oppressors and remain silent in the face of grave injustice?

There were few challenges during the war years to this internal military action. In 1943 the Supreme Court upheld two curfew convictions, the *Yasui* and *Hirabayashi* cases; on the grounds of military necessity, both of these cases were upheld unanimously. My case, *Hirabayashi vs. the United States*, had two counts, one for curfew and the other for exclusion order violation; the sentences were concurrent. Therefore, when the Supreme Court reviewed these cases, they elected to focus on the more limited curfew case. They upheld the lower court's ruling and then concluded it was unnecessary to review the exclusion case because it held a concurrent sentence.

The *Korematsu* case, which came up 18 months after the curfew cases, in December 1944, again challenged exclusion. With three Supreme Court Justices, Roberts, Murphy, and Jackson, dissenting, the court carried *Korematsu*'s conviction, 6-3. It is interesting to note that Justice Murphy had initially circulated among his colleagues in *Hirabayashi* a statement of his intention to dissent, stating that so far as it concerned citizens' curfew in the absence of martial law it ought not to be approved; this goes over the very brink of constitutionality. Under severe pressure from his colleagues, he was persuaded to restate it as "going to the very brink" of constitutionality, and went along with the majority. It is clear he regretted his change of mind, as he restated his original position and added that "it falls into the ugly abyss of racism" in his dissent in *Korematsu*. Justice Jackson states powerfully that a "military order, however unconstitutional, is not apt to last longer than the military emergency. . . . But once a judicial opinion rationalizes such an order to show that it conforms to the Constitution, or rather rationalizes the Constitution to show that the Constitution sanctions such an order, the court for all times has validated the principle of racial discrimination in criminal procedure. . . . The



►
**The Hirano
family,
Colorado River
Relocation
Center, Poston,
Ariz.**

principle then lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need."

The fourth case was called *ex parte Endo*, and raised this question: if removal was in order, what justification was there for continued confinement? This case, like *Korematsu*, came during the latter part of December 1944. President Roosevelt, after his successful fourth election and upon notification that the Supreme Court was prepared to grant *ex parte Endo*, issued the order that the concentration camps be closed. The court unanimously concluded that detention was deprivation of Endo's rights and thus she should be freed. Justice Roberts added that he found no congressional or executive orders authorizing detention!

The Issei immigrants and their older Nisei offsprings developed a coping mechanism in the midst of overt racism of the early 1900s. "The nail that sticks out is the one that gets hit" characterizes a response pattern of adaptation and accommodation as opposed to confrontation. The coming of age of the younger Nisei and the Sansei overlapping with the free speech and protest era of the late '50s to the early '70s mark changes in the Japanese American stance: the beginning of an era of challenge, of confrontation, of seeking justice, of a movement toward redress.

At San Francisco State University the first Asian American credit courses were

instituted during the late 1960s. The sponsors of this program argued that the standard courses depicted Asian Americans as outsiders and essentially non-Americans. What was necessary were courses that encouraged Asian American students to regard themselves positively as bearing a history that contributed greatly to the state's development. During the 1970s these programs became legitimate parts of most West Coast and intermountain universities and colleges.

Early in the 1970s a small group of Nisei activists led by Raymond Okamura discovered that the Internal Security Act of 1950 was still in existence "like a loaded weapon." A movement began to repeal, in particular, Title II of the Act which authorized "mothballing" of six concentration camps, including Tule Lake, and gave authority to arrest citizens and detain them in these camps. The repeal movement started slowly with the support of isolated individuals from the larger community and a few liberal churches and labor unions. But in time, it became a "motherhood" cause. Only then did the national Japanese American Citizens League become involved and, in fact, rapidly moved to the front to contribute some leadership. Of special note were the lobbying skills of Mike Masaoka on "the Hill" to win congressional support to repeal Title II.

During the 1976 bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence, Henry

Miyatake and the Seattle Chapter of the National JACL led the movement to rescind Executive Order 9066. As one of his last acts in office, President Ford signed the repeal.

During the 1980s two interrelated but independent movements were mounted, redress of the wartime injustices to the Japanese Americans, and the petition of

Susumu, My Name

I invite you to overhear—
My name means "progress" in
Japanese,
the progress of prosperity and of
good fortune.

The dust seeps through makeshift
barracks in Arizona
and whets my parents' thirst for
the "American Dream."

But my luck will have to be
different—

I want my wheels to skim like the
blades of the wind across all ruts.

I want my wheels to spin so fast
that we stand still.

Are you with me?
Then we may whisper in the
summer breeze, Susumu.

— Russell Endo

*Russell Endo is a Sansei, or third generation
Japanese American. He is a member of
Green Street (Pa.) Meeting.*

writ of error *coram nobis* to reverse the wartime Supreme Court decisions justifying uprooting and confining Japanese Americans. (Some part of this is discussed in my article in *FRIENDS JOURNAL*, August 1985.)

The *coram nobis* cases were successfully fought at the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in 1987 with both wartime curfew and exclusion order convictions overturned. However, as the losing side, the U.S. government, failed to appeal, the cases did not reach the U.S. Supreme Court.

The Japanese American redress movement became the American redress movement as it lobbied Congress. On August 10, 1988, President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of 1988 acknowledging the injustices suffered by Japanese Americans during World War II. A compensation of \$20,000 was provided to each surviving victim. The concept of individual compensation was important to those who were accused on the basis of ancestry, and subjected to mass uprooting.

These movements would never have been mounted had their supporters foreseen the difficulties, the delays, the costs, and the commitment that would be entailed. They served, more or less in sequence, as social and political maturation schools, providing experience in citizen involvement. Led by the younger Nisei and the Sansei, a political shift in citizen stance was taking place. Change was occurring from a position of surviving with the least amount of notice, to that of an active participant citizen in the larger community.

To be sure, it is not yet ideal. Racism requires constant, energetic vigilance. Friends know what kind of commitment and patience was necessary to abolish slavery; racism presents a similar challenge. Our efforts to gain a foothold on environmental concerns, global hunger and imbalances, peace and justice cannot relax even as we take a moment to celebrate small gains from time to time.

Where do we go from here? Sometimes our vision becomes cloudy, our perspectives flounder, our normal guidelines disappear. Even in these periods, especially in these periods, we need to seek the resources of our inner compass. When travelling in largely uncharted waters in order to reach our goals and as a foundation for reality in difficult times, the most positive action we can take is to follow our inner Light, as early mariners followed the stars. □

Two new stories for the Holiday

Candles in the Window A Quaker Christmas Story

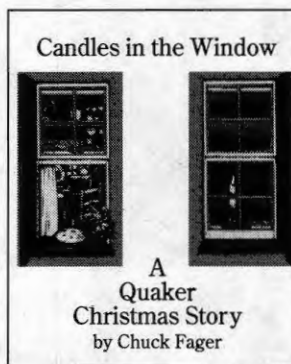
Christmas, 1814 in cold Yorkshire means extra work and trouble for the Quaker Woodhouse family. It means more work in their bakery shop preparing the many pies and cakes for holiday parties, parties the plain Woodhouses can't join.

It means trouble since someone keeps breaking their shop windows. That's because they won't display candles in them to celebrate England's battle victories in its wars with France and America.

But this Christmas also means mystery for young Abram Woodhouse when he joins his Grandmother on a secret mission early Christmas morning. And it means discovery when he confronts the vandals who broke his shop windows, and gains a deeper sense of his family's Quaker testimonies.

Candles in the Window by Chuck Fager, is a story for the whole family, one you won't soon forget.

Published by Kimo Press. Paper, \$5.00



How to Explain God to Young Quakers (and Maybe Yourself)

"Daddy, what's God?"

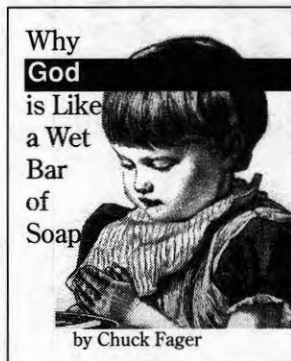
If you've ever looked into a child's shining face and struggled to answer this question, you'll be glad to read "Why God is Like a Wet Bar of Soap."

In this story two lively, inquisitive young Friends ask their father to explain the core of his religion. His struggle to answer is poignant, often funny, and informative. It is also free of Sunday School sentimentality.

"Why God is Like a Wet Bar of Soap" by Chuck Fager, will be useful to elementary RE programs and to any adult who has been asked about God by any youngster.

Why God is Like a Wet Bar of Soap.

Published by Kimo Press. Paper, \$5.00



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from the
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Waiting
for a bus
to an
assembly
center,
Arcadia,
Calif., 1942

Past Is Prologue

by Ed Nakawatase

I first started working for the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) in Southern New Jersey in the mid-1960s while a college student. My mother then told me that shortly after I was born in Poston, one of the ten internment camps for people of Japanese ancestry, a package arrived from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. That package contained baby clothes from AFSC, part of a broad effort of support by Friends for people who had been interned. The package was an indication that there were other voices, however small, to counter the hatred and racism that was so predominant against Japanese Americans. Perhaps that package

Ed Nakawatase currently works in Philadelphia as the AFSC's national representative for Native American Affairs. He also devotes time to Asian and Pacific issues in the AFSC's Community Relations Department.

was a sign of the future personally for me, since I am still in the AFSC orbit. I have since felt that the package was also a symbol of continuity and commitment.

Fifty years ago, Japanese were the largest Asian community in the United States. And the Asian population, limited by immigration restrictions, was small and rare in the United States except on the West Coast and in Hawaii. The first generation *Issei* were barred by law from citizenship and ownership of land. All Japanese (and Asians) were subject to the assaults and humiliations, large and petty, that make up the content of racism in this country. One culmination of that racism was the internment, which became a defining experience for Japanese Americans and a warning for all others. At the end of the war, the overwhelmingly white United States was without equal as an economic and military power in the world.

And now, 50 years later, much has changed. With elimination of racial immigration quotas in the 1960s and the end of the Vietnam War in 1975, Asians have become the country's fastest growing population—almost 500 percent between 1970 and 1990, almost 500, including more than a dozen different nationalities. Now at their most numerous, Japanese Americans are among the most established Asians in this country, and are the third largest (after Chinese and Filipinos) Asian American population, but are likely to decline in proportional terms by the next census. There are over seven-and-a-half million Asians in the United States. The Asian American population is now overwhelmingly immigrant and highly visible in all parts of the country. And the multiracial United States is now struggling to maintain its economic standing in the face of strong challenges, particularly from Japan.

Much has not changed, however, or at least not changed enough. Now, as then, Asians too often are scapegoats: scapegoats for U.S. economic decline and, more broadly, for a loss of power and domination in the world. Accordingly, Asians have often become the victims of vitriol and violence in the streets and neighborhoods of this country. As neighbors, workers, students, and merchants in an increasingly diverse nation, Asian Americans are still seen by many as foreigners, an alien presence, still subject to discrimination.

In this vastly different social context, AFSC has responded out of its past experience. In Stockton, California, AFSC staff members worked to establish an Asian Pacific Concerns Committee, reflecting the enormous range of Asian and Pacific Island communities and issues now present. There AFSC staff have also worked with Cambodian tenants to begin the process of managing their apartment complexes. In Flushing, New York, a neighborhood in which Asian Americans have recently become the majority, AFSC staff established a Community Conciliation Center in which trained neighborhood mediators work on local disputes and inter-ethnic conflicts. Nationally, AFSC is working with church and secular networks seeking ways to address anti-Asian violence and other problems facing these emerging communities. AFSC also seeks to strengthen its programmatic activities in the Asian Pacific region. And it is clear that as before, AFSC has a role to play linked to what it has done before. □

Lighting Fires

Throughout 1992 people have gathered across this continent to commemorate the meeting of two cultures 500 years ago—a meeting that changed the world and its inhabitants. Although we cannot alter the past, we do have the opportunity to make choices that will shape our future.

When the Ojibway people speak of the future, they relate the story of the Seven Fires. Each fire is a prediction about a particular period of time, foretelling the story of the people. History shows that these predictions have been fulfilled. The first inhabitants of what is now North America were a spiritual people connected to the land. They lived with Mother Earth, finding her to be a source of physical and spiritual life. What they took from her they treated with respect; what they borrowed from her they returned. They moved about freely, creating societies and great nations among themselves.

When Europeans settled this continent, the winds changed and the Fourth Fire was lit. The newcomers trampled on Mother Earth, they cleared the land and pushed the people onto reservations. They unwittingly brought diseases that decimated the populations. They hunted with advanced technology and little respect, killing off the people's source of food and ways of life. They imposed their religion, language, and lifestyle, destroying the culture of the people. Some tribes disap-

peared altogether. Those who remain refuse to accept the same fate—to disappear culturally or physically.

North America's First Nations have struggled to maintain their identity as a distinct people, despite forces that have endeavored to assimilate or defeat them. (The term First Nations refers to the people indigenous to North America, prior to European contact.) Today we are approaching the Seventh Fire, and the people are returning to their traditional ways. Children are learning their language from the elders. Spiritual peoples are passing along the traditional songs, dances, and ceremonies. They have called non-native people's attention to the insensitivity of using their names for athletic teams and mascots, and alcohol labeling and marketing.

The Gwich'in of Arctic Village have called the attention of Congress and the public to threats imposed on their subsistence culture by potential oil and gas drilling. The Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota and others are organizing at the grassroots level to resist the construction of toxic waste landfills on their lands. The Western Shoshone have organized to protest military and nuclear testing on and near their land.

First Nations are taking their concerns to Congress and claiming religious freedom, sovereignty, water and land rights, the upholding of federal trust responsibilities, and environmental protection. They are refusing to accept status as second-class citizens on their own land and are insisting on improvements in housing, health care, family services, and education. FCNL continues to work with tribes, bringing their concerns to the attention of the federal government.

Throughout the preparation for and the events of 1992, First Nations have succeeded in bringing their perspective to light. As this year draws to a close, we, as a country, can choose to ignore what we have been shown and taught, or we can let ourselves remain open to greater understanding and acceptance of our differences, thereby lighting the Eighth Fire, an eternal fire of peace, love, and brotherhood.

Joanna P. McMann

Friends Committee on National Legislation



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Reports

FGC Gathering of Friends, 1992

So Much Light

Bill Garland, a first-time attendee, said it well: It was "a week of goodness. So much Light brought together. Two thousand candles at one gathering. So much human warmth."

The occasion for Bill's remarks was this year's Friends General Conference Gathering at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York. Nearly 2,000 Friends filled dormitories there, or pitched their tents, from June 27 to July 4. The attraction? A rich assortment of workshops, stimulating evening plenary meetings, opportunities for daily worship, an unlimited variety of special interest groups—and lots of good music, fun, and fellowship.

I have always found the daily workshops the most vital aspect of the gathering. This year's selection (more than 80) was truly a feast, and I found it difficult to select only one. Topics ranged from Bible study, to Goddess/Earth centered spirituality; from

er reduce its large program deficit!) Our leaders, Scott Duncan, Greta Stone, and Stephen Serafin, helped us examine many questions: What makes a good begging letter? How successful are phone appeals? Can anything beat the personal visit (the answer is "no!")? It was an excellent workshop, with plenty of give and take.

Helene Pollock led a workshop on the meaning of spiritual disciplines. She writes of the deep sharing that occurred between the ten participants of her group, common to many groups, I'm sure. "I believe," Helene says, "the deepest impact of the workshop came not from the new ideas and concepts, but from our experience of community. Being able to hear others share deeply, and recognizing that each person's leadings are unique, helped us to move beyond our fears of not measuring up."

The opening night plenary provided a glimpse of our larger community. We gathered to greet one another and to wish a happy 75th birthday to the American Friends Service Committee. AFSC staff and committee, old and new, shared special memories. AFSC's new executive secretary, Kara Newell, was introduced and welcomed. Canadian Friend Gordon Hirabayashi praised the work of AFSC, yet reminded Friends there is still work to be done. "Look around you," he said, referring to the hundreds of Friends gathered in the gym. "See how white we Friends are, how few people of color are here." Gordon challenged us to reach out to others and to become a more welcoming religious community of greater diversity. Friends settled into silence and felt under the weight of his message. The evening ended with the lighting of candles, and the sharing of music and AFSC birthday cake.

New York Yearly Meeting member Dan Seeger, executive secretary of Pendle Hill, delivered the week's keynote address on Sunday morning. His topic was the conference theme, "Live Love." What does it mean to love other people, and God? What is meant by unconditional love? "We use the word *love* so casually in modern life that we have almost drained the word of all meaning," Dan said. In referring to the story of the Good Samaritan, Dan pointed out that both

the Samaritan and the one he helped went their way without knowing the outcome—they remained strangers. "This way of doing good without seeking to reward the ego with gratifying results is an important aspect of the practice of love." His address was particularly thoughtful, and well received.

The issue of race and diversity was explored further in a Monday evening plenary, a conversation between Rosalie Dance and Harriet McAdoo. Harriet, a member of Ann Arbor (Mich.) Meeting, and faculty member at Howard University School of Social Work, shared richly from her vocation and experiences as an African American. In one exchange, Rosalie, a member of Adelphi (Md.) Meeting, and a long-time friend of Harriet's, asked her, "Do you believe that the many black Americans who have not found a church home, yet whom you describe as being deeply spiritual people, might find a home in the Society of Friends?" "I think they could," Harriet replied, "but I think some changes would have to be made for this to happen. There would need to be more of an outreach. It would be a shame

▼ Visiting the "Peaceable Rainforest"



Amy Weber

Donna Cornick



◀ Musing about soil with Francis Hole

the study of Barclay's Apology, to mime and clowning; from "the Miracle of the Monthly Meeting for Business," to "Quakers and Anarchy." (My favorite workshop title?: "Transforming the Patriarchy to the Peaceable Kin-dom," led by Elisabeth Leonard and Sharon Gunther.) I selected one of practical importance, "Friendly Fundraising." (What better way to help my Quaker employ-



Danna Cornick



Danna Cornick

▲ Singing with Kim and Reggie Harris

if Friends were to lose this opportunity. There are people out there who would respond if Friends were to take the necessary steps." Rosalie concluded, "Friends' awareness could be critical. Let us find those right doors to open, and let us rid the American attic of the specter of racism." A deep and centered period of worship followed.

At mid-week, Eva Solomon, a native Ojibway from northern Ontario, and a Catholic sister, spoke to Friends of her personal faith journey. She told of a powerful personal experience she had in a church one day, where her native traditions and her Catholic beliefs came together. During a reading of the story of the woman at the well, she was struck by the words, "they worship a different God." The words reminded her how Europeans had come to the Americas with a similar attitude about the faith and traditions of native people. Eva ended her remarks with an invitation to a small group to stand with her and

Beyond the Hurts

Some people at FGC were outraged and left a plenary where we were invited to participate in a peace-pipe ceremony by Eva Solomon, a native Ojibway, because she requested that menstruating women not join in the ceremony. Eva explained that this was part of their custom and not meant to offend anyone. On one hand, I can understand why some were offended. But I do feel it depends on how you look at it—whether it was an insult, compliment, or simply an ancient custom. Sometimes we seem too quick to get on the defensive.

I have struggled with what was at the heart of my disconcertedness. I welcome the open sharing of experiences. I welcome the diversity. It can be cleansing and healing to share our feelings and listen to those of others. What I fear is that we can get "hung up" on the pain and hurts rather than striving to get through it. Once on the other side of this process there can be much healing and grace, but if we remain stuck in the anger, hurt, and resentment, we tend to react in destructive ways, attacking others and creating divisions.

A week at FGC can be exhausting, but it also makes me feel that if we can all be together for this week, and seek to know and understand one another, then it is also possible for our global village to do likewise. A microcosmic step toward world peace!

Jean Driever
New Windsor, N.Y.

participate in the ceremony of the sacred pipe.

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usually music, drama, or a speaker. This year's event was an address by Rosalie Bertell, president of the International Institute of Concern for Public Health. Just returned as an NGO representative to the Earth Summit in Rio, Rosalie shared with Friends a powerful environmental message. "Our planet is very sick," she said, "and something has to be done quickly to save it." The important things that came out of the Rio Summit, she feels, were not from our heads of state. "Governments do not act very well at such occasions." Rather, she felt, the most significant work occurred at Flamingo Park, where hundreds of non-governmental representatives met. It was there that citizen-to-citizen treaties—more than 30—were negotiated, and with remarkable consensus, on all manner of topics: oceans, waste, militarism, wet lands, etc. Ten-year timetables for implementation were specified, and representatives were invited to sign on. "If the governments won't do things, the people will do things" was the message that came out of this grassroots effort—a message very much at the heart of Rosalie's own approach to environmental work.

Throughout the week we rejoiced at the presence of young people. Included in the Junior Gathering were 300 young Friends from infants through junior high cared for and guided by over 140 staff. "For most of the children," writes Parker Snowe, "the best part of Junior Gathering was the same as for older attendees: seeing old friends again after a long absence, and making new ones."

It was, indeed, a full week. "So much Light brought together."

Vinton Deming

The Red X's Project

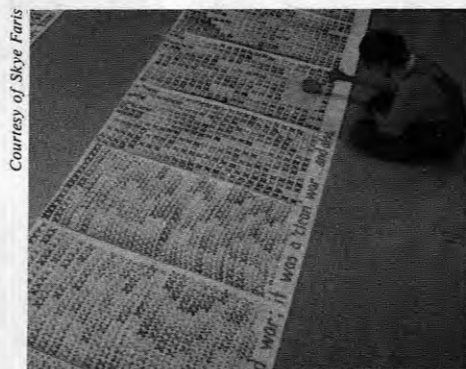
On display at Friends General Conference this summer was a memorial to "all the people who died during the Gulf War," created by Canadian Friend Skye Faris. What follows is her account of how she came to create the project.

It started for me one morning in February 1991. Upon waking, I heard these words inside myself: "It was a well-planned war, it was a 'clean' war . . . and also, many people died." The idea came to me of a red symbol . . . a cross? No, an X. Yes, a red X to be made to commemorate each person from all sides of the conflict—or no side of the conflict—who died during the Gulf War.

As I went about my daily tasks in April and May, thoughts and questions about the red X's stayed with me. What materials would be most appropriate to use? The wonderful billboard paper in my studio came to

mind. And why not carve the readily available potato to form my "X" stamp! Latex house paint seemed to be the best paint to use. The words about the war that had come to me earlier needed the addition of a number. I decided on the most conservative estimates in the Greenpeace Report: 100,000 Iraqi military, and 5,000 Iraqi civilians. I chose the words "more than 105,000" in order to include losses from the Coalition Forces.

The physical movement of touching paint and potato on paper released my deep grief: tears flowed, anger flashed, and wordless sadness filled me. Again and again, X after



▲ Skye Faris finishes her banner

X, page after page, my thinking and feelings changed, moved, and flowed. There was a peacefulness, too, in me as I did the work. I needed to express my grief. I needed to experience this figure of 105,000, which can so easily slip off the tongue.

The stamping of the X's, the remembering of the dead, went on. Occasionally a friend would drop in to help. As friends saw the work progress, they felt it needed to be shared in our community of Ottawa, the national capital of Canada. With my agreement, they prepared for a memorial gathering on January 16, 1992, on the lawn in front of the Parliament buildings.

Assembling the 4 x 2 1/2-foot pages of X's was my next task. It proved to be meditative, too, as I rolled out each pair of 50-foot buckram strips and stapled 20 pages of X's on them to make one section of the banner. Then came the painting of the words about the war on each section. Again, a neighbor and several friends dropped in to help.

With much concentration of effort, the sixteen 50-foot sections of the banner were ready for the first anniversary of the beginning of the war. We mourned together that day.

Skye Faris

Skye Faris is willing to loan one-half (400 feet) of the banner to individuals interested in exhibiting it. She may be contacted at 27 Third Ave., Ottawa, Ont. Canada K1S 2J5.

News of Friends

One thousand Tibetans will be allowed to immigrate to the United States in the next two years and resettle here, under a special provision of the 1990 Immigration Act. Friends in Boise Valley (Idaho) Meeting plan to assist one of the first resettlers, 27-year-old Norbu, who was expected to arrive in August. The Tibetan U.S. Resettlement Project, as it is called, is seen as a careful recognition by the U.S. Congress of the cultural, religious, and socio-political genocide Tibetans experienced as a result of the 1950 invasion of the Chinese. Those who emigrate may be joined by their families. They are expected to form small enclaves of Tibetan culture within the United States in 144 selected sites. Boise is one of these sites, slated for 25 of the initial resettlers. They need help with notarized job offers, temporary homes with sponsors, private medical insurance, assistance with acculturation, and the reassurance of a caring community. All resettlement efforts are financed by private donations; resettlers may not receive public assistance of any kind. In Idaho, fund-raising projects have included a week-long visit of 12 Tibetan monks who shared their culture by demonstrating traditional Tibetan dance, debating and chanting, and patiently answering questions about their culture. To contribute, write to Tibetan U.S. Resettlement Project—Idaho, P.O. Box 704, Boise, ID 83701.

Beginning new assignments in China for Mennonite Central Committee are two Friends from Medford (N.J.) Meeting, Alice Andrews and Laird Holby. Both will teach English. Their assignments began in September. Alice received a bachelor's degree in Chinese studies from Brown University and a master's degree in business administration from the University of Pennsylvania. She was last employed as project assistant for the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, Pa. Laird received a bachelor's degree in English literature from Middlebury College in Vermont and a master's degree in education from Trenton State College in New Jersey.

Facing a hate-mongering ballot measure in November that would make homosexuality and any support of it illegal in Oregon, North Pacific Yearly Meeting is printing its landmark minute supporting gays and lesbians in the state voters' manual. It will be joined by Salem (Oreg.) Meeting, which will publish a minute of its own, signed by many individual Friends. NPYM's minute reads:

For over 300 years the Religious Society of Friends has struggled to understand and testify to our belief in basic human rights. We affirm again that there is that of God in every person. We are reminded that "God is love, and those who abide in love abide in God and God abides in them." (1 John 4:16) We find that the spirit of God is pres-

ent in all loving relationships, regardless of the genders of those involved. We abhor all forms of sexual violence or coercion and recognize that these forms of abuse have nothing to do with sexual orientation.

Therefore, NPYM of the Religious Society of Friends endorses efforts to protect the civil rights of all persons regardless of their sexual orientation. Our love and support is for all persons and is not based upon the gender of the person they love.

We oppose all legislation or policy which disparages lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, or transsexuals or abridges their constitutional or civil rights.

The minute was approved at NPYM's 1992 annual session in Dillon, Montana, after years of struggling to reach consensus on the matter of same-sex commitment. Another minute, approved at the same session, primarily addresses Friends and eloquently voices the fullness of "the love we have found in such an inclusive community."

Understanding and support of the issue has been a long, hard climb for NPYM, beginning in the 1970s when it recognized the civil rights of lesbians and gays—and the need to testify to those rights. In 1982, the college at which NPYM met for annual session requested that gays and lesbians be "inconspicuous," demanding that signs announcing their meetings be taken down. That year, plenary sessions were dominated by worship and tears and urgent discussion, finally reaching clarity that NPYM would not accept restriction or rejection of any of its members.

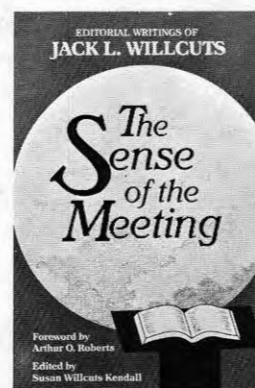
In 1986 with publication of NPYM's first *Faith and Practice*, a minute was inserted in each copy saying that the yearly meeting was not able to reach unity on the definition of marriage. Monthly meetings were instructed to give the matter worshipful consideration during the next year.

However, subsequent annual sessions were not able to reach unity on the concern, until this year's session, when a new minute was brought to the yearly meeting by Heartland Meeting, a new meeting that is composed of four smaller groups in Southwest Montana. Friends there are not even able to meet every month for business because distances are so great between them. With the clarity and faith of the innocent, Heartland presented the minute without the lengthy seasoning process required to bring a concern to annual session. The minute was approved after considerable discussion about terminology. Particularly at issue was the feeling that Friends did not want to condone sexual abuse of children. At the same time, Friends were wary of making a statement that might, by implication, lump homosexuality in with perverted sexual behavior.

Ironically, lesbians and gays are felons under law in Montana. A coalition of groups will attempt to repeal that in 1993, and

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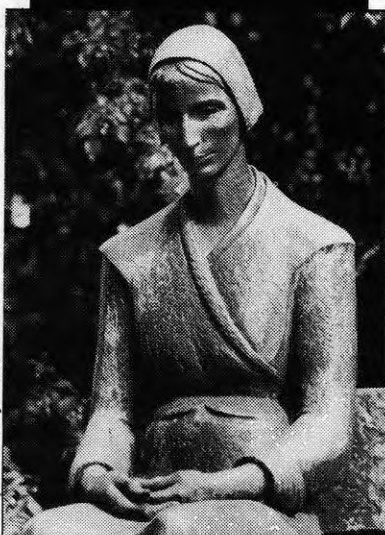
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Friends in the Northwest hope the NPYM minute can be used in gaining support in the religious community and to counter arguments.

The Oregon ballot measure is an initiative referendum by the Oregon Citizens Alliance (OCA). The measure is in the form of a constitutional amendment. If it passes, OCA is prepared to work toward changing the constitutions in other states.

(Information for this article was compiled with the help of many Friends, including Starshine, Bonnie Tinker, Gery Hubbe, and Melissa Kay Elliott.)

Phyllis Schlafly's son has publicly revealed he is a homosexual. Phyllis, a conservative activist, is known for her staunch opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment for women, gay rights, and sex education in the schools. Her son John Schlafly is a lawyer. In issuing his public statement in a copyrighted interview published in September in the *San Francisco Examiner*, he said he greatly respects his mother, holds her in high opinion, and "does not think she is in any way bigoted." He decided to tell his story after years of quiet speculation among homosexuals about his orientation. In his statement, he took issue with Dan Quayle's statement that homosexuality is a matter of choice. John Schlafly said his sexual inclination is as natural to him as his right-handedness. He echoed Rodney King's statement following the Los Angeles riots: "Can't we all just get along? Can't we just make a little more of an effort to understand the other side and turn down the hostility level?" He also called for the repeal of laws that discriminate against homosexuals.

Aided by a grant of \$15,000, Washington Quaker Workcamps will be able to train new adult leaders and reach out to more students with its projects. The workcamps, which are usually held on weekends in Washington, D.C., provide community service opportunities for young people. The host community usually provides housing (such as floor space for sleeping bags), cooking facilities, work tools, and a work supervisor. Last year there were nine weekend workcamps at a housing project, where workcampers helped build new homes. Participants are from all religious traditions. The grant is from The Morris and Gwendolyn Crafritz Foundation.

Successes of the Junior Meeting for Business at LaJolla, Calif., include raising money for purchase of rain forest acreage, planting flowers and turf at an inner-city school, and learning communication skills in the process. The Junior Meeting has met regularly for an entire year. It has 12 members, along with Friendly visitors and visiting friends who also attend. Those involved say they would have

greater success if adult participation were more dependable. Sometimes activities don't take place because there is a lack of transportation, money, or other means. On the other hand, they report they are fairly successful at raising, discussing, and resolving issues "without benefit of excessive minutes or committees." The rules of order are: Don't run, eat, or jump, especially on the chairs. Show respect for others by listening and taking turns. Let those with appointed positions do their jobs. Be prompt to class.



The demise of Guilford College's 250-year-old black oak tree drew pilgrims from far and wide this summer and fall. The tree, which had grown to symbolize the college, fell on August 14. People who heard of its plight flocked to the scene to touch it, reminisce, and imagine the many things the tree had witnessed during its existence. The campus community planned a memorial service, after the manner of Friends, at which people could share their connections with the tree.

This year marks the centennial of the deaths of U.S. poets Walt Whitman and John Greenleaf Whittier. Both were deeply influenced by Quakerism, Whitman by his Quaker mother and the speeches of Elias Hicks, and Whittier as a birthright Friend who was dedicated to Quaker principles throughout his life. Despite this fundamental similarity, the two were not admirers of each other and wrote in very different styles.

Eight newly recorded ministers—four men and four women—spoke of their spiritual journeys and calls to ministry at Northwest Yearly Meeting at George Fox College this year. NYM is a large yearly meeting, with a membership of more than 7,500. It celebrated its 100th anniversary this year. Featured speaker was Richard Sartwell, senior pastor of Newberg Friends Church. Other activities included reports by boards, commissions, and other groups; workshops; worship; reports of missionary activity in Bolivia and Peru; and fellowship.

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Stephen J. Stein, Indiana University

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Afternoon Session: 1:00 p.m.

Utopia and Community Formation

Don Pitzer, Southern Indiana University

"Utopia and Community:

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Sandra Cronk, Princeton, New Jersey

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Bulletin Board

- Donations of boats for desperate Caribbean fishermen are sought in the wake of Hurricane Hugo. In 1990 Hugo caused millions of dollars in damage to the Puerto Rican fishing fleet. Many of the losses were uninsured, leaving hundreds of fishermen unemployed for lack of boats. All kinds of boats are needed, from sailboats to power boats. Larger boats are especially needed that could be used to travel to fishing sites that are offshore more than 20 miles. Fish are more plentiful at these sites because pollution and overfishing have reduced populations in coastal areas. Shipping costs for the first 50 boats will be paid by the Governor's Office of Puerto Rico. This is a project of Quaker Boat Recycling, Inc., which hopes to extend its efforts to help fishermen in Belize and Mexico. Information on tax adjustments resulting from boat donations is available from the group. Contact Quaker Boat Recycling, Inc., P.O. Box 211, Lewisville, PA 19351.

- Applications are being accepted for the Patrick Henry Writer's Scholarship at Earlham School of Religion. The scholarship awards the recipient \$1,500 and allows the writer to participate in the course "Writing for the Religious Market," taught by Tom Mullen winter term, Jan. 5-March 12. The Henry Scholar will have full access to Teague Library while working on his or her writing project. This library was Elton Trueblood's while he lived on the Earlham campus. Deadline for applications is Nov. 30. For information and an application form, contact Jim Newby, 228 College Ave., Richmond, IN 47374, telephone 1-800-432-1ESR.

- Would you like to have a chance to visit Russia and stay with a Russian family? Homestays International designs such programs to encourage better understanding between cultures. For information, call Homestays International at 1-800-729-6088. The address is P.O. Box 3355, Fairfax, VA 22038.

- Copies of a special issue of Resist newsletter dealing with "Breast Cancer: The Environmental Connection" are available for \$1 from Resist, One Summer St., Somerville, MA 02143. It is written by Rita Arditti, with Tatiana Schreiber.

- A book that tells the history of George School, written by Kingdon Swayne, is now available for \$30. *George School: The History of a Quaker Community*, is 224 pages long, with more than 200 archival photographs, telling and showing the story of students, teachers, and staff members in the George School community. To get a copy, send a check marked "Book Order" to George School, Advancement Office, Box 4438, Newtown, PA 18940.

- Relief supplies for victims of Hurricane Andrew are being sent by Church World Service. Staff members are also being sent to help with long-term aid. Initially, CWS sent such things as tents, blankets, mattresses, health kits, school kits, flashlights, and portable toilets. Particular attention is being paid to vulnerable people, such as the elderly, low-income, disabled, migrant, or refugee. More materials are needed. To contribute, call 1-800-637-5790 for details on assembling kits or learning of other urgent needs.

- Fellowships for activists of color are available through the Charles Bannerman Memorial Fellowship Program, now accepting applications. Fellows receive stipends of \$15,000 for sabbaticals of three months or more. The sabbaticals can be used for reflection and renewal through exploring new interests, traveling, studying, relaxing, visiting other activists, and acquiring new skills. The fellowship is named in honor of a man who worked to improve conditions in poor communities of the Mississippi Delta and had a life-long commitment to social and economic justice. Deadline for application is Dec. 1. Fellows will be chosen by February 1993. For information, contact Charles Bannerman Memorial Fellowship Program, 1627 Lancaster St., Baltimore, MD 21231, telephone (410) 327-6220.

- Looking for ways to welcome people to meeting? The "Invite a Friend" program (not Quaker-affiliated) offers ideas on creating a welcoming atmosphere, making announcements through the media, and getting people involved in local congregations (in Quaker terms: meetings and worship groups). The material takes a bit of translation for Friends groups, but offers stimulating and practical ideas that may be useful to those looking for ways to open their doors or reach out to the community. The premise is that many people would like to be part of a spiritual community, but need to be asked, made welcome, and then included. For introductory information, call 1-800-428-8292.

- A call for authors to contribute to a book about concern for population is being issued by the Oversight Committee on Population Concerns of Homewood Meeting of Baltimore, Md. The committee would like to receive essays, articles, cartoons, stories, drawings, photos, and poems for publication. For inclusion in the book, submissions should be creative, thought-provoking, attention-getting, and to-the-point. The book will be about 100 pages long and will be aimed at the Quaker community and other religious groups. Submissions will be returned upon request, if a return envelope and sufficient postage are included. Deadline is Dec. 31.

Send submissions to Book Project, c/o Homewood Friends Meeting, 3107 North Charles St., Baltimore, MD 21218.



• Five slide shows about racism and the struggle for justice, along with their creator, Skip Schiel, are available to help Friends learn about racism. The shows are:

The Winter Count, a history of white and Native American relations from 1300 to the present.

The Spiritual Walk—1992 & Beyond, a transcontinental walk to foster human rights of all peoples affected by the Columbian legacy.

Wiping Away the Tears and Mending the Sacred Hoop, the horseback ride commemorating the Wounded Knee centennial in 1990.

The Chicago Fellowship of Friends, a mostly black Quaker church in inner-city Chicago.

Sojourn to Apartheid, about Quaker resistance to injustice in South Africa.

To put on the show, Skip Schiel requests money for his travel expenses, and projector, screen, and audio tape player. He will furnish a list of references who have seen the shows, if requested. Contact him at 9 Sacramento St., Cambridge, MA 02138, telephone (617) 354-0257.

• "The Various Meanings of the Word *Christ*" is the topic of a talk to be presented Dec. 5 by Edwin Staudt, general secretary of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. It will be part of a conference sponsored by the Quaker Universalist Fellowship, to be held 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Gwynedd Meeting, at the intersection of Sumneytown Pike and Route 202, Gwynedd, Pa. It is open to all. Participants will be encouraged to share their own experiences with the word *Christ* during worship, worship-sharing, and discussion. There will be tables of resources and books for borrowing. Food, hospitality, and child care are available for those who register before Dec. 1. Cost is \$15 in advance, \$17 at the door, with lower prices available for those who need financial assistance. For registration or information, contact Jeanetta Bicking, 622 Salford Ave., Lansdale, PA 19446, telephone (215) 855-6525. Checks should be made payable to QUF.

• Internet, a computer network connecting most colleges and universities in the United States, Europe, and other spots in the world, now has a forum devoted to Quaker concerns, peace issues, consensus process, and spirituality. Access to Internet forums is usually free to students, who need to make inquiry to college staff members about subscribing to: LISTSERV@UIUCVMD or DIENES@vmd.cso.uiuc.edu.

• A gathering for Quaker women will be held in New Zealand on March 6-14, 1993. For details, write to Phoebe Macdiarmid, R.D. 2, Thames, New Zealand.

Calendar

NOVEMBER

1—Closing Reunion Dinner of the Pacific Mountain Region of the American Friends Service Committee, to be held in San Francisco, Calif., as part of the AFSC's 75th anniversary. Contact Stephen McNeil, AFSC/PMR, 2160 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94121, or call (415) 752-7766.

6-14—Peace Brigades International training session in Montreal, Quebec, for the team going to Guatemala in January 1993 as international observers. Cost is \$50 for orientation, \$160 for entire training session. Contact Peace Brigades International, 333 Valencia St., Suite 330, San Francisco, CA 94103, or call (415) 864-7242.

7—American Friends Service Committee's 75th Anniversary Celebration, at its Annual Public Gathering at Friends Center, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa. Features speaker Jean Fairfax, long-time civil rights worker, at the 4 p.m. plenary session, preceded by storytelling at 1:15 p.m. Dinner at 6 p.m., reservations required. Youth program and child care available. For information, call (215) 241-7053.

7-8—Japan Yearly Meeting, in Tokyo.

7-14—Friends Witness in Nicaragua, hosted by El Centro de los Amigos en Nicaragua. Trip features visits to programs and projects in Nicaragua with which Quakers are involved. Cost: \$300, with space limited. Contact Pro-Nica, 130 19th Ave., S.E., St. Petersburg, FL 33705.

7-21—Travel/study trip to South Africa to explore dynamics of 40 years of apartheid. Contact Center for Global Education, Augsburg College, 731 21st Ave., S., Minneapolis, MN.

13-15—"Beyond Boundaries," a weekend workshop by Pendle-Hill-on-the-Road, led by Marty Walton, in Seattle, Wash. Contact Patty O'Hara, PHOR, Pendle Hill, 338 Plush Mill Road, Wallingford, PA 19086.

20-25—"The Spiritual Basis of Our Work in the World," a weekend workshop by Pendle-Hill-on-the-Road, led by John Anderson, in Madison, Wisconsin. See above for contact person.

Last week in November—Guatemala Yearly Meeting, at Tabernaculo "Amigos," Chiquimula, Guatemala.

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Culture Wars

By James Davison Hunter, *Basic Books, a Division of HarperCollins Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1991. 325 pages. \$25.*

The hostility accompanying public participation in issues such as "right to life" vs. "right to choose," rights of the gay community, nature of the family, art vs. pornography, and curriculum in the public school, prompts Professor Hunter to declare a state of "culture war." On the right are the orthodox, whose support is drawn from fundamentalists and the working lower middle class. On the left, the progressives, consisting of those sharing a liberal religious tradition supported by upper middle, highly educated professional classes. These rhetorically armed camps stand on either side of a "cultural divide," morally committed to their respective sacred causes. The battleground is institutions, each of which dramatizes the extent to which moral convictions to control political decisions. The author cites five institutions as the primary "Field of Conflict": the family, education, media and the arts, law, and electoral politics. The moderate middle is muted by extremist rhetoric of elites due to the demands of the media for "sound-bite" wisdom, the cost of communicating, and human preferences for the sensational. The author claims there is historical necessity for some common, cohesive ideal, without which a truly pluralistic society capable of embracing the moral extremes of the orthodox and progressive is doubtful. To find solutions to divisive issues, an environment must be created wherein rational, compassionate dialogue may take place. Failing this, the conflict will be resolved by political power at the disposal of those possessing resources useful to political aspirants. It makes little difference who the aspirant is, as long as the issue is owned by the faction from which political support is solicited. James Davison Hunter claims that to build "a principled pluralism and a principled toleration," four practical considerations are in order: "changing the environment of public discourse," "rejection of the impulse of public quiescence," "recognition of the sacred within different moral communities," and finally, "recognition of the weaknesses, even dangers in their own moral commitments" (italics Hunter's).

In addressing our moral chaos and institutional and political involvement in that chaos, the author seriously misses the point. Chaos is not conflict between two moral perspectives; it is the absence of moral perspective. The conflict is not about changing culture and redefining its symbols. Orthodox and progressives alike use the artifacts of culture to make their points. While the symbols of religious, social, political, and economic life are artifacts, the ground of decen-

cy is not, whether we speak of a transcendent God or the notion of humanity we secular humanists are alleged to espouse. We discriminate between law the artifact, and morality. Those committing crimes against humanity are held accountable. Civil disobedience finds its soul in morality. Friends know that. Civility marks our disobedience; we "see through a glass darkly"; our Light is not the Light of others.

Over the past decade and more, what we have seen and the author should have, is not moral diversity, but thinly veiled political casuistry pretending morality. Sycophants staff the body politic to enforce whatever pollsters deem stylishly moral. The president's "I'm going to do what I have to do to get elected," is not a moral commitment. It is lust for power. Again, politicians are not arbitrators of morals. This country is not a theocracy; it is a democracy in which the people rule. Our common ideal is freedom. The state defers to the people the right to define morality. The effectiveness of politics is the extent to which this freedom is exercised. It is not moral pluralism in a free community that threatens culture. The erosion of our ethos of tolerance, fueled by the hysterical moral rhetoric of those disguising their thirst for power, accomplishes that ignoble purpose. The author says we must restore dialogue. Saying is not believing.

Ed Dodson

Ed Dodson, an education consultant and Quaker, lives in Poulsbo, Washington.

Stony the Road We Trod

Edited by Hope Felder. *Fortress Press, Minneapolis, Minn., 1991. 272 pages. \$15.95/paperback.*

Supposedly, there is an ancient curse that says, "May you live in interesting times." In fact, we do now live in interesting times, and one of the more interesting aspects of those times is the degree to which a new way of thinking has permeated the world of social and religious commentary. Hope Felder's *Stony the Road We Trod: African American Biblical Interpretation*, a collection of 11 essays by noted theologians, has a flavor that is relatively new in theology. This comes from the recognition by the scholarly world that when a person or group embraces Christianity and the Bible, this does not necessarily signify that they accept the world view of the person who introduced them to it. Christianity for women often differs from Christianity for men; children often have their own spiritual worlds, and one's cultural and familial influences shape the way Christianity is interpreted.

Knowledgeable readers will first be struck by the symbolism in the title, and in the dedi-

cation. Both are built on lines from the "Negro National Anthem," written by Afro-American poet James Weldon Johnson, at the end of the 19th century. In the anthem, Johnson makes many references, not just to a generic god, but to a God who is specific to the needs of blacks in the United States: "God of our weary years, God of our silent tears . . . who has brought us thus far on the way."

This theme of the particularizing of Christianity for a subgroup reverberates through all the essays. David Shannon's discussion of the antebellum sermon as delivered by Afro-Americans, and its emphasis on creation, redemption, and liberation—both physical and spiritual—is paired with an essay by Vincent Wimbush on the special ways Afro-Americans have read and interpreted the Bible. This pairing of a discussion of Afro-Americans and the written Christian tradition with an essay on the oral tradition of the sermon, is part of what makes this volume such an inviting one. Not only its contents, but the format and arrangement of the contents, offer the lay reader, as well as the religious scholar, much stimulation.

The author builds the format in four logical steps, the first section dealing with the authority of the Bible, the second discussing the interaction of the Bible and Afro-American sources. The third section reaches backward in time to explore race and ancient black Africa as seen through the Bible, and the fourth connects all this to contemporary reinterpretations of biblical images. In addition to a fine introduction, the editor of the collection has added a good essay on Christianity and racism.

As with any anthology, the essays are not all of even quality. Nevertheless, the unit comes off as a level-headed, informative, and stimulating look at a continuously engaging topic.

Emma Jones Lapsansky

Emma Lapsansky is curator of the Quaker Collection at Haverford College, where she is also associate professor of history. She is a member of Lansdowne (Pa.) Meeting.

The Sun Never Sets: Confronting the Network of Foreign U.S. Military Bases

Edited by Joseph Gerson and Bruce Birchard. *South End Press, Boston, Mass., 1991. 390 pages. \$16.*

"The sun never sets on the British Empire" was an imperialist statement of pride in Britain's conquest and power. The title of this book, to the contrary, is not about pride

in imperialism but is descriptive of the liabilities of U.S. imperialism. As a collaborative effort of the American Friends Service Committee, the book has special interest for Quakers, but should have a much wider readership than that.

Since much of U.S. expansion is in military and naval bases so as to control oceans and strategic territory, it makes possible an arrogance of power evident in the idea that the U.S. is the only world superpower and hence should be the world's "policeman." This book indicates that in the declining weeks of the Cold War the Bush administration decided to invade Panama, using the drug war as an excuse, but in reality to assume continued U.S. access to its 14 bases there which control Atlantic, Pacific, and Caribbean areas as well as Central and South America.

In addition to maintaining its own military control over foreign bases, the U.S. continues to control political spheres of influence such as the Philippines. The Bush administration, according to a chapter by Joseph Gerson, secretly moved 20,000 troops to the Philippines in the same month as the Panama invasion and kept 12,000 troops on alert in Hawaii "in anticipation of a military coup" that might unseat the Aquino government.

The Sun Never Sets contains 17 chapters written by different authors. The result is that six are a general introduction to U.S. military power abroad, including "The Corruption of a Community's Economic and Political Life," and "A Feminist Perspective on Foreign Military Bases." Three deal with U.S. bases in the Pacific, three with the U.S. presence in Europe, two with Central America, and only one with the Middle East. Each of these chapters, including the two concluding chapters, is valuable for anyone wanting resources for the history and current status of the military power of the United States.

A good illustration for anyone with continuing interest in peace in the Middle East is the chapter "Middle East Bases," which reveals secret U.S. bases (at least secret from U.S. citizens) which were built by the United States in Saudi Arabia in the 1970s, long before the U.S. buildup against Iraq in 1990. "These facilities are far larger than Saudi Arabia's own defense forces can use. They have been 'overbuilt' specifically for use by U.S. forces. This explains how Saudi military facilities could have absorbed the rapid deployment of more than 300,000 U.S. ground troops and more than 500 aircraft in the months that followed Iraq's August 1990 invasion of Kuwait."

Those bases already were stockpiled with "weapons, ammunition, spare parts, and other material . . . prepositioned on the bases since 1981. Air-conditioned barracks housed U.S. Air Force personnel, and han-



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gars and repair facilities serviced U.S. warplanes."

Friends will find this a very informative resource in continuing education about militarism and imperialism, and a well-documented anthology to share with others.

John M. Swomley

Former national secretary of Fellowship of Reconciliation, John M. Swomley is a member of Penn Valley (Mo.) Meeting.

Religion in the New Russia

By Jim Forest. Crossroad Publishing Co., New York, N.Y., 1990. 238 pages. \$17.95.

Forest's book opens with a scene worthy of a Dostoyevsky novel: a long-haired, red-bearded Russian monk asks, "Will you tell the truth in your book?" When the author modestly replies that he will do his best, the monk gazes at him fiercely and insists: "Truth, truth, but only truth."

I am pleased to report this book "tells the truth" (the highest praise a Russian can give) while offering a fascinating picture of the spiritual revolution transforming the former USSR. Forest is both a gifted journalist and a committed believer. A convert to Eastern Orthodoxy (he was formerly a Catholic worker and friend/biographer of Dorothy Day), Forest has a deep feeling for the spirituality and culture of Russia. He has also spent over a decade working for Soviet-American Reconciliation and has written a moving personal memoir entitled *Pilgrim to the Russian Church*. There is probably no one in the West more qualified to speak about what has been happening with religion in the former Soviet Union.

Forest's analysis is not only knowledgeable, but highly readable. On almost every page we find Russians from all walks of life disclosing their long-repressed thoughts and feelings. Like Studs Terkel, Forest has the gift of asking people the right questions and then letting them speak for themselves. These personal testimonies are often extremely moving.

I especially recommend this book to Friends who may be confused about, or even hostile towards, the Russian Orthodox Church. Cutting through religious trappings, Forest reveals the inner life and feelings of bishops and priests as well as of ordinary believers. Sad to say, Westerners often miss this side of Russian religious life, even when they go to Russia for religious reasons. A Philadelphia Quaker recently spent a year in a monastery in St. Petersburg and returned home to write a scathing critique of the spiritual mate-

rialism and other sins of Russian Orthodoxy. While honestly acknowledging many of these failings, Forest also reveals Orthodoxy's deep and abiding spiritual life. This is something that Friends need to understand better if they are to make meaningful contact with Russians on a spiritual level.

Forest's book doesn't confine itself to Russian Orthodoxy, but also includes excellent chapters on Catholics, Jews, Moslems, and Buddhists. (The book's title is actually a misnomer for which the author duly apologizes since he covers not only Russia, but also many other republics and regions.) The book concludes in March 1990 (which seems like another era), but its insights into the Russian religious life still seem fresh and relevant. The big political question then was, "Will complete religious freedom be attained?" Today's burning question is, "Now that a measure of freedom has been attained, will the economic situation improve so that Russians can enjoy its blessings?"

Anthony Manousos

Anthony Manousos, a Quaker who lives in San Bernardino, Calif., has made a number of trips to Russia with the Quaker U.S./USSR Committee.

Books on Japanese American Internment

Conroy, Hilary. *East Across the Pacific*. Santa Barbara, Calif.: Clio Press, 1972.

Davis, Daniel S. *Behind Barbed Wire*. New York, N.Y.: E.P. Dutton, 1982.

Hosokawa, Bill. *Nisei, The Quiet Americans*. New York, N.Y.: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1969.

Hosokawa, Bill and Robert A. Wilson. *East to America*. New York, N.Y.: William Morrow and Company Inc., 1980.

Irons, Peter ed. *Justice Delayed*. Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1989.

Nicholson, Herbert V. and Margaret Wilke. *Comfort All Who Mourn: The Life Story of Herbert and Madeline Nicholson*. Fresno, Calif.: Bookmates International, 1982.

O'Brien, Robert W. *The College Nisei*. Palo Alto, Calif.: Pacific Books, 1949.

Weglyn, Michi. *Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps*. New York, N.Y.: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1976.

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Quaker Life
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JAPANESE: The Department of East Asian Studies seeks a tenure-track faculty member at the assistant (or possibly associate) professorial rank in Japanese language and literature. Responsibilities of the position include teaching in and directing the Japanese language program; in addition, applicants should have experience teaching a wide range of fields, including Japanese language, literature, culture, and be committed to building up the new East Asian Studies major. Apply by November 15, 1992 to: Professor Linda Gerstein, Chair, Japanese Search Committee.

Interested candidates should submit a curriculum vitae, a letter describing research and teaching interests, graduate transcripts, and three letters of recommendation to the person listed above, Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041. A sample of scholarly work would be welcome. Candidates should have completed their Ph.D. by September 1, 1993.

FRENCH: The Department of French seeks to fill a part-time, long-term, renewable, non-tenure-track position in French language instruction. Responsibilities include teaching French language at all levels and teaching experience is required. Applicants should send a curriculum vitae and three letters of recommendation. Candidates should have completed their Ph.D. or equivalent by September 1, 1993. Apply by November 24, 1992 to: Professor Stephen Finley, Chair of the French Search Committee.

Haverford College is an Equal Opportunity, Affirmative Action Employer. Women and persons of color are particularly encouraged to apply.

Milestones

Births

Borne—Elias Tylor Borne, July 19, to Elizabeth Claggett-Borne and Jonathan Vogel Borne. Elizabeth and Jonathan are members of Cambridge (Mass.) Meeting.

Culleton—Jan Gabriel Culleton, on August 12, to Nancy (Cocks)Culleton and Terence Culleton of George School. Nancy is a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting.

Hallowell—Vera Sharpless Hallowell, on Aug. 10, to William S. Hallowell and Karen Suplee Hallowell. William is a member of Gwynedd (Pa.) Meeting.

Henderson—Christopher Allen Henderson and Geoffrey Lancaster Henderson, on May 13, in Washington, D.C., to Peter and Laura Nell (Smith) Henderson. Laura is a member of Dayton (Ohio) Meeting, and both parents attend Friendship Preparative Meeting in Washington, D.C.

King—Kathleen Womack King, on April 19, to Linda K. and John P. K. King, of Penns Park, Pa. John is a member of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting.

Patterson—Adair Minor Patterson, on May 20, in Albuquerque, N.M., to Charlotte Minor and Philip Patterson. Charlotte is a member of Flagstaff (Ariz.) Meeting.

Veselka—Stephanie Suzanne Veselka, on Aug. 28, to Heidi and Don Veselka. Heidi and her parents, Otto and Margret Hofman, are members of Austin (Tex.) Meeting.

Marriages

Bryant-Lockwood—G. Wesley Lockwood and Susan Bryant, on June 21, under the care of Flagstaff (Ariz.) Meeting, where Susan is a member.

Inglis-Lehman—James E. Lehman and Margo Inglis, on July 18, under the care of Sandy Spring (Md.) Meeting, where both are members.

Severn-Barber—Charles Jackson Barber, Jr. and Jill Robin Severn, on June 27, under the care of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting where Jill is a member.

Smith-Reiley—Thomas W. Reiley II and Rebecca S. Smith, on July 11, in Wycombe, Pa. Rebecca is the granddaughter of Kathryn G. Smith and the late Russell E. Smith, members of Wrightstown (Pa.) Meeting.

Deaths

Batcheler—Mary Louise Batcheler, 64, on May 4, at her home in Bensalem, Pa., of a heart attack. An active member of Southampton (Pa.) Meeting, she first joined Friends at Central Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting. After graduating from Dickinson College in 1949, she worked at hospitals in Philadelphia, became a member of a DNA research team at the University of Pennsylvania, and wrote several scientific papers. Forced to change careers due to increasing arthritis, she became a consultant of display and promotion in chinaware for a department store. Throughout her life she had an appreciation of beauty: in nature and in beautiful art objects and antiques. In 1987, she joined Southampton (Pa.) Meeting, and at her death, she was the recorder and was on the Worship and Ministry and Program committees. She was concerned not only for the spiritual life of the meeting, but also her own spiritual growth. She

is survived by her sister, Jane Tonero.

Blanshard—Paul B. Blanshard, 73, of lymphoma cancer, on May 31, at his home in Seminole, Florida. He and his wife of 50 years, Priscilla, formerly lived in the West Mount Airy section of Philadelphia, Pa., and belonged to Chestnut Hill Meeting. Paul had volunteered for the American Friends Service Committee in race relations and fair housing, and had served on the board of Friends Neighborhood Guild and FRIENDS JOURNAL. He and his family spent two years in Nigeria for the AFSC in the early '60s. After retiring to a home in Florida, he ran a successful campaign to put the nuclear freeze issue on the ballot in Clearwater. There, he also taught a Great Decisions course for the Foreign Policy Association, and wrote guest columns—usually on the subject of peace—for the *St. Petersburg Times*. He represented Clearwater Meeting on the local clergy association. He did volunteer fund-raising for his alma maters, George School and Oberlin College. He is survived by his wife, Priscilla; daughters Judith A. Blanshard and Nancy B. Kelner; son Peter Blanshard; a brother, Rufus; and five grandchildren.

Bruff—William (Bill) Bruff, 72, on May 11, in Santa Rosa, Calif. A member of Redwood Forest (Calif.) Meeting, he graduated from Westtown School and Whittier College and spent three-and-one-half years in Civilian Public Service. He taught math and science at the high school and community college levels, then became audio-visual coordinator at Foothill College. He had a life-long interest in amateur and commercial broadcasting, obtaining his first license at the age of 12. He was fascinated with photography as a window through which to appreciate nature, people, and landscape. He served on the boards of Ben Lomond Quaker Center and John Woolman Friends School, on committees at the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meeting levels, as well as with the American Friends Service Committee. He and his family were members of Palo Alto (Calif.) Meeting before moving to Santa Rosa, where they transferred to Redwood Forest Meeting, where he became involved in Friends House. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy; one brother; three sisters; three children; and two grandchildren.

Gayner—Sara Mayhew Gayner, 92, on Sept. 14, 1991, in Woodstown, N.J. After graduating from Swarthmore College, she taught at high schools in New Jersey. She and her husband, the late J. Thomas Gayner, lived in Bridgeton, N.J. She participated in a number of community organizations, and her home became the meeting place for Friends from distant lands. Vitally interested in international relations, she became the guiding spirit in student exchange programs, helping many local students participate in exchanges under sponsorship of the American Friends Service Committee. She worked on committees for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and attended sessions at Pendle Hill. The members of Greenwich (N.J.) Meeting remember her messages in worship as helpful and thought-provoking. Her last three years were spent in Friends Home at Newtown, Pa., where she was loved by staff and patients. She is survived by her sister, Anna Ewing; and two step-daughters, Betty Hopman and Helen Hall. She is remembered as kind, loving, and caring for people of all races and creeds.

Hadley—Jeanette Hadley, 85, on July 9, in Des Moines, Iowa, of cancer. She was born in Saskatchewan and later became office manager of Friends Committee on National Legislation in Washington, D.C., a job she held for 30 years. She later lived

in New Providence and Oskaloosa, Iowa, before moving to the Village Health Care Center in Des Moines. She was a member of Honey Creek New Providence (Iowa) Friends. She is survived by several nieces and nephews.

McCord—William Maxwell McCord, 61, on Aug. 3, from injuries sustained in a car accident. He grew up in St. Louis, Mo., and Tucson, Ariz., graduated from Stanford University, and earned a doctorate at Harvard University. He later taught sociology at both universities, at the City University of New York, at Rice and Syracuse universities, and at distinguished academies throughout the world. He was recognized for his outstanding teaching and writings on crime and delinquency. He also wrote about many other subjects related to sociology. His work was published in many national magazines, including *FRIENDS JOURNAL*. His books *Springtime of Freedom* and *Mississippi: the Long, Hot Summer* were finalists for Pulitzer Prizes and were republished around the world. With a passion for turning theory into action, he joined the Freedom Riders in the 1960s and headed south to fight for civil rights, gathering information for his book and helping register African-American voters. He also worked with politicians and city leaders in New York City and elsewhere on the question of urban violence. He worked as a counselor at Sing Sing prison and in reform projects with Quaker meetings in Connecticut and New York. He is survived by his wife, Arline; eight children, Geoffrey Sayre McCord, Rob, Maxwell, Will, and Emy McCord, and Karen, Theodore, and Michael Sakuma; and six grandchildren.

McWhirter—Kore McWhirter, 66, of a heart attack on Sept. 11, in Burnsville, N.C. She is remembered by Friends at Celo (N.C.) Meeting, and her friends and family as caring, compassionate, and fun-loving. The night before her death she participated in a play rehearsal for her role in *Harvey*. She is affectionately remembered, too, for her "critter pots," which she sold at annual sessions of Southern Appalachian Yearly Meeting & Association and at Friends General Conference Annual Gathering. For many years, she organized the FGC craft sale. She is survived by two daughters, Loy and Paula; two sons, Morgan and Pete; and four grandchildren.

Michener—J. Lewis Michener, 83, on Aug. 27, in West Chester, Pa. He was a life-long resident of Chester County, Pa., a descendant of John and Sarah Michener, who came to Pennsylvania with William Penn in 1685. As a child, he attended Marlborough (Pa.) Meeting, joining Birmingham (Pa.) Meeting as an adult. In 1936, he married Edith Lillian Smith, and throughout their 56 years of marriage, they continued to use the "plain speech" with their family. An avid gardener, he felt closest to God in his vegetable garden. He was active in many community and civic groups. Mechanically gifted, he was a master electrician and plumber and became an expert clock repairman. He and his wife moved to the Hickman Friends Home in West Chester in 1991. He is survived by his wife, Edith Lillian Smith; two daughters, Patricia M. Bower and Catharine M. Tunis; and three granddaughters.

Pino—Beatrice Pino, 78, on Feb. 28, of cancer. Born in Anaconda, Montana, where her father was a mining engineer, she earned a degree in English from Simmons College. She married Milton Grossman, and they moved to California. He died in 1972. Acting on her Quaker beliefs, she went to Germany when she was 24 to help a family escape from the Nazis. During the Spanish Civil War she was an editor for *Protestant Digest* and helped

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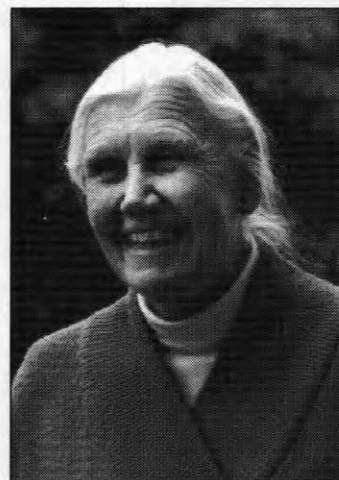
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form the magazine's stand on that war. During the Vietnam War she worked to convince lawmakers to oppose the war, and she picketed inside the Pentagon with other activists, including wives of senators. She went back to school at age 50 to get a teaching certificate and then taught in a racially mixed high school in Los Angeles, where she used Latin, Greek and Scrabble to teach students to read and enjoy it. She loved literature, wrote poetry, and translated poetry from German. She married James Pino, who was executive sec-

retary of Friends Committee on Legislation in California. They retired to a farm near Nashville, Mich., where she revived the local Girl Scouts program. She affected the lives of many people due to her wide interests and involvements. Many who knew her thought she was ahead of her time in her thinking about social and political problems, which focused on better education, peace at home and abroad, and civil rights. She is survived by her husband, Jim Pino; and her children, Joel and Rachael.

Quaker author, Jean Michener Nicholson, 1268 Sunny Oaks Circle, Altadena, CA 91001. (\$6.00 includes mailing.)

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