BORN FREE *and* EQUAL

Text and Photographs
by
ANSEL ADAMS

THE STORY OF LOYAL JAPANESE-AMERICANS

BORN FREE AND EQUAL

DEDICATED WITH ADMIRATION AND RESPECT TO

Ralph Palmer Merritt

WHO HAS GIVEN THOUSANDS OF OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS

A RENEWED FAITH AND CONFIDENCE IN DEMOCRACY

BORN FREE AND EQUAL

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LOYAL
JAPANESE-AMERICANS AT
MANZANAR RELOCATION CENTER
INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

BY ANSEL ADAMS

NEW YORK · 1944 · U. S. CAMERA

The publishing of this book is authorized by the War Relocation Authority, United States Department of the Interior. The photographs and facts of the text have been checked and approved by the Project Director of Manzanar Relocation Center.

I wish to acknowledge my debt of gratitude for the assistance and encouragement of many friends and associates and for the generous cooperation of the evacuees and the administrative staff at Manzanar in the production of this book.

I wish also to acknowledge the cooperation of the Department of Photography of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, in organizing most of the pictures in exhibit form, on which the sequence and captions of the photographs herein are based.

AMENDMENT FOURTEEN

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALL PERSONS BORN OR NATURALIZED IN THE UNITED STATES AND SUBJECT TO THE JURISDICTION THEREOF, ARE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF THE STATE IN WHICH THEY RESIDE.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE OR ENFORCE ANY LAW WHICH SHALL ABRIDGE THE PRIVILEGES OR IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, NOR SHALL ANY STATE DEPRIVE ANY PERSON OF LIFE, LIBERTY, OR PROPERTY, WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW, NOR DENY TO ANY PERSON WITHIN ITS JURISDICTION THE EQUAL PROTECTION OF THE LAWS.

* * *

. . . . As a nation we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it "all men are created equal, except Negroes." When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read "all men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics." When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty . . . . where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.

by Abraham Lincoln, from a letter to Joshua Speed, written at Springfield, August 24th, 1855

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AN AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRL Yuri Yamazaki

FOREWORD

It has long been my belief that the greatness of America has arisen in large part out of the diversity of her peoples. Before the war, peoples of Japanese ancestry were a small but valuable element in our population. Their record of law-abiding, industrious citizenship was surpassed by no other group. Their contributions to the arts, agriculture, and science were indisputable evidence that the majority of them believed in America and were growing with America.

Then war came with the nation of their parental origin. The ensuing two and a half years have brought heartaches to many in our population. Among the casualties of war has been America's Japanese minority. It is my hope that the wounds which it has received in the great uprooting will heal. It is my prayer that other Americans will fully realize that to condone the whittling away of the rights of any one minority group is to pave the way for us all to lose the guarantees of the Constitution.

As the President has said, "Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry." This truth is eloquently illustrated by the photographs on the following pages.

Harold L. Ickes
Secretary of the Interior
July, 1944

Moved by the human story unfolding in the encirclement of desert and mountains, and by the wish to identify my photography in some creative way with the tragic momentum of the times, I came to Manzanar with my cameras in the fall of 1943. For many years I have photographed the Sierra Nevada, striving to reveal by the clear statement of the lens those qualities of the natural scene which claim the emotional

A YOUNG COUPLE AT THEIR MANZANAR HOME

and spiritual response of the people. In these years of strain and sorrow, the grandeur, beauty, and quietness of the mountains are more important to us than ever before. I have tried to record the influence of the tremendous landscape of Inyo on the life and spirit of thousands of people living by force of circumstance in the Relocation Center of Manzanar. Hence, while the people and their activities are my chief concern, there is much emphasis on the land throughout this book.

I believe that the acrid splendor of the desert, ringed with towering mountains, has strengthened the spirit of the people of Manzanar. I do not say all are conscious of this influence, but I am sure most have responded, in one way or another, to the resonances of their environment. From the harsh soil they have extracted fine crops; they have made gardens glow in the firebreaks and between the barracks. Out of the jostling, dusty confusion of the first bleak days in raw barracks they have modulated to a democratic internal society and a praiseworthy personal adjustment to conditions beyond their control. The huge vistas and the stern realities of sun and wind and space symbolize the immensity and opportunity of America—perhaps a vital reassurance following the experiences of enforced exodus.

This book in no way attempts a sociological analysis of the people and their problem. It is addressed to the average American citizen, and is conceived on a human, emotional basis, accenting the realities of the individual and his environment rather than considering the loyal Japanese-Americans as an abstract, amorphous, minority group. This impersonal grouping, while essential to the factual study of racial and sociological problems, frequently submerges the *individual*, who is of greatest importance. Throughout this book I want the reader to feel he has been with me in Manzanar, has met some of the people, and has known the mood of the Center and its environment—thereby drawing his own conclusions—rather than impose upon him any doctrine or advocate any sociological action. I have intentionally avoided the sponsorship of governmental or civil organizations, not because I have doubts of their sincerity and effectiveness, but because I wish to make this work a strictly personal concept and expression.

I trust the content and message of this book will suggest that the broad concepts of American citizenship, and of liberal, democratic life the world over, must be protected in the prosecution of the war, and sustained in the building of the peace to come.

Manzanar, California, August 1944

ANSEL ADAMS

SUNLIGHT AND SPACE DWELL IN THE OWENS VALLEY.

THE LAND

A mood of sunlight and of the grandeur of space dwells in the Owens Valley of California. For perhaps two hundred miles a narrow belt of semi-desert plain throbs in the clear air between two soaring mountain walls; from the now arid salt-flats of what was Owens Lake, the valley rolls north to the blue saline waters of Mono Lake, east of Yosemite. Maps and surveys establish arbitrary boundaries—but the spirit of this valley is not encompassed by such definite restrictions. One feels the power of the huge wall of the Sierra Nevada, rising on the west for hundreds of miles, a fantastic granite range supporting the loftiest summits of the continental United States. On the east rolls the high barren wave of the Inyo and White Mountain Ranges, their massive rugged forms pressing the sky. North is Reno on the artery of the transcontinental rails and roads; south is Los Angeles. The planes of commerce and pleasure will soon roar again overhead; motors will throb on the highways and climb high into the mountains.

Flowing southward down the valley, the Owens River leaves the long incision of its gorge near the town of Bishop and forms marshes, willow groves, and rich spacious areas of productive soil. Man has countered the dominant horizontal mood of the

region by planting the soft fangs of Lombardy poplars in stately files following the curves of road and stream and the stern section-lines of property. These beautiful trees point into the sky in sharp contrast to the cottonwoods and willows and the bronze flowing slopes of rabbit-brush and sage.

Ten miles in an air-line from Manzanar, the summit of Mount Williamson rises against the sky to 14,384 feet, magnificent and shimmering under the clear sun. It is the magical mountain, the dominant accent of the world of Inyo. To the south Mount Whitney reaches farthest above the sea, but no summit of the Sierra looms so impressively above its immediate base as Williamson. Mary Austin speaks of its "seven-mile shadow." In the same mood Horace wrote of the "great shadows falling from the high mountains." Yet the shadows of the Sierra are not somber; they make space definite with glowing light.

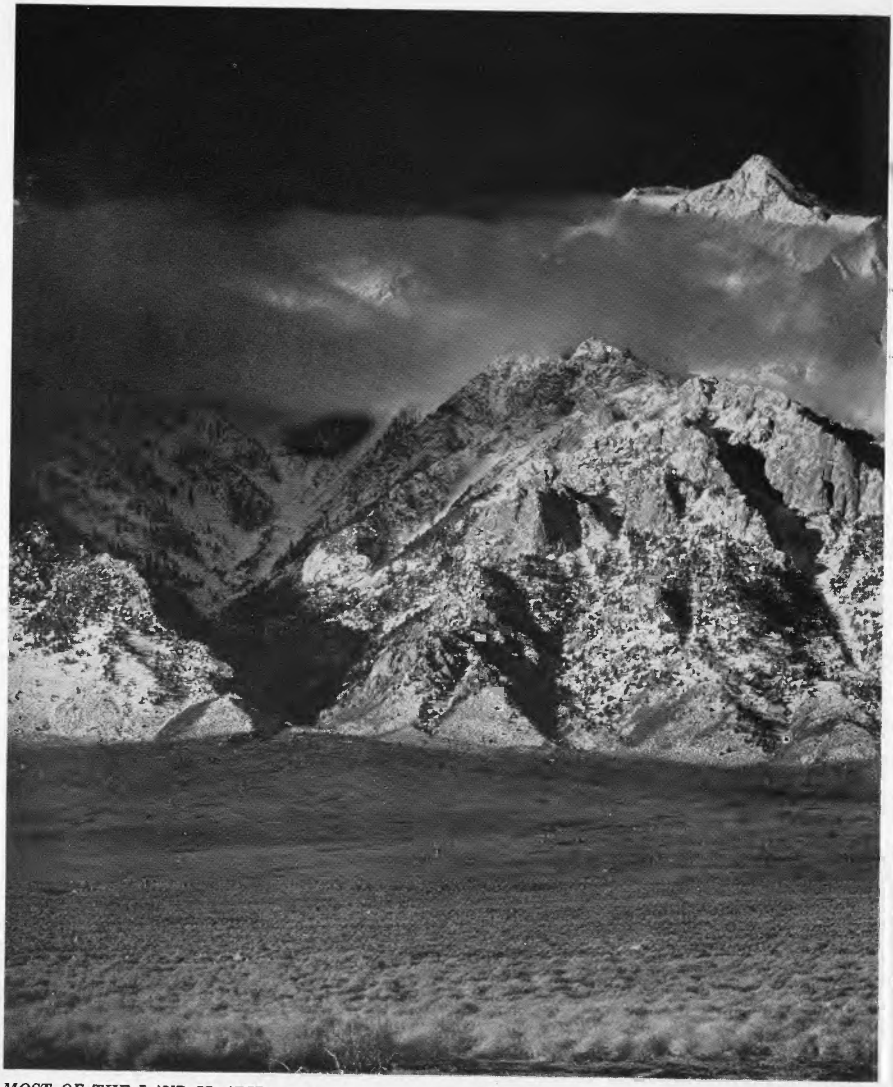
In time of storms, mists roll eastward from the Sierra gorges, pouring down over the plain in enormous gray billows, and thunder often speaks among them. In winter the Sierra is covered with continuous snow from plain-edge to sky-edge; in spring and summer the streams are full and chuckling under the green banks, and men range far and wide among the crags and canyons of the mountains; in autumn the land is frothed with gold which vibrates on the bronze and blue tones of the desert hills and shining granite of the Sierra.

Into this land, many years ago, reached the tentacles of a water-hungry city; Los Angeles acquired, by fair means and foul, almost total rights to the water of this region. Every stream that sparkled down from the Sierra was captured and channeled through hundreds of miles of aqueduct to the thirsty warrens of the southern metropolis. Multitudes of wells were sunk deep into the earth and moisture was drained even from the depths of the soil. Trees, farms, and enterprises died, homes were cruelly burned, and what had been one of the most charming, self-sufficient, rural regions of the West was left to desolation. Then, before the damage was completely irrevocable, another river—the Colorado far to the east—was forced to give of its water and energy to the insatiable appetite of Southern California. It gave so generously that the city of Los Angeles has found itself with surplus water. Hence, in some areas, water is being sparingly returned to the land, crops are reappearing, trees are putting forth leaves and fruit, cattle are feeding in meadow-lands, and Inyo is pulsating again with the re-emergence of rural activity. Given years of recuperation it may regain much of the lush bounty of its earlier days.

Continued on page 22

THE HUGE WALL OF THE SIERRA NEVADA RISES ON THE WEST. . . .

AND THE HIGH BARREN WAVE OF THE INYO RANGE ON THE EAST.



MOST OF THE LAND IS ARID. . . .

FROM WHICH THE PEOPLE HAVE CREATED FARMS, GARDENS AND THE PLEASURE PARK.

Continued from page 13

In the heart of this country, ten miles north of Lone Pine, and six miles south of Independence, the old village of Manzanar was selected as the Place—one place of many in the national program of relocation. There were but few remnants of life in evidence when the Authority and the Army came to Manzanar—dying orchards (Manzanar means apple orchard in Spanish), the foundation stones of former homes, and a station several miles to the east on the railroad. Within a short interval of time, while forlorn humanity was literally crowding its gates, scores of barracks, mess-halls, and administration buildings were hastily assembled and about ten thousand people—most of them citizens of the United States—were installed under semi-military rule. As the months progressed a certain mellowness of place and population developed; life became organized. The earth by virtue of irrigation gave ample crops and gardens to the people. The evacuees, resigned to their enforced period of transition between phases of civic life, established a community life for themselves. Manzanar became unified as a functioning town of ten thousand, and a fact of national importance and implication.

* * * * * *

At Manzanar, in the presence of the ancient mountains, another tragic episode of history struggles for solution. Because of evacuation enforced by military order all along the coast, homes were abandoned, and trades and enterprises relinquished. Scenes of pleasant childhood draw into unreal distance; the future is only a hope, no longer an assurance. Friends and family are split and scattered with strange divergences of loyalties, beliefs and decisions.

IS HER FUTURE ONLY A HOPE AND NOT AN ASSURANCE?

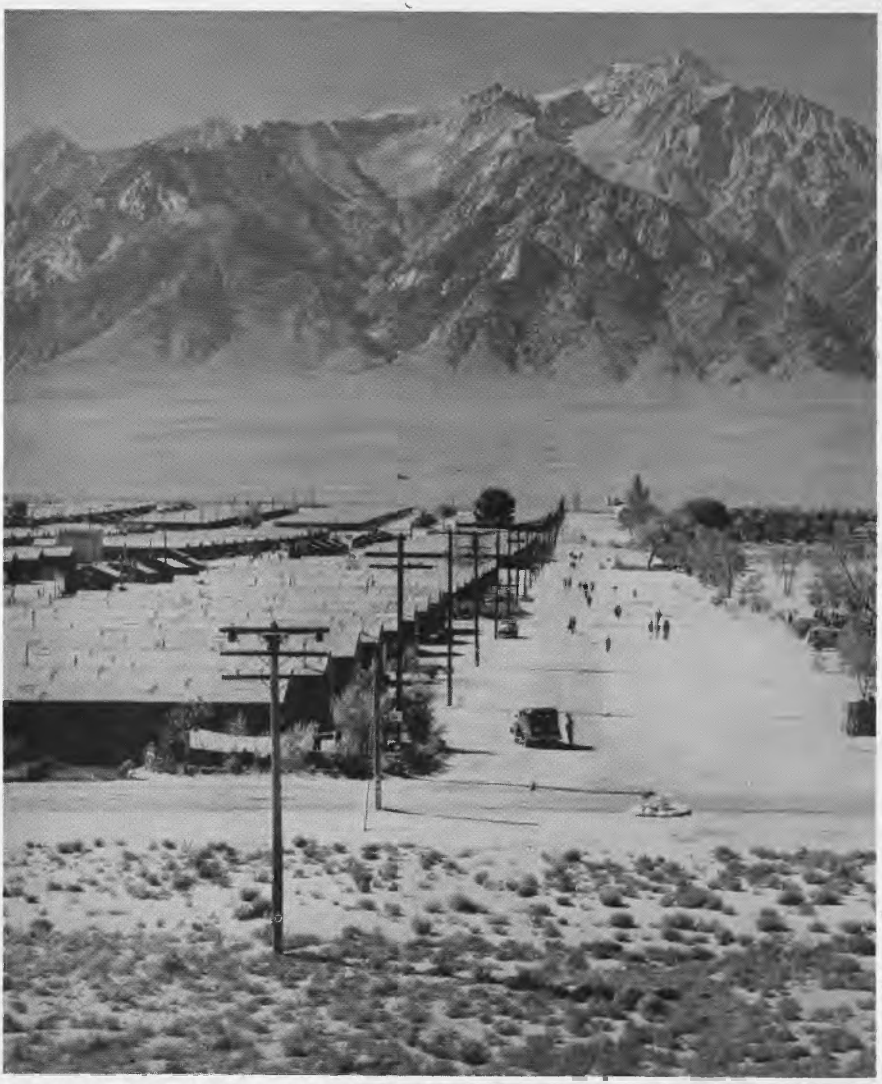
MANZANAR IS ONLY A DETOUR ON THE ROAD OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. . . .

THE PLACE

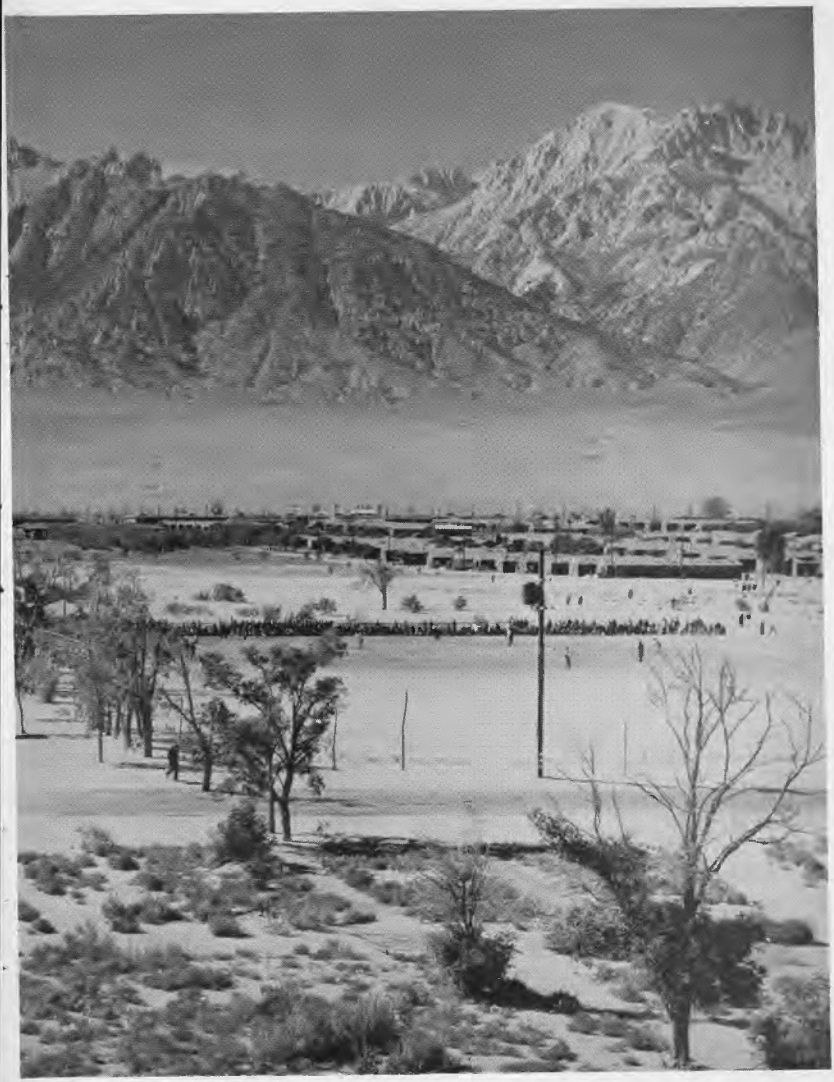
Following Highway 395, through the spectacle of rolling desolate hills, jagged and ancient rocks, chaotic areas of black lava, grey-white alkali lake-beds, blue acres of impounded water, clumps of willow and cottonwood and the slender lines of Lombardy poplars—all interspersing the bronze sage-covered plain and underlying the towering mountains on either hand—we come to the soldier-guarded gates of Manzanar and enter a little city, well-governed and alive, mirroring in small scale an average American metropolis.

Nothing is more permanent about Manzanar than the dust which has lodged on its tar-papered barracks, except the indelible impression incised on the lives of thousands of its inhabitants. Only a rocky wartime *detour* on the road of American citizenship, it is a symbol of the whole pattern of relocation—a vast expression of a government working to find suitable haven for its war-dislocated minorities. Manzanar, as a group enterprise in administration and daily life, possesses also the intangibles of spirit and attitude to be found in any well-organized American community, plus a certain intensity and patience born of the shock of enforced exodus.

When all the occupants of Manzanar have resumed their places in the stream of



IT LIES ON THE BRONZE SAGE-COVERED PLAIN, A CITY BUILT OF SHACKS AND PATIENCE.



THE CEMETERY MONUMENT SUGGESTS ETERNITY.

American life, these flimsy buildings will vanish, the greens and flowers brought in to make life more understandable will wither, the old orchards will grow older, remnants of paths, foundations and terracing will gradually blend into the stable texture of the desert. The stone shells of the gateways and the shaft of the cemetery monument will assume the dignity of desert ruins; the wind will move over the land and the snow fall upon it; the hot summer sun will nourish the gray sage and shimmer in the gullies. Yet we know that the human challenge of Manzanar will rise insistently over all of America—and America cannot deny its tremendous implications.

To tell all about Manzanar, or any of the other centers (there were originally ten of them), would be a task far beyond the scope and purpose of this book. The physical operation of Manzanar is, in itself, a tremendous undertaking, but our problem here concerns people—people as they are today, and people in relation to the fateful future. Perhaps in this small distillation of their lives and personalities at Manzanar we can penetrate a few of their problems and perceive afresh some of the obligations of democracy.

Let us state a few physical facts. The area covers 5,700 acres, while the residential center covers 620 acres and is composed of 36 blocks. Each block contains about 16 barracks, a central mess hall, lavatories, and service buildings. There are three to five apartments to each barracks. The blocks are widely spaced, with frequent large firebreak areas in which victory gardens, pleasure parks, playing fields, and concert areas, have been developed. In addition there are schools, warehouses, shops, canteens, offices, meeting halls, libraries, churches, a museum, a large and completely equipped hospital, and a recently completed auditorium. An area is devoted to the general administrative offices and the residences of the Caucasian personnel. To the north and south of the Center are extensive farm areas, and the chicken, hog, and cattle enterprises. An army post under the Western Defense Command, guards the boundaries and supervises traffic to and from the Center, but within the boundaries of the Center the War Relocation Authority is in complete control. At its peak, Manzanar was a small city of about 10,000 people, thoroughly representative of the usual American community in its many activities, its local government, police and fire protection, social and religious life. At the time of writing the population has dropped to about 5,500.

Before we are introduced to some of the people at Manzanar, let us review the history of the evacuation and the development of the War Relocation Authority. . . .

LC-A35-6-M-4 (Reversed detail from larger neg.)

THE HUMAN CHALLENGE RISES OVER ALL AMERICA.

THE HISTORY

Certain facts and events preceding Pearl Harbor should be reviewed in order to clarify the meaning and relationships of the events following that momentous day.

In the excellent pamphlet, "What About Our Japanese-Americans?",* Carey McWilliams presents a concise outline of the problem and includes the important factors leading up to war-time tensions and decisions:

1. "The Japanese were a late immigrant group . . . arrived for the most part . . . between 1900 and 1910."
2. "Most . . . were single men who married late in life . . . the second generation group did not appear in large numbers until after 1920."
3. "In 1940 the average age of the Issei, or alien group was around fifty years of age; that of the Nisei, or citizen group, around 19 or 20 years of age."
4. "Of 126,947 Japanese in this country in 1940, 122,353 lived in the three west coast states. Nearly 80% were in California."
5. About 45% were concentrated in agricultural pursuits; other elements of the population were engaged in fishing and in mercantile, professional, and home services in metropolitan areas.

**Public Affairs Committee, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York*

THE SPIRIT OF MANZANAR IS FLEETING AND IMPERMANENT.

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"Both internal and external pressures had intended to set the Little Tokyo settlements apart from the larger communities of which they were a part."

6. In regard to the slow rate of assimilation, "it must be remembered . . . the American-born or Nisei generation had not, by December 7th, 1941, assumed the leadership of the Japanese Communities, although they clearly would have done so in another decade."

"In the spring of 1942, we in the United States placed some 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry in protective custody. Two out of every three were American Citizens by birth; one-third were aliens forbidden by law to become citizens. Included were three generations:

1. Issei, or first-generation immigrants (aliens)
2. Nisei, or second-generation (American born citizens)
3. Sansei, or third-generation (American-born children of American-born parents) . . .

"No charges had been filed against these people nor had any hearing been held. Evacuation was on Racial, or, perhaps more accurately, on ancestral grounds. It was the 'largest single forced migration in American History.'"

Without doubt there were dangerous individuals, groups and nationalistic organizations among the Japanese prior to Pearl Harbor. Many of these were known to the authorities and were arrested and properly interned, both in the coastal regions and Hawaii. Espionage there was without doubt prior to Pearl Harbor, but not one conviction of sabotage or espionage by Japanese-American citizens has been obtained. On June 14, 1943, the Office of War Information revealed that Japan relied upon Nazi agents for certain signaling aid at Pearl Harbor! But this was too late, for wild stories were already broadcast; the public tension rose alarmingly, and the Military proceeded to recommend and enforce a series of evacuation orders, all based on Executive Order 9066, and on the establishment of Military Zones 1 and 2. By June 5th, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry had been removed from Zone 1, the coastal areas, and by August 7th from Zone 2, the eastern sections of the Pacific coast states.

The responsibility of the Military was tremendous; the spectacular victories of Japan, the crippling of our fleet at Pearl Harbor, the possibility of invasion of our west coast —all were facts of tragic import, and at the time, were considered more than ample justification of the mass exodus. In addition, there was the threat of public retaliation against the Japanese-American population. We may feel that racial antagonisms fanned the flame of decision, that political pressures were of no little consequence in supporting

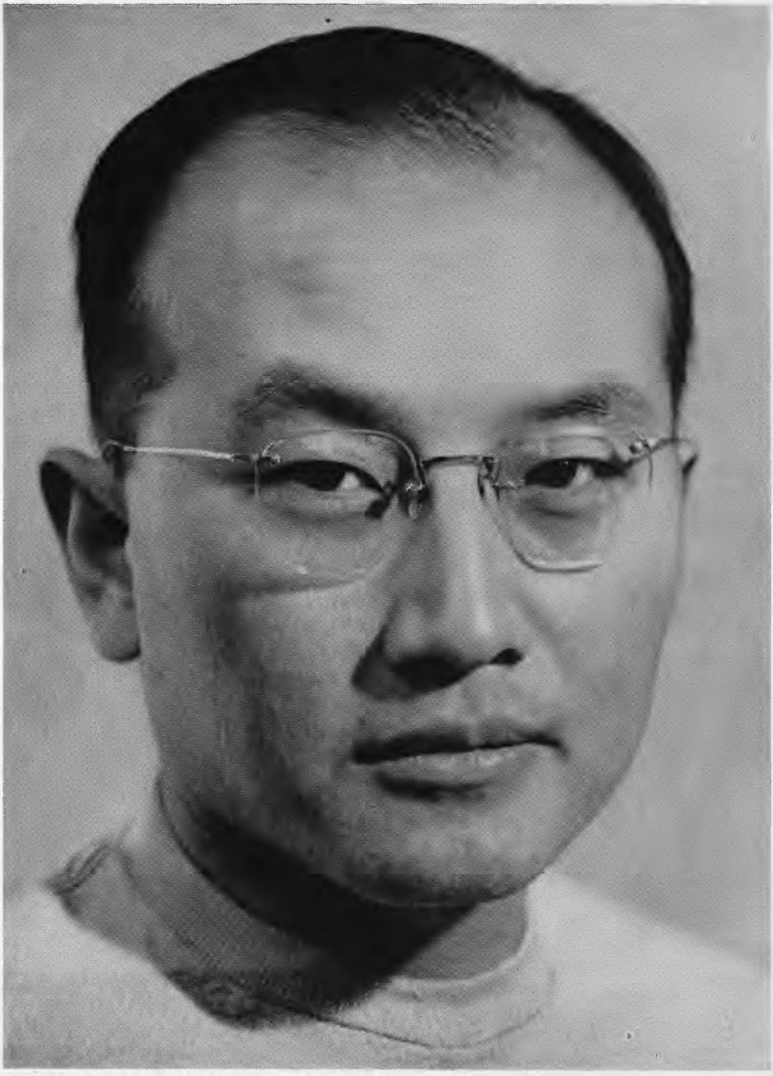
THE OFFICE OF REPORTS PUBLISHES THE MANZANAR FREE PRESS. . . .

the military action. In the light of retrospection and true evaluation the evacuation may have been unnecessary, but the fact remains that we, as a nation, were in the most potentially precarious moment of our history—stunned, seriously hurt, unorganized for actual war. Mr. Merritt, Project Director at Manzanar, makes the following lucid statement on the evacuation:

"Was evacuation justified? Evacuation is justified on the ground that, in time of war, military authorities are obligated to take any steps authorized by the government and necessary to the internal security of the country or for the defense of the country. The evacuation of 1942 has been, and always will be, justified on the ground of military necessity. I have not said that the evacuation was JUST, *but that it was* JUSTIFIED. *Because the Pacific coast was not attacked by Japan we can never tell the losses that would have taken place had there been an attempt at invasion."*

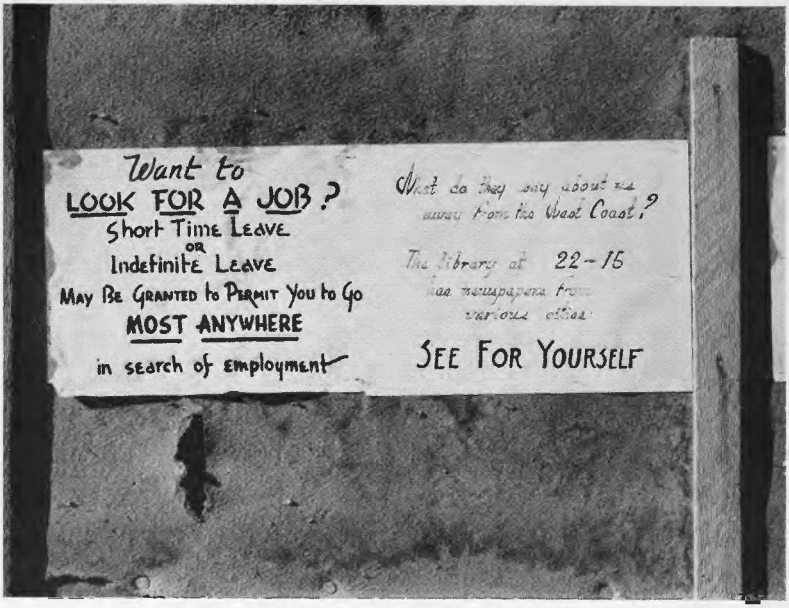
It is perfectly obvious that for many years to come there will be argument on the validity of this military action. There were great personal tragedies, financial losses, a deep disillusionment—all great and moving realities in comparison with the relatively simple physical discomforts. However, as it is indeed an ill wind that blows no good at all, certain new values are in evidence and are gradually unfolding before us. Again quoting Mr. Merritt, "Had there been no evacuation, persons of Japanese ancestry would (probably) have continued to be a minority group, little known to most of the country, the target of the exclusionist group who for many years has attacked minorities in the state of California. . . . Without evacuation, relocation—with its many benefits to the younger group—would never have happened. . . . Without evacuation the government would not have been interested, nor would the public have been educated to understand and be helpful." While this may be like saying it may be good if your house burns down, because you can then build a better one, it has profound elements of truth and actuality. One way for minorities to protect themselves is to scatter throughout the country—to avoid concentration in nationalistic groups in towns and rural areas. In taking the opportunity to prove themselves capable, cooperative citizens, the Japanese-Americans are placing themselves in a far stronger position than if they had drawn timorously together in the "Little Tokyos," to sit out the war under the suspicion and possible persecution of their Caucasian neighbors.

The next step was "segregation"—the removal of "disloyal" elements to the chosen Segregation Center of Tule Lake. Without any doubt, there were hundreds who, when presented with a questionnaire on their loyalty to America, sincerely revealed their desire for repatriation to Japan. These, of course, were alien Japanese, who by virtue



ROY M. TAKENO, FORMER EDITOR, IS NOW RELOCATED. . . .

ALSO RELOCATED ARE BUSINESS MANAGER YUICHI HIRATA AND HIS WIFE, FUMIKO.



"WITH THE SEGREGATION OF THE DISLOYAL EVACUEES IN A SEPARATE CENTER, THE WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY PROPOSES NOW TO REDOUBLE ITS EFFORTS TO ACCOMPLISH THE RELOCATION INTO NORMAL HOMES AND JOBS. . . . OF THOSE AMERICANS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY WHOSE LOYALTY TO THIS COUNTRY HAS REMAINED UNSHAKEN THROUGH THE HARDSHIPS OF THE EVACUATION WHICH MILITARY NECESSITY MADE UNAVOIDABLE."

President Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Message to Congress,
September 14th, 1943.

of their alien status could never become citizens of the United States. At first the aliens were asked, nevertheless, to swear allegiance to the United States and foreswear allegiance to the Emperor of Japan. Many replied negatively, or refused to answer, for obviously, saying "yes" to the latter question would place them literally as people without a country. Then this question was replaced by another asking that the aliens abide by the laws of the United States; it was answered almost unanimously in the

affirmative. Many had been in America for most of their active lives and were sincerely American in beliefs and allegiances, had raised their children as Americans in American schools, and were as furious at Japan as any New Englander could be for the treacherous attack upon us. However they were not, and never could become, legal citizens of the country of their choice. There were some whose records revealed Japanese allegiances, and some who answered an outright "no" to the loyalty question because they felt it best to make a clean breast of it and clarify their status from the first. These are detained at Tule Lake Center.

Another group, which we have not mentioned as yet, the Kibei (meaning those who return), has caused most of the trouble at the various centers. Many Kibei are loyal citizens holding important posts in war service. But since they were taken back to Japan as little children, and often trained under the growing military domination of that country, some tended to hold, on their return to America, fanatic, nationalistic sympathies for Japan. While American citizens in a legal sense, they reflected the ideology of Nippon. Such individuals are now safely held at Tule Lake.

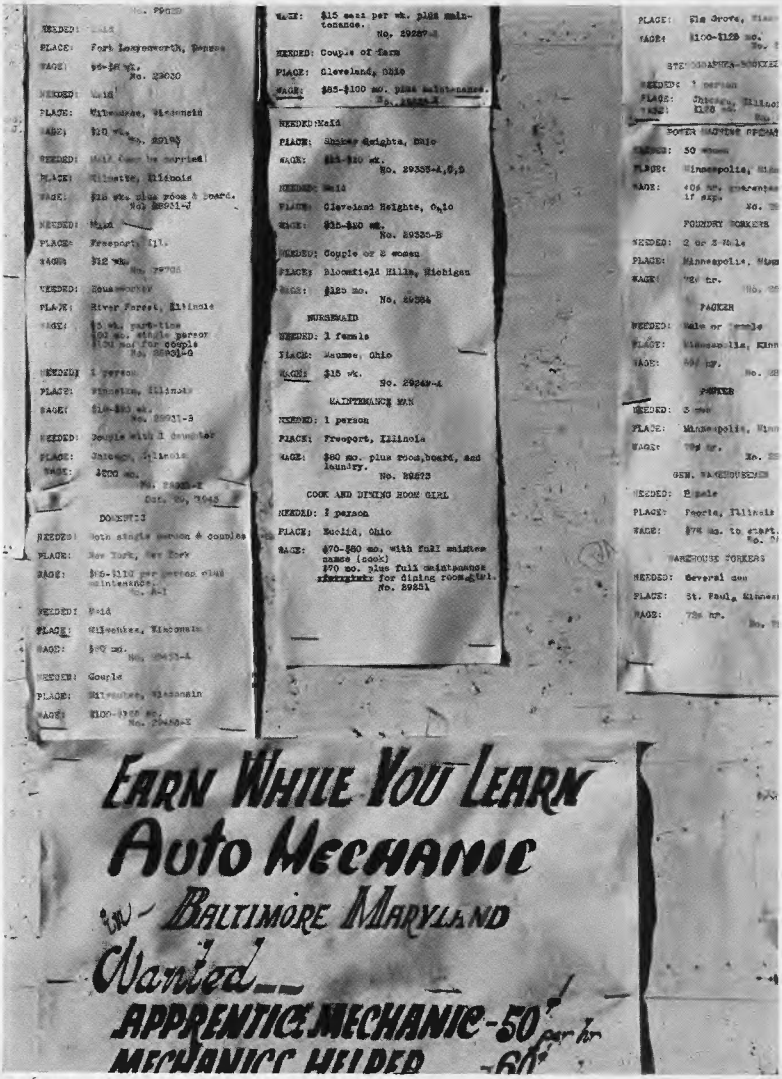
The tragedy of segregation appears in the status of completely loyal persons having to choose between patriotic ideals and family obligations. It should be noted that 28% of the evacuees who went from Manzanar to Tule Lake were children under 18 years of age. The request for repatriation may mean allegiance to Japan, defeat, nostalgia, or simply the desire for family unity.

Mr. Merritt has some excellent ideas on segregation. He says ". . . segregation was justified and necessary. Whether the method used was best, only time can tell. . . . Those holding allegiances to an enemy country should and must be segregated from the rights and opportunities enjoyed by those who are loyal to the country of which they are part and in which they live." Any softness in this regard must not be tolerated. International law directs the disposition of such people, and the internment of enemy aliens in America is apparently administrated smoothly and with dignity.

In closing this chapter, I think it fitting to quote from the President's Message to Congress of September 14th, 1943:

* * * *

"With the segregation of the disloyal evacuees in a separate center, the War Relocation Authority proposes now to redouble its efforts to accomplish the relocation into normal homes and jobs in communities throughout the United States, but outside the



THE WORK-OFFER BOARD IS THE FIRST STEP. . . .

DEPARTURE ON RELOCATION IS THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

evacuated area, of those Americans of Japanese ancestry whose loyalty to this country has remained unshaken through the hardships of the evacuation which military necessity made unavoidable. We shall restore to the loyal evacuees the right to return to the evacuated area as soon as the military situation will make such restoration feasable. Americans of Japanese ancestry have shown that they can, and want to, accept our institutions and work loyally with the rest of us, making their own valuable contribution to the national wealth and well being. In vindication of the very ideals for which we are fighting this war, it is important to us to maintain a high standard of fair, considerate, and equal treatment for the people of this minority, as of all other minorities."

A WOODWORKER

THE PEOPLE

As we go about Manzanar meeting some of the people and observing how they live, work, and play, we are impressed with their solidity of character, their external cheerfulness, and their cleanliness. I have not been aware of any abnormal psychological attitudes, such as one might expect to find in a group which has suffered such severe alterations of its normal life. There is no outward evidence of the "refugee" spirit, no expressed feeling of an endured temporary existence under barracks-life conditions. Part of this is due to the good administration of the Center by the W. R. A.; the larger part is due to the basic character of the people. I do not recall one sullen face in Manzanar. Many, of course, are bitter, but that bitterness is expressed in terms of argument and discussion—not in terms of an unpleasant reaction to life. Much of the internal troubles that occasionally arose in the centers was due to personal, human differences, and was not associated with nationalistic feelings. The Press has been guilty of gross exaggeration of certain events in the centers, which were in no way different from the altercations occasionally arising in any group. Minor civil arraignments are actually fewer than in the average town of similar size.

However, let us be realistic; the evidence of fortitude, of cheerful adaptation, must

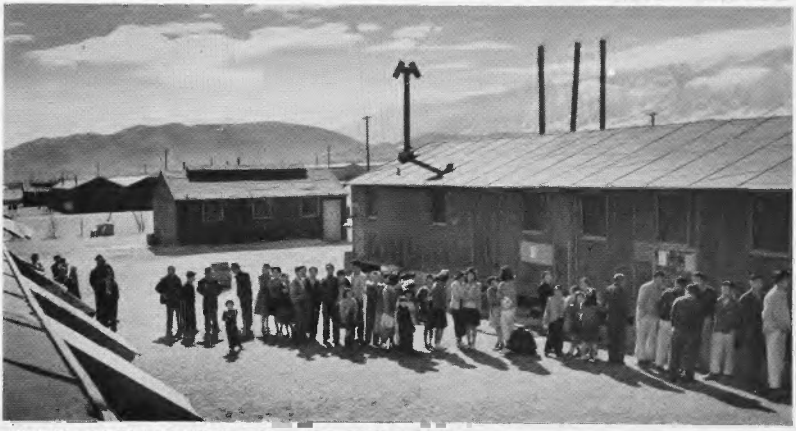
AN AMERICAN FAMILY; MRS. YAEKO NAKAMURA. . . .

OLDER DAUGHTER, JOYCE YUKIKO NAKAMURA. . . .

YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LOUISE TAMIKO NAKAMURA

A MANZANAR HOUSEHOLD. Mr + Mrs Toyo Miyatake and family

OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE EAT IN THE BLOCK MESS HALLS.



THE EVACUEES WAIT IN LINE FOR THEIR MEALS. . . .

not be allowed to obscure the facts. War is decidedly unpleasant, so are its effects upon civilians, especially minority groups adversely affected.

To quote again Carey McWilliams, who takes a darker view than I do from my observations at Manzanar: *"The relocation centers are not normal communities. They are institutions and they breed a type of 'prison complex.' The men, women and children who were suddenly moved by the thousands into these partially constructed Little Tokyos isolated in mountain desert areas were not in a normal frame of mind on their arrival. They had but recently undergone a profoundly disturbing experience. The vast majority of them regarded evacuation as a wholesale rejection by their fellow Americans. Living in a center is, at best, an extremely irritating experience. Overcrowding is universal; there is no privacy whatever, and people wait in line to eat, to wash, to be interviewed. In the centers most of the evacuees read the west coast newspapers and worry incessantly about their future. They are plagued by every imaginable type of fear and anxiety. With much time for gossip and talk, rumors sweep through the centers like wildfire. It must be remembered that* all kinds of persons *are to be found in these centers—old and young, rural and urban, aged farm laborers and sophisticated young artists. There are individuals in the centers who do not look Japanese, do not speak or write Japanese. Parental discipline tends to break down in the centers; the family, as such, is robbed of its traditional functions. There is, also, every conceivable shading of political opinion. When all these factors are considered, it is not surprising that minor disturbances, such as those which broke out in the Manzanar, Poston, and Tule Lake Centers, should have occurred."* (The Manzanar disturbance occurred in December, 1942, before disloyal elements of the population were segregated and when the repressed emotions of the evacuees were at the boiling point.) My own experience with the people convinces me that they have a stronger resilience in adversity than most students of the problem admit.

Consider the dislocations of family and friends throughout all of our land. Can we say that the evacuation of the Japanese-Americans from the west coast is more heart-rending, more poignant, than the misfortunes of millions of other Americans? It *seems* more unfortunate because it was a concentrated, enforced, group migration, imposed on the people in addition to the normal obligations of war.

However, our problem now is not to justify those things which *have* occurred, but to establish a new and civilized *rationale* in regard to these citizens and loyal supporters of America. To do this we must strive to understand the Japanese-Americans, not as

an abstract group, but as individuals of fine mental, moral and civic capacities, in other words, people such as you and I.

The evacuees receive their room and board, their work-clothes and other necessities, health service, grammar and high school educations, cultural benefits, and government transportation to the place chosen by them for their relocation. All able-bodied men, and some of the women, work, receiving a cash allowance of $12.00 to $19.00 per month. As there is very little on which to spend money at the Center, this sum is not as miniscule as it may first seem. Quite a few of the citizen evacuees have property and various sources of income, and live with a few more comforts than the average. No one, however, lives in anything but the barracks, or claims special services and privileges. A few easy chairs, a good phonograph, and certain refinements of household effects are all that bespeak a family or person of more than average means.

Traditionally a clean people, the evacuees are phenomenal in their management of person and home under difficult circumstances; the barracks are without running water or other facilities except electric lights and oil heaters. Each block contains a central laundry, washroom and lavatory. Yet these people, gathered together for church, school play, motion picture, or meeting, have all the alert polish of dress and feature expected of a comfortable metropolitan group. The youngsters, during the daylight hours, are allowed the usual accretions of dust, mud, and sticky candy, but they are scrubbed to a shine before nightfall. In all the places I found myself at Manzanar I never once experienced an offensive personal condition, a stuffy atmosphere, or evidence of careless dirt or disorder. Many of the evacuated families have brought more personal belongings than their apartments can legitimately hold; the resulting confusion never signifies a real disorder. The homes are of the utmost simplicity, especially those of young couples who are beginning life together with a minimum of possessions. In fact, many couples start married life in the same room with their parents.

Communal life undoubtedly has bolstered *morale;* everyone seems interested in some form of work, service, sport, or other activity. As we go about the Center we shall see some of these activities and the people who are concerned with them. We have made no effort to select the exceptional people, or show only the most favorable aspects of the Center. We shall miss much, of course, because time and space are limited for us, but what we shall see will be a good cross section of the people and the community.

* * * * * *

A YOUNG LAWYER AND HIS FAMILY

The nerve center of Manzanar lies in the Office of Reports, which was under the able direction of Roy M. Takeno, B.A., until his recent relocation in Denver, Colorado, as editor of *The Rocky Shimpo,* the largest Japanese language newspaper in the country. This office, in its three main branches, the Reports, Center News, and Advertising Sections, is in liaison with all the activities of the Center. It interprets administrative problems, and publishes the *Manzanar Free Press,* the official publication of the Manzanar Relocation Center Administration and of the Manzanar Cooperative Enterprises. Journalistically speaking this paper is an achievement. Both the English and Japanese language editions are, in the social sense, invaluable factors of communication and morale.

Roy Takeno was born in Fresno in 1913 and moved to Los Angeles in 1928. Completing four years at the University of Southern California, majoring in journalism, he was well on his way towards a solid application of public relations and newspaper work

when the war shattered his plans. His executive and editorial work in the Office of Reports has served him well. Of his life prior to the war he says he was "comfortable, but felt confined in his Japanese community." Trained in American schools, and believing in American ways, he feels, along with thousands of his fellow Nisei, the unsatisfactory elements of enforced racial segregation. America has not assimilated all who have assimilated America. He believes "that Americans realize, in the hard way, perhaps through painful experience, the relationship between neutralizing racial bars and democracy." Following the war he hopes for "an even chance for evacuees to make good in outside communities." The vast majority of the Nisei desire a dignified even chance; there is practically no evidence of seeking a pampered relief from a paternal government.

Early on a bright, cold, autumn morning, I remember Roy Takeno, Yuichi Hirata, his business manager (also relocated), and a staff member, standing in the sun before the Office of Reports and reading a Los Angeles paper just in by stage from the Southland. The moment was impressive; the clean, light, crisp air, the eternal mountain, and the transitory shacks, people of human creative quality avid for news and opinion of the great world in which they rightfully belong. Takeno's comprehension of the problem confronting all the Nisei, and of their general attitude, is revealed in his editorial in the Manzanar Free Press of January 1st, 1944. This editorial, which was widely circulated, evoking enthusiastic approval everywhere, is here quoted in full:

A VICTORIOUS NEW YEAR TO YOU—AMERICA

Greetings to you for a Victorious New Year, people of America; from your kindred 50,000 citizens inside barbed wire fences. We send you greetings, we who have been lodged by circumstances of war inside these Relocation Centers in the deserts of the West.

In three months, we will have spent two years in these centers. We have had time to rationalize our own predicament. The tragic experiences of evacuation, the untold volume of business losses of the evacuees, the unwarranted hatreds engendered toward us by some people because of our hereditary kinship with the Asiatic foe—these we write off our ledger.

On the other side stands our gratitude to the American people for sanctioning the effort of this government to look after the welfare of our children, our aged and the sick. We realize that in other parts of the world millions of innocent peoples' lives have been sacrificed in evacuations and by failures of other governments to protect their war driven

civilians. Here in War Relocation Centers we have found temporary refuge, we have taken stock of our stake in America and now we are preparing in a new spirit to re-establish ourselves.

In seeking to resettle and to re-establish ourselves in our respective trades, businesses, and professions, we realize the unwisdom of trying to force ourselves upon a people who view us with suspicion. We only seek to join in the drive for Victory. We are prepared to shoulder our share of further sacrifices demanded of all her citizens by our country. We will not shirk. Indeed evacuees who already have left the Relocation Projects are contributing to our embattled nation's war effort through their initiative, their resourcefulness, their adaptability and their talents. In Europe, in the South Pacific, on every front former evacuees are today in uniform fighting beside their brother Americans.

We also believe that our country would achieve something of the meaning of the full use of her available manpower when she encourages the evacuee tradesmen, merchants, farmers and professional men to re-establish themselves in their own fields of endeavor in the communities of their own choice. We ask you, the American people, to try us on our own merits. We are willing and ready to stand or fall by our records, realizing that it is one of the inherent characteristics of the country we love to appraise its people by the contribution they can make toward the total welfare of the nation.

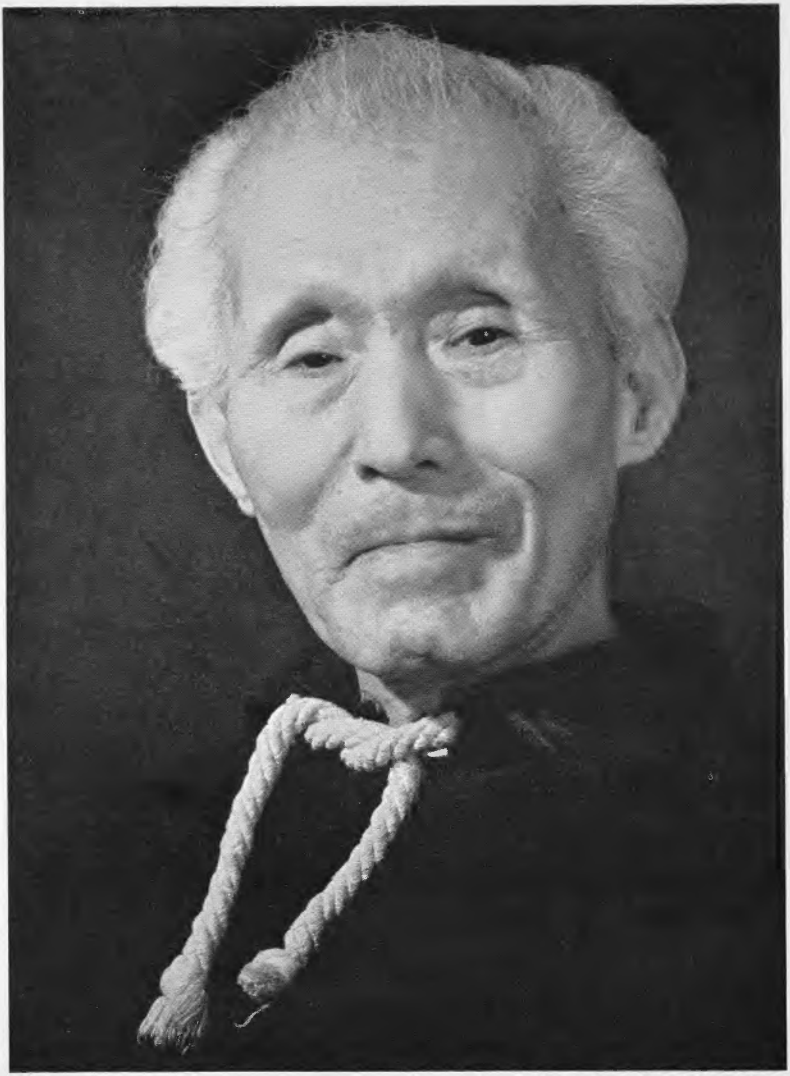
It is our belief that our country wants to fulfill the obligation to itself to permit the unhampered restoration of a group of its own people to their natural and rightful niche in the American scheme of life through an orderly process of evacuee resettlement. In the ultimate analysis the citizen evacuees who are behind these barbed wire fences, through no fault of their own, are not persuaded to resettle by glittering promises of job offers. The important consideration is that they be convinced in their own minds that they are acceptable to American communities as Americans and that in relocation lies their service to their country.

We believe that you are earnestly concerned in the process of revitalizing the American scheme of social structure which recognizes only aristocracy by intellect and by achievement; not through political, religious or racial differences. We believe that on this conviction, America rests her cause in this war.

Now that our eyes are clear again and our hearts are strong again we look forward as Americans with deepened understanding and firm conviction to this New Year when Victory shall come to this country that is yours and ours.

EVACUATION STRUCK THE VERY YOUNG. . . .

Those who think of Japanese-American domestic relations as differing from our accepted patterns are in for a sharp disillusionment when confronted with the family life at Manzanar. One of the typical housewives and mothers—and a professional woman besides—is Mrs. Yaeko Nakamura. She and her two little daughters are pictured in these pages. Mr. Nakamura is an architect; by the fall of 1944 they will have relocated in the East. Born in Pasadena, California, Mrs. Nakamura graduated from the University of Southern California, majoring in physical education. She has had vocational experience in merchandizing and buying in Los Angeles stores, but the work she prefers most is teaching; she is engaged in teaching physical education in the Manzanar schools. Speaking of herself prior to the war, she says, "I was a housewife, raising two children. I had a satisfactory life enjoying my family and my friends." She believes that in the post-war world "consideration should be given the *individual* and not the minority group." She is conscious of America as her home and her country. She said to me, "I am glad my faith in America is strong enough to stand the test of evacuation." And about the Japanese-American soldiers, "They are proving their loyalty to the country which gave them home and citizenship."



AND THE VERY OLD.

NOBUTERO HARRY SUMIDA,
SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR VETERAN

* * * * * * *

In any group of society the children are of greatest importance, and this importance is accentuated under abnormal conditions. The evacuation made family life difficult in many ways; it created for children of impressionable age environmental problems that will be hard to eradicate. However, from the start, education has been of major concern to the authorities and to the parents. At Manzanar the older evacuees built a tiny park with rabbits, chickens, and ducks, so little children would know a duck when they saw one. There is a "Children's Village" directed by Mr. Harry Haruto Matsumoto, where orphaned children from Alaska to San Diego find a home. Evacuation struck the very young and the very old. Newborn babies as well as the oldest persons were moved with all others. Kindergartens, grammar schools and high schools were established under the direction of Doctor Genevieve Carter of the Manzanar Educational Division. Hence there has been little interruption in the normal school life of the children, and the usual extra-curricular activities have not been neglected. The Manzanar High School is accredited to the University of California, even though its graduates are barred from that university by military restrictions. Plays, concerts, the Manzanar High School Choir under the able direction of Louis Frizzell, and a wide list of sports, keep the young people occupied and interested. The older residents play or are spectators at judo, kendo, tennis, basketball, football, and the universal enthusiasm—baseball. There is a golf links, unique in that there is no grass—only the desert earth. The greens are built up of sifted soil, and it all seems to work out satisfactorily, although there are certain difficult decisions to be made as to what constitutes "fairway" or "rough." A new auditorium has been completed recently and movies, music, and drama are accented in the recreation program. There are no class or age distinctions at Manzanar, and toddlers will be seen sitting next to benign old gentlemen at an outdoor band concert, or thronging with their elders into an exhibit at the Visual Education Museum. Only those employed on the farms may pass beyond the confines of the Residential section, hence the emphasis on organized sport rather than on excursions and walking tours. Victory gardens and the Pleasure Park are the concern of groups who are able to work at them; the latter is an ambitious undertaking—pools, greenery, walks and a pavilion created in the barren soil of the desert within the confines of the Center. Under special permit trees and stones were brought many miles from the Sierra and set about with that persuasive informal formality of the traditional Japanese garden.

"AMERICANISM IS A MATTER OF THE MIND AND HEART."

NURSE AIKO HAMAGUCHI OF THE MANZANAR HOSPITAL (NOW RELOCATED) . . .

EXPERIENCED IN MANY FIELDS. . . .

Professional training is high on the agenda of projects at Manzanar. The various trades, crafts and professions in evidence throughout the Center not only provide immediate gainful occupation for thousands, but are also considered as training opportunities to equip the evacuees for their future. One of the most spectacular achievements is the Manzanar Hospital. Thirteen Caucasian personnel and 280 evacuees are on the operating staff of this institution which was opened in July, 1942. It is a complete health-service enterprise, with modern equipment, appointments and methods. There are dental clinics, school health services, crippled children's clinics, and the educational section which maintains a full-time teaching staff for educating children with special problems or chronic diseases. It must be remembered that the evacuation was no respector of persons or of their health. Rich and poor, young and old, well and sick—all, without exception, were affected; hospital patients in the coastal regions continued their

RELAXING IN THE NURSES QUARTERS.

hospitalization at Manzanar. Chronic diseases were not changed in character by change of residence! It is noteworthy that with two years of preventative medicine and public health service, only a third of the hospital beds, estimated as essential for a town of this size, are used, while the death rate is one-half the national average.

It was a pleasure to meet a former member of the Manzanar Hospital staff—Nurse Aiko Hamaguchi, now relocated in a medical office in Detroit. Born in Long Beach, California, and subsequently living in Los Angeles and Redondo Beach, she completed two years at Los Angeles City College majoring in pre-nursing, followed by nurse-training at the Los Angeles General Hospital. Her ambition is to become a proficient public health nurse. She is interested chiefly in human beings; she also enjoys bridge,

tennis, horseback riding and reading. She is realistic and says in regard to her pre-war life, "Only after evacuation have I come to realize the false sense of security I enjoyed prior to the war." Perhaps now this sense of security is being re-established as she discovers her place in American life.

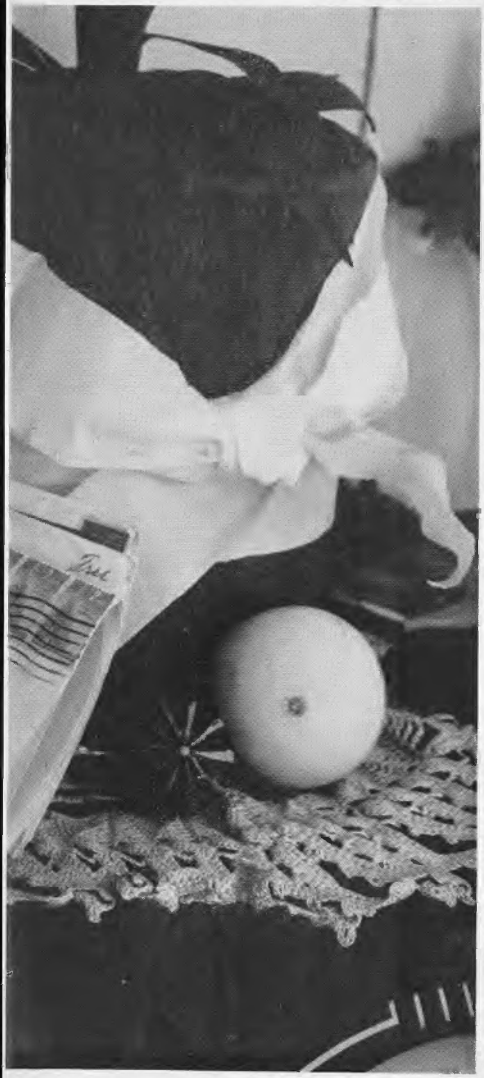
* * * * * * * *

Another person associated with the Manzanar Hospital whom I would like to bring to your attention is Michael Koichi Yonemitsu, X-ray technician. Born in Los Angeles in 1915, he majored for three years in engineering, and hopes eventually to complete his studies and specialize in X-ray. Coming from an intelligent and well-to-do family and enjoying a secure life with an apparently clear and well-planned future before him, Michael Yonemitsu found the evacuation difficult to reconcile with his concept of American life. However, he has adjusted himself admirably to conditions beyond his control. He would like to see the future evidence a "return to sound economic levels, fair trade, and subsequent raising of world living standards . . . a better understanding between all people to erase racial prejudice and a move toward greater religious tolerances." Speaking of the Japanese-American Combat Team he says . . . "My brother is in that combat team, I figure this is a chance to show his loyalty."

Visiting Michael's home, we shall meet his father and sister. This home is perhaps fitted out a bit better than the average; there is a fine radio-phonograph, a good collection of classical recordings, and some simple modern chairs and bookcases. Through their sunny window they look out on orchards and the North Farm. Mr. Francis Yonemitsu, father of Michael, was born in Japan. He is not and cannot be a citizen. But he is American in spirit, and he is a realist. In regard to his pre-war life in America he said he would have liked to be truly assimilated, but that the Caucasians themselves prevented it. He was automatically barred from many public places. As to the future he says, "At present I am undecided. I leave my children's plans up to them. They are citizens; my problem is far more difficult." Mr. Yonemitsu hopes that in the post-war world "our federal government will take steps to smooth out once and for all the minority problems of the Japanese, Negroes, etc. . . . Religion is valuable and we should attempt to further religion. Faith should be the guiding factor in our lives." (The Yonemitsu family is Catholic.)

On top of their phonograph I found a picture of Our Saviour, a photograph of Robert Yonemitsu in the uniform of an American soldier, and some of his letters to his sister Lucy. I photographed them just as they were. The picture tells much about

ONE SON OF THE YONEMITSU FAMILY IS IN THE U. S. ARMY. . . .



ANOTHER SON IS AN X-RAY TECHNICIAN IN THE MANZANAR HOSPITAL.

the Yonemitsu family, and about many other such families as well. Father Yonemitsu says about the combat team: "My son Robert is in the combat team. I am hoping he will be a credit to me and to the Japanese-American people. I hope he will help to show that the Americans of Japanese ancestry are as loyal as any other Americans."

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A resident of the hospital deserving special mention is Nobuteru Harry Sumida, considered the oldest Japanese-American in this country. The Office of Reports gave me the following outline on this remarkable man:

Nobuteru Harry Sumida was born in New York in 1872. He was left with Caucasian foster parents in that city and never saw his real parents. He relates that the only occasion when he visited Japan was on a sailing ship which put in at Kobe. He did not go ashore.

Perhaps the first Nisei in this country, Harry was educated in New York public schools and graduated from high school in Manhattan. He attended some classes at Columbia University. At the same time, through books he ordered from Japan, he studied the Japanese language. His Japanese is fluent and he is well versed in Japanese literature.

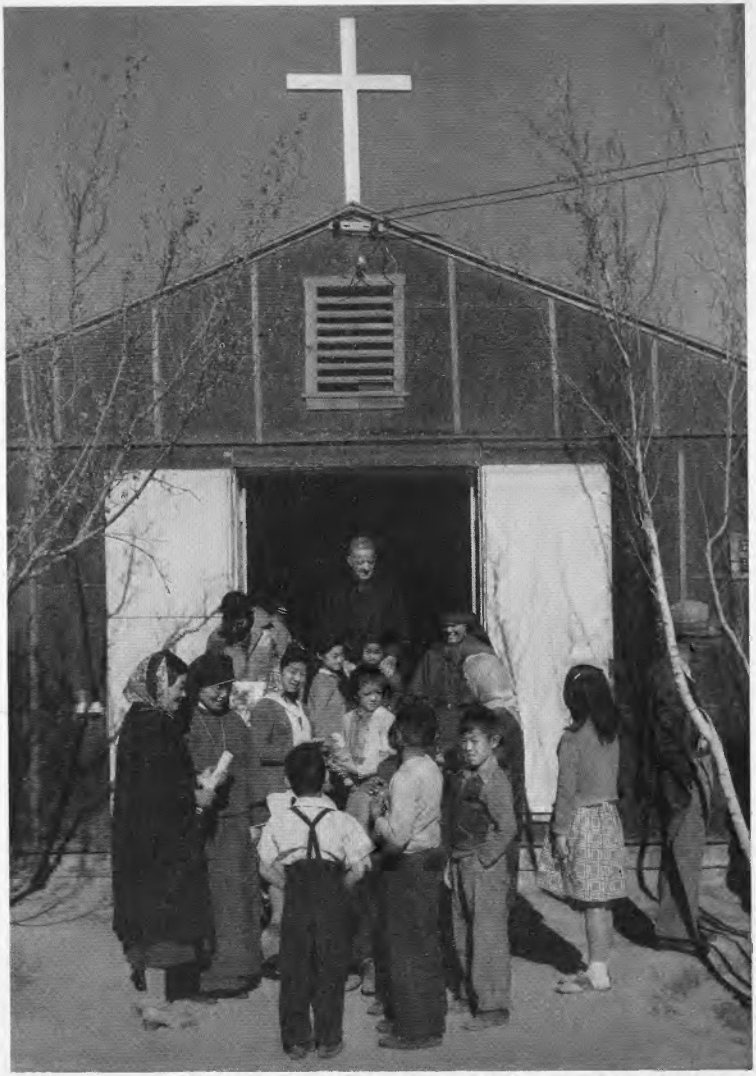
In 1891 Harry enlisted in the United States Navy. During the Spanish-American War, he was assigned gunner on the battleship U.S.S. Indiana. During action in the Battle of Santiago Bay in Cuba, he received a shrapnel wound in his right leg, permanently disabling him. At the time of his honorable discharge, he had attained the rank of Seaman 1st Class.

In 1904 he met and married Johanna Schmidt in New York. For 37 years she was with the invalided service-man until she died in 1941. They had no children.

At the outbreak of the present war and evacuation, the veteran was transferred from the Temple Sanitarium in Los Angeles, where he was being pensioned, to the Manzanar Hospital. Beside his cot is a stand on which are five post card size portraits of Johanna, some books, and an old horn-rimmed pair of bifocal spectacles. Sitting in his chair, he still has a smile and a twinkle in his eye despite his 72 years.

* * * * * * * *

In the central administration buildings of the Center will be found the office of the Project Attorney. He has a tough job and a very important one. It is his responsibility to see that all procedures of law, clearance, and business are carried out in the proper manner, and that all inhabitants of Manzanar are assured adequate legal representa-



THERE ARE MANY CATHOLICS, PROTESTANTS AND BUDDHISTS AT MANZANAR.

HERE IS A STUDENT OF DIVINITY

tion. One of his ablest assistants is Bunkichi Hayashi, who is trained in both commercial fields and in diesel engineering. Mr. Hayashi serves as interpreter for many of the residents, and advises as to the operative details of the Manzanar Cooperative Enterprises. He was born in Los Angeles in 1915.

Manzanar Cooperative Enterprises, Inc.

Just as the Office of Reports is the nerve center of Manzanar, the Co-op may be thought of as its circulatory system, providing the necessary services, and having much to do with the activities and morale of the people. Under its direction warehouses, stores, canteens, repair shops, entertainment (movies), laundry, photo studio, barber and beauty shops, and many other services are administered. The tofu (a food prepared from soy beans), garment, woodworking, and other industries, rely on the Co-op for distribution of products. On December 31st, 1943, the following statistics were made available:

Employees	222
Fully paid memberships at $5.00	6377
Total assets	$119,054.63
Total liabilities	38,111.44
Total sales in 1943	812,351.72
Net earnings in 1943	79,180.89

Obviously it is an enterprise of considerable size and function. In its offices and distribution centers many young people are getting invaluable experience in business management. It has been the policy of the W.R.A. to advocate as normal a community life as possible, and the Co-op is an excellent example of community solidarity.

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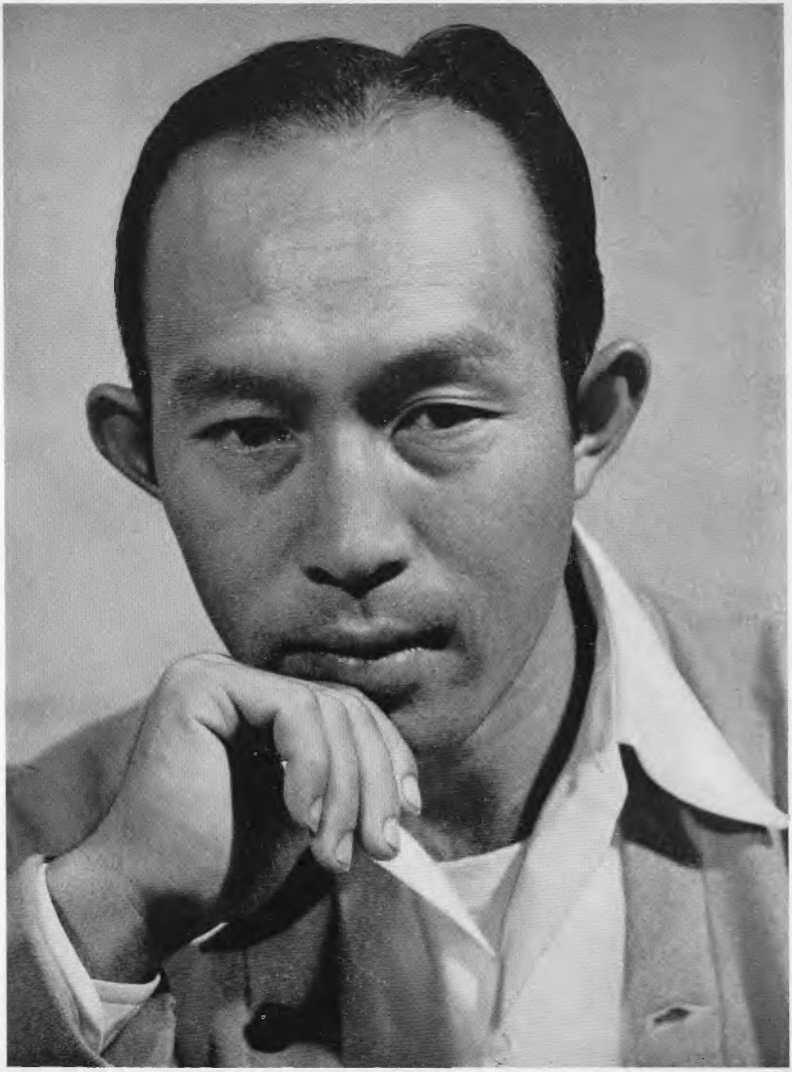
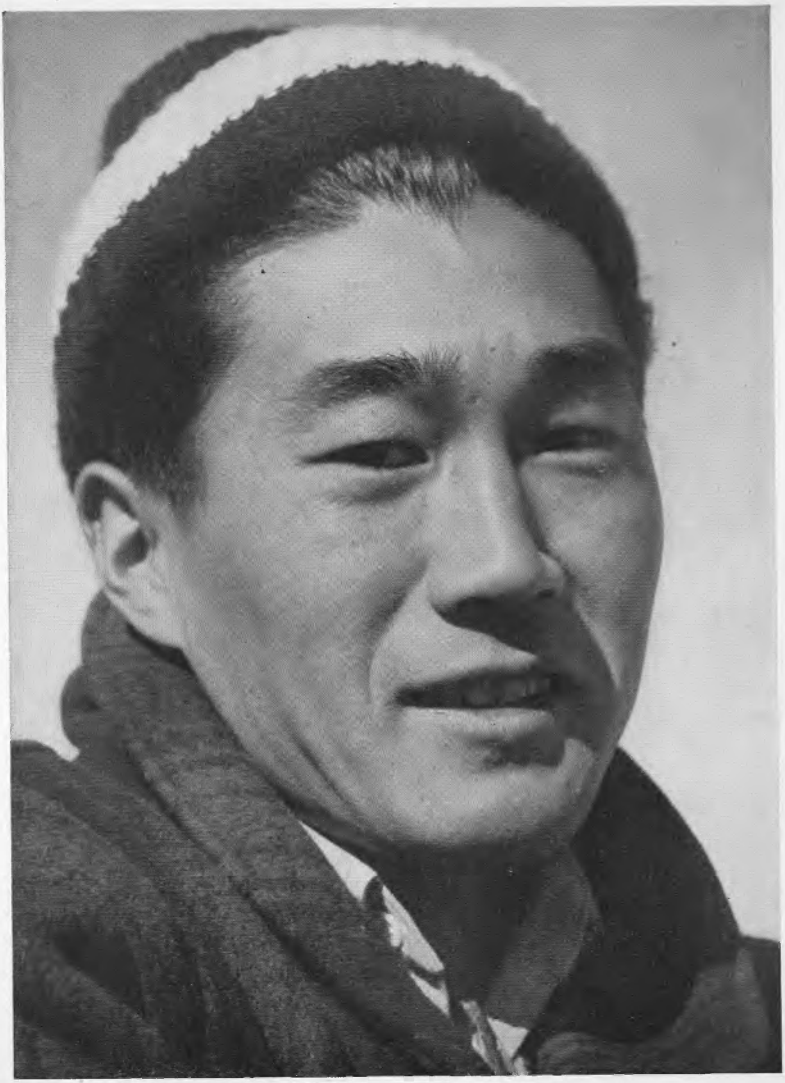
Among the enterprises contributing to the Co-op is the garment factory. A man closely connected with this enterprise is Bert K. Miura, designer and cutter. Born in Honolulu, T.H., in 1915, he moved to Los Angeles in 1932. His father is a citizen of Japan, but his mother is a citizen of the United States. He is married and has three children, two, four, and six years old. The work he prefers, and is most competent in, is garment-factory work in designing and cutting. He also is getting experience in

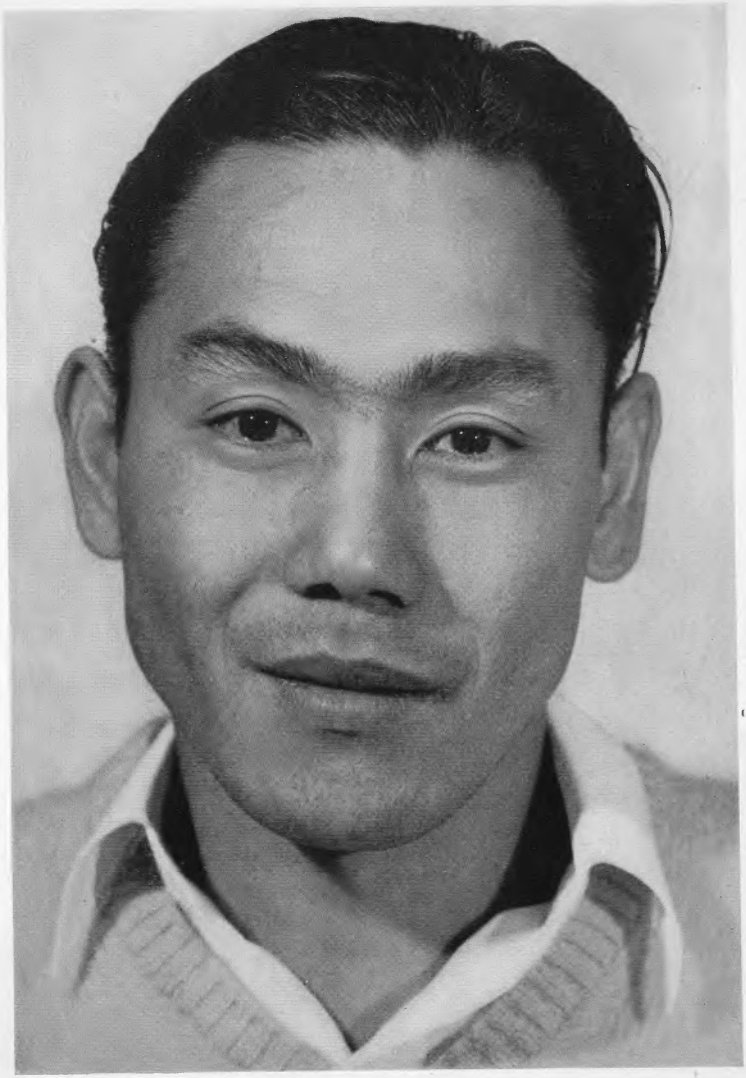


HERE IS AN ACCOUNTANT AND BUSINESS MAN. . . .

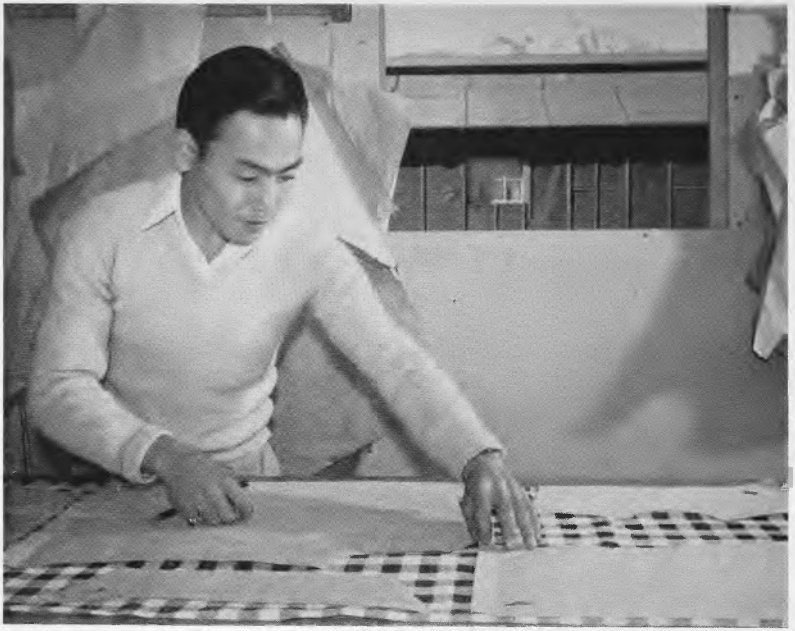
AN ELECTRICIAN



AND A STUDENT OF JOURNALISM . . .



A GARMENT DESIGNER.

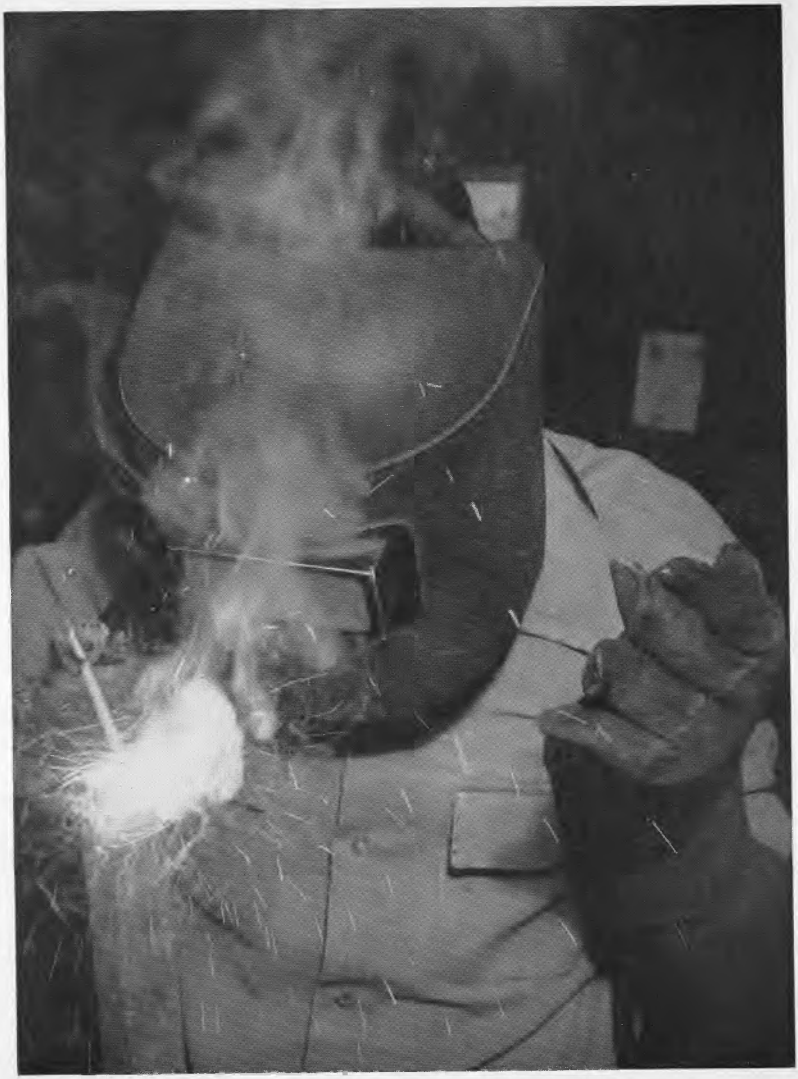


CUTTING PATTERNS. . . .

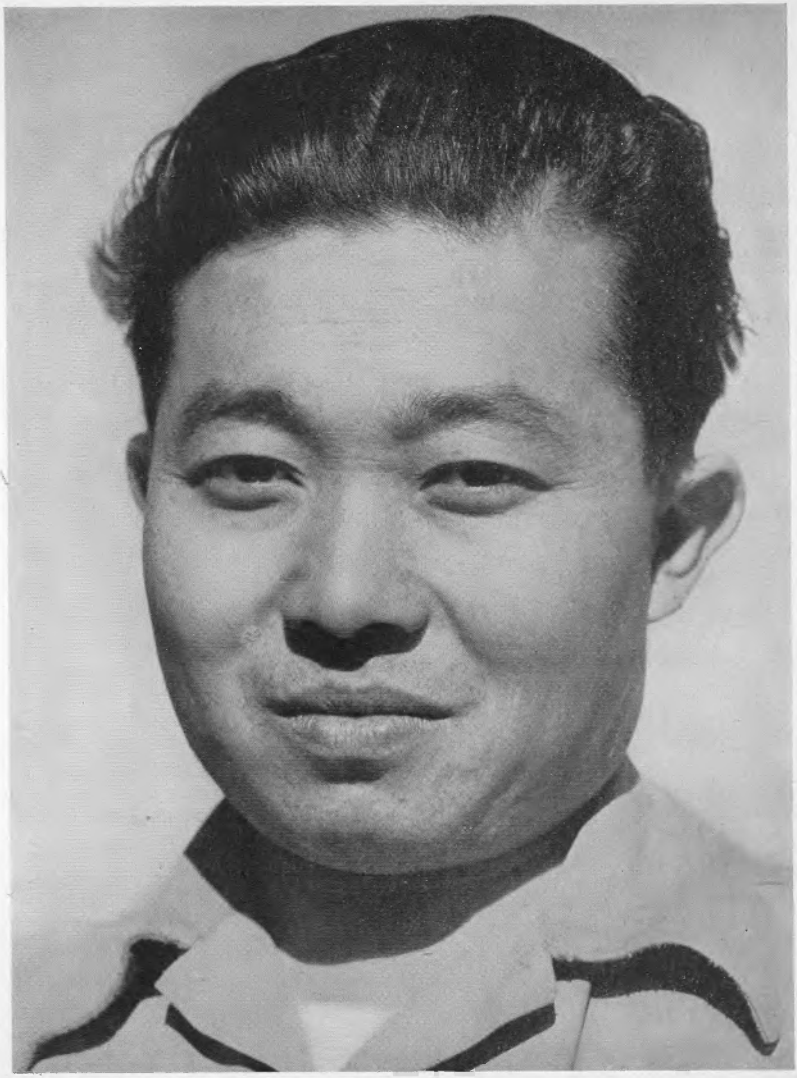
bundling and shipping, as a large part of the work-clothes made in the Manzanar factory are distributed to the other centers.

The small woodworking shop provides another opportunity for industrial activity. Here are produced furniture, toys, and other objects in wood, in astonishing variety and of excellent craftsmanship. One who does considerable work in the shops is Hidemi Tayenaka. Although trained as a businessman, he desires ultimately to be a dry goods salesman. He was born in San Francisco in 1915; he went to Japan that same year, returning to Los Angeles in 1933.

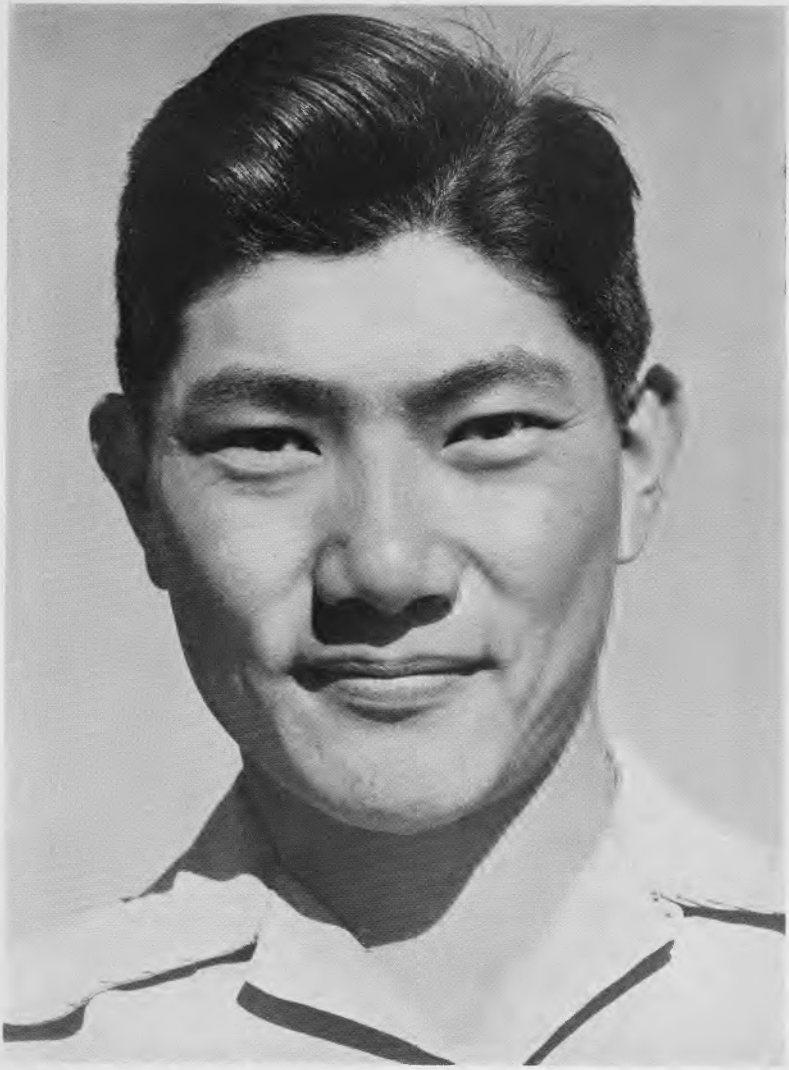
In Manzanar there are many craftsmen—welders, electricians, mechanics, plumbers. Among the mechanics is Henry Hanawa, born in Cayucos, California, in 1921. He completed four years in Coast Union High School, Cambria, California, preparing for college. He has also had vocational training in diesel mechanics at Hemphill Diesel



A WELDER



A TRACTOR FARMER . . .



A TRACTOR AND DIESEL EXPERT. . . .

AND A STUDENT OF DIPLOMACY.

Institution, Los Angeles. His hobby is reading—technical and mechanical subjects. He says he got along well with Caucasians prior to the war. He wants to relocate—probably in Idaho for a mechanics job.

Perhaps Henry is a bit of a pessimist by nature, perhaps he feels deeply the interruption of his studies and life-plan. He feels a depression will probably come. He wants to see equality—"that's what this war is trying to settle." He thinks the Japanese-American Combat Team is "all right for those who have not been stuck in relocation camps." He wants to work—to produce. As it is to many of us, the term *loyalty* is often mere verbiage, and Henry never had a self-conscious question of loyalty when he was going to school and living the life of an American boy. We have a task ahead of us to *interpret* the way of democracy to those who are confused, let alone to those whose confusion is aggravated by unhappy experience.

Henry Hanawa is an excellent mechanic and often goes out into the fields to service the tractors and other automotive farm equipment. We shall follow him out to the South Farm and meet Benji Iguchi, farmer; but first I must tell you something of the Manzanar Farm Project:

The Manzanar Farms

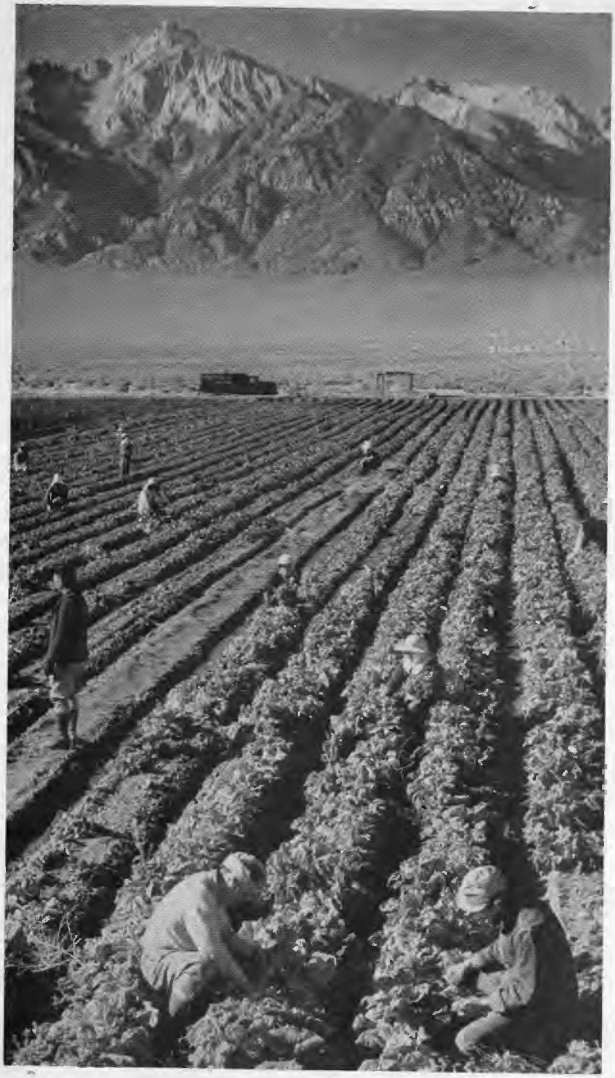
The Manzanar Farms were started in March, 1942, under the direction of Horace R. McConnell, Chief of Agriculture. The farms comprise about 325 acres of vegetables of 32 varieties and about 115 acres of alfalfa and meadow hay. Of this total of 440 acres about 60 acres yield a double crop. Approximately 175 people are employed during most of the year, with some additional help at harvest time. In winter the working staff drops to 40 or 50.

The farms utilize four caterpillar type tractors and eight wheel-tractors. In the first year the orchards produced 4,400 boxes of fruit. The farm enterprise includes 13,500 chickens, 500 hogs, and 250 head of beef cattle. Food produced by the farms goes directly to the Mess Division and is consumed by the evacuees. Surplus food is processed in the pickle factory and the dehydration plant. Additional surplus is sent outside to the other centers. As are all the Manzanar enterprises, the farms are self-supporting. Were food and services purchased in the outside world untold thousands of dollars would be added to the cost of government operation of the center.

There is nothing in the world, perhaps, as poignant as the emergence of crops from

THIS TRUCK FARMER WORKS HARD. . . .

ON THE NORTH FARM OF MANZANAR



OUR PRESIDENT HAS SAID THAT EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN CITIZEN, REGARDLESS OF HIS ANCESTRY, SHOULD BE GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY WHEREVER HIS SKILLS WILL MAKE THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION, WHETHER IT BE IN INDUSTRY OR IN AGRICULTURE.

harsh and barren land. Out of the desert at Manzanar they have extracted great quantities of nappa (a green vegetable similar to romaine lettuce), squash, potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables. With irrigation—sparse as it is in this land from which most of the water has been appropriated—and with hard work, the men and women of Manzanar have brought forth food from the earth and brought pride of achievement to their hearts. Mary Austin says in *The Land of Little Rain*, "For all the toil the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars."

* *The Land of Little Rain, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.*

REPAIR WORK IN THE FIELDS.

Out on the South Farm we find Benji Iguchi driving a tractor in a squash field. He is very cheerful, passionately fond of mechanized farming, and hopes to relocate with family groups on farms. Born in San Fernando, California, he studied electrical engineering at Los Angeles Junior College, but his favorite work is farming, to which he will apply his knowledge of equipment use and maintenance. He thinks politicians should give more attention to minority problems, and he hopes that if a depression does come it will not hit farmers! He "would like to assimilate more." Later in the day he showed me a part of the squash crop which was stored in one of the barracks, and which incidentally, to everyone's dismay, practically collapsed the building with its weight. The floors were warped and sagging with the heaps of golden, earth-flecked squash, and Benji stood among them, proud as could be at the sturdy evidence of labor in the fields.

Here we will meet men such as Ryohe Nojima, a sturdy young farmer with the de-

THE YOUNG PEOPLE RECEIVE EXTENSIVE VOCATIONAL TRAINING

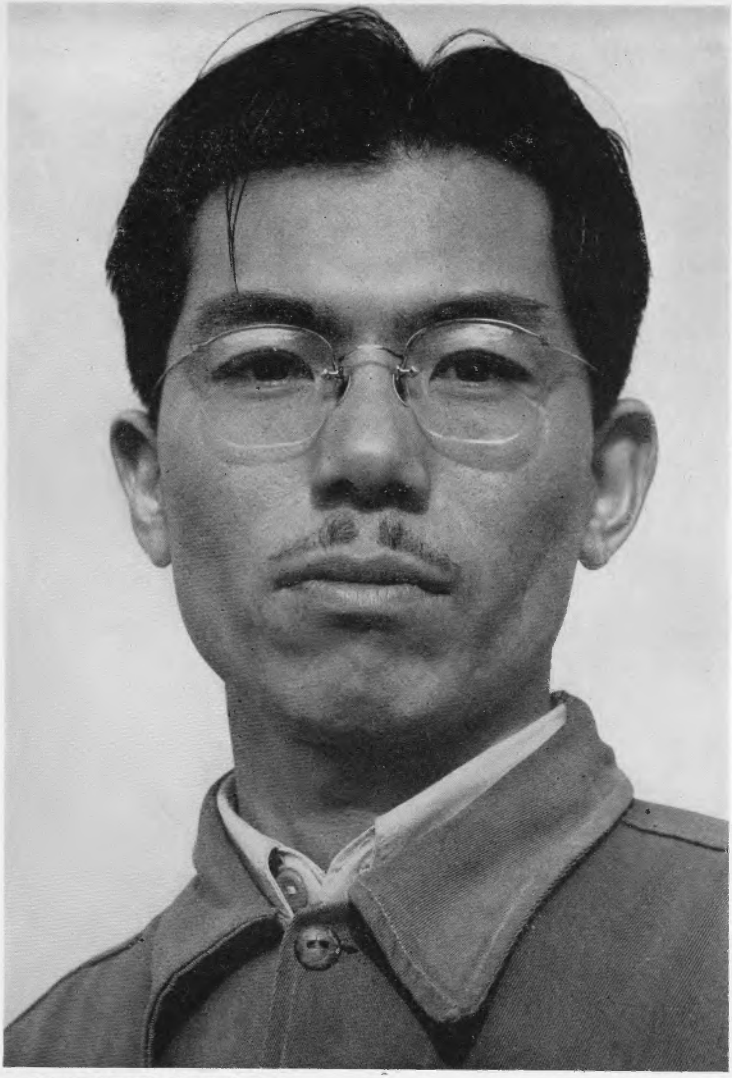
termined look of one who knows what the earth can yield and how to get it. Ryohe was born in Los Angeles, majored in industrial training at Venice High School, and has ambitions to work on tractors in farming; his hobbies are fishing and hunting. He says his life prior to the war was "all right." He has no definite plans for relocation, and his comment on the combat team is "they're doing all right." With him in the fields was Richard Kobayashi, begrimed and happy. Born in Florin, California, in 1924, he attended the Elk Grove High School for four years, majoring in agriculture. He is interested in arts and crafts, football and wrestling. He has no definite plans for relocation, but when he does go out he will choose farming. As for opinions on politics—"I think it should go on as it is," and on society—"There should be no discrimination of race, especially of those who are citizens of the United States." And he thinks that the service of the combat team is lessening the feeling of discrimination.

BUNDLING AND SHIPPING LOCALLY MADE WORK GARMENTS.

Not all of the agriculture at Manzanar is of the usual type. One of the most exciting experiments in agricultural science is the guayule rubber project. With Leland Abel, supervisor of agriculture at the Manzanar High School, and with Frank Hirosawa, research assistant, I went to the fields and laboratories and secured some data and photographs. The Office of Reports gives me the following data on the project:

The guayule project has come a long way since its beginning in April, 1942, when the waste cuttings and seedling culls arrived from the Salinas nurseries. Since then lath houses and propagating beds have been built; cyto-genetic and breeding laboratories have been established and field plots located at various points in and around camp.

Experiments are being made on the extraction of rubber from guayule plants by a new and rapid method developed here. Samples of this rubber have been vulcanized



HERE IS A RUBBER CHEMIST

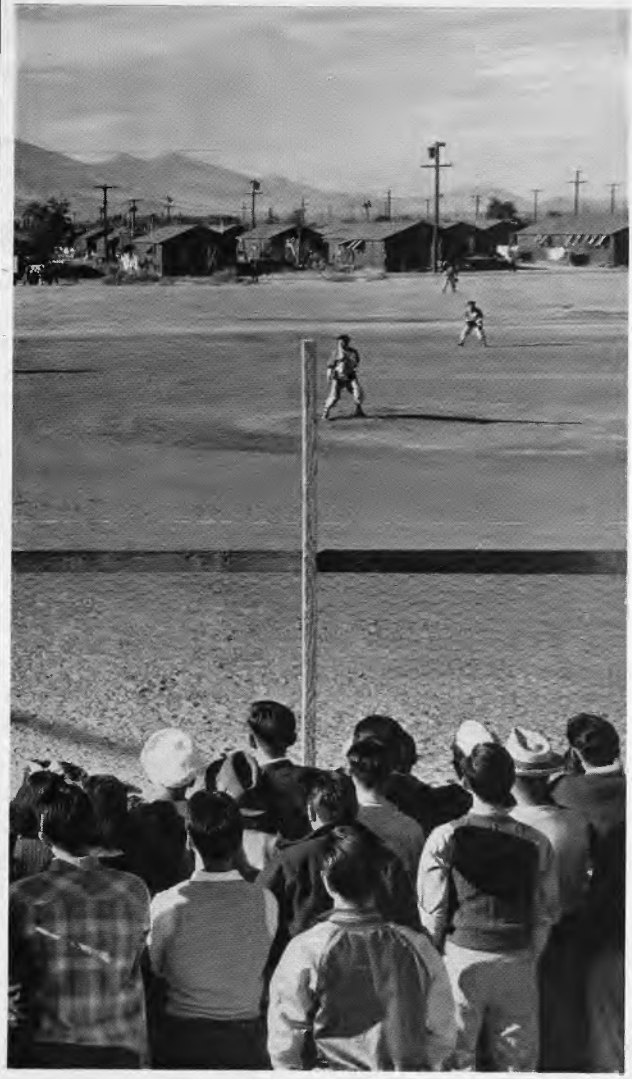
THERE ARE COMPETENT STENOGRAPHERS AND SECRETARIES.

in Los Angeles, and proved to be of good quality. Valuable results of more technical nature have also been obtained.

Dr. Robert Emerson of the California Institute of Technology is one of the leading workers. Dr. Genevieve Carter, local superintendent of education, recognized in the guayule project a chance to develop scientific work and educational opportunities for the Japanese here. Scientists from Stanford University, the University of California at Berkeley and Los Angeles, and the California Institute of Technology, have been visiting the guayule project in increasing numbers. From present indications, the results of the Manzanar Guayule Project will have far-reaching effects on the production of essential rubber in America.

Many of the gentler arts flourish at Manzanar. We find a commercial art studio, where posters, signs, and decorations are produced. Akio Matsumoto is there follow-

ALL LIKE BASEBALL AND OTHER SPORTS.



ing his craft, for which he was trained at Los Angeles Commercial College, and at the Frank Wiggins Trade School in the same city. He prefers commercial lettering as a career and has ambitions to "just work in that line."

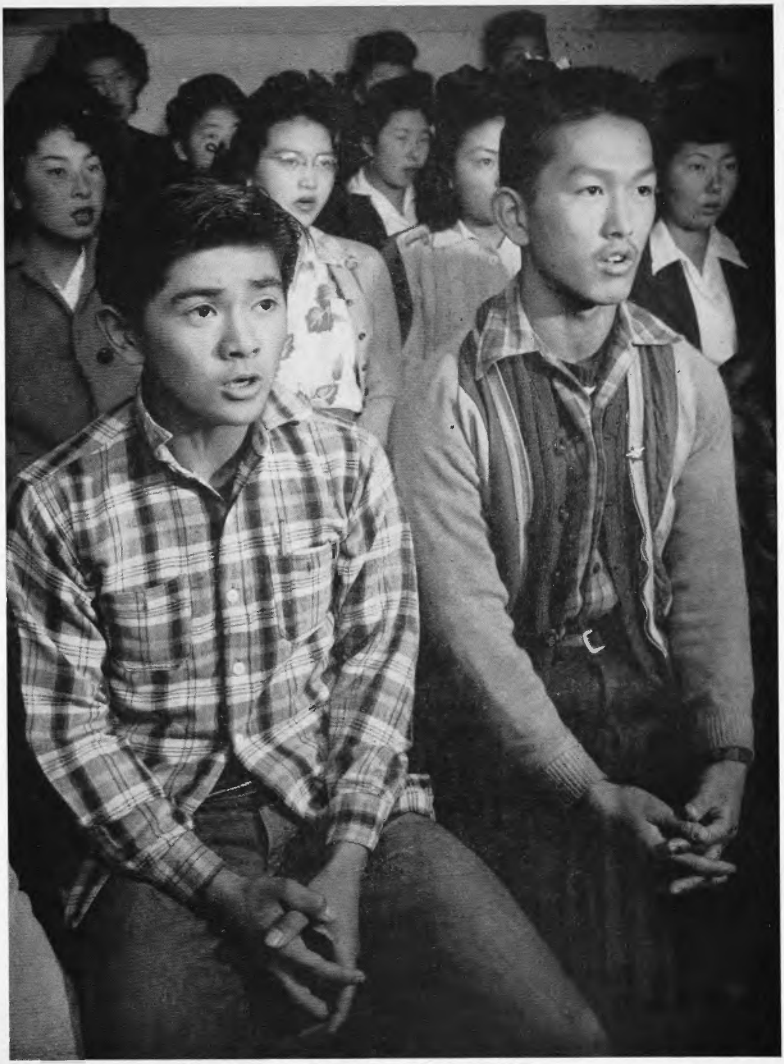
Dressmaking is taught many girls under the competent direction of Mrs. Riye Yoshizawa. Mrs. Yoshizawa was born in Japan, but came to Los Angeles at the age of seven. She has taught costume designing for sixteen years at Los Angeles and Manzanar. Her hobbies are music and art. Her ambition is "to keep on teaching. I want young girls to know the correct method of sewing and style analyzing." She says, "Before the war I was working with Caucasians all along; I got along very nicely." Concerning relocation she says, "I plan to study more and continue teaching in America. I would like to relocate immediately but I believe I can be of greater service to young girls in camp right now, in the way of their social future."

Mrs. Yoshizawa exemplifies the growing awareness of social obligation, especially among those who face common problems and resistances. While she is not a citizen, she is thoroughly American, and knows that the training and preparation of the young for their future life in America is of supreme importance.

Flower arrangement, calligraphy classes, gardening, interior decoration and music attract the attention of many residents. There is the Manzanar Band which under the direction of Mrs. Melva Neilsen gives many outdoor concerts and contributes to Center functions. The most significant musical enterprise of the Center is the Manzanar High School Choir. Data on the choir from the Office of Reports follows:

"Starting from scratch, with just a piano and with their competent, creative conductor, Louis Frizzell, the Manzanar High School Choir has made an enviable record in setting a standard in their choral concert work. From its beginning in March, 1942, with 41 students participating, both the orchestra and the a capella choir have made rapid progress, giving many highly lauded performances."

This is no ordinary choral group. Their precision and tonal quality are superb. When you see them and hear them you do not think of their being of any particular race or nationality; they are simply human beings—singing.



MANY SING IN THE MANZANAR HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR

PRIVATE KATO, UNITED STATES ARMY

The Japanese-American Combat Team

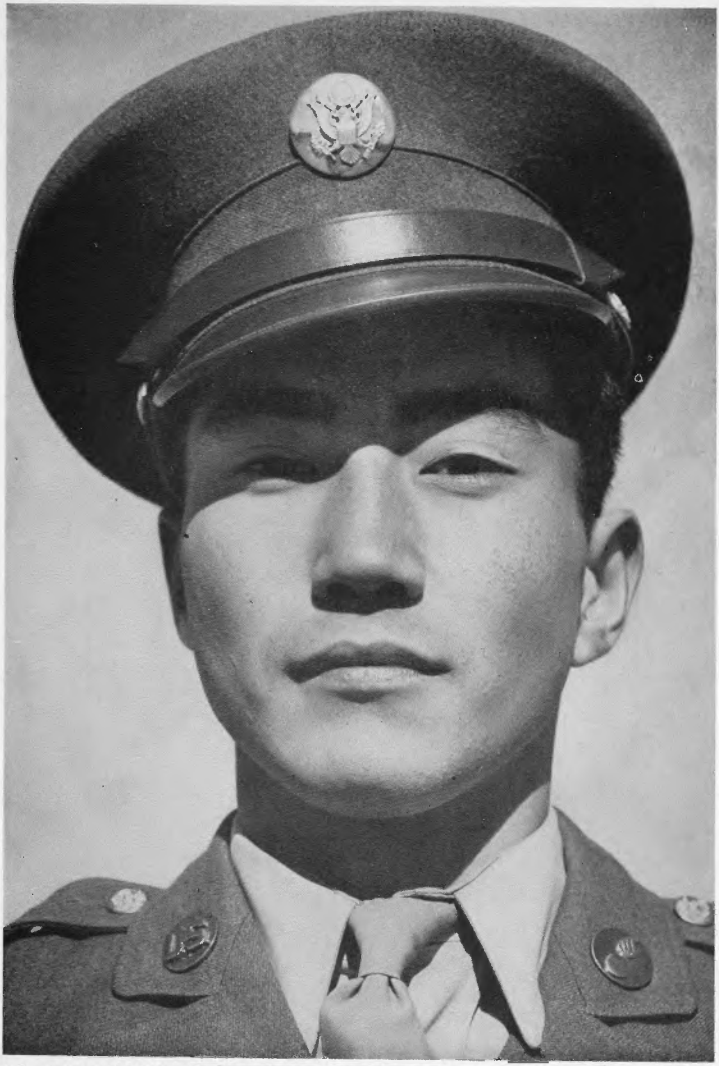
What has probably done more than anything else to identify the Nisei as an integral element of our people was the formation in January, 1943, of a Japanese-American Combat Team. It includes the 100th Infantry and the 442nd Combat Unit, made up entirely of Nisei; both have distinguished themselves in action. The former suffered more than 40% casualties in the Italian invasion. Numerous citations and commendations of this, and other groups, are on record. For instance, an AP dispatch datelined Rome, July 10th, 1944, reveals—"The 442nd Combat Team composed of American soldiers of Japanese origin is participating in the Fifth Army's attacks along the West Coast sector of Italy toward the Port of Livorno, it was announced officially today. This force with tank support smashed into enemy positions July 9 in the face of determined resistance, said an allied spokesman. Spearheading the assault was the 100th Battalion, a unit which has performed brilliantly throughout the entire Italian campaign."

From the Manzanar Free Press,
July 29th, 1944

FAMILY HERE NOTIFIED OF DEATH OF SON IN ITALY

Receiving official word from Washington on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Teru Arikawa of 31-3-4 was notified of the death of her son on the Italian Front.

The wire disclosed that Pfc. Frank Nobuo Arikawa was killed in action on July 6. He is the brother of Burns T. Arikawa who volunteered for the Combat Team from Manzanar and who is also stationed in Italy. Another brother, James, is on duty at the present time at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

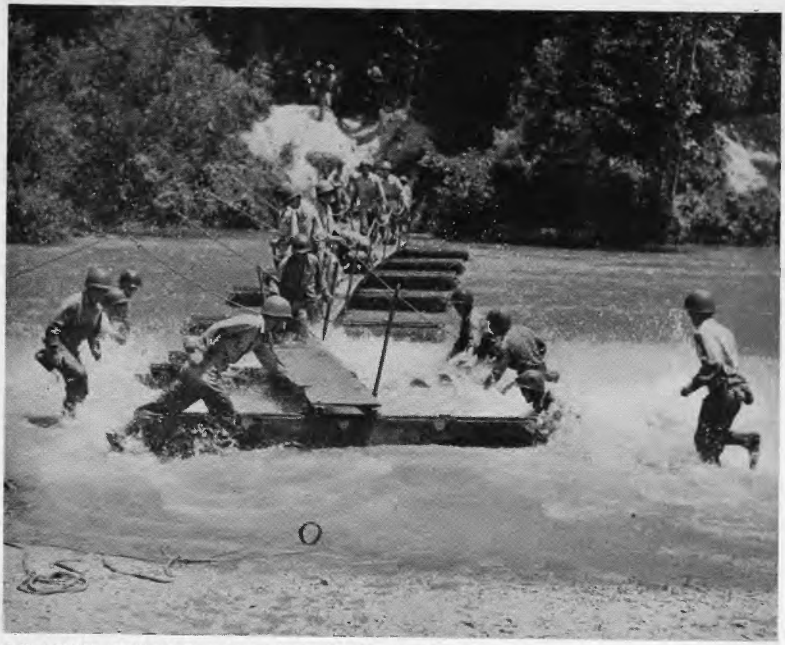


CORPORAL JIMMIE SHOHARA, HOME FROM TRAINING CAMP . . .

AND HIS RIBBONS. (Overseas Service and Citation Ribbons Are Worn by Many Nisei Soldiers.)

To quote from a letter from Mr. Dillon Myer, Director of the War Relocation Authority: *"Nobody, it seems to me, is in a position to question the loyalty of Mrs. Masakichi Takahashi who wears a service pin with five stars for her five sons in the service; or of Captain Taro Suzuki who led a group of Japanese-American soldiers to rescue allied paratroopers trapped at Benevento; or Yosh Omiya whose eyes were destroyed by a land mine as he was crossing the Volturno River; or of Sergeant Kazkuo Komoto who will limp for the rest of his life as a result of wounds received in the Pacific Theater."*

Throughout the armed forces the Nisei are performing other invaluable services—as interpreters and instructors of the difficult Japanese language, in the Intelligence Service, and in the Army Air Force. One hero, Sergeant Ben Kuroki of Nebraska, has experienced more than twenty-five combat missions over Europe, including the raid



JAPANESE-AMERICAN COMBAT TEAM IN ACTION

on the Ploesti oilfields. The Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters testifies to his brave services. Japanese-American girls have joined the W. A. C. and nursing units. Several hundred Nisei are in the U. S. Merchant Marine. Red Cross activities, war bond purchases, and other home front interests testify to a high level of active loyalty among the people in the centers and on relocation. As time goes on we shall hear more and more of their constructive participation in the war effort—the irrefutable claim to the rights of citizenship.

I believe the attitudes of the people are excellently summed up in the statement of Red Cross Nurse Catherine Natsuko Yamaguchi; speaking of the Japanese-American Combat Team, she says—"They will help more than anyone else in fostering goodwill and making others feel that the Japanese-Americans are Americans also. The sons and daughters of those fighting in the army will be able to hold their heads up and say proudly, 'My father also helped in the war for democracy!' "

A WAC PRIVATE

A UNITED STATES CADET NURSE

THE PROBLEM

What is going to happen to these people when the war is over and the stress and turmoil of relocation is a thing of the past? Already we are aware of antagonisms that do not promise too healthy a condition. While the relocating evacuees are being welcomed in some parts of the country on a basis of American equality, they are having their troubles elsewhere. The spirit of Jim Crow walks in almost every section of our land; sometimes it is hard to tell whether opposition is racial, economic, or based on the fears of long established communities when accepting hitherto unknown people. Hatred is a perfectly natural complement to fear and to the war spirit; and it is difficult to assure otherwise solid and sincere people that ancestral relation to the enemy does not prove disloyalty. It is interesting to note that they do not make this assumption of disloyalty in regard to our citizens of German and Italian descent. In this respect, at least, we are maintaining a more civilized attitude than in the last war when most German-Americans labored under suspicions of disloyalty. We must realize that the ultimate proof of loyalty lies in the actions and intentions of the individual. The fatal phrase, "A Jap's a Jap", might well have poisoned the course of racial tolerance for many years to come.

A constant stream of loyal Japanese-Americans is moving eastward from the relocation centers. Statistical information is changing so rapidly that exact figures will have no meaning here. Certain areas of the midwest have been especially tolerant toward the relocating people. Early in 1944 Illinois had absorbed more than 4,000. There has been practically no opposition in that state. However, in more westerly states, opposition has

been intense; petitions, press campaigns, and legislation, mostly unconstitutional, have combined to create a truly regrettable stain on the record of our democracy.

Special permits have been required for entry into the Eastern Defense Area, but the Western Defense Area remains closed except to those in government service. The central regions have always been open, and a Japanese face on the streets of Chicago evokes no more surprise or fear than a Teutonic face would on the streets of San Francisco. It is perfectly reasonable to trust that our Military Intelligence and F. B. I. have successfully impounded dangerous individuals, and it is also reasonable to suppose that German and Japanese enemy agents are not going to make any melodramatic public appearances.

I gravely doubt that much of the opposition to the Japanese-Americans is based on fear of actual sabotage, except possibly along the western coast. A moment's thought should convince anyone that, if there were actual danger of sabotage, the authorities would take appropriate action. The dangerous, disloyal individuals have been apprehended and were properly dealt with long ago.

As stated elsewhere in this book, the scattering of the loyal Japanese-Americans throughout the country is far better for them than re-concentration into racial districts and groups. They wish to prove their worth as individuals, free to move about the land in pursuit of occupation, education, and recreation. I remember one young man at Manzanar who said, "Well, good-bye Mr. Adams, I am going outside tomorrow." When asked where he was going he replied, "Chicago. Do you think I will have trouble? I want to work and go to trade school. Some people have told me that it is not easy outside, but Chicago is a good place for us. My friend had a bad time in Kansas. Why is this? We are Americans."

Now, while the war is raging, opposition is to be expected, but our main problem relates to the future when peace is again established and the crisis of feeling is reduced. What then? Will the vicious campaign of the jingo press reap its harvest in prolonged racial antagonisms? Will narrow, economically selfish groups maintain constant active opposition, especially in agricultural areas, where labor has never been adequately paid? Are perfectly loyal American citizens to be hounded by the spectre of social insecurity for the rest of their lives? Political expediency dictates a definite avoidance of these problems because their solution necessitates sacrifice, generosity, and tolerance, on the part of each of us. No politician dares ask anything of his constituents, except their votes. Political action on behalf of the Japanese-Americans is therefore difficult to instigate; there

are few men of politics brave enough to challenge the human problem involved, together with its implications.

We, as citizens, can agitate for tolerance and fair play, but our agitation must be dynamic and persistent. It is easy for a "fair-weather lover of the Constitution" to "favor" tolerance, and mouth the principles of democracy, but it is quite another thing to stand up against opposition and fight for principles.

Experts in government, statecraft, and sociology, know what is in store for us if we follow the line of intolerance, but their views have not permeated the populace. However, we do have pure food and drug laws, designed to protect us against the bad effects of adulterated materials; is it too much, then, to hope that some day we may have similar regulations designed to counteract destructive political and social poisons? Opinion should be free, of course, but anti-racial propaganda is as dangerous to our spiritual and social existence as bad foods and drugs are to our bodies. This insidious propaganda should be neutralized by education and a liberal application of the constitutional guarantees.

When the war ends, we will find many thousands of loyal Japanese-Americans either relocated or ready for relocation. We may also find ourselves responsible for thousands of formerly self-supporting citizens, who will remain as public wards. Quoting from the excellent article in *Fortune* for April, 1944, entitled, "*Issei, Nisei, and Kibei*":—"Whatever the final residue, 25,000 or 45,000, it is certain that the 'protective custody' of 1942 and 1943 cannot end otherwise than in a kind of Indian reservation, to plague the conscience of Americans for many years to come."

Our chief problem rests with those who are to resume activity in the stream of American life. How can they best be helped—without coddling or patronizing them, or otherwise distorting their dignity as citizens and individuals? A wide spread campaign of education, sponsored by the government—in which the qualities and capacities of these people, and, above all, their good records, are expressed—will do the most good. The housewife will find them excellent in domestic service; farmers throughout the land will take advantage of their exceptional agricultural abilities; there will be well-trained nurses available for hospitals and doctors' offices. Mechanics and craftsmen of high ability can be numbered in thousands, while scientists, teachers, photographers, artists, businessmen, lawyers, and in fact almost every profession are represented among the Japanese-Americans. Their industry and dependability is not to be disputed. From gardeners to store-operators, truck-farmers to doctors, mechanics to ministers, there is scarcely a phase

of life and activity in which they have not proven themselves a most capable and co-operative part of our society.

Many times we hear the statement that "Japanese labor is cheap labor." Unfortunately Mexican, Chinese, and Negro labor has also been cheap labor. "Cheap labor destroys opportunities for 'Americans' to work; the white man can't compete with it." And so on, *ad nauseum*. The question of cheap labor and low prices for products produced, deserves more clarification than can be given here. When selling goods and services at equal prices, the Japanese-American suffered from racial discrimination; only by selling at markedly lower figures, or by working for substantially lower wages, was there any possibility of maintaining existence. These Japanese-Americans, in equal competition, with equal standards of pay and living conditions, would hold their own, and would not be compelled by discrimination to underbid their competitors, or to work longer hours to earn comparable amounts; for, after all, no one wishes to be "cheap labor." But any group, in segregated rural or city areas, conscious of "racial difference" (meaning "racial inferiority"), and with a reduced scale of wages and living conditions, will give rise to the age-old problems, which create attitudes and hatreds potentially destructive of our way of life. The answer is, or should be, simple—the establishment of a minimum wage for all, and the selection of labor on a basis of capacity and ability, coupled with a personal, rather than a racial approach. Too idealistic and impractical, one may say? A glance at the history of American labor over the past fifty years indicates that this idea is neither new nor impractical; it is just common sense.

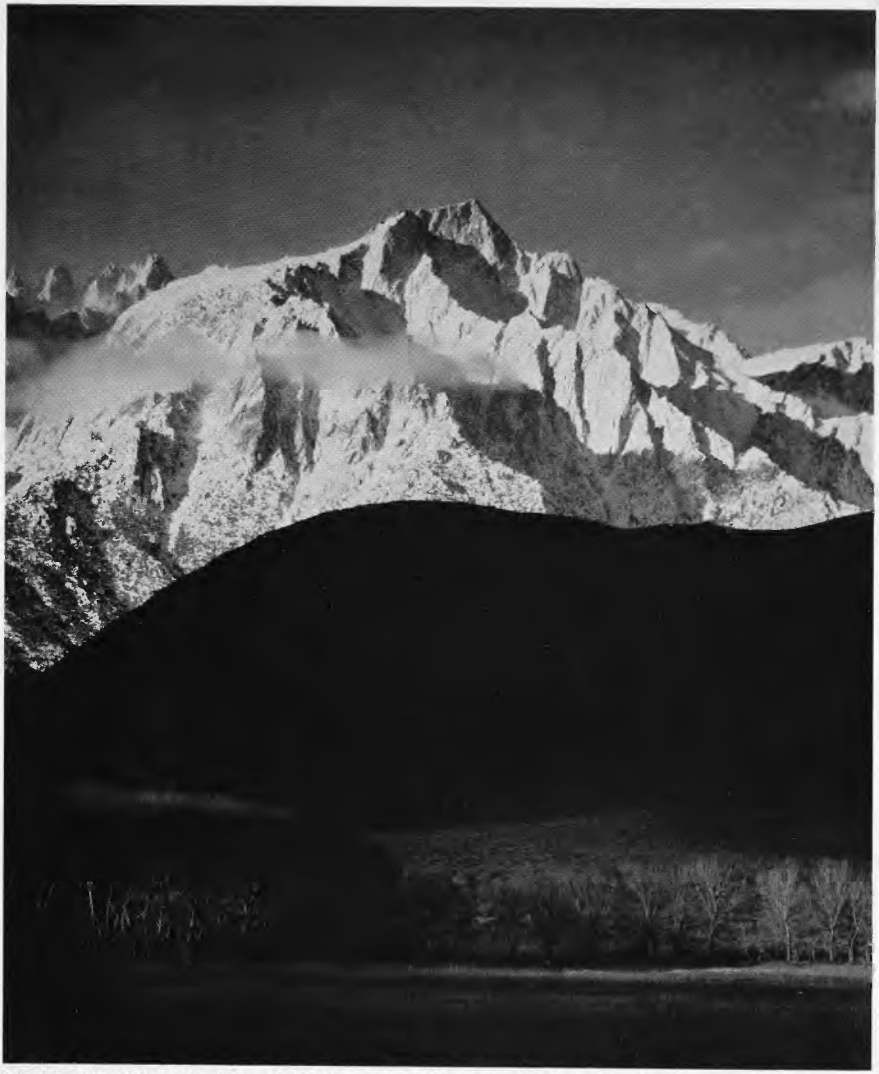
Who is to rise among us capable of dynamically interpreting democracy to those who profess it but do not truly practice it? We have the chance now—and never has a better chance been offered us—to establish the true American structure of life. The treatment of the Japanese-Americans will be a symbol of our treatment of all minorities.

Our past history reveals some unfortunate persecutions; there was a time when Bret Harte, one of our early California writers, wrote a depreciatory jingle, indicative of the prevailing mood at that time, about the "Heathen Chinee," which no Chinese-American can really forget. The opposition to the Chinese in the western part of the country was entirely racial and economic (there was no war with China). So intense was the hatred that the infamous Chinese Exclusion Act was passed by Congress (recently and fortunately rescinded). The Chinese were invested with all the demoniacal qualities that could be thought up against them. It is interesting to note that the first "evacuation" in west coast

history is said to have taken place from the shores of Mono Lake, in California. In 1881 there were a number of Chinese working on the construction of a mining railroad in that region, and a group of race-conscious Americans determined to eliminate them. Forming a posse of considerable size, they set out on horseback, crossing, with murderous intent, the miles of desert encompassing the lake. Fortunately the construction company was advised of this impending attack and deftly transported the Chinese, in the only boats, to a barren island in the middle of the lake, where they were establishd with enough food and water for a considerable stay. The invading posse could not find a single Chinese available for destruction.*

Again, there has been opposition to Hindu labor, and, in serious proportions, to Mexican labor. It is significant that Mexican labor, although specifically untrained in many agricultural fields, has been sought and welcomed since the evacuation on the basis of sheer economic necessity. There is no need to speak here of the Negro problem, which tops the list, to our shame, and to the danger of our civilization. In the light of history certain basic facts are clarified; the dominant clarification rests on the fact that, treated as individuals, human beings do not present great problems, but when they are treated as arbitrary racial groups, social and international difficulties are created. It is our task to retain the individual as the foundation of society, irrespective of his race, color, or religion. It is a problem we must face and solve—no matter what the cost may be to our false dignity or imagined self-interest. Left unsolved. the cost will prove beyond computation.

* *From W. A. Chalfont, Tales of the Pioneers, Stanford University Press.*



IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANCIENT MOUNTAINS THE PEOPLE OF MANZANAR AWAIT THEIR DESTINY

CONCLUSION

Perhaps we find it difficult to visualize the life and mental attitudes of the evacuees. We are, in the main, protected and established in security considerably above other peoples. We take Americanism for granted; only when civil duties such as military service, jury duty, or the irksome payment of taxes, confront us do we sense the existence of government and authority. We go through conventional gestures of patriotism, discuss the Constitution with casual conviction, contradict our principles with the distortions of race prejudices and class distinctions, and otherwise escape the implications of our civilization. America will take care of us, America is as stable as the mountains, as severely eternal as the ocean and the sky! In times of war we sacrifice magnificently; in times of peace we prey upon one another with sincerity and determination. The world has seldom seen our superior in intellect and accomplishment, nor has it seen our inferior in many aspects of human relationships. Only when our foundations are shaken, our lives distorted by some great catastrophe, do we become aware of the potentials of our system and our government.

To quote again from Mr. Myer— "*. . . foreign wars breed unreasoning hates at home . . . . in the last war, loyal Americans of German descent were stoned and beaten, mistrusted and sometimes falsely imprisoned. Yet today we have men with names like Eisenhower, Nimitz, and Spaatz leading our armed forces. Other minority groups have worked out their destiny in this country, and so can the Japanese minority. Each one who is accepted into the American stream of life makes it a little easier for the ones who follow him. While it takes courage, as a pioneering people with great personal pride they can do it. And in the same measure as they are courageous in the solution of their own problem, they will be of value to their country as a whole.*"

The Japanese-Americans were raised with most of the assurances, advantages, and civil rights of any young American boy or girl. They projected their futures in relation to their capacities and desires. While they undoubtedly are aware of the social bar-

riers of race, they held no doubts of security and opportunity. As one young woman said to me, speaking of her life prior to the evacuation: "Everything was fine, had my ups and downs but that's to be expected. Life was good."

Then, suddenly, their world collapsed about them. Security, never before questioned, vanished. In its place rose the specters of fear and uncertainty, the stigma of being thought, in some vague way, related to the enemy. We cannot expect to understand the Nisei unless we visualize ourselves enduring the same treatment we have imposed upon them.

In addition our objective attempts to gain complete knowledge of the Japanese-American minority will fail if we impose idealistic standards on these people, rather than seek a realistic average of quality and capacity. In every group, large or small, we shall find the exceptional and the commonplace, the well-to-do and the poor, the trustworthy and the dishonest. Frequently we form opinions and appraisals of group character from our personal contact with individuals, and in doing so we may be seriously in error.

Let no one paint a background of consistent fortunate episodes or of trials and tribulations resolving always into success and happiness. From both their own experiences, and from knowledge of the experiences of families and friends, many of the Nisei have suffered spiritual and psychological wounds that may never entirely heal. For example, the situation of the group at Terminal Island near Los Angeles: On December 7th, 1942, a large group of fishermen was seized for detention and transported to isolated camps; their wives and *children* were ordered from their homes without charge or process of law. Unfamiliar with the outside world they wandered for weeks as bewildered refugees in the "Little Tokyo" of Los Angeles, until the Military swept these women and children into Manzanar and other centers. Many of the alien men who were arrested on suspicion were detained for a year or more for no other charge than owning a fishing boat! All this burned deep scars into the hearts of those who came to Manzanar. Happily the fathers against whom there is no record of disloyalty have now rejoined their families at the centers.

Obviously, such treatment, frequently bordering on persecution, was bound to have a decisive effect on families, friends, and all who suffered with them. However, most of the comments I have received from these people in no way indicate a basic discouragement. In fact, I believe their faith in the American life is stronger and more acute than ever before. They desire above all "to get along with other Americans—to avoid

feeling of race difference—to prove we are as good Americans as anyone else."

* * *

You have now met some of the people at Manzanar, seen a small part of their daily life and work. I hope you have become aware of their tragic problem.

As I write this men are dying and destruction roars in almost every part of the globe. The end is not yet in sight.

What is the true enemy the democratic peoples are fighting? Collectively, the enemy is every nation and every individual of predatory instincts and actions. We fight to assure a cooperative civilization in opposition to the predatory Nazi-Fascist-Militarist methods and ideologies of government. We must prosecute this war with all the ruthless efficiency, stern realism, and clarity of purpose that is at our command. We must not compromise or appease. We must assure our people that there will be no further human catastrophies such as the destruction of Rotterdam, the annihilation of Lidice, the rape of Nanking, or the decimation of the Jews.

We must be certain that, as the rights of the individual are the most sacred elements of our society, we will not allow passion, vengeance, hatred, and racial antagonism to cloud the principles of universal justice and mercy. We may well close with these words of Dillon S. Myer:

> "IF WE ARE TO SUCCUMB TO THE FLAMES OF RACE HATE, WHICH SPREAD WITH FURY TO EVERY MARKEDLY DIFFERENT GROUP WITHIN A NATION, WE WILL BE DESTROYED SPIRITUALLY AS A DEMOCRACY, AND LOSE THE WAR EVEN THOUGH WE WIN EVERY BATTLE."

TO THEE OLD CAUSE!

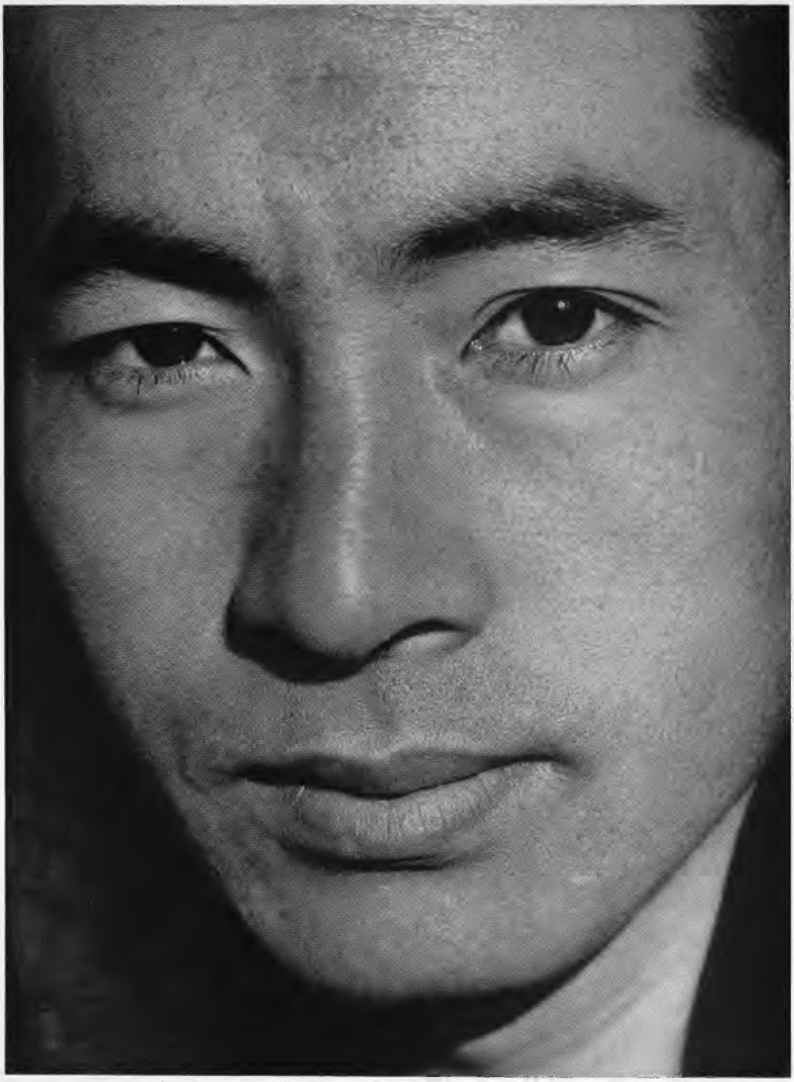
THOU PEERLESS, PASSIONATE, GOOD CAUSE,

THOU STERN, REMORSELESS, SWEET IDEA,

DEATHLESS THROUGHOUT THE AGES, RACES, LANDS,

AFTER A STRANGE SAD WAR, GREAT WAR FOR THEE. . . .

WALT WHITMAN



[a note on the photography]

In approaching a problem of documentation or reportage one can decide only on a factual record, or on a more complex presentation of fact and mood. I have felt strongly that most sociological photography is unnecessarily barren of human or imaginative qualities; a professional idiom has developed which in its stark realism often defeats its purpose. In this undertaking I felt that the individual was of greater importance than the group; in a sense each individual represents the group in a most revealing way. I also feel that a consistently oblique approach to people weakens the impact of their personalities. Hence most of the heads are photographed looking directly into the lens and therefore directly at the spectator.

I have also approached the lighting of the subjects in the simplest possible way. Those individuals who are associated with outdoor activities were photographed in direct sunlight—no screens or reflectors were used. The people who are associated with indoor activities were photographed mostly with flash—one diffused flash reflected from ceiling or wall, and one directional flash close to the subject. In all cases "tricky" lighting was avoided; a balance of light most closely related to ordinary room-light was attempted. The interior groups sometimes required three or four flash set-ups; in such cases there was usually one globe—*without reflector*—at the camera, and the main light was achieved with a powerful globe in a focusing reflector. I have no formula for lighting—the set-up for each picture varies in relation to the problem. The time element is always distracting; not only does the subject react unfavorably to waiting, but prolonged arrangements and setting-up lead to a "posed" feeling, which of course defeats the mood of reality. Reality and conviction are absolutely essential in any photo-documentation; and the natural cooperation of the subjects must be secured from the start.

For the heads I used chiefly a 4 x 5 Graflex with a 12 inch Voightlaender Collinear process lens—one of the sharpest and most "decisive" lenses I have worked with. The mountain landscapes were made with a 12¼ inch Cooke lens on a 8 x 10 Agfa View; the landscapes and general views of Manzanar were made with a 5 x 7 Juwel equipped with a 5⅜ inch Protar, a 7 inch Zeiss Dagor, and the 12 inch Collinear. Most of the interiors were made with a 3¼ x 4¼ Juwel, and a 4 inch W. A. Zeiss Dagor, or the 5⅜ inch Protar. Some of the children's heads were made with a Kodak Medalist, as was the long shot of the students walking from school. (Page 24.)

The 4 x 5 negatives were mostly made on Ansco Superpan Supreme Film Pack. Other negative material was Ansco Isopan and Eastman Superpanchro Press. Negative development throughout was in Agfa 12 (straight Metol).

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