

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY
Community Analysis Relocation Studies No. 1.
April 1944

RELOCATION TO WASHINGTON

I.

Evacuees in Washington Area

a. Numbers in Washington.

When Civil Service rules were relaxed in March 1943, many evacuees began to come to Washington. The number has steadily increased from that date, and as of December 1943, there were about 125 evacuees in Washington and vicinity. This figure is the minimum number here since the 125 represent those who have reported to the Relocation Office. There are some people who have not reported to the Relocation Office, and that Office makes no effort to trace them or maintain statistics on relocatees in Washington. Seventy-nine of the evacuees live in the District of Columbia, 35 are in Maryland, and 10 are in Virginia. The Washington area included in this study refers to the City of Washington, and the immediately adjacent communities in Virginia and Maryland which make up the Metropolitan area. The evacuees have come to a city which has expanded considerably in the last few years because of the many war agencies located here. In 1940 there were 907,816 people in the Metropolitan area and 663,091 in the City of Washington. In 1943 the estimates show that 1,178,970 people are now residing in the Metropolitan area and 883,720 are in Washington, D.C.

b. Importance of This Area.

Conditions in Washington make it a unique area from the point of view of relocation. Being the Nation's Capitol many of the leaders of the country are found here. Their opinions on the subject of WRA and the Japanese are most important. The policies that determine the future of the Japanese and Japanese Americans are formulated here. The evacuees in Washington are close to this scene and are sensitive to the utterances of the Congressional Committees, the Congressmen, the White House, government agencies, and WRA. In addition to the importance of government and politics in Washington, there is another aspect to Washington that makes it unique. It is essentially a city of white-collar workers--professional and clerical; and that is the type of evacuees attracted here. There is also found in this city all of the service occupations, but no large industries. On the periphery there is a small-scale farming area quite different from the large factory farms or even from the modest farms of California. The city has been the object of humor because of the overcrowded conditions, the exceptional demand for housing, the large number of single women, and the queues before theaters and restaurants. Strong prejudices exist against the Negroes who are excluded from restaurant and downtown theatres. This is the setting into which the evacuees have come.

c. Source of Information.

In order to obtain a broad picture of the adjustment of the Issei and Nisei who have come to Washington, the records and files of the Washington Relocation Office were consulted, and 22 evacuees in Washington and vicinity were interviewed with respect to their personal situations and experiences. The individuals interviewed were selected to represent a sample of people of different ages, marital status, and sex, engaged in various types of occupations. Nine men and 13 women were interviewed; 16 of them were single, five were married, and one was a widow. Of the 22 interviewed, 11 had one or more members of their family in this city, (spouse, sibling, child or in-law) with the result that information was gathered about approximately forty people. This study is based on these 22 interviews.

The Nisei in Washington on the whole are a mature and well-educated group of individuals. Most of them have had close contact with Caucasians before evacuation and, therefore, do not find it difficult to adjust to working with Caucasians in this city. Of those interviewed and their families, the average age was 24, and only 6 were under the age of 20. Those under the age of 20 are in the city with their families and therefore are not entirely independent. The zoot-suiters of Chicago and Denver are not found here. Those over 20 are a serious, hard-working group who have had jobs previous to evacuation. They are accustomed to accepting responsibility. Several have had positions with the California Civil Service. Their educational backgrounds are, on the whole, superior to the average Nisei. Among those interviewed and their families, nine are college graduates; 4 more have had some graduate studies in addition; and 14 have attended at least 2 years of junior college, business college, art school or accounting school. One attended beauty culture school; one studied dressmaking. Only 6 did not go beyond high school. In addition to the high educational background of these people, most of them have come from urban communities. Among those interviewed and their families, 21 came from large cities and 16 from rural areas. However, 12 of these 16 from rural areas had been away from home before evacuation in colleges and positions in the larger cities on the Pacific Coast. The 4 who had never lived in urban areas are very young and were still attending high school when evacuation took place. The evacuees interviewed were either Catholic, Protestant, or practiced no religion.

Washington has always attracted the white-collar clerical, stenographic, and professional people. By far the largest number of evacuees employed in the city are in that group--46 clerks and stenographers, and 8 professional people, and most of them are in government positions. The other positions open to them are similar to those one finds in any community of this size. Evacuees are employed in such jobs as nurse, dressmaker, artist, farmer, draftsman, domestic, retail clerk, beautician, student, laboratory assistant, photographer, teacher, baby nurse, and housewife. Nineteen are full-time students or part-time students. Many more opportunities are available both in the government agencies and in private industry. In December 1943, the numbers of evacuees employed in non-government positions were almost equal to those in government jobs. Fifty were employed by the government and 43 in private industry. Except in certain Civil Service positions evacuees have not had much difficulty finding jobs. Varied opportunities are open to them, and

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only a few have been refused jobs because of their race. Although there is not an abundance of positions for which Issei would qualify, there are numerous opportunities other than in government employment in which they could find placement. Farming in the outlying areas of the districts could be undertaken on a small scale through profit-sharing arrangements on large estates. This would be an excellent opportunity for Issei.

Reasons for Relocating.

a. Relocation Decision.

Evacuees coming to Washington have strongly expressed their reasons for leaving the centers. Their motives reflect a universal discontent with the relocation centers and an urge to escape from them.

"The place was depressing and I just hated to live with so many Japanese people. The environment is artificial and one which lowers everyone's morale. It isn't good for a person to live there."

P. stated his feelings with greater intensity:

"Evacuation made me very bitter and it took the Poston incident to change me.... This bitterness continued until I started hearing the pro-Japanese declarations during the incident. I was revolted by them and realized that in spite of my anger my feelings were entirely American. Then I decided to make plans to relocate."

An Issei employed as a housekeeper reflects the same attitudes:

"I don't like being lazy and not having enough work. Too many people at the projects get that way. That is why they ought to get out as soon as possible. It isn't good, and that is why I left. The place was not conducive to learning good work habits."

Most of the people who have come to Washington had no doubt they could secure fairly good jobs and care for themselves. They were confident in their ability to get along outside so far as employment was concerned.

b. Selection of Washington.

Selection of Washington as the destination for relocation was based on economic and family considerations. For the stenographers and typists, the Civil Service positions were especially attractive since they paid more than private industry. This is true also for those in professional positions. Several came to the city because their relatives or friends had preceded them here. They usually sought jobs after their arrival. A few were interested in the educational opportunities of the area. Several state they did not wish to come to Washington but an attractive job offer (usually Civil Service) made them reconsider. A. stated:

"I always said I would not come to Washington because of the rumors at the center that Washington was an impossible place in which to live, the crowds were terrible, and there was no housing available."

However, in the past, selection of Washington for relocation purposes presented serious problems to evacuees. Before they could come here they had to have Eastern Defense Command clearance granted by the Japanese American Joint Board. Frequently it took months before the clearance was granted because of the large number of cases the Board considered. Z. stated:

"I would have come before this time but I had to wait six months for EDC clearance. Fortunately my new employer was willing to hold the job for me."

In the past although there was no exclusion order on the East Coast, WRA agreed to accept the Joint Board recommendations concerning EDC and did not release people for employment in the Eastern Defense Command if they did not have a favorable Joint Board recommendation. WRA has never assumed responsibility for those evacuees coming to this area from other cities. Recently WRA has stated that Joint Board recommendations are not necessary for entrance to this part of the country. With the relaxation of the rules dealing with EDC clearance an increased number of individuals may now come to Washington and other cities in the area.

Primary Adjustment

a. Housing.

The first concern of evacuees upon relocating are employment and housing. In the City of Washington, housing has always posed a problem for newcomers. This is essentially a high rental city with many apartments and rooming houses. Furnished apartments are rare and expensive. The war has accentuated the housing problem considerably, but fortunately many dwellings have been built to meet the increased demand. Evacuees coming to Washington have faced the difficulties which all others arriving at this time meet.

Prejudice by landladies in connection with renting rooms and apartments to Nisei has not been especially serious. Individuals have encountered such people, but they have not found it impossible to find adequate housing. The Washington Federation of Churches, the Relocation Office, and several personnel offices have been helpful. In three cases reported to the writer after the Nisei were living in the apartments their landladies wished to evict them. In two of these cases the landladies became disturbed as a result of a visit of a Civil Service investigator who referred to the Nisei as "Japs". The Nisei were able to handle the landladies by explaining that they were American citizens of Japanese ancestry. The matter was dropped. In the third case the landlady became disturbed when the evacuee did not return from a date with her fiance (whom she married several weeks later), until 12 midnight. She ordered the eviction.

As yet there have been no evictions reported as a result of adverse publicity in the newspapers about the Dies Committee accusations, the Doolittle fliers' executions, and the Japanese atrocity stories.

In view of the segregated housing for Negroes in this city, it is fortunate the prejudices against Negroes have not extended to the Nisei. The Negroes are forced to live in relatively high rental dwellings which are inferior to the homes of most of the white population. The Nisei live among the white population in the more desirable houses and in the more desirable sections of the city. This is true for those in Virginia and Maryland as well as in the District of Columbia. Most of the Nisei live in rooming houses and these have been plentiful. Many of the Nisei living in rooms, however, have been dissatisfied as they feel the lack of freedom and the social life which an apartment offers. Some live in apartments. As unfurnished apartments are expensive, only those who are able to form groups can afford them. Several of the girls have done this. In one case six Nisei girls and one Caucasian joined together to rent a furnished house. In several other cases two and three Nisei formed groups to rent an apartment. These apartments have been hard to find and have required several months of searching.

The married couples have found it difficult living in rooming houses and have had to face the dilemma of whether or not to purchase furniture. They do not consider Washington their permanent residence and hesitate to invest in furniture. Yet they cannot afford furnished apartments. Recently the National Housing Authority has permitted them to apply for war housing dwellings and several are now living in the newly built colonies. These are low rental units, and some of the couples have been willing to purchase furniture because of the rental savings. B. presents the problem of the married couples well:

"I have tried hard to find a furnished apartment but this seems to be impossible. I can't afford to buy furniture. Right now D. and I are living in a furnished room, but this is not satisfactory. We have many Caucasian friends who invite us out to visit them. However, we never can reciprocate and these friendships become one-way affairs. We always hesitate to make new friends."

Evacuees in Washington have tended not to move about much. Few have moved from room to room. Most of the moves have been from rooms to apartments, or from the original temporary room into a more permanent dwelling. Marriages have brought about changes in residence. But on the whole, the evacuees have not been a shifting group.

There is no conspicuous concentration of Nisei in any one section of the city. A large number live in Virginia and Maryland, and those in Washington have found residence in all parts of the city. However, they prefer the northwest section as this is the most desirable section in which to live. As they are scattered throughout this largest section of the city, they have not formed a conspicuous group and have not concentrated in particular streets. No complaints have been reported from that section against them.

b. Employment.

Jobs have not been a serious problem for the evacuees. In most cases they have obtained jobs shortly after their arrival in this city. Frequently they had Civil Service positions waiting for them, and they were able to select the particular Civil Service position they wished. The Relocation Office has encouraged them to make their own job selections after their arrival. This has worked well for most people. J. stated:

"I really enjoyed job-hunting. The Relocation Officer sent me to U.S.E.S. They have given me several good leads."

In view of the Civil Service Commission ruling that evacuees must be given a prior investigation before employment, the Relocation Office has been able to assist many of the Nisei interested in government positions by obtaining temporary employment for them with the Community War Fund until Civil Service investigations are completed. At one time in the fall there were fifteen girls doing secretarial work for the Washington Community War Fund. This arrangement was not only of assistance to the girls, but it helped the Relocation Office develop its relationship with that important social agency. One of the War Fund officials even declared, "Our only regret is that we have to let these young women go back to work for the government soon."

The types of jobs in which the evacuees have been employed in Washington have been described above. With few exceptions, the people are employed in positions for which they are trained. There are several instances in which some girls are employed as domestics pending plans to further their education. There have been very few complaints about jobs, and very little turnover. The reputation of some of the Nisei in Chicago who are referred to as "60-day Japs" or "6-day Japs" is not found in this city. Most of the job changes have been made by those who were given temporary employment by WRA until permanent jobs were located in other government agencies. Even those in private industry have not changed jobs frequently. Most of the Nisei are employed in work similar to their pre-evacuation jobs. This is especially true for the Civil Service employees. In addition, several have found opportunities in Washington which they could not have found on the West Coast. If E. had remained on the West Coast he would have been forced to continue his agricultural laborer job. His father died shortly after E. completed Junior College. E. had to support his family. Now in Washington he is taking a laboratory technician course. As soon as he completes the course he hopes to call his mother and younger brother to Washington.

"On the West Coast I never would have been able to get a laboratory technician job. There, Civil Service offered the best opportunities for Nisei. Most Nisei professionals found the doors closed to them. On the West Coast the Japanese had to do all the dirty work just as the Negroes in this city have to."

U.'s experience is even more illustrative of the new opportunities found by Nisei. He studied commercial art in one of the West Coast art schools.

Evacuation came before he finished. When he came to Washington he expressed interest in a job opportunity as a commercial artist but was refused such a job on one of the large newspapers because he could not show samples of his work. He persisted and finally when he received his materials and made some samples they offered him a job.

"They pay me \$40 a week to begin with ... This job has many post-war possibilities and I am getting invaluable experience."

Very few have sustained irreparable losses because of evacuation. This is the case probably because the group here are relatively young. G. would have built up a poultry farm with his brothers if he had remained in California. He came to Maryland to work on a poultry farm but the work did not develop as anticipated and he left for another job. However, this job is one he probably never would have turned to if he had remained in California and it has offered new and excellent opportunities for him. He accepted an offer to teach Judo in a University and the work developed so well that he is now teaching physical education rather than merely Judo. He has been promised a position after the war and is being encouraged to continue studies in that field. On the other hand, V. is one of the few people who feels she is not gaining from the work she is now doing. She claims that evacuation has been a serious handicap to her career.

"I am earning the same amount I received at U.S.E.S. in California. In Washington I work as supervisor and stenographer in WRA. However, my promotion possibilities are not good now and it will probably be very hard for me to get a professional position."

Most of the salaries the Nisei receive are fairly good. For the Civil Service employees, in most cases they represent an increase. However, even for the others the salaries are quite adequate. Very few receive high salaries. Most are able to enjoy a few minor luxuries and pay for fairly good housing.

Although most of the evacuees have had very little difficulty in obtaining and retaining their jobs, several have had discouraging experiences with a few prejudiced government agencies and with Civil Services clearances before they could obtain government employment. They have had to wait from three weeks to six months before clearance was granted. The Civil Service interviews are not always pleasant and suspicions toward the evacuees have been expressed. This is particularly the case for young professional Nisei. S.'s case may be cited as an example.

"I came to Washington, April 1943, and then my troubles started. I waited six months for Civil Service clearance. Several jobs were denied me because of race prejudice, and then X agency offered me a job as an economist. They fought with Civil Service to try to put through my appointment quickly. After a long wait I went to WRA as well as to some of the Representatives and Senators for help. I now feel better about the whole thing, but I certainly was depressed at the time. I can understand the need for Civil

Service caution but the long wait was discouraging. I worked at the fruit and vegetable counter of a grocery store until the Civil Service came through in October 1943. I took my job at a P-1 rating in the fruit and vegetable section of V. The work is excellent. I have many responsibilities, but I do see some limitations particularly in salary raises."

One of the most extreme cases of Civil Service obstacles to employment has been the experience of C. For six months he awaited clearance. The agency wishing to employ him notified him that he had finally been cleared and could report for work on one week. During that week he was married and his picture appeared in a local newspaper. Someone complained to the Commission and to other individuals that the Government should not hire "Japs". The Commission withdrew C.'s eligibility declaration and refused to certify him. WRA is negotiating with the Commission on this case. However, it is an unusual one and as of January 5, 1944 only 20 out of 197 cases received have been rejected. This represents but a small number. It is the stronger individuals who have been willing to face the obstacles imposed by the Commission but most of them have survived this hurdle very well.

Positions Held by Resettlers in Washington, December 1943.

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| Stenographers, Secretaries and Typists | 41 |
| Clerks | 3 |
| Accounting Clerks | 2 |
| Domestics | 16 |
| Supervisors (in government agencies) | 2 |
| Language Teachers | 1 |
| Translators | 1 |
| Economists | 4 |
| Commercial Artists | 2 |
| Statisticians | 1 |
| Nurses | 2 |
| Draftsmen | 1 |
| Photographers | 1 |
| Teachers | 1 |
| Farmers | 5 |
| Students | 19 |
| Those with no outside work | 10 |
| Those with outside work | 9 |
| on farm | 1 |
| domestic | 5 |
| library work | 1 |
| retail clerk | 1 |
| laboratory assistant | 1 |
| Retail Clerks | 2 |
| Labor Organizers | 1 |
| Dressmakers | 1 |
| Beauticians | 2 |

Social Adjustment of the Nisei in Washington Area.

a. Social Life and Assimilation.

The evacuees' major complaints in Washington have related to their lack of social life. They have found the social outlets limited and have not become integrated members of the community. They complain that,

"Social life doesn't exist here to any great extent. We Nisei have no place to entertain and don't really know enough people. Most of my friends are Nisei. I have a few Caucasian friends I made through my office but that is all."

V. comments,

"At present most of my friends are Nisei and I haven't done much to meet other people. I haven't joined any organizations. My recreation consists mainly of going to movies or sightseeing."

Movies, sightseeing, occasional parties at the International House, some social visits and parties at friends' apartments have been the extent of their recreation. Very few attend the numerous lectures and concerts in the city. None reported they belonged to any of the interest or hobby clubs.

The large number of single girls in the city complain that they have no dates and that it is not easy to know Caucasians. K. describes the plight of the Nisei girls well:

"Most of my social life revolves around the church. I belong to the Young People's group there and I get along fairly well with them. Social life here is difficult because it isn't easy to get to know Caucasians and Nisei should not be seen together in too large numbers. Mr. H. told us that. This is restraining. Furthermore, there are no boys to go out with and I hesitate to date any Caucasian boys. The only times most of the Nisei girls get dates are when boys in the Army visit us when they come to Washington."

Like K., many of the girls hesitate to date Caucasian boys, and others who would like to have not had the opportunity. Not only do they miss the social life they had at one time, but during the holiday seasons they feel the lack of home life keenly. The interview with N. describes this situation vividly. At Thanksgiving she felt guilty that she was invited out to dinner when she heard the other Nisei discussing among themselves what restaurant they would go to for their dinner.

"It was so different from what they had been used to when they were with their families."

In order to remedy this situation at Christmas, N. invited fourteen Nisei to dinner at her apartment.

Of the Nisei interviewed, five participated to some extent in church activities, though not a great deal, three went to International House, two belonged to the federal workers' union, and three had a rather extensive social life in their schools. Eleven claimed no connections with any organizations. It is evident that only a small number have participated in the activities of the community. None of the evacuees interviewed have used the recreational facilities of the YWCA, YMCA, or other community centers, nor have they volunteered in Red Cross, Civilian Defense, and other such organizations. They have remained aloof from the community and Caucasians. Instead they have tended to form small all-Nisei cliques. Some have made Caucasian friendships in their offices or neighborhoods, but these have been infrequent and rather superficial.

The lack of adequate social life and participation in community organizations may be attributed to the unaggressive character of the Nisei who have come to Washington. They are hesitant about moving into existing community organizations, they are inclined to assume a passive role in the community, and they tend to remain on the periphery of activities. The community on the other hand has made no planned and concerted effort to meet them. In only a few instances have they approached the Nisei. The YWCA has invited them to join some of its groups, the International House has been cordial, some churches have offered invitations, but only a few have joined these groups. Those who have gone to the International House have been especially satisfied and have made many new friends. No other groups have extended invitations to them nor have they made any effort to meet them.

The attitudes of the Nisei toward labor unions have been significant and have reflected their general unaggressive and insecure position. Few have considered unions to be social groups in the community which they might have an interest in joining in common with other employees. As a matter of fact, several were strongly opposed to Nisei joining unions. B. expresses this point of view:

"I don't like any type of political affiliations, even if the group is friendly and will fight for us as the union did in the case of P. and the X Department. If I were P., I would never have asked any group to fight for me if I were not wanted in a particular job. I wouldn't want to work in such a place. I am not interested in the broader principles involved. I don't believe in forcing anyone. Nisei should not be conspicuous and should avoid any publicity. I prefer to remain out of all controversies."

They do not look upon a union as an organization in which they can develop social relationships. They are primarily interested in remaining aloof from groups which take definite stands on controversial issues. L., on the other hand, thinks in different terms from most Nisei. He has joined the union, has made many friends there, serves on numerous committees and appealed to the union to help him when he was refused a position because of his Japanese ancestry. The union was able to assist him.

The individuals who are truly assimilated in the community are those who have become a part of the groups through which people express their various interests in the cultural, political, economic, religious, or social life of the community. As has been noted thus far, the Nisei have made very little attempt toward such assimilation. Most of them are content to gain a few friends and go to the usual movies and sightseeing trips and occasional parties. Although very few admit they are enjoying this type of social life, they have never shown any interest or desire to go beyond this and join the existing community organizations.

There are other reasons besides the unaggressive attitudes of the evacuees which account for their inability to become assimilated in the community. They are still thinking in terms of the relocation centers and project affairs because their parents in most cases are at the project. So long as their family affairs remain unsettled and they maintain ties to a relocation center they will undoubtedly not feel that they are completely a part of the new community in which they live. Of the 22 people interviewed, 18 had parents in the centers; one girl's parents had relocated, two had no parents, and one boy's parents were never evacuated as they live in Utah. The evacuees are concerned about their parents' future. Many are attempting to assist them with their plans. Some send money for their support. They feel responsible to inform them of relocation possibilities, or to discourage them. The parents look to them for information about the world outside. The Nisei find it hard to communicate with their parents because of language handicaps. Furthermore, the fact that their parents are in relocation centers makes them concerned with center policies. For example, during the segregation program, several of the evacuees in Washington whose parents were in Tule Lake became upset by the approaching events. They were fearful about the plans their parents might make; they wondered how much help their parents would receive in packing to move; they wondered where they would be sent; and they had many questions about the significance of the segregation policy. Even more stable individuals expressed a good deal of anxiety about their parents, and several threatened to return to the center to help them.

Not only is their present tie to the center a possible factor in their inability to become integrated in the new community, but the relationships between Caucasians and evacuees at the centers influence their thinking and feelings toward Caucasians. At the projects a type of caste system has grown up and among some of the administrators the "white supremacy" idea is dominant even if not always on a conscious level. J. expressed the feeling of some of the evacuees on the project:

"In the relocation center I had been employed as secretary to the project director along with his Caucasian secretary. Of course I was not considered as important as his Caucasian secretary."

This was said with much feeling. In addition to this attitude the evacuees have become more sensitive to any type of prejudice or even ignorant remarks than they were before evacuation. They recognize this sensitivity and that as part of their adjustment they should overcome it.

"I realize we are too sensitive, we never were before evacuation, but now I always hear people say, 'there go two Japs', and things like that. It is hard to take. I do resent people staring at me because I don't feel different than they."

Even in the case of L. who is getting along excellently in his job in the physical education department of a University, he was afraid to put himself in a position in which he might meet prejudiced attitudes.

"I was offered a job as salesman (in a downtown department store) but refused. I guess I am still afraid to meet the public. I know there are many stores that would not give me jobs meeting the public, but even when offered this I somehow felt I couldn't take it."

Underlying their fears of prejudice and discrimination and their hesitation to go out to meet the community is their fundamental insecurity in facing the world. It is this psychological phenomenon which has inhibited many evacuees from leaving the centers. Although those relocating have overcome this initial inertia, their insecurity and fears are still in evidence and inhibit them from making an adequate adjustment. There is a certain amount of reality behind their insecurity though. So long as the hostile press continues to rant against them, they cannot feel entirely comfortable and there is always the fear that unexpressed prejudices can be whipped into action. The issue of racism in this war is vividly before them. Many fear that they will be unable to find jobs after the war. They fear that the returning soldiers will resent them violently. They are uncertain about their future. They are caught between the realization that remaining in the center would not have offered real security to them, and their observation that the type of security they now enjoy may be temporary.

b. Family Compositions and Plans.

Although there are few complete families in the Washington area, there is a surprising number of small family nuclei consisting of siblings, married couples and their children. Of the 125 evacuees reported in this city, 65 have one or more members of their family here or recently departed for the Army. The T. family, for example, have 6 members here, and the Y. family have 5 members. The X.'s hope that their parents and younger brother will soon join them. These 65 individuals make up 30 family groups. Although the older people have not yet joined these small groups, there are signs that plans are being made in several families to call out the parents. In 10 of the interviews definite plans were announced concerning family relocation. In several, the families will be coming to Washington. In others, brothers and sisters in other parts of the country will receive the parents. In only one case were the parents already out of the center. An example of the type of planning one is now hearing about is H.'s family.

"I plan to bring my entire family to Washington in a few weeks; my fiancée, her sister, my mother, and my sister and nephew will come. My brother-in-law arrived recently and is working as gardner and houseman."

One can expect that some Nisei in this city will soon be welcoming their parents on the outside. The Relocation Office of this area has worked in this direction from its inception, not by directly insisting on such plans, but through casual discussions and through encouraging such planning on the part of the evacuees. The Office has encouraged siblings to join those members of the family already in Washington in order to build up family nuclei so that parents will be attracted to the city by their children.

There is still much hesitation among the Nisei about calling their Issei parents to Washington. The social isolation which the Issei will have to endure caused by the lack of an Issei community is an obstacle they face. In spite of this, several are bringing their parents to this community hopeful that at some time in the future a small Issei community will develop as more Issei arrive. F. who lives in Virginia with her sister and her one year old niece expressed the hesitation of both the Issei and Nisei:

"Mother would have come out before this time but she wished to stay longer with her friends. We know it will be hard for her in Virginia since she does not speak English and has no Issei friends around. At the center she is very active in the Methodist Church, but that will not be possible here. She is anxious to come out though to be with her children and we hope eventually we will be able to live near other Issei so that she can have some friends."

In addition to the families which are slowly amalgamating in Washington, several new families have been created through marriages. There have been no marriages among Nisei who have met since relocating to Washington. All of the marriages thus far have been among Nisei who knew each other either at the relocation center or before evacuation. Several girls have married boys in the Army. No marriages have taken place between Nisei and Caucasians in Washington. In New York City, several such marriages have been reported. The large number of unmarried single girls and the small number of unmarried single men support the concern of the Issei about their daughters' marriage possibilities.

The family constellation of the Japanese has changed considerably since evacuation and relocation. Today those families which have accepted relocation have been torn apart. Of 21 individuals interviewed who have been in relocation centers, 16 have brothers and sisters who have also left the centers. In most cases they are scattered throughout the United States. M., for example, has 2 married sisters in the project, 2 brothers in New York, 1 in Boise, and 1 in Chicago. B.'s mother is in the center (though about to leave to join her), 2 brothers are in St. Louis, and 1 brother in New York. Although this phenomenon is to be expected when there are adult members in a family, particularly when some are married, this scattering is unusual and is caused by relocation and evacuation. The evacuees who have moved away from their parents have no place which they can point to as home (where they left their parents) except the center. A few still refer to California as home, but its symbol of family stability is gone, and California recalls to them a scene of pre-evacuation stability and sentiment.

Individual Problems and Adjustment

There have been no serious cases of maladjusted individuals in this city. The type of persons who have been attracted to this area have been quite mature and responsible. No zoot-suiters have come here. The one adolescent here who might conceivably have become a zoot-suiter if in the company of other such like-minded individuals, found this city uninteresting and complained bitterly:

"I probably would like it here if I had friends. I hate to wander around the city alone. I miss my friends at the center. We had loads of fun together. We went to dances, and participated in athletic events. I think I will like New York better because it has more Nisei there my age. There are too many old people in Washington."

a. Examples of Poor Adjustment.

Although there have been no social and personality breakdowns, several of the individuals coming to the city have found it difficult to adjust and have needed assistance in meeting their problems. Two such cases will illustrate the types of maladjustment found here. T., before evacuation, had been unable to find employment in the profession for which he was trained because of discrimination. He was farming a large ranch and was about to realize a substantial profit when evacuation was ordered. It left him stunned, bitter, and confused. In the center he became a leader of the community and enjoyed this position.

"I relocated not because I wished to but because my mother and C. urged me to."

Unfortunately, things did not work out as he expected. He was not offered a satisfactory job and became disillusioned when he learned several of the firms were refusing to hire Nisei. He decided to return to the center where he thought life was not so frustrating.

"Everytime I had suggested returning to the center my mother, C., and the project director wrote me long letters urging and begging me not to."

When T. visited Washington his friends urged him to seek a job in his profession. Again T. was discouraged. He was refused several positions because of race discrimination. When one was finally offered to him he had to wait six months for Civil Service clearance. When clearance was given him, it was withdrawn one week later. He was working in G. agency on a temporary appointment during this period at a very low salary. In addition to these very severe setbacks which T. has had to endure, he faces many of his difficulties unrealistically. He feels he should have been earning a large income by this time in his life. He should have been comfortably settled and able to plan his future, he says,--although he is only 24 years old. He has a great need to succeed and "make a name for myself". All of the frustrations he has suffered have made him resigned and skeptical. He resents asking anyone for help.

He wishes to be entirely independent of others. Whenever things become too overwhelming and upsetting, his desire to return to the center becomes stronger. He recognizes that this is an escape mechanism, but does not see that these threats represent punishment against C. for urging him to leave the center when he had not wished to. He was able to admit, when interviewer questioned him in some detail, that:

"I left the center to please C, and my mother and not because I wished to. I realize the center is not the place for me, but I should have stayed until I was ready to leave when I wanted to. I admit there is security in a way in the center and that perhaps my threatening to go back is an expression of defeat. I guess I do use it as a threat and probably don't always mean it. If I had left because I wanted to my pride would keep me from threatening to return, but under the circumstances I know it will upset other people more than myself when I threaten to return."

T. is caught between his drive to achieve unusual success, his desire to accumulate money, his frustrations, and his desire to escape in a direction which will give him satisfaction and a relative security, but which will not help him achieve the success and life goals he has set for himself.

Another case of an individual who has been having a good deal of difficulty in adjusting is H. H. is a 25 year old boy, immature and unhappy. He married K. when she decided to relocate to accept a job in Maryland. The family did not wish her to come alone and that is why they married. K. is the more stable individual and has had to help H. He was angry when the Relocation Office did not offer him a job the first day but encouraged him to seek his own by suggesting possible employment sources. Although this procedure has worked well for others, it did not for H. Within two weeks H. became discouraged because he did not find a job. He resented asking his wife for money. Finally the Relocation Office told him about an opening for a technician and he accepted this job. However, he insists WRA should have given him additional assistance. They should have had a job waiting for him. For that reason he dislikes the Relocation Office. He feels very inadequate. Now he is confused and concerned about his future. He is a graduate of a Junior College where he studied science. He would like to come a physician but must first complete college. He also wishes to support his wife. He has several other occupations in mind which will require a good deal of training and money. He wishes his present job would pay more. Instead of thinking through his plans, he is floundering about unable to focus on a realistic approach to his quest for further education and security. He complains a great deal but does nothing about it.

b. Example of a Satisfactory Adjustment.

These two cases illustrate the types of problems and their reactions which some of the Misai have faced upon relocation. Others have faced similarly difficult situations, but have been able to work them out to their satisfaction. D.'s case reflects the latter. D. too was upset and bitter

because of evacuation. He had his master's degree in mathematics and was unsuccessful in California in finding jobs in his field of work. At the relocation center he did research work. When he relocated he accepted a job as a statistical clerk. He tried to obtain a job as mathematician in another government agency but was rejected because of his Japanese ancestry. He refused to accept the decision stating this was contrary to the Presidential Order against discrimination. He even appealed to the Secretary of The Department. When ignored, he turned to the union asking their support. The union took the case up with the agency and the decision was reversed. Several positions were offered him. By this time he was also offered a job as Assistant Statistician in WRA with a considerable increase in salary. He decided to remain in that agency. D. has made many new friends in Washington. He belongs to several organizations including the union. He attends concerts, lectures, and is invited to many parties and gatherings by both evacuees and Caucasians. He has many close friends among both groups. D. comments that his adjustment has not been easy.

"I understand why people look upon Nisei as peculiar when they first see them. They probably have never seen them before, but still it made me feel ill-at-ease, everywhere. I went when people stared at me. However, I have changed. I feel more confident in myself. I found that people have been accepting and friendly. Living here has had another effect upon me. In the center and when I first came to Washington, I found that I had developed the 'I don't give a damn attitude'. I treated people in this manner. Now I am becoming more balanced and have learned that it is wiser to be diplomatic and to control myself. I am no longer conscious of discrimination."

Attitudes of the Evacuees in Washington

The types of attitudes and ideas the evacuees in Washington express reflect the kind of adjustment and degree of assimilability in the community one can expect. These attitudes and ideas will be discussed through an examination of the type of people they are, and of their attitudes toward themselves, toward Caucasians, toward community groups, toward WRA, and toward other minority groups, and of their outlook for the future.

a. Attitudes toward Themselves and Group Participation. .

"Most Nisei are conventional, they feel they must do things everyone else does in order to be accepted. Many of them don't develop original ideas for that reason. They act, think, dress, and go into activities that are laid down by society to such an extent that many of them lose their individuality. They are afraid of anything controversial or anything that will make them stand out and appear different from everyone else."

So spoke a Nisei, himself unconventional, when he described the other Nisei in Washington. The Nisei in Washington come from middle class conventional

homes, they have absorbed that philosophy and have shaped their thinking accordingly. They have a need to be accepted and to belong. They are continuing and advancing in the direction their parents started in their struggle to become a part of this country. Most of the individuals interviewed were essentially conservative, cautious individuals, sensitive as a result of evacuation, and anxious to get ahead. For that reason many felt that evacuees should not join groups which would make them conspicuous, or which would identify them with any controversial subjects. N. expressed this well. She stated that Nisei should not be helped to make social contacts or to combat prejudices. "Everything is a matter of personal contact", according to her thinking, and nothing could be done through organizations. She felt this also applied to the matter of removing prejudices both with respect to Negroes and to Japanese Americans. P. described the Nisei as a group who are "bashful and shy and will not go out of their way to know other people. Most Nisei are frightened and have to be put at ease." Several state that they should no longer form "Little Tokyos" and should scatter throughout the country and in each city. Yet they are unable to do this. As has been shown above, they form social cliques among themselves and share apartments with each other rather than with Caucasian friends. They recognize and encourage each other's unaggressive behavior.

b. Attitudes toward Caucasians.

The attitudes of Nisei toward Caucasians have been described in the section on their social adjustment. In summary, many of the Nisei comment that they should expand their friendships and meet Caucasians. But other than in church (to a minor degree), at International House (again only a few attend its functions); in the job (to a large extent), and in the case of a few Nisei through the union, they have not made contacts and friendships with Caucasians. They wish to be accepted by the Caucasians, but are unable to make real friendships. Those who have been able to form close Caucasian contacts have been individuals who are more aggressive, and who have been isolated from other Nisei and have had to turn to Caucasians for social life. Those in schools, and those who before evacuation had had many more friendships among Caucasians than among Nisei have had little difficulty. With few exceptions the college graduates are in this group.

c. Attitudes toward discrimination and prejudice.

On the whole, the evacuees in this area have met very little prejudice and discrimination. The most serious cases have been found in government agencies, particularly in Civil Service Commission. Frequently Nisei have been mistaken for Chinese and in most cases the Nisei have patiently explained they are American citizens of Japanese ancestry--always stressing the word American. Most of the questions directed at them have reflected only normal curiosity. There are several instances when girls have had derogatory remarks made to them but these have been rare. One evacuee described an interesting reaction:

"One of the girls (a college student) I'm especially friendly with, called me into her room a few weeks ago and told me she had opposed my coming when she learned about it. She had stormed through the halls telling

people she didn't like Japs. She was very aloof at first. Now we are very close friends and she apologized to me for ever entertaining such thoughts. I guess prejudices are broken down when people know us. It is only when they never have seen us that they get these queer ideas."

N. summarized the situation vividly when she stated:

"I guess the people here are so preoccupied mistreating the Negroes they haven't even noticed the Nisei are descending on Washington."

However, in spite of the relative lack of prejudice some of the evacuees are still uneasy and this has a serious effect on their adjustment. E.'s fears are extreme and pessimistic but express some of the underlying anxieties among the Nisei:

"Although discrimination seems to be very minimum in this city, I think the future is very uncertain. When soldiers start returning from the Army they will bring with them prejudices against Japanese. If there are no jobs for them they will resent any Nisei who have jobs. They will think we took the jobs while they were away. I feel it is imperative that the Japanese be scattered over this country with very few in each community. I don't think any more should come to Washington as we will soon become too conspicuous. Riots can occur. I have read a good deal about the riots in Detroit against the Negroes. Prejudices of an inflamed population can do the same against the Japanese, against any minority group as a matter of fact. I don't think it will happen now, but as the war against Japan continues, feeling will become stronger."

d. Attitudes toward WRA.

With few exceptions, most of the Nisei interviewed had a very healthy view of the role they thought WRA should assume in assisting them when they left the project. They feel they should not continue to be dependent on the Authority.

"I think WRA should help an individual when he first leaves the center. However, the individual must also be taught and aided to stand on his own and not try to fall back on WRA for everything. The Japanese were an independent people before evacuation and have to be helped to become independent again."

J. too elaborated this point of view:

"I think WRA is doing a very good relocation job. They should help people to obtain work who cannot get it on

their own. However, those who can search for their own jobs should not be dependent on WRA. The sooner the evacuees can become independent the better it is for them."

The major complaints against WRA were voiced by the more immature individuals who objected to the fact that the Relocation Office tried to help them find their own jobs rather than offering them specific ones. A., a 17 year old boy, complained:

"WRA ought to help the younger ones get better jobs. In Chicago and Washington they didn't help me. I went to them and didn't like what they had to offer so I found my own, with my sister's help."

K. stated:

"The Relocation Office didn't help us much. We didn't like that. We shouldn't have had to look for the job."

c. Attitudes toward other minority groups.

In adjusting to their new environment in Washington the evacuees have faced the fact that although the population has on the whole expressed little prejudice against them, there exists a very forceful prejudice against the Negroes who make up one fourth of the population of the city. Although most of the evacuees have experienced some prejudice in California, it has not been as serious (until evacuation) as the type of prejudice practiced against Negroes in the South. The Nisei in California were not shut out entirely from white society. On coming to Washington the Nisei were surprised to find a large Negro population in this city. Their attitudes toward the Negroes another minority group, have been significant. Three attitudes have been observed: (1) There is an identification with the Negroes and a decided sympathy.

"I didn't realize that Washington was the South and that Jim Crow existed here. I didn't like it. Maltreatment of any group on a racial basis is unfair and dangerous. All minority groups suffer when one group is persecuted."

Several in this group have become friendly with some Negroes and have learned to know them personally. (2) The largest number of Nisei recognize that discrimination against Negroes, another minority group, is a serious matter but feel that they should remain aloof from this situation and have little contact with the Negroes except in their jobs as they cannot help that. R. commented:

"I didn't know many Negroes in the past. Here in my office my contacts with the Negroes in the mail and file and supply rooms have been very pleasant. I don't know them too well though and have no outside contacts with them. One of the Nisei was told by a prominent church

person that it was all right to work with Negroes but not good to go out socially with them."

O. stated:

"I don't dislike them, but I don't go out of my way to get to know them well. There are some that work in my office and they seem to be very nice. I only eat with them on rare occasions."

(3) The third attitude is one of rejection and assumption of the existing white attitudes of the community. There are very few in this group.

f. Attitudes toward the relocation center.

In their discussions of their past and present experiences, few of the evacuees referred to their relocation center experiences. Only when the interviewer asked them about their occupations there and reasons for relocating did they discuss these experiences. In considering their life experiences, apparently the centers mean little to them and contain memories they would like to forget. I. vividly expressed this:

"My family was sent to Santa Anita and living conditions were pretty terrible there. The world seemed so different. I did not feel I could look ahead any more, to plan for my future. It was as if my future had stopped. The Granada Center wasn't too bad, but then no relocation center is good for anyone, and all-Japanese communities are bad here in the United States. Furthermore, there was no real incentive to work there and we just deteriorated."

Most of the evacuees point to the lack of incentive and deterioration of work habits when they discuss the centers. They all agree the centers are poor places in which to live. I., a 50 year old Issei who is very young in her thinking and is more like a Nisei, vigorously expressed herself:

"I don't like being lazy and not having enough work. Too many people at the projects get that way. That is why they ought to get out as soon as possible. It isn't good, and that is why I left. The place was not conducive to learning good work habits ... Of course Issei find it hard to relocate. Too many Issei feel the government should support them because they have lost so much money. I don't approve of this; they don't realize that center living is bad for them. They lose their initiative and harm themselves."

In only two cases did the individuals claim they gained a good deal from center experience though they both agree they would not like to return.

g. Attitudes toward permanence in Washington, toward California, and toward the future.

Another indication of the ability of the evacuees to adjust in Washington is reflected in their attitudes toward their new homes. Do they plan to settle in the community, become a part of it, or are they still transient? Are they still thinking of California? What are their plans for the future? Most of the evacuees who have come to this area do not look upon Washington as a city in which they wish to remain permanently. In view of the increased population here because of war work, this attitude is common to a large portion of the population. It is because of their feeling of temporariness that in many instances, the evacuees do not associate themselves with the community. B. stated:

"Right now we just feel suspended, going nowhere. I guess the future will decide the matter for us."

Only three evacuees interviewed stated they thought they would like to remain in Washington and thought they had a future here. One was an Issei housekeeper who has a very good position, and because of her knowledge of English and her long experience with Caucasians does not miss Issei company. The other two individuals have unusually good professional opportunities which they feel will continue after the war. Several others have commented that if they could find satisfactory employment in Washington after the war, they would not object to remaining here. But they are not thinking as yet in terms of making Washington a permanent home. Most of the Nisei are uncertain just where they will move next. This will depend on the other members of the family and available employment. Several are enjoying their independence and therefore are not planning to rejoin their families although they don't wish to be separated by great distances.

The Nisei interviewed were uncertain about their future. Few have been able to think ahead. They have numerous ideas, but they are vague and the situation following the war will determine their future planning. This is similar to the thinking of many other people in the United States and cannot be pointed to as an attitude peculiar to the Nisei. N. summarized this attitude well:

"I don't know how we can plan ahead though, there are so many unknown factors. We really have to plan from day to day. The first job is to get my family out of the center. Two years ago if you would have asked me about my future, I would have stated I would always live in California and run a farm. Now I am almost fatalistic about planning anything."

Only a few Nisei have expressed fears of the future in terms of a depression or prejudices by returning soldiers. Three Nisei interviewed were explicit on the subject. The others did not express as much concern and were thinking in terms of personal plans rather than the broader social scene. S. expressed the pessimistic views:

"I think the returning soldiers will be very anti-Japanese, and probably Nisei will be unemployed. The returning soldiers, if they go into the American Legion, will probably develop into a fascist type of group. I guess I am an idealist and am afraid that fascism will come. I hate the thought of ever being on relief or ever having to be dependent on anyone. ... Of course, the future in this country for the Issai is even worse than for the Nisei."

Of the 22 evacuees interviewed, only 4 expressed positive plans to return to California or the Northwest, 8 thought they might return but were uncertain, and recognized that the circumstances at the time will be the determining factors. Ten people expressed interest only in visiting California but a definite decision against returning there to live. Those with property hope to return at least to survey their belongings before making definite plans. Those with no property in California were the least interested in returning there. The 14 people interviewed who have property on the Pacific Coast were almost equally divided in their desire to return or to make a home elsewhere. K. expressed the "return to California" point of view most definitely:

"I think people ought to scatter all over the United States, and as for me, I plan to return to California. I prefer that climate and that is my home. Most of my friends are there."

I.'s family is even continuing to pay rent for their shoe repair shop in California, "to be sure that we will have it waiting for us when we return." X. gives the most common viewpoint:

"I would like to return to California as the family has property there. We leased it on a percentage basis, but we know we are being cheated. I would like to see what is being done. However, I do not care if I never go back to California to live."

Very few expressed concern about the attitudes of the people on the West Coast. Little consideration seems to be given to this important factor. The Issai interviewed was most realistic in this connection. She stated:

"The West Coast will not be happy to receive them (the Issai). The West Coast is hostile and it will take a long time to change their attitudes. ... I don't see any reason to return to the West Coast. I would merely like to visit Portland again."

Most of the Nisei had the attitude of, "Let us wait to see what happens before we make a decision."

WASHINGTON RELOCATION OFFICE

II.

The Relocation Office represents for the evacuees the link between the relocation center and assimilation into the community. The majority of evacuees upon their arrival in a new city call upon the Relocation Office in order to receive their initial introduction to the city and to become oriented to it. There are on the other hand some evacuees who make no effort to contact the WRA Relocation Office and make independent plans. Finally, there are a very small number who cling to the Relocation Office in a dependent manner until they are able to make independent decisions. The philosophy and approach of the Relocation Office to relocation and the evacuees coming to them is important because of its strategic position and its influence on their adjustment in the city. If the Relocation Office has made too many community commitments promising to obtain evacuee labor and those commitments cannot be met or have been unsatisfactory, the attitude of the Officer toward the evacuees may become subjective and critical if he is not aware of the factors causing this situation. On the other hand, if problems are ignored completely by the Office, the evacuees will have a more difficult time making an adjustment to their new environment and public relations may suffer. Because of the importance of the techniques and philosophy of the Relocation Office in handling the problems of relocation, these aspects of the Washington Office will be discussed in some detail.

Organization of the Washington Relocation Office.

When evacuees first began to come to Washington there was no relocation Office in the city. The early newcomers were mainly government workers and students. However, in May 1943, it was recognized that relocation problems in this area were multiplying and public relations were especially important in this city. Furthermore, many evacuees were coming here for jobs in private industry as well as in government work. Assistance in housing, in job placement, in social adjustment and in public relations was necessary. The government agencies had to be informed of the possibility of employing Nisei and many had to be educated to it. The publicity around the arrival of the Kobayashi family at the Ickes farm gave rise to an increased demand for more evacuees, but it also gave rise to criticisms of WRA, especially in the Times Herald, the Patterson newspaper. By May 1943, the Washington Relocation Office was set up with two relocation officers and stenographic assistants.

Philosophy and Techniques of the Relocation Office

From its inception the Washington Relocation Office discouraged the specific job referrals and paper placements made before the evacuees arrived in the city. These were reduced to a minimum. The wisdom of this approach is illustrated by the experience of P., who comments:

"My father is considering an offer in Detroit to manage a poultry farm. He won't take the job until he sees

it--that is our advice to him. I don't like this type of blind relocation. It is best to bargain for the job and know what you're getting in for. Just look at my situation. My brother's job didn't look as good on paper as mine, yet his worked out well, and the job I came here for didn't. I would not have taken the instructor job at the University if I remained at Granada. I read the job offer and was sure I did not qualify. Yet, I am doing very well in this job now."

The Relocation Officer instead offers assistance to people who select Washington as the city in which they wish to live. Jobs are found after the individual arrives. Job offers from the community are recorded but not solicited. It is less embarrassing from the point of view of public relations since it would be impossible to fill the variety of jobs offered. Instead, when an evacuee arrives in the city, his employment interests and background are discussed and suggestions are made to him. He then goes out for several job interviews just as any other individual coming to the city. The individual may be referred to USES if he is not seeking government employment. His decision is based on the several choices offered him. In that way it is not WRA but the individual who accepts the job and the individual cannot project blame on WRA if the job does not work out well. He does not feel he accepted the job blindly. This approach to relocation and employment is essential in strengthening the evacuee's ability to make his own decision. In most cases it has worked very well. However, there are times when this approach breaks down. Among the people interviewed by the writer, there were two such cases. One was a 17 year old boy who was seeking a temporary job. He was over-demanding, insisted that a job be ready-made for him. He acted this way in Chicago also. He very much resented the Relocation Officer sending him out with suggestions about finding a job. He said a job should have been arranged for him. Finally his sister found a job for him. This boy could not accept an independent role. Probably if the Relocation Officer had secured a position he could have been critical of the job and quit to find another. O., though older, had the same attitude. His wife described his feelings about his employment experiences:

"It was very discouraging when we first came here. I had my job waiting for me. I earned \$80 a month plus room and board, but O. didn't have a job and he had a terrible time finding one. The USES sent him to the War Department and other Army medical divisions to do X-ray work, but they all turned him down because he is a Nisei. He should have had a job waiting for him when he arrived here. The Relocation Office didn't help us much. We did not like that. We shouldn't have had to look for the job. Finally after two weeks, Mr. W. in the Relocation Office told O. about a technician job. O. had done this before as a hobby, but he accepted the job. The pay was very small, and toward the end of his pay period he was always taking money from me."

O., a very immature individual, is still uncertain about what he would like to do and projects his feelings of inadequacy and frustration on the Relocation Office.

The work of the Washington Relocation Office has been based on the "hospitality principle". The individual is offered an invitation to come to Washington to see the city, to investigate the opportunities, to determine if this city is the one in which the evacuees would like to settle. The city, its resources, and the types of opportunities found here are thoroughly described. The evacuee is encouraged to think in terms of selection of location on the basis of interest in this part of the country, the type of social, economic, and cultural opportunities of the community, and the type of people found here rather than to plan selection on the basis of a specific job offer. Only in exceptional cases the specific jobs are necessary to attract an individual so long as he has the assurances that he will be able to find a job when he arrives here. However, for those who demand specific jobs, the Relocation Office does make efforts to survey the city when the individual forwards his qualifications. This hospitality approach would have worked even more successfully if there had been a counseling program at the center. Now that one is being initiated, it will be interesting to analyze its effect on the evacuees' considerations in selection of locale for relocation. Had there been a relocation counseling program at the center, O., for example, would have had an opportunity to discuss his specific interests and future plans; he would have decided whether or not Washington was the city to which he really wanted to relocate. He would not have selected it because his fiancée, now his wife, had a job offer here.

The Relocation Officer is responsible not only for the economic or job placement aspects of evacuee adjustment, but he is also concerned with their social adjustment in the community. This has wider ramifications since it affects the community and the relations of the evacuees to the people around them. It is the job of the Relocation Officer to so organize the community that it will itself function in the area of social integration of the evacuees. There are many additional reasons for organizing the community in this direction. WRA cannot build up a large staff in each city to deal with the social adjustment problems of relocation. There are many established agencies in most cities which work in this area and there is no need for WRA to duplicate the work of these social agencies. Instead, WRA may use the resources of the community and incidentally build up good public relations as well. As the community is organized to meet these needs, the Relocation Office will then assume a changing and different role. The Relocation Office will give up the type of work the community is able to undertake and instead assume the role of a coordinator of community activities, of a representative of the National WRA, and of a liaison between the National WRA office, community and the relocation centers. This is the aim of the Relocation Office of Washington, and it is moving in this direction.

Community Organization Work of the Relocation Office

The Relocation Office in Washington inherited a committee already established to help the evacuees--the Committee for the Resettlement of Japanese. This Committee was dominated by a church group and operated on a very small

scale. It gave some assistance in housing, and suggested churches which people could attend. It secured church invitations for some people, but as the number of evacuees coming to this area increased, the work of this small Committee was inadequate. The Relocation Office recognized that an effective community committee of necessity should be organized on a broader base, that it should include leading laymen of the city, representatives of social agencies, business and professional and labor groups, as well as the church people. A good deal of work has been done in the direction of reorganizing the existing Committee to broaden the basis of representation and the scope of the work. Although the local Committee is still in the progress of reorganization, a subcommittee unofficially talked with the Director and Assistant Director of the Community War Chest about the possibility of obtaining a grant from that agency for the operation of a hostel. There were indications that such a request would be given favorable consideration. The Community War Chest is interested in this request because the Assistant Director is a member of the local relocation committee and the Nisei employed at the War Chest made a very favorable impression on the people in that office. Thus, as soon as the reorganization is complete, the plans for the development of community resources can be put into operation at once and the possibilities of establishing a hostel with local community funds may be realized.

A well-developed community committee is needed to assist the Relocation Office in problems of social and economic adjustment and in public relations. Furthermore, it is essential that the community be made aware of the newcomers, and make plans to assist them for at some time in the future WRA will be legislated out of existence. A well-organized community having functioned with the assistance and consultation of the Authority will be better equipped to take over the work completely at that time. The Washington Committee as planned will work in that direction. The Washington Committee for Relocation of Japanese Americans, when finally functioning, will be sub-divided into five committees: Housing, Employment, Adjustment, Public Relations, and Loans. The Housing Committee will be responsible for meeting the evacuees at the depot, establishing and maintaining a hostel for temporary shelter, and helping evacuees find permanent housing. The Employment Committee will work on specialized placements and help break down employer resistances to hiring Nisei and Issei. The Adjustment Committee will plan socials to welcome the newcomers, develop methods of counseling for groups and individuals, induct the newcomers into the existing community resources, and develop methods to assist individuals toward their integration in the community. The Public Relations Committee will maintain a speaker's bureau to present the problems of the evacuees to the public. It will work with the press in cooperation with WRA and attempt to handle questions of negative sentiment and adverse opinions. The Loan Committee will offer loans at a low interest rate to newcomers to help them purchase furniture and other necessities. The loans will be set up in a revolving fund. The Washington area is not as yet organized as described above. The plans have been outlined, the Committee is in the process of reorganizing, but the major portion of the work is still in the hands of the Relocation Officer. The Committee has defined its functions well; the Relocation Officer has helped with this. The organization is now beyond the planning stage. A Committee of 26 members was appointed at the end of January and temporary officers were elected. A member of the Federation of

Churches was appointed temporary chairman, the Assistant Director of the Community Was Chest is vice-chairman, a prominent woman in the community is secretary, and the treasurer is an outstanding member of the Catholic community. Several subcommittees were appointed although no chairmen were selected. Three of the sub-committees have already met and are beginning to formulate their plans for their future work. These sub-committees are the three most important groups needed in community planning, the Housing Committee, the Hostel Committee, and the Social Adjustment Committee. The Social Adjustment Committee at its meeting decided that its program will be based on the "Friendship" approach to the evacuees. No counseling will be planned until group activities have been organized. After these have been under way if the need for counseling is shown, then such a program will be planned.

As the Community Committee enters its final organizational stages and the subcommittees begin to function actively, it will then be possible to evaluate the type of services the community will offer, the reactions of the evacuees to these services, the ability of the evacuees to accept these services, and the effectiveness of such an organization.

The Relocation Office has concentrated on community organization, public relations, and employment problems up to this time. Very little counseling service has been offered nor has there been an evaluation of the adjustment of the individuals. As the largest group of evacuees are a mature responsible group, the Officer has felt that counseling was not an important or essential service at this time. Instead, community organization to meet their social needs was urgent and he has been concerned with that phase of relocation work.

CONCLUSIONS

III.

Comparison of Washington with Denver

In order to assess the extent of the adjustment of the evacuees in the Washington area, a comparison with the adjustment of evacuees in other parts of the country should be made. The most extensive adjustment study thus far has been made in Denver. There it was observed the evacuees came to an old, pre-evacuation Japanese community, segregated into a small area of the city adjacent to a large Negro neighborhood. The Japanese section is centrally located and is in a deteriorated part of the city. It is a "Little Tokyo". The newcomers were not welcomed by the former Japanese residents. The Caucasian community is not interested in them and there is very little community organization to assist them in their social adjustment. The evacuees have not found particularly well-paying jobs. Many social problems have arisen, caused by their paucity of social contacts, their prejudices against the Negroes, their low economic standards of living, and the community prejudices against the evacuees. In addition, the youthfulness and immaturity of the Nisei and their newly acquired independence have been observed as

adverse factors in their relocation adjustment. Washington evacuees offer a sharp contrast. The zoot-suiters, the very young and immature individuals, for the most part are not found here. A more mature, better educated group of evacuees have come to Washington. The Nisei have been accepted by the community. Few have sought domestic and menial labor, and those in domestic jobs have fairly good ones. They have not been segregated in one section of the city and did not have a former Japanese community around which to settle. The group in Washington is relatively stable compared with the shifting individuals observed in Denver. Although they have faced many difficulties these have not been as serious as those encountered in Denver.

Adjustment in Washington Area

a. Positive Factors

On the whole the Nisei (there are only four Issei here) have adjusted quite well. There are a surprising number of small family groups here and the numbers are continuously increasing. Several Nisei are beginning to feel sufficiently secure to call out their parents, and in the next six months undoubtedly some Issei will be coming out to join their children in Washington.

With the exception of some government agencies, discrimination is not a serious problem. The newspapers have not whipped up public sentiment against the Nisei as the Denver Post has done. The Washington Post has had some excellent editorials about Japanese Americans, while the Times Herald has been unfavorable toward WRA and its policies, the Star and the Daily News have taken no positive stand but have not been harmful. Housing, though not an easy matter, has not been as difficult to obtain as most people anticipated and the trend toward evacuees finding furnished and unfurnished apartments is encouraging. They are scattered over the entire Washington area and have not been segregated. Their jobs have in most cases been in line with their training. However, it is noted that they have training relatively superior to those in other cities. There are several exceptions, though. A commercial artist is employed as a retail clerk, and a geographer is employed as a low-paid government clerk. But on the other hand, there have been several unusual and fortunate opportunities some of the evacuees have found here which were not available to them on the West Coast. The salaries they receive are adequate and they can even afford some minor luxuries. Their relatively high educational levels and training will probably be of value in their future economic adjustment as well as in the present. And finally, there has been no serious social problem developing among them which has come to the attention of the Relocation Office.

b. Negative Factors.

There are several negative factors in this picture also. There has been some discrimination in housing though relatively little and none serious. Those who cannot afford furnished apartments and who dislike rooming houses have not been happy. The Civil Service Commission has made it a difficult, drawn-out procedure before evacuees may be appointed to government jobs. The

loyalty investigations are trying. Some government agencies have refused to hire Nisei in spite of the Presidential Order forbidding discrimination. In one case, the United Federal workers Union was active in breaking down the discrimination. An additional barrier the evacuees face is the months of waiting before Joint Board clearance is forthcoming. Those calling their families here suffer similar delays.

Most of the Nisei do not look upon Washington as their permanent home, and have assumed a transient, temporary attitude toward their residence in this city. Some are thinking of California and still wish to return there, but most of the evacuees are frankly admitting the future is uncertain and they are making no plans. Although there have been no reported social problems arising among these people, there have been several individuals who have struggled in their personal adjustments and have needed help.

In addition to these difficulties, the process of assimilation has been a slow and painful one. Although far superior to the assimilation of the Nisei in Denver, nevertheless the Nisei in this city have not been successful as yet. Their social life has been particularly barren and unstimulating. They have formed numerous small Nisei cliques and have relied on each other for friendships and social life. Movies, sightseeing, occasional church gatherings and parties at International House have been the extent of the after-work activities of some Nisei. They have remained aloof from the organized activities of the community and have not formed extensive Caucasian contacts. They are still insecure, fearful and hesitant about undertaking fuller participation in the community. They are sensitive and fear discrimination. Although they have not encountered serious prejudices, many fear the prejudices are latent and could be activated. For this reason their underlying fears have advised them against becoming involved in "controversial matters". They tend to maintain the conventional patterns and are critical of Nisei whom they think are too aggressive. For example, several of them consider G. a "radical" because he joined a union and publicized the race discrimination policy of a government agency. Though relatively sympathetic toward the Negro status in Washington, most of the Nisei have not expressed themselves overtly and have merely regarded themselves fortunate that they are not being treated in a similar manner.

Relocation Needs in the Washington Area.

a. Community Organization

Since the weakest feature of evacuee adjustment in Washington has been their inability to assimilate in the community, therefore the most urgent work of the Relocation Office at this time relates to the organization of the community to assist and facilitate that aspect of their adjustment. The evacuees' unaggressive attitudes and their reluctance to participate in community groups renders it essential that the community assume a more aggressive role. This requires an informed public and a planned community program. The Relocation Officer must take initiative to inform and organize the community to meet this need. This requires skill and experience in community organization and in public relations. In Washington this work is progressing very well, but as yet the evacuees have not experienced the results

since the organization of the Committee has not yet progressed beyond the planning stage. To insure the success of this organization, the Relocation Office should concentrate in this area. Had the community committee continued as a church function it would have been ineffective and of minor importance in assisting evacuee adjustment. However, the recently reorganized Committee which includes prominent lay members of the community, business and professional people, is now constituted to broaden the scope of activity and to assume a more responsible role. Until the Committee has worked together and has functioned for some time, the Relocation Officer must guide, organize, and consult with the new Committee frequently, to prevent blunders and misunderstanding and determine the direction of the work.

In addition to the present composition of the Committee, it is suggested that several evacuees be invited to participate as members of the Committee. This will assist other Committee members in knowing and understanding the evacuees and it will further inform them of their attitudes and desires.

As social adjustment is the most urgent need of those already in this city, the Adjustment Subcommittee should be encouraged to formulate its plans as rapidly as possible. It should be especially well organized and should include a wide representation of individuals skilled in that type of work as well as individuals who are well acquainted with the resources of the community. The group work and case work agencies should be invited to participate in this subcommittee and to offer their services to the evacuees.

b. Hostel

In addition to an organized community program which will assist in the assimilation of the evacuees who have relocated to this city, a hostel is needed at this time to provide temporary housing and a social center. The hostel may be utilized to assist in the achievement of the integration of the evacuees into the community. Thus, the hostel would have dual value for WRA and for the evacuees. With the relaxation of the Eastern Defense Command requirements, more people will be coming to this area and additional temporary housing will be necessary. Furthermore, as individuals become interested in the South and the areas adjacent to Washington, this city will serve as a distribution center. Those coming here to investigate this entire area for relocation purposes will not wish permanent housing. Besides offering temporary housing, a hostel could be used as the headquarters of the local Committee. There they could hold meetings, meet the evacuees, and plan their programs. At the hostel the Social Adjustment Committee could distribute information about the resources of the city, and those living in isolated places and newcomers could meet other evacuees and the public. Group programs could be planned under the direction of a trained group worker. Although some people may argue that such a social center might lead to the development of large all-Nisei groups, it must be recognized that those Nisei who are as yet unable to make social contacts with Caucasians need the security of some group relationships, and if at first they will feel more confident in the company of other Nisei, they should be helped to form such friendships. Complete social isolation may lead to personality disintegration. As the Social Adjustment Committee is able to develop programs in which Nisei may form Caucasian friendships, the need to cling to one another for

security will disappear. Furthermore, so long as barriers exist against intermarriage and complete assimilation is not possible, opportunities for social relationships with other Nisei are essential.

The proposal to establish the hostel as a Community War Fund project is particularly excellent and will require a great deal of work and guidance from the Relocation Officer until it is accomplished. Such sponsorship will in effect make the hostel a community agency, give it a favorable status, and place the responsibility with the community. In the final analysis, the entire Japanese-American problem is the responsibility of the individual communities of the Nation and such a move will bring this closer to realization.

c. Individual Assistance

The organization of the Community Committee and the hostel will affect the entire group of evacuees, as these plans are directed toward the group rather than the individual. However, in some cases individual assistance is required. Of the 22 individuals interviewed, 4 had made rather poor adjustments and individual assistance would have been of value to them. This problem as yet is not great, but as more evacuees come to Washington the numbers of individuals needing services in addition to group activities will increase. Some type of counseling service would be desirable. This could be developed through the Community Committee rather than become a direct service from the Relocation Office. The local Adjustment Committee already organized should be encouraged to include this in their plans. The resources of the community would then be at the disposal of the Committee and the evacuees. This will assist in bringing the evacuees closer to the community.

Not only should some form of counseling be considered for those in need of such a service, but another type of individualized approach is needed to allay anxieties concerning relocation center policies which have been expressed among Nisei. Because of the interest of the evacuees in center affairs through their parents who are still at the centers, the anxieties of relocatees when vital policy changes are announced should be handled by the Relocation Office. For example, when an announcement is made that a center will be closed, those evacuees who have parents and relatives in the designated center will probably have many questions about the move and will be anxious about their parents' plans. This was observed when the segregation program of Tule Lake was announced. Not only would information and discussion relieve anxiety, but it would clarify rumors and the evacuees would be able to inform their parents of the facts to reassure them.

One of the resources the individual evacuees upon arriving in this city should be informed of is the medical facilities, in particular, the health insurance plans available to them. Most of the evacuees have little reserved for illness and this is their most serious hazard. After H. had been in Washington for only five weeks, she became ill and was in the hospital over a month. She had very little money. Although some assistance was given her, she is bearing a portion of the expenses herself and it is a hardship. Had she joined a group hospital insurance plan or the Group Health Association, she would have been spared this trouble. In the former plan the individual is protected from large hospital bills; in the latter, government workers receive medical care as well as hospitalization.

d. Problems of Discrimination.

Although the questions discussed above are of prime importance, one of the most basic problems is still that of discrimination. These problems are constantly cropping up because of the attitudes expressed by the Civil Service Commission and by some of the government agencies. Education and negotiations will continue to be a major task for the Relocation Office. Since many agencies employ evacuees in their field offices as well as in Washington, the Relocation Office in this area is handling a national and urgent problem.

When the Community Committee becomes well organized, many of the public relations duties of the Relocation Office in relation to the community, other than the government agencies, will be considerably eased. The Committee should assist in that work, but until that time all problems of discrimination in this area will continue to be handled by the Relocation Office.

The evacuees in Washington recognize that essentially their adjustment in the community is their problem. They further recognize that the Relocation Office is set up to help them. As the Community Committee takes over some of the functions now being carried by the Relocation Office, this recognition will extend to that Committee. But the evacuees maintain, and rightfully so, that the assistance which they desire should direct them toward independence and not dependence. As yet they do not perceive the role of the community in relation to themselves. When a hostel is established and the Community Committee develops in the direction described in the section on the Washington Relocation Office, the evacuees will become more keenly aware of the city in which they live. Beneath this transient community in Washington, there is an old and stable community and they will begin to be introduced to that community through the work of the Committee. Until the evacuees do meet the community and the community becomes acquainted with them, the integration and assimilation of the evacuees will be incomplete.

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Work Corps . p. 14

RELOCATING JAPANESE-AMERICAN EVACUEES

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The program of the War Relocation Authority for the relocation of more than 100,000 Japanese aliens and American citizens of Japanese ancestry now being evacuated from Pacific Coast military areas.

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The War Relocation Authority
Washington, D. C.

May 1942

WRA - Info. 2 (Preliminary)

RELOCATING JAPANESE-AMERICAN EVACUEES

Chronology:

- February 19, 1942 — President Roosevelt issued Executive Order No. 9066, empowering the Secretary of War or designated military commanders to prescribe military areas and to exclude any or all persons from such areas.
- March 2, 1942 — Lieut. Gen. J. L. DeWitt, commanding general of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, issued Proclamation No. 1, defining military areas No. 1 and 2, on western frontier. It was announced that future exclusion orders to cover all of Area No. 1, and certain zones of No. 2, would affect Japanese aliens, American-born persons of Japanese ancestry, and certain other aliens.
- March 15, 1942 — The Wartime Civil Control Administration was established under the direct and immediate supervision of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army to supervise the evacuation and to coordinate the assistance of civilian Federal agencies.
- March 18, 1942 — President Roosevelt issued Executive Order No. 9102 establishing the War Relocation Authority to formulate and carry out a program for the planned relocation of persons evacuated from military areas. Within the Authority was established a War Relocation Work Corps in which evacuees may enlist for duration of the war to undertake useful work contributing to the Nation's all-out productive effort.
- March 23, 1942 — First 1,000 evacuees - volunteers from Los Angeles - move to Manzanar Relocation Center, Owens Valley, California, to assist in preparing the new community for its ultimate population of 10,000. By May 15 the Center was filled to capacity.
- March 24, 1942 — Lieut. Gen. J. L. DeWitt issued Civilian Exclusion Order No. 1, directing all persons of Japanese lineage, aliens and citizens alike, to evacuate Bainbridge Island, Washington State, on or before March 30.

- March 27, 1942 -- Lieut. Gen. J. L. DeWitt announced that effective at midnight, March 29, voluntary evacuation from the military area would cease, and after that date all evacuation would be on a planned, orderly basis to War Relocation Authority Relocation Centers.
- March 27 to date -- Additional evacuation orders issued by Lieut. Gen. DeWitt, applying first to the most sensitive and critical zones within the military area, evacuees being assembled at Assembly Centers throughout the military area to await completion of Relocation Centers, where they will be settled for the duration of the war.

DEFINITIONS

- ASSEMBLY CENTER -- A convenient gathering point, within the military area, where evacuees live temporarily while awaiting transfer to a Relocation Center outside of the military area.
- RELOCATION CENTER - A new community, established on Federally-controlled land, with basic housing and protective services supplied by the Federal Government, for occupancy by evacuees for the duration of the war.
- RELOCATION AREA -- The entire area under the jurisdiction of the War Relocation Authority, surrounding a Relocation Center. The lands are Federally owned or leased, are designated as a military area, and are under the protection of military police.
- WAR RELOCATION WORK CORPS -- An organization within the War Relocation Authority for the mobilization of the employable evacuees for various kinds of useful work. Any evacuee, more than 16 years of age, may enlist voluntarily in the Corps. Enlistment is for the duration of the war.
- ENLISTEE -- A person who enlists in the War Relocation Work Corps.
- WORK PROJECTS -- Projects, such as the development of irrigated land, agricultural production, or manufacturing, undertaken by the War Relocation Work Corps.

EVACUATION - A MILITARY NECESSITY

Broad-scale war in the Pacific, including sinkings of American ships in American coastal waters, and the continuing danger of attacks against Pacific Coast cities and war industries, has made it necessary to consider the entire western coast as a potential combat zone.

President Roosevelt on February 19, 1942, issued Executive Order No. 9066, authorizing the Secretary of War or designated military commanders to prescribe military areas and to exclude any or all persons from such areas. On March 2, Lieut. Gen. J. L. DeWitt, commanding general of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, proclaimed the entire West Coast region to be a military area. Later orders provided that all persons of Japanese ancestry were to be excluded from Military Area No. 1, and from certain strategic zones in Military Area No. 2 and other areas.

The decision to exclude both alien and American-born Japanese from these military areas recognized that:

1. In the event the West Coast should become an actual zone of combat, the intermingled presence of more than 100,000 persons of Japanese ancestry among the population would be the possible cause of turmoil and confusion which could seriously jeopardize military operations, without regard to questions of the loyalty of this group as a whole or of any individuals among it.

2. Although a large proportion of the Japanese group might be found loyal to the United States, or loyal under most conditions,

military considerations cannot permit the risk of putting an unassimilated or partly assimilated people to an unpredictable test during an invasion by an army of their own race.

3. Once the Japanese group is removed to the interior, the elements of danger in this situation are considerably reduced.

The evacuation of Japanese from military areas is not to be confused with the Alien Enemy Control program of the Department of Justice, under which enemy aliens suspected of acts or intentions against the national security are interned. The fact that an individual, whether citizen or alien, has been evacuated from a military area does not mean that such a person is, as an individual, suspected of disloyalty to the United States.

THE PROBLEM

The exclusion of certain aliens and citizens from West Coast strategic areas -- the sudden uprooting of a whole segment of the population -- arises from stern military necessity, and poses a difficult problem that this country has not had to face before. It has been determined that this problem shall be handled in a thoroughly democratic, American way. Toward this end, both the military and the civilian agencies of the Federal Government are cooperating to enable this mass migration to proceed in a planned, orderly, and decent manner.

The People

The problem encompasses the lives and associations of nearly 120,000 individuals of Japanese ancestry who have been living in Military Area No. 1. The group is not preponderantly alien, as commonly supposed. Of those migrating, about 63 percent are American-born citizens; only 37 percent are aliens of Japanese birth. The aliens, "Issei", are largely an older group who came to this country as laborers and farm workers. Their average age is around 58 to 60. The citizens, "Nisei", are largely a young group, most of them educated or being educated in American schools. Their average age is around 22. More than one-fourth of the entire population is made up of second and third generation children under 15 years of age.

The Japanese group on the West Coast has not been an isolated entity. During the years the lives and work of these people have become intermeshed with the whole gamut of social and economic relationships of the area in which they lived. In 1940, nearly 50,000 of them, age 14 and over, were employed in California, Oregon, and Washington. (This does not include the thousands of unpaid family workers who have helped to operate family stores and farms.) About 45 percent of the paid workers were engaged in agriculture. These were not just farm laborers, but ranged from highly-skilled managers, owners, renters, and irrigation experts, down to "stoop" laborers who hand-tended the intensive vegetable and fruit crops. About 24 percent of the workers were engaged in wholesale and retail trade, and this group

is particularly conspicuous in the marketing of farm produce. About 17 percent were in personal service -- house servants, gardeners, maids, and so on. About 4 percent were in manufacturing, and 10 percent were engaged in other industries and commerce.

About 3 percent of the Japanese population -- some 3,100 -- are professional people, including doctors, lawyers, architects, nurses, airplane designers, artists, ministers. More than 1,000 of the young people have been attending colleges or universities each year.

The Federal Government is attempting to handle the evacuation and relocation of this group with the smallest possible economic and social loss to the areas being evacuated and to the evacuees themselves. Provision must be made to replace evacuees in the factories, stores, farms, and market places. They have many skills and abilities that are immediately needed in the national production effort. As swiftly as possible, they must be given an opportunity to make use of these for the welfare of the Nation and their new communities. And not the least part of the job is the physical task of moving such a large number of families in a short time and relocating them in suitable areas.

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THE RELOCATION PROGRAM

Two Federal agencies are sharing the principal responsibility in planning and carrying out the evacuation and relocation program -- the Wartime Civil Control Administration and the War Relocation Authority.

The WCCA

The Wartime Civil Control Administration is a staff organization of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, and has direct supervision of the evacuation of military areas on the West Coast. Government agencies have been called in to help the WCCA with the multitude of problems involved in suddenly cutting off the normal business, social, and economic relationships of the evacuees. The Department of Justice, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, the Federal Security Agency, the Department of Agriculture, the Treasury Department, the Alien Property Custodian, and others are working with the WCCA on this task.

The first step in the evacuation process is providing potential evacuees with information and assistance in closing up their affairs. A chain of 64 service offices has been established throughout Area No. 1 at which "teams" of Federal agency representatives are stationed to provide various services. For example, the U. S. Employment Service registers evacuees and provides welfare service; the U. S. Health Service examines and inoculates them; the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, acting as fiscal agent for the Treasury Department, assists evacuees in the sale, lease, or management of their property; the Farm Security Administration arranges to

provide new operators for evacuated farms so that a change-over can be made with minimum loss of agricultural production.

Assembly Centers

As zones to be evacuated are determined, a civil control station, under Army direction, is established within each zone, where the head of each evacuee family may report for complete instruction on how to arrange for movement, how to prepare his household goods for storage, and when to be ready for transfer to an Assembly Center. Civil control stations are conveniently located throughout the military area.

An Assembly Center is merely a way-station to a war-duration Relocation Area. It is a temporary collecting place where evacuees are provided with food, shelter, medical care, and protection while Relocation Centers are being selected and constructed. Each Assembly Center is organized and managed by trained staff, and the rations are the equivalent of those served in the Army. Because Assembly Centers are only temporary residences, not many evacuees can be provided with jobs while there, although some evacuee personnel does help to operate the Center's services.

As Assembly Centers are emptied, there will be additional work for picked crews of evacuees in salvaging the temporary Assembly Center buildings for later construction of schools and school equipment and other community facilities at the Relocation Centers.

The War Relocation Authority

The War Relocation Authority was established by President Roosevelt by Executive Order No. 9102 of March 18, 1942, which directed this agency to cooperate with the War Department in evacuating, relocating and providing work opportunities for all persons who are evacuated from military areas.

Within the Authority was established the War Relocation Work Corps as a means for organizing and apportioning opportunities for work and income in the work program at Relocation Areas.

The Executive Order also directed the Departments of War and Justice to provide necessary protective, police and investigational services to the Authority.

Relocation Areas

The first and one of the most important operations in resettlement of evacuees is the selection of desirable Relocation Areas. The lands of the West are plentiful. They are productive -- if water is available. But water is scarce. Consequently, since its establishment the War Relocation Authority has had many experts who know the West's natural resources thoroughly, searching out the most feasible Relocation Areas.

In the course of this work these men have combed the country from the border of Military Area No. 1 to the Mississippi River. In their search they have kept in mind that they are selecting the home communities for a large number of evacuees for the duration of the war. Furthermore, certain military considerations must be applied

to each potential area. In brief, each Relocation Area must meet the following standards:

1. Work Opportunities

The area must provide work opportunities throughout most of the year for the population to be relocated there. Such opportunities may consist of the following classes or combinations of classes of work:

Public Works — Such as development of land for irrigation, conservation of soil resources, flood control operations, and range improvement.

Agricultural Production — First, for foodstuffs required by the relocated community, and second, to aid in the Food for Freedom Program.

Manufacturing — Such as the manufacture of goods requiring a great deal of skilled hand labor, including products needed by relocated communities, and in the national production program. Some possibilities are wood products, clothing, ceramics, netting, woven and knitted materials.

2. Transportation - Power - Land - Water

Each Relocation Area must have transportation and power facilities adequate for the new community; it must have a sufficient acreage of good quality soil and a dependable supply of water for irrigation.

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The climate must be satisfactory for crops and for people; the domestic and industrial water supply must be suitable in quality and quantity.

3. Minimum Population

Each area must be able to support a population of 5,000 persons. The Army cannot provide protective services for communities of smaller population. Moreover, efficient administration of the program and the effective development of community services such as schools, hospitals and fire-control facilities require that communities be at least this size.

4. Public Land

Each area must be on public land, owned or leased by the Federal Government, to assure that improvements made at public expense will become public, not private assets. Any land purchased for Relocation Areas will remain in public ownership.

5. Military Requirements

Each area must meet certain specifications of the Army. Each Relocation Area will be a military area, under protection of military police.

Relocation Centers

After a Relocation Area has been approved jointly by the Army and the War Relocation Authority, a Relocation Center is immediately constructed to house the new community.

Had canvas been available for tent cities, it would have been used. Tents would have been pitched and evacuees would have gone to work to build their new wartime homes. However, canvas was not available. So, before evacuees come to Relocation Centers, group houses are built, streets are laid out, wells are drilled, and electric power lines are brought in. This construction proceeds rapidly. Houses for several thousand families have been built in the matter of several weeks at the Manzanar, California, and the Parker, Arizona, Relocation Areas.

The initial housing is "basic." That is, the structures are soundly constructed and provide the minimum essentials for decent living. As evacuees move in they will have an opportunity to improve their quarters by their own work.

Family Life, Self-Government at Relocation Centers

At Relocation Centers, as at Assembly Centers, families will be kept together, if they so wish. There is no reason whatever for interfering with normal family arrangements, and the Authority has no intention of doing so.

As evacuees settle in the Relocation Centers, it will be up to them to plan the design of their community life within the broad

EDWARD H. SPICER
PAPERS

WRA: Relocation Centers, 1942-1944

basic policies determined by the Authority for over-all administration of such Centers. They will establish and manage their own community government, electing their own officials. It will be largely up to them to maintain a community police force, a fire-fighting force, recreational facilities, and many other essentials.

Health and Education

Each Relocation Center will have basic hospitals and hospital equipment in accordance with standards of the U. S. Health Service. Doctors and nurses from among the settlers will operate the hospitals. These facilities may be improved as the community sees fit to do so by its own labor.

Elementary schools and high schools will be maintained by the Authority, in cooperation with the States and the U. S. Office of Education.

The War Relocation Work Corps

The Work Corps is a device for mobilizing the energies, skills and abilities of employable evacuees to undertake programs of constructive work on Relocation Areas. It is the purpose of the Work Corps to assign individuals to the work for which they are most fitted by training and experience. It will provide additional training to adapt old skills to new jobs and to develop new techniques. It will provide the reservoir of workers from which personnel for community and administrative services will be recruited at Relocation Centers.

Enlistment in the Corps

Eligibility

All evacuees who are employable and more than 16 years of age, both men and women, may apply for enlistment in the Work Corps. Enlistment is entirely voluntary.

Obligations of Enlistees

Enlistment gives evacuees an opportunity to demonstrate in a very concrete way their loyalty and willingness to serve their country and their community. The enlistee assumes certain definite obligations:

1. He agrees to serve in the War Relocation Work Corps for the duration of the war and for 14 days after the end of the war.

EDWARD H. SPICER
PAPERS - MS R

WRA: Relocation Offices 1942-1944

2. He swears or affirms that he will be loyal to the United States; that he will faithfully perform all tasks assigned him by the Authority; that he will accept in full payment for his services such cash and other allowances as may be provided by law or by regulations of the Authority.

Obligations to Enlistees

The War Relocation Authority accepts an obligation to provide the enlistee with an opportunity to work so that he may earn a living for himself and his family, and also may contribute to needed national production of agricultural and industrial goods. The Authority also accepts an obligation to provide the enlistee and his family with housing, food, clothing, education, and health services.

Income for Enlistees

The incomes earned on Relocation Areas by enlistees will depend to a great extent on the success that relocated communities have in organizing and operating their various productive enterprises. The precise methods of keeping costs, making monthly cash advances to enlistees, and computing benefits earned by enlistees, have not yet been exactly determined. However, it has been determined that in no event will the maximum monthly cash advances to enlistees exceed the basic minimum wage of the American soldier -- \$21 a month. Cash advances will vary according to the character of

work performed by enlistees. Furthermore, the amounts to be advanced monthly may be changed from time to time, especially if the projects are operating successfully.

Types of Work

There will be work for all able hands at Relocation Areas. The range of work will be such that an enlistee generally will have the opportunity to continue at the type of work he has been performing in private life, or if such work is not available, or if he can better use his capabilities at different types of work, he will be given an opportunity to undertake training for more useful occupations.

One of the first jobs for enlistees at Relocation Centers will be the construction of schools and equipment so that children may continue their education. Another job will be the construction of additional hospitals, meeting halls, and general improvement of buildings and grounds.

It is highly important that agricultural production be started on each Relocation Area as rapidly as possible. All enlistees with agricultural experience and all others with experience adaptable to agricultural work will be employed immediately in preparing land for cultivation, constructing irrigation canals, and planting, cultivating, harvesting, and processing of crops. It is hoped that all relocated communities will become self-sufficient in food production within the turn of a season, and that they will be producing additional

needed crops for the Food for Freedom Program in the very near future.

The major undertaking at each Relocation Center will be the manufacture of many kinds of articles needed by the community and by the Nation. Simple factories utilizing a large amount of hand labor, simple machinery, and readily available materials will be established on the relocation projects wherever feasible to turn out such things as clothing, wood products, ceramics, netting, woven and knitted materials, and leather goods.

The types of work mentioned above cover only a few of the broader fields of activity in which the enlistees may be engaged. The range of types of their employment will be very similar to that in a normal community with an agricultural and industrial base. There will be much work for clerks, stenographers, machinists, nurses, reporters, accountants, doctors, lawyers.

Private Employment

Furloughs may be granted for specific periods of time to enlistees who wish to accept employment opportunities outside Relocation Areas, under the following conditions:

1. Since the Army cannot provide protective services for groups or communities of less than 5,000, each State and local community where enlistees on furlough are to work must give assurance that they are in a position to maintain law and order.

2. Recruitment will be voluntary and must be handled by the U. S. Employment Service.
3. Transportation to the place of private employment and return must be arranged without cost to the Federal Government.
4. Employers must of course pay prevailing wages to enlistees without displacing other labor and must provide suitable living accommodations.
5. For the time enlistees are privately employed, they will pay the Government for expenses incurred in behalf of their dependents who may remain at Relocation Centers.

APPROVED RELOCATION AREAS

The following Relocation Areas have been jointly approved by the War Department and the War Relocation Authority and are examples of the type of area in which Relocation Centers will be established. These areas will provide for approximately 60,000 evacuees. An additional number of areas, perhaps 10, are now being selected to provide for the relocation of an additional 60,000 evacuees.

Manzanar

The Manzanar Relocation Area is located in the Owens River Valley in east central California. The Relocation Center at Manzanar will accommodate a total of 10,000 residents, most of whom are already relocated there.

The area affords limited opportunities for agricultural development, with three or four thousand acres suitable for irrigation. At present several small work projects are under way on the land, such as the production of guayule seedlings.

It is likely that this Center will depend largely on industrial opportunities and public works to provide useful work for its population. The equable climate is conducive to outdoor work, and an early project to be undertaken is the garnishing of camouflage nets.

Parker

The Parker Relocation Area is situated on the Colorado River Indian Reservation in southwestern Arizona, on a tract of land made available for irrigation by the erection of the Parker Dam. The area has an excellent potential agricultural base — some 80,000 acres of raw land that can be developed for production of a variety of crops. There will be plenty of worthwhile work for everyone. The bringing of the land into cultivation will require construction of laterals and ditches, clearing and levelling of the land. Considerable acreage will be made ready immediately for cultivation and production of subsistence food crops. Then, as a public works program, additional acreage will be prepared for cultivation.

The Parker Relocation Area is designed to take care of 20,000 evacuees. This population will be divided among three centers, for which the basic housing is now practically completed. These three centers are: Number one, 17 miles south of Parker, with a capacity for 10,000; number two, 20 miles south of Parker, with facilities for 5,000; and number three, 23 miles south of Parker, capacity 5,000.

Gila

The Gila River Relocation Area is situated on the Pima Indian Reservation in southern Arizona, about 40 miles from Phoenix. The Relocation Center now being constructed there will accommodate 10,000 evacuees — divided into two communities of 5,000 each. There will

be plentiful opportunities for agricultural and public work on the area. There is also opportunity for private employment.

At present about 7,000 acres of the land on the area are in alfalfa and in excellent condition to be converted immediately to vegetables and other specialty crops. An additional 8,000 acres of raw land can be subjugated for agricultural production, involving the construction of canals and ditches, and clearing and levelling the land.

The growing season is 270 days, and the climate and soil are generally favorable for a wide variety of agricultural production.

Tulelake

The Tulelake Relocation Area in northern California comprises 30,000 acres of land owned by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation. A Relocation Center is now being constructed there to house 10,000 evacuees.

Considerable work will have to be done to bring the land into intensive cultivation. Water is available.

The climate and soil are favorable for production of potatoes, field peas, small grains, and some other crops, as demonstrated by the type of agriculture carried on adjacent to the Relocation Area. Other possible work opportunities include the production of forest products, and the possible establishment of canning or dehydrating plants.

Minidoka

The Minidoka Relocation Area in southern Idaho, near Eden, consists of 17,000 acres owned by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation. Construction of housing for 10,000 evacuees is now under way.

A constructive public works project will be the lining of the main canal now serving the region. The canal now loses enormous quantities of its water through seepage.

The land is suitable for intensive production of sugar beets, potatoes, beans, onions, and possibly some other crops. Construction during the first year of the necessary laterals and levelling of the land should bring about 5,000 acres into production by 1943.

Climatic conditions generally are favorable. There is a growing season of 138 days and annual rainfall is 8 to 10 inches.

WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

Washington Office: Barr Building
910 - 17th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

M. S. Eisenhower, Director
Colonel E. F. Cress, Deputy Director
E. M. Rowalt, Assistant to the Director
Philip M. Glick, Solicitor
Leland Barrows, Executive Officer
John A. Bird, Director of Information
B. R. Stauber, In Charge, Relocation Planning

John Provinse, Chief, Community Management Division
Thomas Holland, Chief, Employment Division
E. J. Utz, Chief, Agricultural Division
Roy Kimmel, Chief, Industrial Division

Pacific Regional Office: Whitcomb Hotel Building
San Francisco, California

E. R. Fryer, Regional Director
R. B. Cozzens, Assistant Regional Director, In Charge,
Economic Management
Harvey M. Coverley, Assistant Regional Director,
In Charge, Community Management
Lt. Col. L. W. Foy, Chief, Services of Supply

Mr. James
Library

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ALIENS OF JAPANESE NATIONALITY
LEAVING RELOCATION CENTERS
(Translation of Japanese text, for
administrative information, only.)

All aliens of Japanese nationality are considered in the same category as aliens of any other enemy country. When you leave the center you are free to move within the United States on the same basis as any other law-abiding alien: that is, by obtaining the proper permits from the United States District Attorney and following his instructions.

The following paragraphs are for your information and general guidance. Read them carefully. When in doubt on any question, seek the advice of the nearest United States District Attorney. You will find him interested and cooperative.

1. Always carry your Certificate of Identification. Show it upon request to any police officer or authorized Government official. If you lose it, report your loss immediately to the nearest United States District Attorney.

2. Use only your own legal name. Apply to the United States District Attorney for his written permission before using any assumed name for any purpose.

3. If you change your name, residence, or place of employment, immediately notify the Alien Registration Division of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The local address of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is shown on your Certificate of Identification.

4. Do not have in your possession, custody, or control and do not use or operate radio transmitters, short-wave radio receiving sets, cameras, firearms or any other articles forbidden as contraband by presidential Proclamations.

5. To travel outside your own community you will need a travel permit. Apply for this permit in person at the office of the nearest United States District Attorney at least seven days before you plan to travel. If you can not apply in person, write for the permit, stating why you are not applying in person. Only in an emergency, may a permit be issued in less than seven days. The United States District Attorney will require you to fill out an application, stating when you intend to leave and return, the purpose of your trip and the places to be visited. Carry the travel permit at all times when away from your home community.

6. You will not be permitted to travel in any type of airplane or aircraft or to enter or be found in or upon any highway, waterway, airway, railway, subway, public utility or building not open or accessible to the public generally.

7. Do not enter or reside in areas closed to alien enemies by the Attorney General.

8. If you make several trips for business purposes you may apply for one permit for all business travel. Apply for this business travel permit to the United States District Attorney, stating your business, how many trips you expect to make and to and from what localities. If the permit is granted, the United States District Attorney will make a note on your Certificate of Identification that you are permitted to travel for business purposes.

9. You may not leave the United States unless you comply with all regulations governing foreign travel. Information regarding foreign travel may be obtained from the State Department, Washington, D. C.

Remember! If you comply with the proclamations and regulations prescribing the conduct of alien enemies, you are entitled to the same freedom of movement and rights and privileges extended other law-abiding aliens. If you violate them, intentionally or otherwise, you are subject to arrest, detention and internment for the duration of the war. In case of doubt, additional information may be obtained in the office of any United States District Attorney.

If you are a parolee or a deportee you must comply with the general provisions which apply to all parolees or deportees. You must also comply with the specific instructions contained in the parole order which was issued to you by the Attorney General.

SUPPLEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS FOR ALIEN DEPORTEES

To travel outside the relocation center, apply to the Project Director, stating where you wish to travel, for how long and the purpose of the trip. The Project Director will forward this request to travel to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. If approved, the Immigration and Naturalization Service will make all arrangements for your supervision while you are away from the center. The Project Director will give you a leave permit which states you are traveling under a bond and agreement awaiting deportation. Carry this at all times while you are away from the center.

SUPPLEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS FOR ALIENS ON SHORT TERM PASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXPLORING RELOCATION OPPORTUNITIES

The Project Director has approved your trip. You must travel according to this plan and return to the center on the date fixed by the Project Director. You will not need to report to the United States District Attorneys in the districts you will visit as they already have been notified when you will arrive, when you will leave and what localities you are permitted to visit. If you cannot arrive or leave any locality on the date set by the Project Director, or if you find you need to visit any other place, you must notify the United States District Attorney for the state or district where you are when the change is made before going any further without his consent. Also telegraph the Project Director if you cannot travel according to plan, notifying him of the reasons for the change and to get his consent before visiting any other localities.

SUPPLEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS FOR ALIEN PAROLEES

To travel outside the relocation center, apply to the Project Director, stating where you wish to travel, for how long, the purpose of the trip, and

the name of a person who will act as your sponsor and to whom you will report while away from the center. The Project Director will forward this request to travel to the Immigration and Naturalization Service for approval. If approved, you will be required to sign an agreement to travel as approved by the Immigration and Naturalization Service and to report to your sponsor and to the Immigration and Naturalization office in the district you are permitted to visit. You will be given a leave permit which states you are traveling under a parole order of the Attorney General. Carry this permit at all times when away from the center. To make a short trip of less than 10 days from the center you may apply for permission to the Project Director. He will notify the District Director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the date of your departure and return.

In any case, you must comply with the conditions set forth in the parole order issued to you by the Attorney General, and if you desire any changes you may write to:

The Director of the Alien Enemy Control Unit
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D. C.

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The Director of the Alien Enemy Control Unit
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D. C.

10/26/44
EHS

THE PROBLEM OF EVACUEE PARTICIPATION

The War Relocation Authority's program is one which has been built up, in its fundamental elements, by the National Director and his staff. It has not been formulated in consultation with evacuees, and evacuees have not been asked in any organized fashion to undertake any aspects of its formulation. This fact lies at the heart of the major difficulties in the completion of the program--- namely, the response to relocation and the efficient running of the centers.

Many of the staff of the WRA have for a long time emphasized the necessity for getting evacuee participation, and there have been many examples of effective and successful evacuee participation in aspects of the program. The remarkable fact has been that there has been so much of this participation in a program which in its broad outlines and the greater part of its detail has not allowed for evacuee participation in the fundamental planning.

The essential situation on the projects is ~~xxx~~ similar to that on the Indian reservations, where we have a longstanding dysfunctional ~~xxxxxxxx~~ cultural milieu. The appointed staff and the evacuees move in distinct cultural worlds. The small appointive staff has little cultural influence on the evacuee population. As on the reservations, the influence is primarily an external, administrative sort of contact which does not result in a transfer of values, but on the contrary tends rather to stimulate antagonism to the values of the minority group.

Many devices have been tried to overcome this lack of flow of culture to the evacuee group. Elaborate organizational, as well as proselytizing, techniques have been attempted. They have been as successful as those on Indian reservations perhaps.

If we view the relocation centers as disfunctional communities in which two cultures, disarticulated in terms of cultural values, exist side by side, a number of the administrative frustrations of the program are thrown into clear relief.

EDWARD H. SPICER

WRA: Relocation Offices, 1942-1944, added

Mrs Spier (786)

The Latest Word
WRA Reports Alumni Association. News Bulletin.
No. 1. Nov. 1945
Barr Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Birth of the Association

The over-worked Reports Division was enjoying a 3-hour luncheon at Treasure Island, observing with libations and Chinese food the imminent departure from WRA of Ben Brodinsky and Lisa Peattie. Mellowness became lugubriousness as we thought of the day when all these rare souls brought together by fortune of war should be scattered far and wide about the earth. Well aware that most of our high-powered professional writers would rather be drawn and quartered than be obliged to sit down and write a personal letter, we yet wanted some means of keeping track of one another. Out of the alcoholic fumes and smoke-clouds came the idea of an alumni association complete with corresponding secretary whose duty it should be to keep everybody informed concerning everybody else. At a subsequent gathering of what may have been a quorum, Ruth McKee, Historian--henceforward in these communications she will hide behind the editorial we which she has always longed to use--was elected permanent corresponding secretary, and Morrill H. Tozier, Chief of Division, was elected permanent chairman--though what his duties are to be, nobody knows.

Preliminary Warning to All Members

We took on this job only on condition that nothing we say may be used against us. We are beyond the law if not above reproach. We are the sole judge of what is suitable for use in these pages, of the way it shall be said--and of the way the words shall be spelled. We thumb our nose at censors and also at objectors. If anybody doesn't like what we say, we will dump the job in his lap and leave him to it. We will produce a bulletin whenever the volume of incoming information warrants--or when the spirit moves us. We feel gloomy at thought of the day when we may be out of reach of a mimeograph machine and will have to type the bulletin half a dozen times with as many carbons. When that day comes, even though we love you all dearly, we are certain to wish that some of you had failed to survive the hazards of tender infancy. We recommend that those of you who receive a bulletin by mail--and soon all of you will be--include with your letter of appreciation and further information about yourselves a 3-cent stamp, as we may find ourself forced to issue such bulletins as may appear after June 30, 1946 from the squalid dormitory of a poor house.

The Low Down

Life is fading fast away. Granada, Hividoka, Heart Mountain, Gila River and Central Utah are ghost towns which the wilderness is rapidly claiming as her own, where abandoned pets skulk and prowel, where the last faithful personnel find themselves tiptoeing in the appalling hush and emptiness and wanting to glance nervously over their shoulders. By the time this issue reaches the more distant alumni, Tule Lake will be the only relocation center that is not a ghost town. Yes, we meant to class Tule as a relocation center. We are adaptable in our agency. Tule,

that blighted and blighting federal blunder, will be fit once more for wild birds and beasts by February 1. As for our pushed-about and favorite minority, some of them have housing and some of them have trailers. From home to stable to barrack to trailer. What next? Teepee? Pup tent?

The Barr Building is aflutter with Forms 57, and it echoes with profane mumblings of about-to-terminate staff as they fill out once again these inquisitive questionnaires. Already our steps begin to have a hollow sound, with empty offices becoming more numerous weekly. After December 31, there will be possibly 25 of us left to lay out the corpse and bury it. Picture us skittering nervously down the dim corridors, hearing mysterious noises, and wondering if the thing at our heels will spring before we make it to the light and warmth of the outer world! In Reports the present line-up for the last six months of WRA life is: Toz leaning on Louise, Charlie Lynn leaning on Madeline Hornberger, Kimi, Emily Brown and we standing proudly erect--because women in Reports don't rate secretaries to lean on--and Mamie Crawford bent double under an ever increasing burden of documents and files required by the rest of us.

Now to get personal:

Our JOHN BAKER is back from fighting the war in Paradise. He almost got in on the surrender ceremony on Guam, but that golden voice of his tripped him up in Hawaii. His C.O. made him stay behind to read citations before a microphone. John gave us a very sketchy account of his extra-curricular activities on Oahu, even when we took him out on government time and bought him a drink. Doubtless, after his Hawaiian interlude, it takes a dozen to break him down. He has come back with a streamlined figure, and is rather snug about the looseness of his pre-service clothes around the middle. He and the family are back in their own home at 718 East Broad Street, Falls Church, Va. John has a nice berth in Agriculture's Information set-up, bossing the radio work.

JOHN BIGELOW is stuck with the Navy, Office of Public Information, TADCEM (whatever that means), Camp Elliott, San Diego 44, California. WRA tried to get him out to help with liquidation, but the Navy loved him too much to let him go.

BEN BRODINSKY left us in August to brighten the corners for USES, but he comes to see us occasionally. His home address is 1833 Lamont Street, N.Y.

OSCAR BUTTEDAHL, after his fling at incendiary journalism in North Dakota, has subsided in Interior's Bureau of Reclamation where he has donned sheep's clothing again and is turning out stereotyped official phrases just as if he had never singed the fur off a politician named McE with his impassioned words. If he ever came to see us, we might have more to say about him. He lives at 2409 - 3rd St., North, Arlington.

PRISCILLA BYRD is recently back from White Horse, in the Yukon, where she got herself with child--you know perfectly well what we mean, and there is neither time nor space for revision. Her husband has

decided to make a career of the Army, and after the baby is born-- it's due any minute now--they will take up life on an Army post. Then we saw her, she was wailing for a place to lay her head with shelter from the storm. Since then we have heard that she found a house somewhere in Virginia. As yet we don't know her exact address. Priscilla's sojourn with Reports soured her on writing but didn't prejudice her against the rest of us. She is determined to concentrate on keeping house and raising children and to have nothing to do with careers.

FLORENCE HEULINGS' husband got discharged from the Navy, and she was up and away before most of us knew that she was going. The Heulings are well away from it all on a farm. Her address is Venetic Ave., Blenheim, N.J. Somewhere on the envelope you should add R.F.D. and Blackwood Post Office.

FRANK CROSS--we started out to do this alphabetically in two lots, first the current alumni and second the current slaves, but we are out of order already and can't be too much bothered--is exuding charm at Smaller War Plants. Whether from giving up smoking or from giving up labor for WRA, he has put on twenty-odd pounds and has had to buy new clothes in a larger size, because he was bursting out of his buttons. Let us assure you that this increase in embonpoint has not lessened his beauty or his allure for the ladies. He prattles about writing a book on puzzles, a learned tome built upon heavy research, but he admits that he would rather talk about it than do it. He drops in quite often during working hours to lift our spirits. 9413 Second Ave., Silver Spring.

POLLY HOUSER flits from beach house to mansion out in Southern California. We saw her on our field trip in the early spring, and a few hours of exposure to her blithe spirit improved our own jaded one. She was looking expensive and appetizing. Her John hopes to get back from the Pacific by Christmas. She is not idle, having recently tossed off a 300 article on--believe it or not--that green goddess out in New York Harbor, the Statue of Liberty. Coronet paid out for it. 336 South Rossmore Ave., Los Angeles, California.

THOMAS J. ELCHIDA is back with his flock in Seattle. He and his wife manage a hostel there, and he is frequently quoted in the Seattle papers. He wrote to us just after he had attended a conference in Fresno and looked over the situation as regards returning evacuees in that area, but evidently he has been too busy with other people's troubles and problems since then to write. His address is 1311 East Spruce Street, Seattle.

ELEANOR MOORE gets into this alphabet even though she is still in WRA, because she left Reports for Relocation--for a handful of silver. She moved into our apartment--yes, we finally ran one to earth--last June, but they have been relocating Eleanor ever since, and she has had only about two weeks all told in her new home. She saw Poston II and III through the death throes, working 60 and more hours a week during the worst of summer heat, and on into the fall. Now she is relocating people from Tule Lake, but hopes to get home early in December.

JANE NEUBAUER is at home in Buffalo and apparently suffering little pain. Sport and recreation claim our Janie these days, though she smooths fevered brows in hospitals as a Nurse's Aide part of the time. At the last writing, she had just been the first ever to model at a fashion show minus nail polish. She hadn't meant to be revolutionary. She just mixed her dates and thought it was next day till 15 minutes before she had to appear, in her unvarnished state. 39 Lexington Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

LISA PEATTIE, the baby of the professional staff and ghost of both the Director and the Secretary, has gone back to finish college. She's at the University of Chicago for classes, but we feel that her real life begins when she gets home to her basement apartment--which sounds like a dead-ringer for the one in My Sister Eileen.

Scottie (Catherine S. Scott to strangers) recently visited us for a week. We weren't the real drawing card; that was a General, one with campaign ribbons strung from his chin to his navel. Scottie is probably our most outstanding career girl. From writing the IRA Information Digest she has soared to eminence in the Columbia University Press, where she is both Advertising Manager and Sales Manager. She hobnobs with New York's literati, and by today's post we hear that she is bringing off a cozy little cocktail party with a hundred hand-picked guests at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, whose book, The Germans in History, Columbia U. Press is about to publish. Well, we know her when! Her home address is 38 West 96th Street, New York.

Now we get to the last leaves on the tree at the Barr Bldg.:

Russell Bankson, head of Publications, has almost outdone Frank Cross in gallantry since taking over Frank's job. Though he has no rose garden, and so cannot present actual flowers to his harem, he makes up for the absence of visual flowers with a rich variety of verbal ones. He is at present in the position of the man who went out looking for a job and hoping he wouldn't find one. Russell's Puritan inheritance is driving him toward another job and more grind, and his lower nature is pulling him towards his lakeside cabin and concoction of more adventure stories and remoteness from the madding crowd. Privately we hope his lower nature wins, though, if it does, we shall be green-eyed with envy. 4917 - 55th Place, Rogers Heights, Hyattsville, Md.

Shirley Barshay has just helped to close Heart Mountain and escorted the last scheduled train of evacuees to Los Angeles. She is now probably at Tule Lake, to help relocate such evacuees as the mystic eye of Justice has noted as unessential to its deportation program. Shirley has been battered but not broken by the impact of center life and death. Washington address: 2530 - 16th Street, N.W.

Billy Brown like Shirley has had her introduction to center life in these last days. She has been out since September, at Gila River, Granada and Minidoka, working like mad all day getting out press releases and tactfully pushing reluctant project personnel up the steep

ascent of righteousness: i.e., persuading them to come through with termination reports--no cynosure. Now she is resting her nerves and tending an eye that has plagued her throughout this hectic period, in the bosom of her family at Carmel California. We wish we were in Carmel. She is coming back soon to slave with us on history till the bitter end. 1627 - 19th Street, N.W.

Hammie W. Crawford has by some magic made of our library the most orderly spot in Reports. She has been swamped with work since Florence Houlings left. In addition to the routine demands made upon her time, she has been working on the tremendous job of preparing records for shipment to the University of California Library. Its Bancroft Collection will be embellished by our surplus copies of documents. What is left of Hammie as of June 30 will go with her husband (now in his final year at dental college) to Cleveland, where a spot awaits him in a clinic.

Edna Florell inherited the obligation to do semi-annual reports when Roz Spicer went on maternity leave. Edna has just wound up her second and is now struggling with the sequel to our own major opus, which was prepared at Interior's command in the summer of '44. We poured forth close to 300 pages in six weeks of what would pass for an exhaustive--anyway it was exhausting, and we've never been the same since--record of evacuation, RA, etc., from Dec. 7, 1941 to June 30, 1944. The sequel brings things up to December of this year. It makes us light of heart every time we think of how we are not doing this one. Edna's address is 4415 South 38th Street, Arlington, V.

Louise Harding sustains her reputation of being the most efficient person we know. She often frightens us when she lays her unerring finger upon our mental and psychological vulnerabilities. However, we suspect that that element in her character which allows her to wear the giddiest hats the Barr Bldg. knows, means something. We feel aggrieved because she eats and eats and eats and retains a spare, ascetic look, and we practically stop eating altogether and get more and more like a dumpling! 1724 - 17th St., N.W.

Madeline Hornberger has been passing from one man to another in Reports--in the capacity of secretary we mean--Brodinsky to Markley to Lynn. Recently Madeline was the goat when a dynamic project director rushed through Washington on his way to Europe and dictated, or perhaps we should say soliloquized for the guidance of future administrators of modified detention camps, on "How I achieved my success." The soliloquy began before lunch and continued for three hours--till 2:30 p.m. Markley and we were allowed to overhear this remarkable performance while Madeline strove valiantly to get it down for posterity. We had to prop each other up in our starved condition as we tottered down the street for food. Madeline still produces cookies and cakes beyond compare. We think Madeline ought to eschew white collar work and go to town with her genius for solacing the inner man. Her address is 324 Webster Street, N.W.

Lorna Jenson left us in a hurry last August to look after her mother and father and home back in Iowa. Her mother was undergoing

major surgery and her father the harvest season with no help in sight; so Lorna took over. After two months of Iowa corn and a plethora of coffee-drinking, cake-eating neighbors descending hourly necessitating endless dishwashing and cooking, our Lorna decided that the city has it all over the wholesome country. She is now back with us, reigning over distribution with one hand and filling out Form 57's with the other. 3026 Porter Street, N.W.

Kimi Jinbo, your historian's long hoped for assistant, has profited by Shirley's field trip by acquiring Shirley's apartment. We are slowly corrupting our assistant, who came to Washington with no vices. Of late she has been overheard talking profanely to her typewriter, and our various official celebrations have gradually hardened her to alcohol. The other day she turned up with an ~~xxxxxxx~~ upswept hair arrangement culminating in a red rose. The effect is dangerous enough to get her deported. It's high time Fred got back from overseas, we think. 1530 - 16th Street, N.W.

Evlyn Lee jumped from the frying pan of Statistics into the fire of Reports, but she seems to thrive in the flames, and she has helped to fill that perennial need we have of typists to keep pace with the ramblings of our great minds on paper. 1433 T St., N.W.

Charlie Lynn is back with us after several months of serving as a guinea pig to the medics. He has two scars close to a foot long running parallel to his back bone. These mark the places where the surgeon entered the inner man, took out sundry pieces, dusted them off, and put them back in again. With a little coaxing, Charlie will exhibit his scars. He reeled back to work this month, held up by Vivian's spare girdle, and continues to pour oil on troubled waters, serving as official tranquilizer on the 7th floor. 3059 South Abingdon, Arlington, Va.

Ruth McKee, the dreary drudge, plods along with the official history by day and expresses herself in less stilted manner by night and on Saturdays, toiling with a novel about a Japanese family. Presumably it will be finished by June 30, 1946--chances are its author will be, too. Her son and heir is in his second semester of college with the Navy V-5 boys. He looks pretty slick in his bell bottom pants. Apt. 6--yeah, she finally got one--1201 H Street, N.W. The knowing usually see fit to leer at mention of the location.

Allan Markley is with us in a sense, but actually his heart is in his project of running down a goodly job in a location favorable to fishing and hunting. We are brow-beating him into concocting a personal narrative report on what he has learned about this program. He puts up considerable resistance, but he'll write that report or else. 4850 MacArthur Blvd., N.W.

Lillian Kumamoto, formerly Arnold Serber's secretary, up and deserted us to get herself tangled up in statistics and such pedestrian stuff. However, she had wormed her way into our affections before she let us down in this fashion, so we forgive her--though we don't really understand. 3001 H Street, N.W.

Madeline Perry is still buried alive in newspapers and clippings, a condition inevitable to the job of putting out the Daily News Digest. Incidentally Madeline should have a medal: she's the only person who has stood the news digesting for more than six months. Most of her predecessors went mad in less time than that. Madeline has been at it for slightly more than a year now. Of course she may be mad, but if so, she's the quiet type and hasn't yet given herself away. She shares our antique and spacious apartment--complete with original gas lights--at 1201 H Street, N.W.

Arnold Serwer, head of current information, has had his fine Italian hand in most of our favorable publicity and in a recent significant change in Naval policy regarding who can join the Navy and see the world. Arnie's a bright lad and very nice to know if you get him in the rare moments when he hasn't a telephone hooked over his ear or isn't lost in iron-bound concentration on the problem of the moment. Nothing short of a tap on the skull with a blunt instrument can make him aware of your presence, but his attention is worth the effort required to achieve it. 1424 Somerset Place, N.W.

Roz Spicer is back, in Lisa's old job as Dillon Myer's and Great Ickes' ghosts. She can take a lot in her stride: for instance,--she worked with us until a few hours before her daughter was born, practically on VE Day, recuperated during the summer--with Ned in the field--by keeping track of their dynamic four-year-old, taking care of a new baby, doing all her own work including laundry including diapers, and managed to finish a learned book about Indians. What a woman! 2217 H Street, N.W. P.S. She also cares for 9 cats in an apartment!

Virginia Stepper is relaxing a bit after substituting as head of distribution during Lorna's rural interlude. Jinny did a smooth job. Nobody runs her a close second for imperturbability except Charlie. 2475 - 18th St., N.W.

Tom Takeshita has been rushing between folding centers to translate the latest decrees for the Issei. He got lost one night amid the alkali wastes of Topaz and reported that he returned from this No Man's land with his "pants full of sagebrushes." He is now headed for Tule Lake. 7437 - 8th Street, N.W.

Toz is so busy with high-powered jobs of first priority for the Boss, that the children of his division feel like orphans. Trouble is that there's only one of him; there should have been two, so that one could be a special assistant to the Director while the other could be a Division Chief. It is significant that on the occasion of his recent birthday, the bulk of offerings urged him to take as his model the placid cow, to relax and chew his cud, to kick over traces and up his heels, to let the proffered worry bird do his worrying for him, etc. 2440 - 16th Street, N.W. (Best chance of finding him lies in the Barr Bldg.

Fetchin' Gretchen Van Tassel goes around bowed down with photographic "equipments", yet maintaining that sleek appearance through it all. She feels the lure of faraway places. Maybe you'll hear of her next from Puerto Rico or So. America. 1703 - 21st Street, N.W.

Hisako Touchikura was the cause of the last celebration at Treasure Island, only yesterday. She came to us, a bird of passage from Hawaii, and is flying all too soon. She is the most concentrated piece of vitality and gaiety that has blessed Reports since Polly Houser left us. We predict that whichever of the two ranking suitors for her hand wins it, he will never have a dull moment. Hisako is an M.A. from U.C.L.A., and anything that the Isles of Paradise didn't do for her was taken care of by Hollywood. She promises to keep us informed of her places of a-lighting. For permanent residence it's a toss-up between Texas and Chicago.

WAVE AT VALE

or

Cavote et Valeta

(Personally I prefer the singular)

If you nugs don't write and keep us informed of your actual doings, we warn you that we will be forced to invent such activities as seem to us within your potentialities and disseminate such conjecture in the guise of fact. You'd better write.

(To be continued)

Mrs. Spicer

WRARAA: The Latest Word

No. 2, Jan. 1946

Barr Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WARNING!

Issue No. 1 of The Latest Word produced eventually four letters of appreciation, two telephone calls of same, one rather over-due personal call, and precisely two (2) three-cent postage stamps. One of the letters contained the flimsy excuse that the writer was in the Navy, and since the boys in blue do not use stamps, of course he could not send me one. We are not entirely satisfied with this kind of response to our maiden effort, and herewith issue this warning: henceforward, such ingrates as do not respond with a few kind words and a postage stamp will not receive the next bulletin.

CORRECTIONS

We apologize publicly to Ginny Stepper for spelling her name with a J. We weren't intending to associate her with a female mule, really. We also ask forgiveness of Lisa Peattie for omitting her Chicago address, which is 1326 East 57th Street, Chicago 37. We were not trying to cut her off from communication with her friends. Our third error, or should we say aberration, we approach with mixed emotions because of the small-souled way in which it was brought to our attention by our Division Chief. He paid a special call on us to refer with a not entirely pleasant smile to our use of the word cynosure. It was quite obvious that we had meant sinecure, but being slightly nettled by the attitude of our Chief, we built up a pretty convincing sounding justification of cynosure -- only being fundamentally honorable, we weakened and admitted our error. It is only just to mention that his pleasure in discovering his historian at verbal fault was unquestionably intensified by the fact that his historian had caught him, only a few days earlier, with a singular verb when a plural was indicated -- and in a document of some importance.

VITAL STATISTICS

There have been reunions, one union, and one birth among WRARAA since you received Issue No. 1. The Byrds have a fledgling, a boy named James. We went out to see him and his parents at Garfield Hospital and can report that both parents were very much pleased with their offspring. James had an amazing variety of facial expressions for any age, and looked to be a deep thinker. Polly Houser's John got back from the Pacific in October and is back in civilian clothes. Kimi Jinbo's Fred turned up on New Year's night and expects to finish college at George Washington University as soon as he gets free of the Army. Shirley Barshay's George got in to San Francisco from the Pacific on December 28, thus terminating Shirley's labors for relocation at Tule Lake. Lorna Jensen took one look at her returned hero and threw up her new job with the Washington Post to rush back to Iowa with said hero and get married as fast as Iowa law permits. Since January 9, she has been Mrs. Orel Stith. Orel is staying with the armed forces; so Lorna is in for a life of roaming.

LIQUIDATING REPORTS

Our lives have been full of farewells of late. Some of the gang couldn't wait to leave us, and ducked out to other jobs before the 5th of January. We lost Ginny to what sounds like a road construction gang but is really a bureau concerned with highways; she comes over to see us every now and then. Arnold Serwer went off to New York to an impressive job with a news service set-up, run for the benefit of executives and such cod concerned with labor and personnel information.

We feted him at Treasure Island on December 14 and apparently gave him the flu. Anyway he was laid out for a week after his luncheon.

The following is included by request.

SALUTE TO ARNOLD SERWER

or

Reflections on a Modern Phenomenon.

Serwer, had Time produced him earlier,
Had been a dull clod, silent, surlier,

His brain confined as nun in cloister,
Unused by him as pearl by oyster.

Regard him, friends, and ponder well:
He owes his all to A. G. Bell.

What loss had Information's program known,
Had Arnie's life pre-dated telephone!

But haply fate brought both together,
And they are joined in any weather:

Morning or night, through stormy hours or clear,
One sees him sit, receiver to his ear.

Man slaughters man, and cosmic forces bump;
Serwer talks on--in comfort, on his rump.

At his command, for his convenience,
East chats with West--at government expense:

Portland, Los Angeles, Phoenix or Buffalo--
Airmail, teletype, wireless, are all too slow.

Ignoring cost and Fiscal's anguished squalls,
This is the man who placed a thousand calls!

And with these calls what wonders he hath wrought,
Exuding light upon the world's untaught,

Confounding fascist forces, Native Sons,
Crass Legionnaires--and other sons of guns.

And shall this man, like lesser men, descend
To earth and be forgotten in the end?

Not he! A park shall keep his memory green;
In deathless bronze our Arnie shall be seen,

A public shrine to men of all religions,
A handy perch for comtemplative pigeons.

High over all, his effigy shall stand,
Clasping a telephone in either hand!

The farewell to end farewells was observed on the night of January 5, at Arnold's apartment, honoring all the outgoing Reports people. It was a wonderful party, with beautiful and abundant food to temper the effect of the freely flowing liquid refreshments. In spite of the fact that most of the crowd were either getting or recovering from the seasonal cold or flu, no one suffered any pain, and we should have hated very much to have been obliged to take an intelligence test at one-thirty A.M. or thereabouts when the party broke up.

In the earlier hours of the evening Toz presented books to the outgoing members, and then with Charlie Lynn as our spokesmen we, the children of Reports, presented Stevenson's Home Book of Quotations to our Chief, so that he can always be right in his allusions. In honor of this occasion we (editorial this time) composed an epic in doggerel, to end all such outpourings, we trust, and by request, it, too, is included in this number. We suggest that the rhythm of the invocation to the muse will work out better if you pronounce secretaries in the British manner, with three syllables.

THE LAST ROUND UP OF REPORTS, WRA

Sing, Muse, of a vanishing office and all of its people,
Writers prolific, and spendthrift of government paper.
Bravely and loudly the men have fought the good battle,
Feet on their desks, hair tossed, their eyes flashing,
While overawed secretaries scribbled their resonant phrases;
Valiantly too the women have fought, but less loudly,
Having no secretaries, only their wits and their typewriters,
And having to cherish, cajole, and sometimes admonish
The brilliant and wayward, tempestuous lords of creation.
Sing, Muse, of every departing child of enlightenment;
Give to each one of them work that can capture his fancy.

The departing:

Evelyn Lee has a name like a bell;
She came to us late, but we think her fine,
She's typed our missives and typed them well,
And we wish her luck straight down the line.

Madeline Perry wins a double star
For doing a job that stouter folk by far
Were driven nuts by in six months or less;
She's stood a year and more of this duress.

Gretchen Van Tassell's a deceptive brat,
Looking Mama's angel as turned out by Saks,
Spiritual and fragile as a modish slat,
Wrestling with such burdens as a photo expert packs.

She's one of a triumvirate, unholy three,
Who eat three squares and milkshakes by the dollars' worth;
The other two--Miss Harding and our Mr. T.--
And not a one of them expands an inch in girth!

From Washington to Gila's heat,
Through Topaz sage and talcum dust,
To Tule's fence-bound cold retreat,
Takeshita has fought, because he must

To conjure fact in ideograph,
Confounding rumor with the truth;
He helps his people and his staff,
And somehow keeps his looks and youth.

Allan the mighty hunter is a genial soul
Whose bones so sparsely covered bore clean through
The best of wool; and quite beyond control,
He squirms because he's nothing else to do.

Russell we love and hope for him beside
That no grim job comes up to make him stray
From his desire to write and to reside
In quiet woods, far from the beaten way.

The leaves left on the tree:

Marie is gentle, sweet and quiet,
And gave us order where there had been none.
We do not think a bomb or riot
Could move the gal until her work is done.

A valiant soul is Edward Spicer's Rose,
And she deserved a better fate than most;
It was a shabby trick, my friends and foes,
To make this stalwart wench a two-man ghost.

Edna, quite breathless and soul-shaken,
By putting sleep and self asunder,
Delivered to Interior its bacon
And spared us all Ickesian thunder.

Madeline Hornberger types well enough,
Writing down phrases that others plan.
A born cook is silly to fool with such stuff,
When she should be feeding the inner man.

Kimiko Jinbo came to Washington
To be assistant to Historian.*
At first she tried to keep the office neat,
But very soon acknowledged her defeat.
And now she works content in such a mess,
As only the historians need confess.

Emily is nice; behind that poker face
Atomic forces break and kittens rage;
Don't let her kid you, pals; her proper place
Is back with Children in the Golden Age.

Dear Charlie Lynn we all adore:
He's gentle, understanding, kind;
Nobody ever heard him roar,
But we know well he has a master mind.

Louise has nursed not one high chief but two,
And tried to keep them both in line--
Erratic cusses, often in a stew--
Louise, we would not change our job for thine!

But you, my lass, have kept the pace
Of Baker's drawl and Tozier's race,
And you have told them, firm and true,
Just what they could and could not do.

McKee the Historian is a sad old sack;
She Yeses her boss and never talks back.**
Morning and night she slaves for her bread
With a dimming of wits and a pain in her head.
Hired to write history, she does everything but;
She's a rolling stone in a bureaucratic rut.

Hail to the Chief, whose smile we strive to win,
Whose fine-spun nerves make him but not his minions squirm.
This dedicated soul a stranger is to sin
And would not knowingly tread even on a worm!

French Huguenot and stern New England strain
Have mixed in him and so produced a man
Of rock-bound conscience--shaped in Portland, Maine--
Lure him from duty, ladies, if you can!

Forthright he is, profound and without fears,
Yet there are two things can his courage strain:
The sight of something feminine in tears
And mixing whisky with the best champagne.

* That is a near rhyme, and deliberately employed, you so-and-sos!

** It is to be regretted that at this point, Mr. Tozier roared crudely:
"It's a lie!"

WORD OF THE DEPARTED

We are indebted to John Bigelow for the new heading for the bulletin: WRARAA, pronounced rah-rah, and so tend to be forgiving about his reluctance to give us a postage stamp. We think you will enjoy his letter as much as we did; so here is most of it:

"WRA Reports activities sounded very familiar, just like the Navy's demobilization. We have damned the torpedoes and full speed ahead-ed through SNAFU and TARFU to our present state of affairs, FUBAR (fouled up beyond all recognition). Christmas in our family will not come until February or March when I'll get out of this swab-suit with the aid of a tire iron for the last time and make like I never heard of Lord Nelson and his traditions.

"This TADCEN that puzzled you is just another hunk of naval agglutination-Training and Distribution Center. Everybody here is unhappy. The swabbies coming back from overseas are unhappy because it takes a few days to get them headed for home. The low-pointers are unhappy because they are headed for sea duty and their congressman hasn't answered their telegram. And ship's company are unhappy because we haven't enough points and have to sweat them out during office hours while acting almost like a civilian at home at night; it's very tantalizing.

"My particular billet is public relations, mostly the weekly emerging of an eight-page tabloid which is supposed to arouse the reader's manly instincts, make him feel like a hero, advise him how to act like a civilian, amuse him without using the only four-letter words he understands and STILL not offend the commodore's wife. I feel just like the poor li'l Nisei must have felt as they strove to get out a project newspaper to please the Issei, the project director and the reports officer."

From Scottie comes word that Columbia University Press is going to publish Mine Okubo's book of drawings of her life at Topaz. Scottie is pleased that Columbia is taking on such an unusual type of book. We are pleased for Mine, whom we met on our first field trip, at Topaz, and found her as interesting as her drawings. We think it is nice for artists and writers and such to get a little recognition before they have moldered in their graves.

We trust that you have all seen Polly Housers three-hundred-dollar two-page story on the green goddess in New York Harbor, in the January number of Coronet.

Allan Markley terminated on January 5, went away for a few days, changed his spots, and has now gone up to Oswego to make a noise like a Community Analyst for the next month. In the event that some of you don't read the papers, Oswego refugees are to be allowed to stay if they meet the ordinary conditions and requirements for immigrants. In characteristic fashion, the government puts them on a train, shoots them up to the Canadian border, and then brings them back again. It would be too simple and economical just to let them go from the gates of Fort Ontario in peace, without that train ride. As usual WRA didn't know about the determination to let the refugees stay until we read about it in the papers.

Russell Bankson is not to take to the woods and free lance writing after all, because a very good information job with RFA dropped into his lap.

Evelyn Lee forsook Reports for Finance but is still in WRA.

Tom Takeshita, our last translator, scarcely had time to catch his breath from his field trip before the War Department pulled him in and set him to work.

Gretchen and Madeline (Perry) have not settled on jobs yet, and give every appearance of enjoying their leisure. Gretchen went off with fine abandon to enjoy the winter sports to northward. Madeline is catching up on sleep and improving her mind with literature, lectures, and the better radio programs.

Edna Florell is staying with us until February 1, to finish the last semi-annual report. She is the only piece of Reports down on the 7th floor now. Office rent was paid till February and so she escaped the horrible mess of moving which the rest of the 7th floor gang barely survived.

Toz has his final staff gathered closely around him. In fact he is hemmed in. He and Charlie are the only male accents in this division now, and are in danger of getting spoiled and pampered with so many women to wait on them. Our Chief went into a trance and emerged with an elaborate chart of assignments to be accomplished by June 30. The worry bird and the placid cow he received for his last birthday must have had a profound effect on his character and attitudes, because he displays the sunniest optimism about the possibility of choking all these documents out of his underlings in the limited time before us.

The Historian, for the first time in many months, is actually writing history nowadays, but has been so brutally conditioned to interruptions that every ten minutes or so she has to make the rounds of the offices to see why nobody bothers her.

On this note, we bring the second issue to a close, suggesting that the gentle reader turn back to the opening paragraph and consider its content seriously.

Mrs. Spicer

WRARAA: The Latest Word

No. 3, April 1946

Barr Building, Washington, D. C..

EXPRESSING APPRECIATION AND SOME CONCERN

With mixed emotions we thank you for the prompt and fulsome response to our paragraph of warning which prefaced the last issue of WRARAA. We purred at the praise and welcomed the rain of postage stamps--Arnold Serwer, in the course of one of his lightning transits through the Barr Bldg., went so far as to empty his change pocket upon the clutter of our desk. However, consideration of the circumstances which produced this deluge of flattery and postage gives us pause and makes us shudder--for the future of the human race. We thought long thoughts; in fact, we went into a brown study of the nature of man. We asked our self some sharp questions, such as: Is this vertical creature--so well represented in Oriental ideograph by a forked stick--who alone among the animals of our earth has imagination as well as memory, basically noble or vile? Is he at heart a reasoning, ethical being, or is he by nature a slave with the soul of a sheep? Is it reasonable to hope that he will ever rise to the point of fulfilling his obligations to his fellowman without someone standing over him with a length of loadpipe? At the end of our period of reflection we understood the genesis of a dictator--not, let us hasten to assure you, that understanding how dictators get that way makes us like them any better. We concluded that inertia wars eternally against nobility of purpose and action in the human breast, that the human conscience would slumber like Endymion in his Latman cave without a purposeful gadfly to sting it awake.

To demonstrate: we suggested delicately in Issue No. 1 that the recipients of the bulletin might enclose with their letters of appreciation and information about themselves a few three-cent stamps. What did we get? One very entertaining and informative letter without stamps and two three-cent stamps from local residents. Repulsive to us as coercive tactics are, we then delivered an ultimatum. We got a flood of correspondence, postage stamps and small change. Such an experience is encouragement to us to go in for coercion and strong-arm methods. We struggle valiantly against the temptation, for we recognize the danger to our own integrity of embracing the ends-justify-the-means doctrine. We have yielded temptation once already, and again coercion worked where a gentle suggestion had not. On a recent Friday we were displeased with our Chief, whom we had informed gently on the preceding day of our urgent need for a conference on a special report we must get out in the next month--when it should have six. He had said abstractedly, "Ee-yah, good idea," and rushed back into his lair and promptly forgot all about us in his travail with the Core Report. We were forced to twiddle our thumbs until we had this conference. So Friday morning after an hour of such twiddling, we wrote a four-line memo indicating that if the Chief did not take time to consider our outline and to offer some constructive criticism in a considerable hurry, we were reporting for a job in New York City as of Monday morning next at eight a.m. We had our conference in 30 seconds flat after the memo was placed in our Chief's hands. You see what we mean?

AFTERMATHS OF SOME TEMPORAL DICTATORSHIPS

Oscar Buttedahl had the temerity to suggest that it would be nice if we were to expand our scope in these bulletins and tell what has happened to the Project Directors now that their kingdoms are liquidated. Our instinctive reaction was: What in hell does he think he should have for a few postage stamps? Haven't we enough to write without doing an FBI job on a bunch of Project Directors?" However, a day or so later an Administrative Notice floated off the towering heights of our incoming box into our hands and it contained the information requested. Hence we include it in this bulletin--though fundamentally we are opposed to going beyond the ranks of the Washington Reports Division. L. T. Hoffman, late of Central Utah is with UNRRA--and so is his predecessor, Ernst--though what Mr. Hoffman is doing to UNRAA I don't know. Mr. Ernst, at last report, was collecting material donations to the needy overseas, everything from sacks of flour and sewing machines to donkeys, horses, chickens and cows, and then shooing the live stock aboard ships bound for Europe--at least that is the mental picture we have of his activities. Duncan Mills, of Colorado River, is at present lingering about the Barr Building, puttering over his final report and over his Form 57s--and a P.D. engaged intimately with a Form 57 looks no happier than a CAF-2 over the job. Douglas M. Todd, of Gila River, is with the Bureau of Reclamation, and so is J. G. Lindley of Granada. Mr. Bennett, whom most of you remember as P.D. at Gila River, left some months ago to open an electrical equipment business--I believe in Arizona. Guy Robertson, of Heart Mountain, is on detail to the WRA office in Sacramento. The Administrative Notice says Ralph Merritt's plans are unknown. He told us once that as soon as he was free of Lianzanar he was going to get to hell back to his ranch and stay there. Incidentally we like Mr. Merritt and don't think he was really damaged by being a Project Director. William Rawlings, of Minidoka, since Harry Stafford rushed off to Germany to tell the natives how to convert war-ravaged land into productive farms, is with the Bureau of Reclamation. Ray D. Johnston, of Rohwer, is with the Farm Security Administration.

We suspect that anything they do will seem anti-climatic to most of them, even though they may get more money. Our austerer side thinks it would probably do them a lot of good to have to serve short sentences as internees in a Department of Justice Camp, there being no relocation center to put them in. We are sure that such an experience would cure them effectively of any Ozymandias complexes which their heady experience as P.D.'s has wrought in them. Our softer side would exempt perhaps three of the boys from the painful business of taking what they have handed out. Oscar asked about John Provins too. He left in February to become Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Now, we're damned if we are going to talk any more about people outside the Reports circle!

WHAT GOES ON IN THE BARR BUILDING

Liquidation is "increasingly apparent" in these halls. The eighth floor is generally speaking clear of clutter, but the farther down one goes the worse it gets, the more difficult it is to edge through the jungle of furniture, packing boxes, etc.

We in Reports all have more to do than can conceivably be done in the short remaining period, but we refuse to admit that it can't be done. Toz is wearing himself to a shadow of his former substantial self over the Core Report,

which is officially titled WRA: A Story of Human Conservation--and if you don't appreciate that title, please don't tell any of us. Three of the better brains in WRA labored and agonized to produce it, and we like it. The Report is the story of WRA condensed into something like 150 printed pages, and the writing of it is about as tough an assignment as trying to make a short-short of War and Peace.

Emily Brown is buried in the Story of Joe Kurihara, a fascinating assignment which we envy her with the greenest of eyes. We grapple with evacuee property, Exclusion, Revocation of Exclusion and the Return, Tule Lake--which takes in early incidents, Isolation center, segregation policy and its execution, the T. L. Incident, Renunciation of Citizenship hearings, rehearings, deportation, liquidation--Incidentally the last evacuees left Tule Lake at 4:00 a.m. March 21--for internment--then we have a light little piece to dream up on the theory and practice of detention and leave. So you can see why we might envy somebody who is writing about a human being.

The treatise on evacuee property is finished, and the only one of my superiors who has had the courage to read it through to the bitter end is the Director. Phil Glick gave out at the thirteenth page, though the document was prepared for his information before he went out to be a pressure group of one to promote the Claims Bill on the West Coast. He wouldn't even take a copy with him to read on the train, because he wanted to read Shelley on the train. However, he probably can talk to Californians about skylarks and the diet of chimaerae, and the Native Sons will be charmed into rushing out to support the Claims Bill. Our treatise is 102 pages long, single space typing, and just about as frothy as the begats in Genesis; so we feel that there is some excuse for the reluctance of our superiors to tackle it. If we were to get each Representative and Senator into a corner, train a small gun on him, hand him a copy of our treatise and say, "Okay, son, read this tome through or vote for the Claims Bill," we bet there wouldn't be a squawk uttered against the bill.

Charlie Lynn is being Acting Chief while the Chief communes with his soul over the Core Report. Charlie worries for Toz, handles the daily chores that fall to the lot of a division chief, soothes the jangled nerves and distraught spirits of the female help, and offers his couch and chocolate bars to those who are so shaken that they must take life lying down.

Roz Spicer is doing a lot of leg work being a full time research assistant, digging up all the obscure and elusive little facts that our Chief has to have--preferably within 15 seconds of making the demand. Her children have had mumps and the flu, the latter a couple of times a piece, since the last issue of WRARAA. She has lost ten pounds and we notice that she has taken to talking to herself in moments of agitation. We have talked to ourselves for years and are relieved to find other persons slipping into the habit. It makes us feel less abnormal.

Kimi Jinbo just returned from a flying trip to the coast to help her veteran husband into a university. Apparently we are short on institutions of higher learning in this enlightened country. There just aren't enough to go around. Kimi and Fred have decided definitely that they prefer the east to the west--in spite of the superior climate and scenery of the Pacific Coast states. The Nisei whom they visited with in Chicago and Denver are suffering

pangs of nostalgia for their old homes and want to go back, but Kimi thinks that after they have been back and appraised the situation in tranquillity that they will trek back across the continent again.

Mamie is usually invisible for the packing boxes of termination reports from projects and field offices and other bails of records connected with liquidation that surround her. Ingress and egress are problems in the Library. Louise has been a bit grim about enforced idleness in the present period, and has been filling out Form 57s in an ominous manner and teaching Madeline Hornberger to knit. She asserts that she would prefer to keep up her shorthand, but nobody seems to dictate anything any more, except brief letters. Everything everybody is writing on is so complex that it won't come out orally in properly coherent fashion. If Louise will just put up with us for a little longer, she will have half a dozen hundred-page reports thrown at her for her expert typing all at once, and all rush orders.

Since February, when she was released from confinement at Tule Lake, Eleanor Moore has been loaned to Reports for special jobs for which her long experience with WRA fits her, and Harry Weiss; formerly on the Field Office Staff, at Cleveland, and recently discharged from the Navy, is with us for a short period to handle a special assignment on relocation and field office activities, about which some of us others are in abysmal ignorance.

NEWS OF OUR FAR FLUNG ALIENI

Nobuko Setoguchi, better known as Nobu or even Nobby, left recently in company with Sally Sunada for Japan, by air. They both have secretarial jobs with the War Department: Nobu had heard, shortly before leaving Washington, that her younger sister, sent over shortly before war began to study the language, and last heard of in Hiroshima, was safe--and in fact working for the Americans.

Believe it or not, Allan Markley is a working man these days. He is heading up one of FSA's information programs. Russell Bankson toils for his daily bread, too. Both of them had periods of waiting and fidgeting while Civil Service took its time about processing them on their papers, or whatever it is that happens to create delays.

Mrs. Orel Stith, nee Lorna Jenson, reports that she is pleased with life and Orel and Louisville, Kentucky--where her address is 1212 South Floyd Street. Since February 18 she has been working for the Louisville Automobile Club, and likes her job. We are touched by the following as other persons in Reports may well be: "I surely miss all of you. That was a model office--that you usually dream about only." We love our fellow workers and we feel that this has been an extraordinarily congenial gang, but "model office"? It's given us a few nightmares.

Frank Cross must be working harder than he used to, because we don't see so much of him any more. We did glimpse him a week or so ago, and he is melting away. His fine outstanding front is diminishing visibly so that his clothes hang slack. A diet was imposed by his doctor, and this is the result. The gleam in his eye is undimmed, however.

John Baker hasn't paid much attention to anybody over here of late. We called him up the other day and had to go through a whole retinue of secretaries and underlings to get his car, but he didn't sound too bureaucratic when we finally got it (the ear).

Scottie is descending upon Washington and our apartment within the week, and we will have more to say about her in the next issue--if we ever get out another. We are prepared to cut down our night and Saturday work in her honor.

Michael--you might as well consider him a member of the Reports Alumni, as he spent a lot of time in the offices and with the exception of Arnold Server, used Reports office telephones more than anybody else--hitch-hiked free plane rides to the coast on his last between-semester furlough, dashed back on the eve of his West Point Exam, and then distinguished himself by coming down with the measles. The Army is still brooding about the matter; it was without precedent for a candidate to come down with the measles on the eve of the exams, and so there were no provisions to meet the situation. The great Alkire rushed through the measles spiritedly, with a temperature of 104 one day and normal the next and thereafter. He is on his third and final semester of college training, before flight training begins.

Polly House and John are in New York, living expensively at the New Yorker for a five-week period, a privilege granted on the basis of some subtle relationship between A. T. and T., for which John is working, and the hotel. They were thankful for a roof. Polly sounded gay but desperate over the housing situation. Isn't there any place where jobs and housing are co-existent? Polly thinks she will take a job and "a course in play-writing, or get with some semi-professional group and learn it there...We hope eventually to really take advantage of all we can learn here, and I have promised John that he can take life modeling--in fact it was my idea. He has, I think, quite a bit of native talent along that line, and think what fun it would be to ask people up to see your 'sculpting'. We haven't given up plans to have our adopted family, but those things take some time, so we will file our applications and enjoy our freedom until something happens." There is a lot of zest in the Houser family. We hope that they have permanent quarters before they have three or four orphans on their hands.

From Shirley, the last word was a postal card from Canada with an appealing picture of a cabin on the Summit of Mont Tremblant, from which point she wrote: "The blood of youth has once more begun to flow through my veins. With all proper respect for the State of Maine [The card was addressed to Mr. Tozier] this is superb snow, sun and mountain country, and we hate to leave it."

Madeline Perry is working for the American Friends Service Committee for the time being while she makes up her mind which of three other offers she will accept, if any. We never had any choice in the matter except when we came to WRA, when there were two others. We used to think we had been pretty smart to take WRA. In our present weakened condition we aren't so sure. Madeline is eating roughly six meals a day, at doctor's orders, a time consuming routine, and an enlarging one, too. She isn't too pleased at the distribution of the pounds which she is coerced into gaining, and so we have exercises going on around the apartment rather frequently. Eleanor profits by inheriting various items of wearing apparel as her sister outgrows them.

Gretchen has taken a job with National Housing--at least we think it is National. It's housing, anyway. We haven't seen much of her of late. We haven't seen much of anybody outside the Barr Building, for that matter.

The last word from Jane Heubauer sounded pretty excited about a job she wanted, and probably has firmly in her clutch by now, with the Buffalo Philharmonic Association. She would assemble program material and handle press releases and be an ornament to the office generally speaking. She did not include the last phrase. That is our contribution, because we think that Janie would be an ornament in any setting.

One of those rare and delightful letters came from Lisa Peattie back in February, and I quote most of it for the edification and entertainment of this bulletin:

"At the moment you find me in our small place resting in comparative peace and quiet from a small party last night. (Peattie's Pot-House I'm planning to call the place)--At intervals, Pete puts on the phono a very lewd Calypso of which he is trying to decipher the words. P. is writing an article on Nanking for the World Book Encyclopaedia, and I am grinding slowly away to finish a paper which I should have written last quarter. This is on the Social Responsibility of the Scientist, ranging widely and (ostensibly) learnedly through the Atomic Bomb, Leonardo da Vinci, Robert Boyle, Pascal and others of the great of the 17th century. I have been working on it so long I hate it with a passion most unbecoming to a scholar; it will be a relief to have it done.

"Otherwise, I am leading a most busy but enjoyable life--I have a job waiting on tables and behind the counter in a small joint near the campus, and am studying anthropology and race relations with continuing enthusiasm. The most enjoyable course is one in field methods in the social sciences. This involves each student selecting a census tract in the city and studying it. I and another girl are investigating an area of about four blocks, a mixed Negro-white slum, next to the railroad tracks. The first thing I did was to go to a Healing Service run by a laundress who lives there; I simply walked in, and not telling them anything about myself, but merely drifting with the tide of their thoughts, I ended with them believing that I was an erring girl with domestic difficulties, penniless, about to commit suicide, and suffering from cramps in the side. They prayed over me and encouraged me and cured me by laying on of hands, and one finally gave me a dollar, which I could on no account get her to take back. So next week I had to come back, and give an enthusiastic testimony to the effect that, as they predicted, prayer had given me a job, and here was the dollar. This produced great enthusiasm. This is known, in the trade, as the participant-observer technique. After this one experience, I have been more cautious in drifting into a role." The letter closes with the question: "Is Toz' sturdy moral fiber showing signs of weakening with such a preponderance of women clustering around him?"

According to the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and on the basis of reports from others, in whose objectivity I have confidence, the answer to that one is, "No, Mrs. Peattie."

WRARAA: The Latest Word

No. 4, June 1946

Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

THE FINAL THROES

WRA is on the threshold of dissolution; the death rattle echoes hollowly along the dim corridors of the Barr Building, and we last watchers are so many inert masses after our long vigil. Flutterings of escapism disturb the breasts of the most devout; desire to delay tackling another job is increasingly apparent. We are seduced by visions of ocean voyages, deck chairs, the sun on broad wastes of water, flying fish skimming the surface of an indigo sea; or by visions of the forest primeval where silence is audible and no telephones ring; we would turn lotus-eaters at the merest hint of an opportunity.

As a matter of fact, we may have to turn lotus-eaters--providing we can locate a handy lotus pool remote from the eyes of the law--as none of us last leaves on the Reports tree has a job as yet. There simply has been no time, until the last day or two, to do anything active about getting jobs, and we are feeling so allergic to work, after the strain of the past six months, that we break out in a rash at thought of pushing a button that might bring on more work.

The last report goes over for off-set today, and the drone of proofing will die away into blessed silence. Of course most of the special reports were finished at the same time and had to be typed in final shape consistent with the G.P.O. Manual, which is full of nonsensical rulings, and also consistent with the interpretation of those rulings cherished by a bull-headed dictator in Interior. So drooping women have been typing their lives away nights, Saturdays and Sundays through the current heat-wave. They look with what seems to be loathing upon all of us writers responsible for their suffering, and we are afflicted with a sense of guilt.

D.S.M. AWARDED THE MEDAL FOR MERIT

A few years ago Col. Karl R. Bendtsen was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for the speed and efficiency with which he dislocated the lives of 110,000 people. On May 8 of 1946 Dillon S. Myer was awarded the Medal for Merit for undoing so far as possible the damage wrought among these people by wartime prejudice and military hysteria.

The award was made in the Secretary's office--which is about the size of a hotel lobby and has a desk upon which six corpses could be laid out with a few inches of room to spare. In theory the President makes the award, but in this instance Secretary Krug acted for him. The idea of acquiring the Medal originated with Messrs. Ferguson, Glick and Tozier, and your scribe was called upon to write the bale of documents that had to be presented to the Medal for Merit Board in accordance with their regulations. Former Secretary Ickes sponsored the recommendation--with some deviation from procedures laid down by the Board, said deviation raising the blood pressure of the WRA group concerned considerably, but all was well in the end.

However, the Boss, schooled to abuse as he has been throughout the years of his fight against the anti-democratic forces within our not-quite-perfect State, was caught off guard by the accolade. The guy who faced the Dies hecklers hours on end without batting an eye, quailed a bit before the tribute from his Government and the joy of his staff. Nobody could do any work for the rest of the day, and we who had had a hand in procuring the Medal tended to slink out of the way when the Boss approached, on the theory that he would rather not be reminded of the honor for a while. We quote entire the Citation to accompany the award; it was read aloud by the Secretary just before the medal was pinned on the victim's chest.

"CITATION TO ACCOMPANY THE AWARD OF THE MEDAL FOR MERIT TO DILLON S. MYER

"Dillon S. Myer, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the United States.

"As Director of the War Relocation Authority, Mr. Myer organized and directed the program for the readjustment of the 110,000 men, women, and children of Japanese ancestry who were, because of military necessity,* evacuated from their homes on the West Coast early in the war. Against the pressure for group detention of the evacuees, with its threat of progressive disaffection, disloyalty and deportation, Mr. Myer launched and completed a program involving individual appraisal, leading to progressive relocation, reintegration and rehabilitation of this racial minority.

"Because of Mr. Myer's clear vision, brilliant planning, tireless effort, and superior executive ability, and because of his unwavering faith in the innate fairness of the American people, what was in 1941 the least known, most misunderstood, most locality-bound American minority has become within a period of four years a well-known, widely distributed minority whose Americanism has been recognized by fair-minded people throughout the Nation and by fighting Americans on every battle front of the war.

"Mr. Myer's far-sighted administration of a controversial war agency resulted in a program which, by reason of its involvement with a racial problem, carried a potential of peril to the very soundness of our national integrity, but which, under his leadership, became an affirmation of American faith in the validity of democratic processes. Warring on American soil against racism in the United States, he won for American democracy a great and significant victory.

May 8, 1946

/s/ Harry S. Truman."

*We should have preferred to substitute hysteria for necessity, or at least wartime prejudice for military necessity, but we had to bow to the will of our official superiors.

CURRENT INFORMATION

We eschew gossip and anything that savors of scandal, but we think that the Reports Alumni should be made aware that M. M. Tozier was the honoree at a stock shower in mid-May. We do not feel that this is the time or the place to list the gifts he received, but they were highly suggestive--of what, we prefer not to say. One week later the honoree was delivered of the Core Reports.

Of John Baker, we can only quote sadly--from The Education of Henry Adams, you semi-literate lugs--"A friend in power is a friend lost." He always had his faults, of course, but still he used to be a friendly sort of boy, and you could at least talk to him over the telephone without a Presidential permit. To put all the facts before you: we called him up just after one today, intending to ask him to say something quotable for WRARAA. Half a dozen secretaries held a conclave and reported that he was out at lunch and wouldn't be back until three. That seemed a rather generous lunch hour to us, but we said nothing except, timidly, that we would appreciate it if he would call us when he got back, or we would call again at three. We were told that he would be unable to talk to us because of conferences taking up the rest of the afternoon. If that's the way he wants it, very well! We can take a hint.

Now John Bigelow--one certainly cannot dispose of the Johns of the world by saying "A John's a John" and let it go at that--wrote me from Seattle on May 23, to say:

"Just a line or two to let you know--in appreciation of being kept informed about other WRA mavericks--that I am three weeks old as information adviser to the regional housing expediter of the National Housing Agency which takes in the wonderful Pacific Northwest and all this and Alaska, too. The job is helping to put over Wilson Wyatt's colossal housing program and incidentally to get completed our own little mortgage-covered shack so the family can quit bothering relatives. My mail address is 6236 45th N.E., Seattle 5, Washington."

Lorna Jenson Stith continues with job and husband in Louisville, Kentucky, and has gained 20 pounds because Orel likes to eat and she has to eat simultaneously to keep him happy. A woman can never tell what is going to be asked of her in the name of love.

Kimi Jinbo left us cold for California and her husband, about three weeks ago. Although she was not unmoved at the moment of saying farewell to the Barr Building, she has apparently wiped it and its inhabitants clean from her memory. Nobody has had a word from her. She may be reached at Los Altos, California, P. O. Box 144.

Polly and John Houser have a two-bedroom apartment high up in the world above a river, but I don't know which one, in New York. The view is worth what they have to pay for the apartment. Polly has gotten John started on his sculpturing, but has not as yet gotten herself into any of the

enterprises she was considering. They are at Apt. 10-B, 10 Mitchell Place, New York City. We had dinner with them on a recent trip to New York and before we knew it, it was after two in the morning. After that, we thought it was foolhardy of Polly to ask us to stay with them while we looked for a place to live in the event that we take a job in New York. How does she know we wouldn't take root?

Scottie, with whom we stayed in New York for this brief trip, was the worse for wear because of a publishers' convention. It sounded to us a little like an American Legion convention--and we know what the latter can be, because once we stayed in the Whitcomb Hotel when it was the scene of the California Legion's annual uproar. She is now just Advertising Manager and gets just as much salary as when she was it and Sales Manager, too. Nice going. She, too, offered us shelter in the event that we take a job in New York.

Word just reached us (this moment) that John Baker is leaving the Department of Agriculture as of July 15 for private business--something to do with manuscripts. Make of that what you will.

Eleanor Moore is leaving for Syracuse as soon as WRA is no more, to wind up a graduate library school course which was interrupted by the war. Partly her conscience demands that she finish something that she started--though she admits that she hopes she never has to work in a library again; partly it is a good excuse for getting out of Washington's summer heat. We are glad it is she and not we, as the very thought of library school makes us wilt like a lettuce leaf on a hot griddle.

Since beginning this document we have learned that Madeline Hornberger has found a secretarial berth with Fish and Wildlife--that suggests curious bedfellows for a girl like Madeline.

We scarcely see Louise these last few days because of the number of job interviews she is granting yearning executives in need of a perfect secretary. Toz and Charlie look a little haggard every time she dons her hat and takes off for fear that she'll say Yes to the next tempter. Privately we think both of them capable of blackballing her just to keep her on tap until one of them settles on a job and can hire her.

Mamie Crawford's plan to retire from the working world and keep house has been blasted by Selective Service. Her husband, along with his entire graduating class of dentists at Howard, is being inducted into the Army.

The Spicers are taking off in their station wagon on July 5th to commune with nature in the Canadian woods until Ned has to greet his budding anthropologists at Tucson. Incidentally, the four Spicers, condemned in Washington to a one-bedroom apartment, will rattle around in a three-bedroom house for the summer. We understand that the housing situation in Tucson is very tight, however; so they may have to take to a teepee there.

When asked what she had to say about her plans for the future, Emily Brown said darkly that she didn't have anything to say about them, but that if she didn't have anything to say about them much longer, she would have stomach ulcers or maybe need psycho-somatic treatment.

Charlie Lynn is at present bedded down at Johns Hopkins, with another set of doctors experimenting on him. We think he ought to be given a Pulitzer prize for the personal contribution he has made to medical science--at least we hope the doctors are learning something. Charlie wants a job as a "Consultant" at a CAF-20 and one slave to fetch and carry for him.

Shirley and George Barshay are in Washington for perhaps a year. George is working, but Shirley is being a housewife for the time being and looking as if the life agreed with her. In fact it has been rather cruel of her to flit through our offices looking fresh as a daisy when we poor old hacks were tottering around with bags under our eyes and fatigue in our souls.

Frank Cross has fined down to a place where he casts little more shadow than Charlie and Toz. Confidentially, his disposition was better when he was plump and rosie. Only the other day he called us up and bellowed at us simply because we hadn't been psychic enough to know that he would be turning up in the Barr Building that noon and want our company at lunch. We had gone just before he arrived. However, we forgave him his tantrums. We helped to spoil him when he held court on the 7th floor of the Barr Building.

Various alumni and -na, who shall remain nameless at this time simply send us a stamp or two now and then and give us no information at all about their doings. We have had no direct word from Arnold Serwer, but we heard that he is having another baby. Ed Ferguson had a daughter a couple of days ago. Has it occurred to anybody that the birthrate among WRA staff members--especially the men--is pretty high? It's a wonder that it hasn't come to the attention of the Un-American Committee.

We may not have mentioned it, but Philip Glick is an honorary member of WRARAA. Of course he has never worked in Reports, but he has certainly worked the Reports staff; so it seems appropriate to include him. Phil has been reading Ricksha Boy. He identified himself thoroughly and with no effort with Happy Boy up to a certain point; Phil endured vicariously the pull and strain of the muscles, the calloused hands, hunger and heat and cold, slights and cruelties, but when Happy Boy stood overwhelmed by emotions for which he had no words, dumb and inarticulate, the identification ended. We are sure that those of you who have known the ex-Solicitor and present Assistant Director of WRA will appreciate and understand that failure.

We remind you that our address is 1201 M Street, N.W., Apt. 6, Washington 5, D. C. Telephone: EXecutive 5299. It seems probable that we will remain in Washington. We are pretty much interested in a job that seems to be moving toward us. It is our intention to issue these bulletins occasionally, but from this time forth, they will be typed with carbons by us, and only such readers as write to us will be favored. The Barr Building looks like a deserted village already. Furniture is being moved out, packing boxes and empty desks abound, and the bell tolls for us.

We give Mr. Tozier the last word:

A Brief Farewell Note from a Weary Division Chief:

This is the time that some of us thought would never come--the time when WPA finally folds its tent and becomes just another page in the wartime history of the country. As your editor pointed out in the opening paragraph, those of us who are still left here are a little too numb at the moment to put the event in proper perspective and react accordingly. But all of us know down deep that we're losing something that's been a pretty important part of us for the past three or four years.

I've always felt, quite sincerely, that we had an unusually high-grade gang here in the Division and that we managed to develop an unusually good set of working relationships. It hurts a little to see it broken up, but I know that a great many friendships have been formed here which will last a long time. Before I shuffle off to an intensive career of beach-combing on the sandy shores of Maine, I just want to thank all of you for a good job cooperatively done and wish you all the best things of life. Mail sent to 2440 - 16th St., N.W., Washington 9, D.C., will reach me eventually.

M. M. T.

This copy of WRARAA is the first
run. By the time I made the second I had
August 19, 1946 found your card &
added your
address.

Dear Woodsmen and -women:

Just a hasty line to accompany the WRARAA. I do not mean to skimp people or put others out, but I simply couldn't bring myself to do more than two runs of this matter, and even with 7 or 8 thin carbons each time, I was short several issues for the faithful. Hence, I should be grateful if you would mail this on, when you are through with it, to John Bigelow, 6236 - 45th Street, N.E., Seattle 5, Washington.

Michael is on the coast, accepted by Sacramento J.C. but not by his step-mother. The latter blew up in his face at 2 a.m., when M. blew in from Washington, and accused him and his father of plotting with me to oust her so that Darr and I could get married again! Quaint. Michael spent a couple of days with his father, looked up Yvonne Noguchi and her husband (Lily Tanaki's sister-in-law) and has arranged to stay with them when they move into their own house shortly. In the meantime, until he has to register, he is visiting in Healdsburg and around the Bay with various friends and not too crushed by his step-mother's very un-Hawaiian welcome. The missionary in her over-balanced the Hawaiian in her blood, I fear.

Madeline is about to set off on her vacation--next Saturday--to be gone two weeks; Eleanor will be back about the time that M. gets here. I shall have at least 2 weeks of solitude and look forward to it. I write and lament and curse the fire engines and ambulances that chase one another around and around this black night and day.

Mr. Myer was sworn in as Commissioner pro-tem of FPHA a week ago today and now holds forth in the Longfellow Building. The Senate will have to vote on his appointment again when it reconvenes. Taft, the bastard, lifted the only dissenting voice when the appointment was put before them on their last day. It was taken for vote out of order, and hence had to be unanimous to stick--thus the pro-tem business.

I catch glimpses of the various members of the gang from time to time, and lunch with various ones now and then; most recently last Friday, with Messrs. Tozier and Glick at the Mayflower, both of them talking so hard that I had to bang on the table with my knife or deliver a kick under the table to get in a word edgewise.

Nicodemus persecutes callers. He appears like magic when anyone comes in and sits down and gets on the victim and makes bread in the victim's tenderest portions, usually the stomach. He especially likes to hound men, and has drawn yelps of anguish from Morten Gredzins, Charlie, and Toz.

It has been hot and sticky 9 days out of every ten since WRA closed. You should sing Te Deums every day that you are away from it all this summer. I hope nobody has broken any bones, caught any disease going around including colds, or eaten any poisonous berries, in other words, I trust that all is serene in the Spicer message.

Let me hear from you,

Love,
Ruth.

WRARAA: The Latest Word

No. 5, August 1946

EX. 5299

1201 M Street, N.W., Apt. 6, Washington 5, D.C.

ALIBI FOR ERRATA

Being removed from mimeograph facilities, we are obliged to turn out this number of WRARAA by our own labor, with as many carbons as the typewriter will take, and then repeating the gestures. Therefore, gentle readers, you will get these words as they come from the horse's mouth, without revision, and if there are x-ed out portions and typographical errors, and if the spelling and punctuation go wild, you will be wise to raise no objections. We simply cannot bear to make neat erasures with seven carbons. And anyway, without boasting, we venture to say that we are a more accurate typist than anybody in this gang except Louise Harding.

ESCAPISTS AND WOULD-BE ESCAPISTS

After some reflection, we have concluded that the last leaves on the WRA Reports tree fall into two categories: 1) those who have rushed off to remote parts or hidden themselves away locally to avoid having to take a job; and 2) those who gave in to pressure and went right from WRA to another job and envy the escapists. We, personally, belong to the second group of the first category, and frankly we don't understand how members of the second category pulled themselves together and went to work the Monday after the wind-up of WRA. We didn't regain consciousness until 10:30 that particular Monday, and then it was only with Herculean effort that we wrenched ourself from bed and made ourself decent for a luncheon engagement at 12:30. We still, after a month of unemployment, feel as if we were very unsatisfactorily recovering from a long illness, and the thought of submitting to office routine is anathema. We understand perfectly the psychology of certain newly arrived Mexican laborers who, back in the remote days of our childhood in the citrus fruit district of Southern California, vastly exacerbated (Mr. Tozier's pet word) our father's temper by disappearing from the orchard as soon as ~~they~~ paid and refusing to reappear until they had spent every cent they had previously earned.

The Number One Escapist

Can you guess, dear friends, whose name Abou Ben Adhems the list? None other than that ^{of}/~~once~~ dedicated soul, Morrill M. Tozier! He went so far as to refuse flatly Dillon S. Myer's request for the address of the Tozier home in Portland Maine, lest a job sneak up on him. He's an inconsistent creature, though, because after about 10 days of lotus-eating up in Maine, he wrote us plaintively that he hadn't had a bit of mail from any of his friends since leaving Washington and was feeling neglected and bitter--though he did grant that his feelings were irrational since he had left his address with no one. We provided DSM with the missing address--all the poor man wanted with it was to send his former Reports Officer a note of thanks for his services. Subsequent communications from Portland indicate that M.M.T. will reappear in Washington by mid-August but will skulk nervously about, coming out only after dark, for fear an aggressive job might come up and sink its teeth in his shoulder.

Gretchen
John Bigelow

Finally, re Mr. T. in this issue, he has hinted at a mustache, some gain in bulk on his mother's cooking, and a nonchalant acceptance of the idea that John Baker will probably win the \$2 I hold for the two gentlemen. On the night of June 22, 1946, Mr. Baker bet a dollar that if Mr. Tozier did not make a start on the book he is supposed to write on his own about WRA for Columbia University Press before July 21, he would never write it at all. Mr. T. indignantly challenged Mr. B., and both gents presented us the crisp dollar bills to hold until the point had been proved one way or another. As far as we can see, we may have to hang on to the \$2 till 1980 if Mr. T. refuses to admit before witnesses that he never will get the book written.

With Apologies to John Baker.

We are ready and willing to confess in this public fashion that we were unjust to Johnnie Baker in the last issue. We had a twinge of guilt about what we had said when we met him at a party at Falls Church (nigh the above mentioned bet was made) when the WRARAA was in the mail but had not yet reached him. He looked very beautiful that night, in immaculate white, was in fine voice, and full of pleasant words. Incidentally Mary looked beautiful, too, and has a new upswept hair-do that makes her look dangerous. If we had a husband we wanted to hang onto, we wouldn't trust him alone with Mary for two minutes in broad daylight--not with that coiffure. Even after John received his WRARAA, he was only gently reproachful when he called to make acknowledgement on the last day of WRA, and made us feel all the more remorseful about having done him an injustice. Presumably he has now started his independent career in radio, headquarters in a curious relic of the eighties or possibly nineties on Thomas Circle, one of those flat-iron shaped buildings, this magenta brick with green gingerbread ornamentation on it. We have been tempted to call on him, as we wander past that building frequently, but have been fearful of short-circuiting an inspiration.

Mr. Lynn, Alias Lazarus.

Charlie Lynn, in spite of the curious experiments that have been performed upon his slight frame, has, with the aid of penicillin conquered the bug that was demolishing him. He is gaining weight at the rate of 2½ pounds per week. No longer does his neck thrust up pencil-slim from his collar; no longer does he sleep only in 10-15 minute intervals; no longer are his cheeks hollow. Apparently the worst anguish he has endured in recent weeks was brought on by a stomach/which resulted from his eating a pound of salted peanuts at one sitting. On the evening of July 30 of this year he climbed our three flights of uncarpeted stairs without a wheeze. He steps along with a brisk purposefulness that is a joy to behold. He rushes around interviewing prospective employers, fearful only that he may be misled into the wrong job. This Saturday he is off for a summer vacation in his native Arkansas, at some hot-spring resort. Anybody who can stand hot-springs, let alone hot-springs in Arkansas in summer, just on his own initiative is a stouter soul than we are. We should choose, if given a choice, a vacation atop a glacier within the Arctic Circle.

The Back-to-Nature Spicers.

The Spicers set off right after the 4th of July for the Canadian woods. On the eve of the 4th, Roz brought over our cat Nicodemus, whom she has been keeping for the past year and a half. He had just returned to her after a binge that left him with one eye swelled shut and no flesh on his bones. He has adjusted to a shut-in life fairly well, and compromises with the rear fire escape, where he sits and broods about life when indoors gets too much for him. He, like Charlie, is getting well padded. The Spicers sent out printed cards telling where they are now and where they can be reached after September 1, but apparently they don't write letters. We picture them in portage, the inverted canoe sloping sharply downward from Ned, to Roz to Barry--only from our knowledge of Barry it's likely to be the other way with Barry in the lead--no heads showing, and Penny under Ned's arm, occasionally uttering plaintive Moose noises, and doing other things that seem to us to be suitable to the Canadian woods. If they aren't too remote from former cares, it might interest them to know that we suspect that the "Resettlement Study" as outlined--and we were officially consulted about that outline the other day--is a 10-year rather than a one-year project. The outline doesn't quite suggest that the investigators ought to find out how many times a day every re-settled person brushes his teeth and what brand of tooth paste or powder he uses, but otherwise it's pretty thorough.

Number Two Escapist.

Emily Brown hardily boasted before witnesses on July 30 in our apartment that the final date upon which she might have availed herself of re-employment rights in Government, passed without causing her a single flutter of dismay. She is quite happy to be unemployed--though she keeps very busy on her own. Early in July she flitted off to visit around in New York State and pieces of Massachusetts, to idle and eat and sleep and admire nature. The other day an apartment in a convenient location fell into her lap with a gentle thud, and if she doesn't look out, a job is likely to land around her neck before she knows it. She feels like writing these days; so she does. We hope nothing interferes with her going on this way as long as she cares to. She comes to see us every now and then and we sit up all hours. Incidentally at the final wake for WRA, held in our apartment on the last day, we were reduced to Emily, Roz, Toz, Madeline Hornburger and Louise Harding. Madeline Perry, though not a last leaf on the tree was here also. Roz, Madeline H. and Louise tottered home pretty early, everybody being just about half-conscious at the beginning of the evening. However, Toz, Emily and your scribe got their second wind and kept going till approximately 3 a.m., embalming the corpse of WRA in alcohol.

Number Three Escapist.

Eleanor Moore, we think after some cogitation, deserves this rating. She is winding up her summer session in library science at Syracuse. The courses have seemed rather dull and somewhat silly to her, but not arduous. The climate with the exception of the first few days has been cool. She is about to have a vacation in Pennsylvania

We can detect no note of yearning in Eleanor's letters for another Federal job. She has an eye on California and thinks it would be interesting to be research assistant and general nurse-maid to a writer who deals with social problems. The obstacle there is that most writers in that category don't make enough money to hire such a helper. We grant that Eleanor would be God's gift to any serious writer, but she better resign herself to taking one on a matrimonial basis if at all, because the brutes find it less expensive to keep a wife than to hire an assistant, because the carefully picked wife does research, typing, checks punctuation and spelling and besides that, feeds, irons, mends, etc., etc. merely for bed and board and an occasional garment.

Fourth on the List of Escapists.

We are only a weak-minded woman, so we are this low on the list. We have been promised a job with the information program of the Food and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Agriculture Organization of United Nations come the first of the year when the I.P. will presumably be ready for launching. Right now the Director and Assistant Director of Information are tossing their locks in frenzy, trying to figure out what kind of an information program they can work out that will be acceptable to the 40-odd nations that are still not quite perfectly united on all points. It occurred to us that if we could steer clear of an interim job, and could learn to be more economical than it is natural for us to be, we could finish our novel about Japanese Americans, title The Refuge, in the remaining months of this year. So that is our intension. We have learned by frustrating experience that creative writing doesn't progress very rapidly when it must be tackled in stray moments snatched from the demands of a full time job of another kind of writing. We want to get this book off our chest and in circulation before the Japanese Americans become indistinguishable from the Irish Americans. Right now we are still in the throes of sorting out our files into essential and non-essential material. The former class is being arranged in unnaturally findable fashion in a steel file case which I bought in desperation; the latter is being arranged period in covered cartons marked "30 doz. eggs" for storage in the basement. However, the mind is open as well as weak--fatal combination--and so if somebody we like awfully well came along and exerted charm and persuasiveness, we should probably yes him if he offered us a job.

Would-be Escapists.

We had lunch today with Louise Harding, one of those unfortunates who had to report for duty in a new job the Monday after WRA folded. We found her in an air-cooled office in the East Wing of the North Building of the USDA, where she operates as secretary to one Mr. Stone in Budget and Finance. She said that as yet she had been pretty gentle with the Stone and other gents whom she looks after, but we gathered that that was just because of her weakened condition. She is having two weeks of vacation the latter half of this month, and after a fortnight of the home farm, she expects to be stout enough to crack down on them. In spite of no respite between jobs, she looked very up-and-coming.

Madeline Hornburger foreswore the job in Fish and Wildlife for a berth with the WRA liquidation unit in Interior, which will linger on

in some shrinking form for the fiscal year of 1947. When ^{we} I saw her, some time in the past week at about dawn, she seemed entirely resigned to this business of getting to work at 7:45 A.M. She and Hazel Brewer share an office and serve Boyd Larsen. We were up at that hour only because we were supposed to be a "consultant" for a day, along with Charlie Lynn. We had erroneously supposed that hours meant something, and so we got there at approximately 7:45, only to find that nobody had dreamed that we could do such a thing, and nobody who wanted to consult us came in till after nine, while we read the latest Federal Register from cover to cover in desperation. We found Mamie Crawford sitting in Mrs. Wood's office (Personnel of the liquidation unit) when we arrived, looking sleepily resigned to a reappointment designed to keep order among records of WRA in the liquidation unit. Mamie reported that her husband was to be off with the Armed Forces within the week to some point in Texas.

Evelyn Lee wrote me last month that she, too, was feeling the strain of going straight from one job to another. She had been helping out in the last hectic days of WRA and Reports, with deadlines for all the final reports to be met and everything being finished at once and not half enough typists. She was working amid noise, numbers, and confusion and feeling a nostalgia for the good old days in 712 Barr Bldg. She gave us her address for mailing purposes, Box 6503, T Street P.O., Washington 9, D.C.

Parentetical statement: Emily Brown called us up this afternoon and announced that she had wandered up to the 8th floor of the Barr Bldg. and had no feeling of recognition at all! The door to the WRA corridor had been moved back toward Mr. Myer's old office some distance, and that section is now occupied by the American plant food Corporation--I may have the exact title inexact, but that was the idea--with a lush carpeted waiting room with the corridor walls shoved back. Over what used to be 712 was a new office with the name, Fulton Lewis, Jr. on it. (If Fulton Lewis spells his last name some other way, correct it for yourselves.)

Philip M. Glick has been busy as a beaver as Assistant Coordinator of Programs for Interior since the minute WRA shut down, doing a large-scale job in record time, and rather resenting having to work when other people are relaxing. The next issue of WRARAA--if there ever is another--will unfold to you just what Philip has decided will--when the world is so full of a number of things--~~that~~ make him as happy as several kings, not that we've ever been too sure that kings, since the days of folkways, have ever been particularly happy.

Alumni and -na of longer standing.

Lorna Jensen Stith's husband said to hell with driving sixty miles each way to and from work; so Lorna gave up her job and the Stiths have moved down to Fort Knox, Kentucky. As of July 13 they were living at the Officers' Club, awaiting quarters of their own. Her address is at present, c/o Lt. Orel C. Stith O-1015062, Hq. 2nd Regt., A.T.C., Fort Knox, Kentucky. She wrote rapturously: "We go swimming every day and the biggest thing I've got to do is keep my hair and nails fixed! What a life! We are hoping we will get quarters soon. Yesterday we'd been married 6 months and are so happy together. If anyone asks me, married life is wonderful--of course you've got to have the right guy."

Scottie (formally Miss Catherine S. Scott, Advertising Manager of University of Columbia Press) has been vacationing at Monhegan Island Maine. She sent us a photograph-post card of a lovely windswept cypress on a rocky headland and a mammoth, white surf that reminded us of the Monterey Coast in California, and the message: "This is the life! It's a gorgeous island, even in bad weather, which we had for 3 days. There is nothing to do but walk, sit, and eat. So that's what we do. ... Haven't been so relaxed in ages. You ought to see the cats here! The family has 30, of all ages, colors and dispositions." Well, there is nothing we should like better than a session with sea and wind and rocks with 30 cats thrown in for good measure. Also, we can take good food.

Lisa Peattie and her husband have been running a summer work camp for 15-17 year-old high school girls and boys, under the auspices of the Friends at the Darinton Housing Project in Monroe, Michigan. Monroe, says Lisa, "was an old, set-in-its-ways Michigan town when, at the beginning of the 1900's, the paper factories came in and imported all kinds of "lowerclass" outsiders. The mountaineers came up in even larger numbers after a small steel plant moved in, raising wages, ~~xxxx~~ and causing the paper mills to go South for cheap labor. So what we have now is a respectable, fairly well-integrated bourgeois West End, and a disintegrated East End, split by 36 nationalities and the Southern mountaineer tradition of individualism. The latter has a third of the city's school population, but no parks, no baseball field. The delinquency rate is terrifically high. In other words, the factories imported people who they thought wouldn't get together to raise wages, and now they have no community because people won't get together. Who's surprised?"

"Darinton, where we are living, is a temporary housing project built for a presently closed down ALCOA plant by the Defense Plants Corp. It consists of long rows of barracks-like buildings right in line for the smoke from the paper mills. It has a large store-and-community-center building which was given such a high rental value that it has stood empty since the project was built three or four years ago. Meanwhile everyone goes into Monroe on the bus to shop, and there is no community meeting place whatever. For 800 kids on the project there is one small sandbox to play in--and that is all. Many of the kids stand around for hours throwing mud at each other--anything to pass the time. Their families give them little sympathy or help; they come around to us all the time, happy to be allowed to help out the lawn, or to be told stories, or to play games, or even just to be around some sympathetic person.

"The camp is working on fixing up a Community Center in the East End, levelling and clearing a playground in the worst part and fixing playground equipment here in Darinton. We will also be doing recreational leadershipwork. Pete and I are working harder than we ever worked before in our lives... We find we have to keep thinking all the time, keeping the kids working and satisfied to work, encouraging those who need more self-confidence, trying to bring public opinion to bear against non-cooperators, saving the girls from the local wolves, while still encouraging them to make friends. But we are having the time of our lives, and I think learning a lot. For one thing, it takes more moral endurance and sustained self-control than anything I have ever done." After the camp folds, end of August, the Peatties are

hitch-hiking to Vermont to visit Pete's father and mother. What it is to be young!

Madeline Perry and Gretchen Van Tassel are still with N.H.A., but, alas, no longer in the air-cooled, streamlined Longfellow Building. They have been shoved off into something known as "The Barracks", one of those so-called temporary structures dating from World War I, and over on the SW piece of the District. Madeline is nearing vacation time and expecting to visit around in the state of Massachusetts, with a bit of Rhode Island thrown in.

We spent a lazy and comfortable Fourth of July out at the Cross's in Silver Spring, along with the Messrs. Tozier, Parkers (pere et fils) and Alkire. The Crosses have a charming black kitten called Fiddle (he had a sister named Fiddle, but somebody stole her). Frank has gone up a step in the bureaucracy of our Government, and--though I have it on hearsay only--is now free to knock off work any time after noon.

People whose names are not mentioned in this document may lay it to the fact that they have omitted telling me what they are doing. Most of these nameless persons, in fact, are not going to receive copies of this issue.

We almost forgot a newsworthy item: Shirly Barshay in her non-domestic moments has placed an article with Mademoiselle, for two hundred bucks, so we have heard. We take off our newest and largest hat to her.

Shirly Barshay

WRARAA: The Latest Word

No. 6, September 1946

EX. 5299 1201 M Street, N. W., Apt. 6, Washington 5, D. C. R.

THE DUPLICATION PROBLEM

Frankly, it's the same dismal problem it was seven weeks ago, *How's the housing out your way? How about a letter?* only it seems worse to us because we were misled by a will-o-the-wisp sort of hope planted in our breast by John Baker and allowed to believe for a few blessed hours that we were going to get free mimeographing out of the National County Agents' Syndicate--that is the approximate title of the Baker racket. To us mimeographing implies two steps: 1) cutting a stencil; 2) wrapping the finished stencil over an inky roller and turning out the desired number of copies. But to John Baker it meant only the second of those steps. Auwe! In straightforward language he meant that we could cut our own stencil, drag it down to his office and operate his genuine antique of a mimeograph machine ourselves. To be rudely candid, his offer merely aggravates the condition of our suffering on this score. Left to ourselves, we put as much paper and carbon together as we can stuff into our aged typewriter and compose the bulletin, crossing out or leaving errors as we see fit. When we have revived from the initial act of creation and have about 8 or maybe 9 copies of that version, we again stuff as much paper and carbon into the typewriter and copy what we first batted out, with various improvements and corrections. The people who get the first version have a cruder version than those who get the second, but that can't be helped. We do two jobs on the typewriter, each of six or seven closely typed pages. Now where would John Baker's proposal get us? We would do one lone copy first, batted out. Then we would go over it and correct and improve in pencil. Then we would have to fiddle with a stencil and clean our typewriter much more thoroughly than is our wont, and then we would have to cut the stencil at a slow and agonized pace, perspiring and shivering over it, and it would get contumacious in the manner of inanimate things and let us get to the last line on a page and suddenly catch on some gadget and wrinkle up into a ball in a flash, and we would have to start out all over again. On the first issue of WRARAA, we cut our own stencil; so we know whereof we speak. That one effort sent our blood pressure soaring 35 points! Therefore, until some alumnus who is located in Washington comes through with an offer that includes having his secretary cut the stencil, we shall struggle along in our present rut. That means that we struggle along until some alumnus has a secretary whom he can browbeat and who doesn't crack the whip at him. In the meantime, we make two runs, and ask alumni and alumna working in the same organization to share a single copy. We should like to have a copy for every individual, but we do have about 600-odd pages of novel to write from scratch by Christmas--remember?

THE SALMON THAT FLEW ACROSS THE CONTINENT, OR, WHY JOHN BIGELOW IS ONCE MORE IN GOOD REPUTE WITH US

When we composed the August WRARAA, we were in a state of having eradicated John Bigelow from our thoughts, and made no mention of him, though we may have referred to him in some defamatory way in the second edition, when our mood had changed to that of a woman scorned. One of our informants, back in July, told us

Roz
How's the housing out your way? How about a letter?
Evelyn Rose
married father
Kitasaka former of misadventure
the T. J. J.

that John Bigelow was in Washington and had been seen around NHA. He sent him hospitable messages of greeting, fancying him in a hotel, but got nary a telephone message, only a vague, word-of-mouth greeting handed down several hands. It was much later, just before we began this issue, in fact, when we dropped in to inspect John Baker's office on Thomas Circle, that we learned that John Bigelow was entertained at the Bakers' in Falls Church during his brief stay here; so of course he needed nothing further in the way of hospitality. Furthermore, that day the Bakers had received, air-mail express--or is that redundant? And should it be simply air express?--a huge Puget Sound salmon from their recent guest. We offered a few hints on the proper way of treating a whole salmon, and for our pains were invited, along with Tex and the Myers, to help eat the salmon. It was wonderful, and so were the Bakers, the Myers, Tezier, another guest, the salad--we bow to Mary Baker on the score of salads, incidentally--and the drinks. We forgave John Bigelow all his shortcomings on the spot, and even composed a letter of gratitude to him on the spot, which we presume was mailed to him by the host.

EMPLOYMENT STATUS OF ALUMBI

Incidental note: a month has elapsed between page 1 and page two of this issue. The present date is October 20. To go on: one by one the idlers are being rounded up and forced behind desks. Merrill M. Tezier, since the last week of September, has joined the staff of PPHA. Officially he is a historian! Lately it looks as if he might really be expected to produce some historical documents, but at first his main assignment was grooming a speech for DSR, making it sound like him. Now Tex complains a little that he is shut off in an office by himself and expected to do something about the history! All we wanted and yearned for in WRA was an office to ourself and a chance to write history! We never had it. And, by God, we were a historian. Now, our former categorical superior is expected to do a bit of history and is given privacy to do it in and it makes him feel restless! Justice, worldly justice, we are convinced, went up in that ominous puff of smoke above Hiroshima, on August 6, 1945.

Emily Brown was snared into an information writing job with Public Health about a month ago. She found it very difficult to get anywhere before noon, at first, but they have her so regimented now that she was afraid to come home with us after dining with us at a restaurant in our neighborhood the other night--and it was only 7:30 when we got out--for fear she would stay later than nine and not be on time to work next morning. At last report she had just finished a chapter on mental diseases for a book that will be published over the signature of the Surgeon General of the United States. When we were innocent and generally verdant, we thought that a name below the title or at the end of article or book meant that that person had personally written the item. We learned better soon after we came to Washington. We probably don't know how to get along in the writing world in these modern times. Maybe we should corner our faithful cleaning woman and ironer and make her write our novels!

Oscar Buttendahl has jumped the government track once again--the first time was when he left WPA to rush off and take over a newspaper dedicated to defeating Nye--and is aiding and abetting John Baker. When we went up to look over their premises in that peculiar ginger-bready building where the offices are, we found John and Oscar and the secretary and an anomalous young man with pleasant manners all drinking coffee and idling in pure government style. We feel justified in including in this paragraph a word of praise for the Baker children, John, known as Jack, and Mary, 9 and 7 years respectively. They are healthy, normal--if there is such a thing in this freakish world, but you know what we mean--and good looking; they are mannerly but not stiff; they greet the guests in friendly fashion--even Mary, who was suffering intolerably from a badly skinned knee and worse-skinned vanity when we met her in a kitchen consultation, and she gave us a tremulous "Hi!" between sobs; they do not spit in the guests' eyes on sight, swear at them, or on the other hand monopolize the stage and the conversation, and they go off to bed without a row. We like the young Bakers, and we add to our long-term liking for their parents great respect for their ability to present civilized youngsters to their adult friends.

Charlie Lynn and Eleanor Moore and we are the only unemployed, officially speaking, among the old reports gang, and a job is sneaking up on Charlie, and we are afraid one is sneaking up on us. Eleanor flirts with jobs now and then but is skittish about coming to terms. She has more savings than we ever managed, and so she can afford to be fussy. We didn't mean to take a job until we had finished our novel, but our rate of progress has been slowed by annoying though trivial fleshly afflictions, such as an abscessed tooth, a carbuncle under one arm that kept the left arm at half mast for ten days--and naturally we couldn't write with any sort of inspiration under such circumstances--and then a plague of plumbers in our ancient apartment house. We find that bank accounts dwindle in horrific fashion--maybe this is a time when one can use the word horrendous--when ~~nothing~~ is coming in. So if this recent job taps us a couple of times on the shoulder and emphatically enough, we will probably bow low and say yes. What we really want is a cabin in a forest, preferably redwoods, five miles at least from the nearest neighbor, a fireplace and a substantial wood supply, a hot water system and modern plumbing, our files, plenty of paper, some books, several kittens and cats, a pleasant but not too ecstatic dog, and deer to come and whiffle at us through our windows at night and nibble our garden. We don't really expect to get such bliss this side of Paradise, but we'd like it. We're tired of living in the business district where fire engines and elongated hook-and-ladder monstrosities, police cars, ambulances, etc. chase each other around and around the block day and night, splitting our eardrums. Besides, all these nauseous noises interrupt some of our most brilliant thoughts, scattering them to the nine winds of heaven, and we never do pick them up again.

Louise Harding, with whom we had lunch not too long ago, is with Agriculture in something to do with Budget and Finance. She says she is kept busy but is not thrilled. We quite understand. She is taking up bowling on the side as a release from finance, and was rather

stiff in the appropriate muscles. She disturbs her former chief, M.M.T., considerably of late by catching the same street car that he does in the morning. He gazes upon the perfect secretary and knows that that perfection cannot be his. Historians don't rate perfect secretaries. As a matter of fact, as yet he hasn't any kind of secretary at all.

Gretchen and Madeline Perry are still with NHA. We noticed a photograph of some career gal in a copy of Mademoiselle the other day when we were waiting for our doctor to shoot us, and the photograph was a Van Tassel production. Madeline took a fling at bowling but renounced the sport in the name of the intellect. She is now taking a staggering course at American University that meets for two hours and forty minutes every Friday night so soon after work that she starves through it. According to our limited understanding of the course, its victims will come forth expert coordinators of sociology, anthropology, neurology, psychology and government administration. If they just teased in a little cookery and plain sewing, these students would emerge well-rounded human beings.

Lorna Stith and her husband are at present living in an "Officers Only" kind of trailer camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The Stiths have a small brown-terrier called Sis. Sis Stith is a drunken sounding name to our mind. Lorna apparently is learning to overcome a native dislike for housework and cooking. She reports, "I think I'm making a little headway to start liking it." She is learning to sew, and in odd moments rides a bicycle in hopes of disposing of poundage. Her full address at present is c/o Lt. O.C. Stith, O-1015082, Rq. 2nd Regt. R.T.C., Fort Knox, Ky. They expect to be sent overseas in the spring.

Lisa Peattie was last heard from in Vermont where she and her husband were finishing out the summer with his parents, both of whom were very ill. Peat, who has not been back from overseas service with an ambulance unit very long, is living in expectation of being drafted into the infantry--of all things, and just as they had gotten well established at the U. of Chicago.

We have had two fairly recent communiques from Polly Rouser. The first, dated August 21 contains the paragraph: "As of Sunday this week, if nothing else has turned up and our hopes are almost gone, we will be signing up for a cottage on an estate at Sands Point, Long Island, taking on a coal furnace, a dog and eighty dollars worth of house and furnishings. The real puzzle to the problem is how we get out on snowy days--or worse yet, after the thaw. The road going into the estate will be passable, probably, but then there is a little rut of a road that goes to the cottage off the main road. Methinks walking and the Rousers will soon be pals as it is a two mile jaunt into Port Washington, the nearest stores and train. We will be in good company however. Swope has a place out there, Tina Lesser, and I believe Guggenheim. Maybe they have a nice sleigh we can rent." They are probably Islanders by now, as their apartment sub-lease ran out October 1. An

interesting little envelope bearing the N.Y. post mark of Sep. 18 reached us in due time and revealed on the cover of the enclosed folder the single word "Arrived". Inside the message went:

Judith Margaret Houser
John and Pelly want you to know
of their great joy in welcoming
eight-day old Judith into the
family. Born Sept. 4th, birth
weight 5 lb. 7 oz.

Scottie's last letter, dated September 22, was chuck full of Mine Okubo's book, Citizen 13660, including reviews and statements about it made by Carey McWilliams, Edwin Ambree, Kaltenborn, Vandercook, DSM, MMT and other dignitaries. The book has had wonderful reviews, and we hope the sales mount and mount. Scottie has a high batting average for marrying off her living companions--that is, since she stopped living with WJ. She's losing the latest shortly and the girl who intends to replace the bride in Scottie's apartment had no sooner decided to move in than romance burst upon her, and it looks as if there would be a vacancy again before long.

Kiai Jinbo, whose address is P.O. Box 144, Los Altos, California, writes that she and Fred have been decorating their one-room apartment and having fun doing it. Fred is attending the University of California, and Kiai comments "Government Issue Bill of Rights is certainly an introduction to depression for us, but we are appreciative of its educational opportunities." She and Fred sent us a marvelous book of Chinese recipes put out by the New China Relief, and we have fed our friends and our household considerable quantities of Chinese food ever since.

Nobody has heard a word out of Lillian Numamoto since she took off for California.

Ginny Stepper wrote me back in August: ~~xxxx~~ "I am still working for Public Roads, but God knows for how long. You have probably heard about the Civil Service examination we had to take! Well, I failed. I was so darn nervous and upset that I couldn't even type or think. I had to get back to normal again with a coke spiked with arsenia. I couldn't hold a cigarette, my usual remedy, so you can see what a shape I was in. We poor nervous unfortunates are going to get another chance though. Unless I can control myself better I am afraid it isn't going to do me much good." We sympathize and understand. Once we had to take a typing test for a job when we were very young and inadvertently got on the wrong line of keys so that we had line after line of hkwklyq glyt pflat sort of stuff. We hope Ginny calms down for the next attempt, as she likes her job in personnel and her boss and her boss likes her. We don't like examinations anyway. Ginny was then about to take off for two weeks of vacation in North Carolina.

Madeline H. is still working with Mrs. Brewer over in the liquidation unit of WRA at Interior. Mamie keeps the Community Analysts' gang in order. Her husband is headed for Korea with the boys in uniform. He sports a gold bar on his shoulders.

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Judith Margaret Houser

John and Pelly want you to know of their great joy in welcoming eight-day old Judith into the family. Born Sept. 4th, birth weight 5 lb. 7 oz.

Scottie's last letter, dated September 22, was chock full of Mine Okubo's book, Citizen 13660, including reviews and statements about it made by Carey McWilliams, Edwin Ambree, Kaltenborn, Vandercook, DSM, MMT and other dignitaries. The book has had wonderful reviews, and we hope the sales mount and mount. Scottie has a high batting average for marrying off her living companions--that is, since she stopped living with me. She's losing the latest shortly and the girl who intends to replace the bride in Scottie's apartment had no sooner decided to move in than romance burst upon her, and it looks as if there would be a vacancy again before long.

Kimi Jinbo, whose address is P.O. Box 144, Los Altos, California, writes that she and Fred have been decorating their one-room apartment and having fun doing it. Fred is attending the University of California, and Kimi comments "Government Issue Bill of Rights is certainly an introduction to depression for us, but we are appreciative of its educational opportunities." She and Fred sent us a marvelous book of Chinese recipes put out by the New China Relief, and we have fed our friends and our household considerable quantities of Chinese food ever since.

Nobody has heard a word out of Lillian Muzumoto since she took off for California.

Ginny Stepper wrote me back in August:ixxx "I am still working for Public Reads, but God knows for how long. You have probably heard about the Civil Service examination we had to take! Well, I failed. I was so darn nervous and upset that I couldn't even type or think. I had to get back to normal again with a coke spiked with amonia. I couldn't hold a cigarette, my usual remedy, so you can see what a shape I was in. We poor nervous unfortunates are going to get another chance though. Unless I can control myself better I am afraid it isn't going to do me much good." Be sympathize and understand. Once we had to take a typing test for a job when we were very young and inadvertently got on the wrong line of keys so that we had line after line of hkwklyq glyt pfat sort of stuff. We hope Ginny calms down for the next attempt, as she likes her job in personnel and her boss and her boss likes her. We don't like examinations anyway. Ginny was then about to take off for two weeks of vacation in North Carolina.

Madeline H. is still working with Mrs. Brewer over in the liquidation unit of WRA at Interior. Mamie keeps the Community Analysis gang in order. Her husband is headed for Korea with the boys in uniform. He sports a gold bar on either shoulder.

We keep hearing that Arnold Serwer is just about to appear in Washington, but he never does. Of course there is a hotel strike in progress now, and that may have kept him in New York. We take this opportunity to thank him for the dollar he sent us by Shirley Marshay to help with the cost of production and postage on WRARAA. By mentioning his generosity before Messrs. Tozier, Baker, and Cross, we got tendered dollar bills from these gents, too. Indeed John Baker went so far as to give us two, which he had just acquired from us. We had held the two dollars until Toz threw up the sponge and confessed that he was not contemplating writing a book about WRA at this time. If this sort of spirit keeps up, we are likely to come out ahead on this WRARAA deal.

Philip M. Glick, General Counsel of FPHA, is girt round with dragon-like secretaries and five telephones, and is always on the phone or in conference. It's about like trying to get through to General MacArthur to reach him. However, somebody interested in hiring us did get through to him the other day, and was so overwhelmed by what Philip had to say in ~~our~~ behalf that he concluded there was no hope of getting ~~us~~ for the job and settled on somebody else. Glickian strategy sometimes has unexpected results. As both Mr. Glick and Mr. Tozier had virtually ordered us to take this job--quite as if it would be their responsibility to support us if we became destitute--we had bowed our head in our customary meek fashion before this dual voice of authority and decided that we would take the job. Under these circumstances the denouement put us in stitches.

Frank Cross, who was the third person to call us today to ask if Charlie Lynn were here--we might as well put out a shingle as a professional husband sitter, if everybody thinks any missing husbands can be found in our apartment--indicated that when and if Charlie could be found, his job in Frank's department in Small Business is ready for him. Frank is getting ringed round with WRA alumni. He has Tom Parker and Edna George and now Charlie. He was scouting for a CAF-4 stenographer or secretary, but we didn't know of any off-hand. We had lunch with Frank not long ago, and the cares of his important position have not quenched his gaiety or his gallantry.

The Spicers are presumably settled down in Tucson, and get mail at the University of Arizona there. We had a card showing all but Penny on horseback up in Canada, mentioning that Rex was kept busy preventing Penny from falling into the lake and Barry from shooting people with his bow and arrow. We can think of no place we would like less to be than in Barry Spicer's vicinity when Barry was equipped with bow and arrow.

In answer to a request we supply Mr. Glick's address:
3726 Connecticut Ave., N.W.

At this point, we sign off. The hour is 5:20 p.m., the date Monday, October 21, 1946.

WRARAA THE LATEST WORD

No. 7, December 1946

EX 5299

1201 N Street, N.W., Apt. 6, Washington 5, D.C.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL MANY GOOD NIGHTS!

FLASH! Eleanor Perry Moore, by the time most of you receive this document, will be Mrs. James Grahl. The legalization of this union of congenial minds etc. takes place on December 29 at the home of Jim's parents in Chicago. Scarcely pausing for breath the young couple will climb into a plane and rush back here to bunk overnight at the Statler and pick up some suitable attire for a honeymoon on the island of Captiva off the Gulf coast of Florida. We approve of Jim as a mate for our Eleanor. They went to Antioch, though they didn't know each other then, and they have an appalling number of mutual friends, most of whom identify themselves as cupid in this affair. These Antioch grads are actually much more clannish than the Japanese Americans ever dreamed of being. Anyway, Jim is tall, well strung together, and appears to be able to take just about anything in his stride--an excellent thing in a husband. He is permanently lodged in the Bureau of the Budget, which seems to be more likely than most departments of the government to survive under GOP administration, as it is going to be pretty busy carrying out the GOP notions of how economically the federal government can be run. The youngsters are running around in a tizzy over this sudden change in their lives and especially over the need for an apartment. Everybody they know is working on this problem, and we suspect that they will have suitable accommodations not long after the start of 1947. Jim did draw the line at living on a boat in the Potomac, as one of their friends suggested. Until they get quarters of their own on dry land they can receive felicitations and congratulations at our address.

We might as well admit early in this communication that we, the last of the unemployed of the WRARAA, are now employed, and how! We work at home but the job is no sinecure. We are laboriously engaged in shrinking 1200 pages of rough (very rough) draft of a survey of educational facilities in the Arab speaking countries of Asia Minor plus Egypt to 600 pages of coherent writing. All the surveys ~~are~~ include detailed studies of the political development of the five countries, economic and social conditions, etc. as well as with educational programs. As we were unfamiliar with any kind of development of these Arab-speaking countries since the period that gave rise to the Arabian Nights' Entertainment (as put forth by Burton) we tended to sag in spirit, mind and body as we faced this assignment. Candidly we took on this assignment because we had suddenly been forced to recognize the flattened state of our exchequer. Anyway, we are now an expert on the Kingdom of Iraq (Mesopotamia to you) and will shortly be similarly learned about Palestine, Egypt, Lebanon and Transjordan. What a lot of queer pockets of pseudo-expertise knowledge we will have, if this sort of thing goes on happening to us!

While we think of it, we feel obliged to do something about a petition from Lorna Jenson Stith for our recipe for French dressing for salads--and we have not had time to write personally to Lorna. So we give it here, for what it is worth. We explain that we rarely measure anything when cooking or concocting in the kitchen. However, the basic idea of our salad dressing is between a fourth and a third as much vinegar, preferably wine vinegar, to the oil, preferably olive oil, though we have used any kind of vegetable oil that came our way in recent years. To begin with, you should rub the bowl in which the dressing is made with a clove of garlic. Basic seasoning is plenty of salt, a dash of pepper, mustard, either made or dry, to taste, and some paprika. We add herbs in pinches, marjoram, sweet basil, thyme, savory, etc. and always minced parsley. If your eye isn't good in cookery, you had better start out with the dressing in preferably a wooden bowl and after you mix it, break in lettuce and whatever you put in a salad and then toss the mess with your salad spoon and fork. Often we put the substance of the salad in first and splash on oil and vinegar and the seasoning later, but we don't advise that method unless you know what you are doing. It is also good stuff to make your dressing in a separate bowl and add a tablespoon or so of sour cream and beat the whole with an egg beater, then pour over the greenery and toss. After you have been at this sort of thing for a few years, you will get the feeling for it and act on intuition. Amen.

We had luncheon with Charlie Lynn and his new boss, Frank Cross, the other day. Charlie is behind a desk now, nominally at least, though Frank complains that he is usually out from behind it, distracting his chief. Frank says that life has picked up socially since he acquired Charlie as an assistant but that actually less work gets done because the chief so much enjoys chatting with his new assistant. Well--the boys will probably work out their problem sooner or later.

Eimi writes us that she has a job with the U.C. Bureau of Economic Research and that it is a pleasant place to work, since its dignitaries encourage late arrivals and frequent departures for coffee. She asks plaintively for Lillian Numamoto's West Coast address, but we don't know it. If anybody does, we suggest that you come through. We have also requests for Nobu's address in Japan, and we have it not.

Madeline Perry has moved out from under our roof to more elegant quarters in Virginia, nominally Alexandria, though the tract is called Beverly Hills. Her phone number is TEmple 6730, and the address 3106 Circle Hill Road, Alexandria. She dropped in to see us last Saturday night and in spite of an afternoon of Christmas shopping looked about 21 at the most and was in good spirits. [We look 75 when we get up in the morning and feel 95 most days; by evening we feel and look a mere 60.]

This is another day, and we have just disentangled ourself from miles of Christmas ribbons, pounds of stickers, fancy wrapping materials and twine. No one will ever understand quite how deeply we suffer when obliged to wrap up parcels. We should be digesting a bulky section on Iraq's economic conditions and problems and regurgitating it in streamlined form, but we prefer to commune with our pals. We have a hard night ahead of us: an excursion to the all-night post office to mail our packages.

John Baker and Oscar Buttedahl, the independent young blades, have set up a syndicate of their own in rivalry and in the same building with the one they recently worked for. Their erstwhile angel, we understand, sprouted dark pinfeathers. We admire the boys' spirit and are betting on them.

Arnie finally reached Washington and, as any good WHARAA member should, called us up promptly. He presented himself upon our doorstep one night of his stay, with a bottle of good liquor under either arm to lubricate a hastily contrived gathering here. The cause of the gathering was in good form. We remember with particular pleasure his narrative of his turn at being house mother to a gang of displaced boys during the depression in this our nation's capital. He could scarcely have been dry behind the ears himself at that time.

We might as well mention the fact that some of our members are getting lax about supplying us with information. We have plenty of writing and typing to do without running off extra copies of this circular for social ingrates. In spite of that salmon, we are tending toward classifying John Bigelow with the ingrates. Jane Neubauer is definitely off our list as we haven't had a word out of her since late spring.

Polly Houser, at the other extreme, took time to write us a super-fine letter from the usual endless round of baby formulae, feeding schedule and tending, all made more difficult by the fact that the Housers acquired for six months or so a one-room apartment in the same building where they lived more spaciouly a short time ago. Its address is the same, 10 Mitchel Place, N.Y.C. Polly sounded blithe and gay in spite of their housing situation and thoroughly pleased with the baby, who is nowadays known as Julie.

Hazel Brewer, happily back in Ed Ferguson's office in PPAA, called us up the other day to get documentation on the total absence of J.A. sabotage and espionage from the American scene, and it took us back to be pawing through disordered files for something we knew was there but found elusive at the moment when it was wanted. However, we did find it for her in about 15 minutes.

The Barschays turned up at the gathering for Arnie, and Shirly looked too beautiful for any good use. She is doing some

expert on sewage disposal, infection, contagion and mental distress. In spite of her concentration on these depressing subjects, she looks "pretty sharp" whenever we see her, happily often.

Nobody has heard anything out of the Spicers since their arrival in the great southwest. We have a certain distrust of the effect of that tremendous wasteland of reservations and hogans on the human spirit, and our conjecture is that the Spicers have so far fallen under its spell that they communicate only in sign language and grunts by now.

We have read Karen Tshoo's City in the Sun, the first adult novel to come out of the evacuation. It annoyed us no end that she named her Issei mother Tsuyo, because we named ours Tsuyui! The book has had very favorable reviews and on the whole it merits them. However, despite really brilliant passages, a well told story and many three-dimensional characters, the book displays signs of its author's incomplete grasp of the facts of the evacuation and relocation of Japanese Americans. She worked for a year or so as secretary of the Chief of Internal Security at Gila, and that fact might account for her conclusion that there was no light. Her Maricopa Relocation Center is obviously Gila River, and her portrayal of some of the more prominent appointed personnel is clever, uncompromising and recognizable. We wonder if any of the portrayed have read the book and if so, what their reaction has been. We wish we might have reviewed the book for some fairly important review journal. In all modesty we think we are better qualified for such a task than the reviewers the book has had. Most of these have been thoughtful and serious in their approach but they had not sufficient knowledge of the subject to distinguish between what was dead right and what was off the beam.

Our former Chief is in travail with a history of the Title V program of FPHA, in preparation for an anticipated Congressional investigation of the program. There is nothing like preparedness, especially for Congressional investigations. We gather from fairly frequent reports that the poor boy doesn't know which shoulder he is sitting on or which leg he has wrapped around his telephone.

We had just about concluded that the Glicks were in process of divorce, as we made three daytime calls at their residence and got no response, but a few minutes ago we were luckier and had a long conversation with Rose D. in the course of which it was agreed that the Glicks should help us to forget our forlorn and childless estate on Christmas Eve by drinking a stirrup cup with us. Toz will, too, and so will some friends from Hawaiian days. Emily B. just signified that she would be here also and that she will turn up early in the day and help us trim our Christmas tree. Solitude has its charms, but not at Christmas.

This paragraph is considerably closer to Christmas than the last one. Iraq has been claiming our attention for the past week, but a light snowfall in the night left the world looking momentary.

ly Yule-tidish, and we hump ourself to finish this document. We lost much of our Christmas spirit this afternoon in a frustrating pursuit of bulbs for our Christmas tree, and clerk after clerk indicated that the store had been out of spares for weeks and that we should have shopped earlier, adding to our slumping spirits by addressing us as "Modom." Why is it that being called "Modom" makes us feel middle-aged and fumpish, whereas being addressed as "Madame" by an attentive waiter to soft music and dim lights makes us feel poised, sophisticated and pretty damned good?

Toz reported an encounter with Ginny Stepper the other day during which Ginny complained that she had received no WRARAA since last June! We protest that we have sent her a copy of each issue and will send her one of this. The postal authorities are obviously at fault.

A note enclosed with Louise Harding's Christmas greeting admits that she has heard from Lillian but did not furnish an address. Louise is off to Indiana, braving holiday trains and lack of central heating in the farmhouse for the privilege of playing with her seven-month-old nephew. She is still bowling, and reports that at the last performance she made an 85 and an 86, which she says is pretty good for her.

Harry Weiss is keeping his fingers crossed for a job in Commerce that he really wants; so you might all utter a few prayers or incantations in his behalf. In the meantime he is doing some nice work with his new camera, judging from the family group on the Weiss Christmas card of 1946. Speaking of Christmas cards, we thank all you good souls who have remembered us with same and beseech you to consider this document in the light of a Christmas card from us. It isn't artistic, but, we say defensively, it represents rather more time and labor than does a signature--or even a brief personal word on a card!

We visited our former chief in his suite of offices at the Longfellow Building (to present him with a couple of items that are lowly but essential to daily life and are now all but invisible in the Washington markets unless one is a constant customer of a specific grocery store) and there he sat brooding over Title V in solitude. Mrs. Spicer, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Stith, and above all Miss Harding should appreciate the fact that when he wants something in a hurry nowadays, he has to go out and find it for himself! He has not a single slave to fetch and carry for him, to anticipate his wishes, to drop everything and run to do his bidding. He admitted perfunctorily that he missed the kind of service he rated in WRA, but protested defensively that he was adjusting quite well to this business of waiting on himself. Privately we doubt if he adjust any better to this matter than he would to some strange necessity of sitting upright in a chair with both feet on the floor.

May you all have what you want most in 1947--and we don't care a hoot whether it's good for your souls or not. You might send forth a few friendly thought waves to the Knopf Literary Fellowship in our behalf. We'd like a fellowshp.

to hope all your
TRARAA: THE LATEST WORD

No. 6, May 1947

318 Oxford Road, Kenilworth, Illinois. Telephone under Jens Nyholm.

FROM BLUM TO SUBURBIA

*activities are progressing happily so that you appreciate the picture
Time in this meeting love
Rally*

Dear boys and girls, we entreat you not to leap to conclusions as to the methods by which we achieved such a drastic change in environment, and we grant readily that the distance between 1201 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. and Kenilworth, Illinois is not merely geographic. We protest that we are still an honest woman—at least reasonably honest—and we have not sold our soul for a gilded cage or a diamond tiara or anything more than a monthly paycheck for four months. To earn this stipend, we arise much earlier than we enjoy, at first catching a train to Evanston at five to eight a.m., with a ten minute walk to it at this end and a ten minute walk to the Charles Deering Library at the Northwestern University at the other end. However, our host, who is our boss, after hearing us draw a bath a full hour before he had to begin getting himself together, decided that we shift our hours and drive to Evanston with him. By this arrangement we get there in about five minutes and are only five minutes later than we would be by the train. He, being the Director of Libraries goes a bit later than staff and stays later also. This works out better all around. There is apparently some danger that the regular staff may think that because we come later and with the boss, we may get an extra typewriter ribbon out of the deal. None of, we have found the staff friendly and helpful and can't see why they should develop notions. It is the typical library atmosphere that breeds such suspicions, and that explains our unwillingness to get much entangled with a library job. This library, like most others, is virtually a cloister of women. Aside from student assistants, the regular staff has 57 females and one male in addition to the Director of Libraries.

We left Washington Monday night, April 28, and began our labor here on May 1. There was a notice about us in the daily library bulletin stating our educational qualifications, naming some of our published works, making considerable of the fact that we ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ were the NRA historian, and climaxing all by an assertion that we are an expert in bibliographies! We may be before we get out of the Gothic fastness that is the Charles Deering Library, but at present that statement is a downright lie! To our intimates we confess that we have always had an allergy to bibliographies, tedious, exhausting, painfully detailed things that they are, however useful to the dedicated scholar—which we are not, never have been and never will be. But we are submerged in them now. They depressed us so that we were driven to working out some techniques for getting rid of them and have reduced the number considerably now in the third week of our toil. The object of all this is to find out what the library has and what it ought to have in certain fields of literature. Right now we are working with 20th century English literature. When we get that disposed of, we tackle 20th century American, then the latter half of the nineteenth century in both English and American. We gnash our teeth over authors who were inconsiderate enough to start publishing before 1900 and continue on into this century. Also we are annoyed with the versatile who turned out significant work in fiction, drama and biography and maybe the essay! These versatile and badly timed buzzards complicate our task considerably.

We work in an otherwise unused seminar room at the end of a long dusky stone corridor where we still expect to see a cowed monk squinting over an illumination job. Our room has a 20-foot high Gothic window that overlooks the lake, and that view is our joy. It astonished us to find that a great lake makes noises like an ocean's and has real breakers.

Emily Brown is established in our apartment at 1201 M Street for the time of our exile. She wrote happily that she was moving everything around and rejoicing in so much space after confining herself and possessions in one small room for so long. Incidentally, without her assistance we should never have made our train out of Washington, because we were rather dazed and couldn't seem to start packing.

She did a very efficient job, getting everything in except our dictionary and our thesaurus, which we hope wistfully she will get around to mailing to us some time. She is unquestionably our best correspondent, and still sounds enthusiastic about having the apartment, even though the electric ice box blew up on her shortly after she moved in and at the last writing was still out of commission. She is still with Public Health, writing all varieties of government information and getting formidably learned about all the afflictions to which the human body and mind are heir.

Not long before we left Washington the Lynns had us over to dinner, prepared and served by Charlie, and we state for all ears and eyes that he made the best shrimp Neuburg (Newburg? Neuberger?) we ever ate. He tosses a mean salad, too.

Roz Spicer finally came through with a very swell letter detailing the life of the Spicer family out in the great open spaces. Everybody is happy and doing violently constructive things. They installed plumbing personally, having bought a rural home that lacked same--built cupboards, shelves, painted, etc. His parents' creative enterprises around the home so impressed Barry that he has decided to divide his career between cow-punching and carpentering. Ned likes his teaching and his students and serves on some vital committees. Roz is on the grand jury, but was barred from the most interesting case that came up, learning later by grapevine that the D.A. thought she was too intelligent to be safe. Sic justice in Arizona!

Lisa Peattie broke down and wrote us a fine letter, too, which we answered by one of the first run of this document with a scrawled note at the top, and hope to report more fully of her in the near future. She and her husband had acquired an antique Ford, which was buried in snow at the time of her letter, but they expected to get it remodeled to the point where they could drive it up to New England for the summer. There was mention of a scheme to go forth and observe Afghans (not scarves, but people) in their native habitat. It is beyond us to feel surprise at anything the Peatties do next.

Scottie spent a few days with us on a return from late winter vacation in Florida. Her doctor ordered sunshine and rest, and she cooperated enthusiastically. She looked very rosy and healthy to all who saw her in Washington. Our Scot, who has always impressed us as being strictly a creature of urban life speaks nostalgically of the charms of rural life. There seems to be a variety of guits eager to provide honorable means to a pastoral interlude in her life. So don't be surprised at anything you hear in the future.

We were out at Eleanor and Jim Grahl's apartment at Park Fairfax, address 1754 Preston Road, Alexandria, Virginia, the night before we left Washington and were impressed anew with their luck in discovering each other and a charming apartment too. Of course we have always thought that Eleanor deserved the best of everything, but our experience and observation have not led us to believe that there is much logical or just determination of rewards and socks in this our life. Madeline Perry, who is only a ten-minute walk from her sister's dwelling, turned up while we were there, resplendent in a new spring outfit. She is apparently that theoretically non-existent figure the indispensable person around MHA, as she is the lone survivor of our WURAA employed there.

Gretchen Van Tassel was terminated not long ago at MHA and took off for a holiday in New York. It is rumored that she is working up some more deals for her photographic work with regular publications and considering free lancing. Last word from Emily mentioned that Gretchen had returned to Washington.

John Baker, who turned up at a gathering we had during Scottie's visit, is free lancing too. He is still in good voice, and it was good to see him again. We don't like to be gossipy, but this is the second gathering we have had for Miss Scott at which Johnny has turned up without Mary! Do you think we should make something of it? Of course this sheet has been very pure of scandal thus far--but if you would relish a little, maybe something could be done about Scottie's visits to Washington and John's appearing without his wife. In justice we must state, however, that although Scottie goes into an embrace with John on meeting, she does even also unto Frank Cross and Tex.

This is Sunday afternoon, the 15th of May to be exact, and the sun doth shine--something of an event in this region--and the birds do sing in some kind of vernal delirium, and at regular intervals the chimes of the Church of the Holy Comforter play tunes slightly off key, as is characteristic of chimes.

It was this move that brought on another WRARAA, you understand. In the last issue, delivered at Christmas time, we stated in weariness that it would take a Knopf fellowship for us or an elopement of Toz with a chorus girl to get another communique out of us. Neither of these conditions was fulfilled. The Knopf judges decided not to make an award at all--the cheap skates! They reported that ours was one of the "more interesting" mss. submitted but although it was unusual, its "theme was rather remote from the main current of public interest." Mr. Tozier swears that he spent some time lurking around the stage door of the Gayety but had no luck.

Polly Houser has been silent as the grave since Christmas, when she sent us some snaps of her daughter, who was an extremely personable and alert looking moppet for one of her tender age. We suspect that the Housers have been having housing troubles, as it is about time for their sub-lease to expire.

Jane Neubauer, whom someone had sent the last WRARAA in which she was formally dropped from our list because of her sins of omission, wrote us such an ingratiating letter of repentance that we softened and wrote her a long private letter, whereupon she immediately lapsed from grace again. Well, we are sending her this issue, but no more unless she comes through again. She is still with Remington Road, but sounded as if she were getting a bit restless. She had been careening around the snowy heights on skis--or, occasionally on her head--and enjoying herself out of working hours.

Shortly before leaving Washington we had a fine dinner and evening with the Crosses out at Silver Spring, marred only by the fact that Dr. Cross tackled his dinner too aggressively and broke off a front tooth, but since it was not the kind that nature gave him, he made light of the loss.

A recent letter from Toz was concerned with the appropriation hearings FHMA and he have been suffering. The inquisitors were especially nosy about the historian on the staff at a pretty high grade for historians. Mr. Myer introduced the squirming historian on the spot, none other than our Toz, and proceeded to put up a good case for his indispensability, but the subject concluded his comment: "I'm not at all sure the bill won't be reported out with a prohibition against the maintenance of historians. This committee is certainly not one to have truck with any such academic-sounding nonsense. So maybe you'd better ask Mr. Nyholm whether he couldn't use a good lively delivery boy. Will work for board and room." Mr. Nyholm is my current boss.

Louise Harding, with whom we had lunch several weeks ago, has gained weight! She says she has gained back the 10 pounds she lost at the beginning of the war and could never get back until after she stopped working for those high-strung Reports Chiefs of WRA.

A few days before leaving Washington we went over to Interior to read Bob Cullum's opus on resettlement and think he is doing a very swell job, covering the explanatory matter in amazingly concise fashion and hitting all the appropriate nails on the head. We missed Marie that day, but heard somewhere that she is going back to school. When we did see her last, she looked apple-cheeked and sparkling on the strength of a gain in weight. It would be nice to be in the class of persons who get complimented on added poundage. We think we are losing a bit under our present regime, judging from the gradual loosening of our clothes. If Northwestern and Kenilworth reduce our bulk to pre-war proportions, we shall feel that we have not suffered in vain.

Kimi sent us an S.O.S. in March because the gov't. had not sent her a W-2 and she couldn't make out her income tax report without it. Having been asked to approach the right authorities for other absent WRARAA on the subject of missing W-2s, we promptly called the right person at Interior and trust that the form arrived in time. We were rushed at that time and since and so did not write to Kimi at the time.

All we have heard of Ginny Stepper is in the way of mild complaints that she has not been receiving WRARAA. We were at a loss to understand, as we sent a copy of each issue to the address which she had given us. Eventually we learned that she erroneously believed WRARAA to be a regular, monthly institution! 'Twas never so.

We quote a brief passage that has somewhat alarming implications, from Emily's recent letter (we left our 25 automatic in her keeping):

"Is your gun loaded?"

"I think we have a mouse."

Recalling how some of the other tenants of the building used to react to quiet conversations at midnight in apt. 6, we wonder what will happen if Miss Emily Brown starts blazing away at real or imaginary mice with a revolver! We think that it is a rat or rats in the partition and not a mouse. We have never seen a mouse in that apartment, but we know that there are rats in the partition. Of course a rat is a better target than a mouse—if she must go in for blood sports.

Our son expects to take another year at Sacramento College. He has wangled himself a summer job with the Forestry Service at Lake Tahoe, where he can enjoy the mountain tops and a forest while earning a salary.

Of our job we report that it makes us take an unholy interest in the clock, which seems to have hobbled time. We can bear up because we know that we are thus engaged for a strictly limited period. These people are not our people, nor are their gods our gods. Indeed, so far as we are able to observe, the only gods worshipped on the North Shore, in or out of office hours, are Routine and Worldly Possessions. In the library, students have a way of interfering with library routines, and so students are suspect. Once, in our innocence, we thought that university libraries and even universities were for the students. We were very wrong. Everything is bolted and barred against them as if they were a crew of gangsters, and we of the staff go around weighted down with keys. Thus far we have been externally placid and as meek and mild as any sucking dove. We have kept a guard on our tongue, have not cracked wise or used profane language audibly, and we hope that we can resist our impulses toward flippancy or other immature manifestations for another 3 1/2 months. We confess to you WRARAA that we feel smothered, herxed in by both intellectual and social snobbery as we are. We love you all, we love you each, and letters will be appreciated as never before. Yours, in an impressive coffin, being gnawed by the most exclusive worms.

R.E.M.

WAAAA:
The latest word

Issue IX
July 19, 1947

601 Simpson Street, Evanston, Ill.

322leaf 6198

What have WAAAA and THE LITTLE REVIEW in common? We are not referring to the literary quality. For the benefit of the very young or uninformed, THE LITTLE REVIEW was an advanced magazine first set by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap slightly more than a quarter of a century ago, operating on a shoestring and nomadic in tendency. Its editorial offices jumped around from Chicago slum to abandoned beach house, to New York to Paris. Incidentally it was the first publication to take a chance on James Joyce's Ulysses and presented a fair portion of it to a disgruntled world. The editors were hauled into court in New York on charges of misusing the U.S. postal system and corrupting the reading public. This was brought on--this paragraph, in case the reference is cloudy--by our realization that each of the last three issues of WAAAA has emanated from a different location.

We are established on a trafficky corner in the front corner of both apartment and building in this capital of American Methodism and fortress of sinfully well-heeled Republicanism. We share the apartment with two other women, one of whom is nuts; the other is a quiet joy. Fortunately this spends little time around home. When she does, she acts as if we were invisible, passes us in the narrow hall with head down and does not speak unless spoken to. She lives in constant terror of being rebbed, either of the coin of the realm or of that which is beyond the price of rubles--no dummy which. However, we spend our lives double-lacking doors and windows. Not even the narrow bathroom window can be left open while we make a quick trip to the corner grocery, though the window is 12 feet up a straight brick wall on a busy thoroughfare. For the benefit of John Baker, who, on parting with us after we had lunch together last month, expressed the hope that when he returned, homeless until maybe September, we would have a kitchen, we take turns at a kitchen which allows only one person to sit down at a time. The oven is crissed full of pots and pans, and we have thus far lacked courage to empty it and use it. This is no place in which to indulge hospitable impulses. Anyway, we are getting a lot of practice in adjusting to other people's whims and fancies. We'll probably adapt ourselves to conditions and personalities and regulations in any asylum we land in, without a squawk.

We recall writing to Charlie Lynn a couple of weeks ago about the phenomenon of downy stuff that clouded the air day and night, covering lanes and us and getting in our teeth and nose and eyes. It drifted from the heavens, and we were at a loss to account for the source until it occurred to us that it was down from the wings of the Methodist angels who brood over Evanston and scolding at this summer season. Alas, we have since learned that our poetic explanation is false. The stuff comes from the giant cottonwood trees of which Evanston is proud. We have lived among cottonwood trees before, but elsewhere they never behaved in this fashion.

The other day we found our seminar room windows plastered with odd creatures that looked like miniature sea horses with wings, only with long snouts. On inquiring, we learned that these are Mayflies! It is quite characteristic of Evanston and of this climate that Mayflies should appear, to live their allotted span of 24 hours, not in May, but in July. Just as the flowers of Easterlily bloom around Memorial Day here.

A couple of weeks ago we were invited to dinner by the flutery and elderly head of our Library's Order department. We assumed that it was to be a modest meal in her apartment, but no! It was a formal matter at the Dominion Room, Evanston's best eating place, and we learned afterward that the gathering was in our honor. Our hostess produced for our pleasure the richest old widow among the many rich relics Evanston boasts, and this one also the acknowledged Queen of Methodism; the wife of a Congressman, Republican of course; and the latter's such elder sister, a wealthy relic visiting from New York. All, including the hostess were aggressive Methodists and also aggressive Republicans. It was a very interesting experience, and we want to assure everybody, especially Charlie, who had enjoined

us in closing his one letter to us here, "to be a lady," that we behaved with great restraint. The richest widow in Evanston lamented that the income tax had not been reduced. The Congressman's wife advanced the theory that there should be a federal sales tax of two per cent on all commodities. "That," said she, "would be fair. The burden would fall on everyone equally." We nearly burped our salad at that point, but we controlled that impulse and also our impulse to rise up and exalt. A little later, however, we softened toward her because she cried out upon the New Yorker for saying that we should continue to "uplift" the other races. The visitor from New York had been greatly distressed because the church of her Evanston girlhood had recently had a bear party for the young folks and because all races were invited. So she to us: "What if any is the solution to the race problem?" And we took a deep breath and said sildly and matter-of-factly: "Miscegenation." She said, "Oh dear!" And then there was a moment of shocked silence until the hostess nervously called everybody's attention to the quite conspicuous floral piece on a neighboring table. Soon everyone was comfortable again. That was the only real bombshell we dropped in a long evening.

After dinner the richest widow in Evanston escorted us all to her limousine that is about the length of the average locomotive and navigated by a discreet uniformed chauffeur yclept Oscar. We were driven in state to the Garrett Biblical Institute of Northwestern University, where the Methodist clergy are instructed in the art of saving souls, to show us the little Gothic chapel she had erected at considerable cost to the memory of the departed gent who left her the richest widow in Evanston. It is a place to meditate and pray, and if one's meditations transcend the chapel, there is a very lovely garden adjoining it with stone seats and suitable texts in Gothic lettering to guide the meditators' thoughts aright. The chapel would be crowded if 50 God-fearing souls gathered in it, and it would doubtless bulge if 25 ungodly ones wedged themselves in at one time. She maintains 15 scholarships for the future clergy and the high point of her year is the occasion when she entertains the 15 incumbents plus the resident bishop at dinner, winding up with an exclusive little communion service in the chapel. She told us how she travelled all over Europe to acquire the small medallions that grace the narrow stained glass windows, getting one from a window that was being reconstructed at Canterbury Cathedral and another at Assisi. She gave us a quite spirited account of the argument she had with the head of the Order of St. Francis at Assisi; she maintaining that St. Francis belonged to the entire Christian world—with the possible exception of the Seventh Day Adventists, and the No. 1 man of the Order maintaining just as stoutly that St. Francis was for Roman Catholics only. However, she got a medallion out of the deal. The final window brought things up to modern times, and showed Bishop Simpson, for whom this thoroughfare upon which we dwell was named, in conference with Abe Lincoln. It seems that Abe, when the going in Washington got rough, was in the habit of sending out an S.S.S. to Bishop Simpson to go to the White House to pray with and for him. After this tour, we were conveyed to the widow's 12-room house in which she lives alone except for Oscar and an Irish housekeeper, whose services are so necessary to the widow's well being that she endures patiently the numerous bleeding hearts of Mary and other non-Protestant items with which the said plasters her own quarters. The furniture we noted in the portions of the house we saw was largely Chippendale, possibly inherited, or at least acquired by somebody who knew his stuff. The pictures upon the wall fascinated us. The most impressive was a nearly life-size painting of a maiden in a gown vaguely suggestive of 1812 to us, standing on a doorstep, some drooping scarlet poppies over her left arm and in her left hand what appears to be a cress pitcher, while her right hand was about to knock on the door, and she looked awfully arch about the whole business. The picture in the place of secondary importance was a painting of three fluffy kittens that looked pop-eyed, doubtless from the ribbons tied about their necks. We all had Welch's grape juice in what the Lord meant to be mint julep glasses, and some conversation and then went home. After the excitement of that evening, it took four glasses of sherry to quiet our nerves to the point where we could sleep.

To go back a bit, it was pure joy to see Johnny Baker for a long lunch hour. He is now employed in Chicago and has a house in Evanston, which he bought in 24 hours flat after arrival,

but, being a nice innocent sort of person, it didn't occur to him to ask when his family could move in until after he had signed the

papers. Then he discovered that it would be mid-August at least before Mary and the kids could come and they could all move in. We have learned since that the people he bought from are cousins of our boss's personal secretary. As we hope we remembered to tell him, it was lovely to be with somebody with whom we didn't have to count ten before uttering such thoughts as came into our head.

We understand from our informants that pink slips are being dealt out with a lavish hand in Washington nowadays. Madeline Perry and Charlie Lynn have both received same. Our permanent chairman, Mr. Foxler, expects to find one on his desk any moment because of the curious behavior of the Appropriations Committee, and with beccoming if unnecessary modesty Mr. T. suspects that he is not essential to the progress of democratic government. Madeline's job is pretty essential to the well-being of the office in which she labored and since it was not classified in the upper brackets and so politically important, she may be re-employed before long by some re-winding of official red tape. Charlie is at present suffering a tendency to swell at the ankles. We offer him any comfort he can take from the thought that he is sharing one of the inconveniences of most pregnancies, but we hasten to say that we do not suspect him of being pregnant with anything except ideas--or maybe shrimp, as we know his passions for the latter.

Since the last issue, Miss Emily Brown has undergone surgery for the removal of a tricky appendix and has made a speedy recovery. In the last issue we stated that she was our best correspondent. What happened? She stops writing. For two weeks we heard nary a word from her, and imagined a corpse in our elderly bath tub. However, we heard from her yesterday, and there is no corpse. Frank Cross did pretty well by us for a time, but he's slipping, too. The Spicers are nuts. They may not know it, but sometime in the next six months our son is going to be stationed within commuting distance of Tucson, and they are likely to see him.

Our son, since the last week of June, is an aviation cadet at Randolph Field, Texas, sweltering as he gets in and out of formation at least 30 times daily and having the tail regimented off him. The regimentation goes on from 5:50 a.m. until eight p.m.. He says he hopes it is good for him. After August 1, his group will no longer be considered "new cadets," and will be allowed to speak at meals and sit at ease instead of at attention, have a bit of leisure and even to use the swimming pool. M. reports that Washington heat is unastorish compared with that of Texas. These past two weeks he has been flying with an instructor. He called us long distance last Sunday morning to assure us that he had survived eight hours and was still in one piece. He expected to solo toward the end of the week just past, and since we have received no official notice to the contrary, we assume that he is still alive.

We take this opportunity to mention that we have not heard from various persons from whom we should have heard--that is if they wish to continue on our mailing list. On the other hand, Lorna Jensen Stith, who never received the last issue, though I commissioned some one of you to forward a copy to her, spent some time and cash calling us long distance here the very day that she heard we were at Northwestern, inviting us to the blue-grass country of Kentucky over the week end of the Fourth of July. When she finally pinned us down at the library--and there were complications in the pinning, as immediately after writing her that I wasn't Kenilworth, we had moved to Evanston, and she spent about 15 hours catching up with us--we felt as if somebody in Arizona at least had suggested our dropping in for the week end. Geography still gets us down. It seems that Fort Knox is only about 300 miles from Chicago. We couldn't make it that week end, but it was good to chat with her. She says that she continues to miss Washington and our reports gang. We echo that statement, and how!

Here we are surrounded by curious folk who seem to distrust and fundamentally to dislike about everybody else. Judging from their uninhibited comment to their associates to us, we assume that anything we say is likely to be used against us. Hence we try to say nothing quotable to anybody. Definitely our style is cramped! We just go around like a ray of sunshine speaking well of anyone whose name comes up,

but have observed that policy which we had thought entirely according to Christian precepts seems only to prick our church-going associates into greater efforts to prove to us that all the others are neurotic if not psychotic. To our intimates, we confess that our own observations tend to support the charges in most instances. We have adjusted to work and life here sufficiently to remain tranquil in spirit if left alone for a fair portion of the time. But presumably well-meaning souls keep trying to engage us in social activities that are repugnant to us. We don't want to hurt feelings, and so we say yes every now and then and then wish we hadn't. We can be serene so long as we just put in our hours and work at the library and then can get away to struggle with short stories, write to our friends, read and think our own thoughts.

Kimi wrote us a short time ago: "The little research in economics is coming along fine. At other times I'm in the world of dramatic gods and legends of pre-historic Japan, and it calls for lots of bibliographies and more bibliographies. This is about completed and quite thorough, but it only brings out the fact that there are now more current research problems in this field than when I started." In between research problems, she reports that she is having fun with art and design.

It has been some weeks since we heard from Scottie, and her sense of dissatisfaction with New York was waxing strong. The West Coast is acting upon her as a magnetic pole, and it wouldn't surprise us at all to hear from her next out there.

Frank Cross admitted that he had been in this general region on a field trip. And he talks us about it after he is back in Washington! We don't like that kind of behavior very well. In charity we grant that he may have had only a few hours in Chicago, but we cannot help our suspicion that he passed us up for a blonde.

We had a phone call from Lisa Peattie on the eve of her departure from Chicago for a jaunt eastward and then northward to Vermont. She had been taking final exams in courses which had never been given in the U. of Chi., and somehow that didn't seem too strange a thing for our Lisa to be doing. The Peatties passed through Washington, and we heard of a luncheon shared by Lisa, Shirley and Emily, very gratifying to all three. Wish we could have been along.

Toz mentioned an August vacation on the stern and rickbound coast. He returned from his last with an addition of 10 pounds to his bulk and a moustache. Who knows? This year's holiday may produce a Van Dyke and a bay window! Speaking of moustaches, we were greatly relieved when Charlie Lynn did away with his, as it made him look like the more sinister type of stage villain.

Philip Glick took time off from his frenzied toil as General Counsel of PFMA to advise us to apply for a writing job with a temporary agency in UN, and we obeyed promptly, sending in a discreetly censored story of our life and experience. As we tend toward understatement and the Gen. Counsel toward exaggeration, we suspect that the gent to whom we applied may have failed to recognize us as the person Mr. Glick described. Anyway, we had a polite response to our application the other day that indicated that the agency had no overwhelming inclination to engage our talents.

Last Saturday we accompanied Quiet Joy of our apartment and some friends of hers to a picnic supper at Ravinia Park far up the North Shore, where summer concerts are held. It is a lovely park, and one pays \$1.25 admission at the gate, a fee that entitles one to stroll on the lawn and eat a picnic supper, gabol on the green, and hear the concert. The latter was conducted by Eugene Grandy. One final word on North Shore elegance: the screened large hexagonal eating joint where one purchases varieties of food and drink--of course barring anything inebriating--is labelled REFECTIONARY.

We have weathered almost three-fourths of our term here and feel reasonably confident that we shall survive the next five weeks. Our last working day here is August 29, and we hope to abandon this region that night. In the meantime, our love and blessing upon all your downy heads.

R.S.M.

Out in Evanston in the worst heatwave in sixty years, we received a post card from Balboa California from Polly Houser, showing a beautiful shot of Pacific coast rocks and waves that made us grind our teeth in envy. We should like a little more information from Polly, though we were happy to know that she is delighted with her adopted daughter Julie, who is now getting on into her second year. The Housers had gone out to enjoy the family beach house for their vacation. Whether they are still at 10 Mitchell Place, N.Y.C., I don't know.

Lorna and Oral Stith decided after a year and a half in the Army that what they really wanted in life was, after all, a farm in Iowa. They went back to Corwith in late September, and as Corwith is a town of about 400 souls, simply Corwith, Iowa as an address will reach them.

Arnold Serwer is still with the same public relations concern in New York, but we have had no direct word from him since he was in Washington about a year ago. We understand that Ben Brodinsky is working with him now.

Not long ago we had a very lovely day with the Cross family in Silver Spring. The Cross daughter, Pat, had just acquired a good looking diamond and the prospective bridegroom was there for the weekend--very intelligent and nice lad, too. The parents were bearing up remarkably well. Really they were much more excited over the new Chevrolet coupe Frank had just bought for his son and was "breaking it in" before driving it to New York and shipping it to Germany for son. We enjoyed the car, too, and in the course of a leisurely drive after dinner called on the Stephens--remember Steve? He used to sit in solitude at the end of the corridor on the 7th floor of the Barr Building, hoping someone would come in and talk to him. He is in the real estate business now. Incidentally the Stephens have a most beautiful home with about two acres of grounds and woods out in Maryland. We are a frustrated gardener, and the beauty of their gardens even in the late fall made us drool. Mrs. S. was a French gal whom Steve met and married while he was with the AMF in World War I, and she is a most charming woman with two green thumbs. They do all their own gardening, even to laying foundations for pools, building outdoor fireplaces, making terraces, etc. If we had a place like that to work on, we wouldn't give a damn whether history got written or not, and we would probably have to wrench ourselves away from the soil in order to turn out a novel now and then--it was that way when we lived in the redwoods.

The Bakers moved into Evanston just about a week before we departed for home, but we managed to see a good deal of them in that last week and it was wonderful. John is working awfully hard but enjoying his job, even though he has to be on it every Saturday night till midnight or later. We hope that fate doesn't keep them in Evanston too long, as it is likely to put a blight on Mary's blithe spirits. Their present residence address is 827 Lincoln, Evanston, Ill. The phone is ONE 3216. Mary was adjusting with good grace to the fact that the house her impetuous spouse bought in such short order--within 24 hours of his arrival last summer--turned out to have only one bath instead of the two he thought it had and had no light switches on the second floor. Mary's only real indignation was with the former owner who, when Mary lamented the absence of space along the living room walls for their bookcases, said, "After all, you seldom want to read a book twice. Why don't you throw them away?" Mary's classic response was: "Why, I read the Forsythe Saga over again every time I'm pregnant!"

We had lunch with Louise Harding shortly after our return from Evanston, and she was in good form though complaining a bit of the heat--which we scarcely noticed after August in Evanston. We suspect that she is off home for Christmas as per usual. If we hadn't been toiling so hard earning a living these past seven weeks, we should have more recent word of some of our members. Louise is still with Agriculture, dealing with finance, which we think is pretty dull stuff after WPA and its human problem.

At the last time we heard from Kim and Fred Jimbo, early this fall, Fred had graduated from Stanford and was hoping to get into Government in Administration. Kim had wound up her job with the University of California and was not too sorry.

Shirly and George Barshay are still in town and in the same apartment house, though they have acquired a larger apartment and are glorying in it. Shirly wasn't too well for a while and had to have some unpleasant tests and things but has survived all and seems to be allright now.

Billy Brown, who still lives with us, is still with Public Health Service but in that line of uncertainty that is common to most wartime service people hereabouts and nowadays. One week she has a job for some months ahead; the next she doesn't know. Right now, she has been assured that she won't be laid off on December 23, as most wartime service people in Govt. will be. Doesn't Civil Service think up nice dates for separating

its victims from a means of livelihood? Just GS's own jocular way of wishing its servants a Merry Christmas, we expect.

The best thing about this Christmas for us is that our "only begotten son," as he terms himself, is getting a 15-day leave from Randolph Field, Texas, and will turn up here on the 22nd and not have to leave till the day after New Year's. He is just winding up the second stage of flight training to earn a commission in Army Air, and is doing formation flying, cross country stuff, instrument flying and all such things and is very keen about it all.

For the benefit of those who are not in recent correspondence or other contact with us, we are again a Historian--Signal Section, Historical Division, Special Staff of the Dept. of the Army. We toil in the Pentagon, fifth floor, R D King, Eighth Corridor. It takes us five minutes to make it at a brisk clip from the bus stop in the middle of the first level to our own office. We got this job, oddly, as a result of suffering that four-month sentence at Northwestern. The one wrong we made in Charles Deering Library wrote to a former English Prof at N.W., now Chief Historian for the World War II Signal Corps History, and told him about us and our writing experience. He needed a writer and wanted one who was not too much given to governmentese, called us up and in a week flat we were on a payroll again, with a job expectancy of about four years. We function on "unappropriated funds," meaning that we are not under Civil Service in our section of the Historical Division. Nobody bothers us. We just go ahead and write our own stuff, and that is all very fine. The joker is, of course, that we have to cram our brain in our declining years with a totally new field of information and a totally new vocabulary. We are, with great concentration--that leaves us limp as a wet rag doll by the end of the day--getting sort of clumsy with the radio frequency spectrum and the little waves of electric energy that bobble about through space or along the ground according to their intrinsic nature. Little did we think, in those dear dead peacetime days when we wandered the redwoods and brooded about imaginary characters before our log fire and delved in our garden in happy ignorance of what made Uncle Sammy run and what made radio perform, that one day we should have to come out of our crude ivory tower and master such alien fields of knowledge. Happily we have a very nice boss who seems to think well of us, and so we burst our buttons to keep from disillusioning us him. We frankly confessed our attitude toward the military and our past criticism in ineradicable govt. offset of the Western Defense Command, and our present boss just laughed. Frankness is the keynote of these World War II histories! Our only crisis was occasioned by a Major "Slam" Something-or-other, who happened to be at Tule Lake during registration in 1943, who dropped in, heard that the WMA historian was employed in the Historical Division, and with a lot of announcements from the officer executives of the Division, came to call to tell us of some "incorrect statement we had made in the WMA history. We greeted him calmly and quickly learned that he somewhat oddly believed that we had written The Spoilage! Dorothy Swain Thomas's baby! We set him straight on that point swiftly but gently, and he stayed on to explain to us that he really was responsible for the segregation of "disloyal from loyal Japs." Well, we enjoyed ourself a good deal and indulged in quite a bit of double entendre which was perfectly safe as it all went over his head. He left in high good humor and promised to send us a copy of his own special report on Tule Lake registration. We hope he does, as we should like to use it against him. Our boss was sputtering with fury over this Major's entire behavior and, though our boss is the most courteous and gentle-behaving gent imaginable, he said that we should have spat plunk into the Major's eye. However, we prefer smothering our assailants with butter.

Our permanent chairman, MMT, is being heavily interviewed in regard to a pretty good sounding Division Chief Information job at his proper grade. We shouldn't be at all surprised if he got it. Fairly recently he lost an especially expensive shirt at the races. His closest bachelor friends have indulged in ulcers recently, but his more explosive temperament has thus far preserved him from ulcers.

At this point, having exhausted our fund of information about WMAAAA folk, we sign off, wishing you all the best of all good things for Christmas and the coming year.

R.E.M.

File with
"WRA AAA"
Ruth McKee was
Historian for the WRA

(RBS)

#1786

S MADELINE PERRY AND RUTH MCKEE

QUEST THE HONOR

OF

THE PRESENCE

OF

DR. AND MRS. E. H. SPICER

AT DINNER

AT THE HOME OF THE FORMER,

1201 M Street, N.W., # 6

DATE: Sunday, December 16, 1945 preferred,
for the following reasons: 1) the
apartment will be relatively clean;
2) the food will be more worthy of
the distinguished guests.

Saturday, December 15, 1945, if
domestic problems of the distinguished
guests make Sunday impossible. As the
cook is dedicated to the cause of democ-
racy and literature on Saturday, the
distinguished guests will be covered with
dust and the dinner will lack certain de-
sirable and ineluctable qualities that
the full time and attention of the cook
can predicate on Sunday.

HOUR: Six pip Emma, or as soon thereafter as the
domestic problems of the distinguished guests
will allow.

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