

every passing day. President Roosevelt had called for the rationing of all essential commodities of which there is a scarcity, only a few days ago and special tokens were now being issued and required for the purchase of meat and sugar.

A car coming toward me caused the car I was following to veer to the right slightly, when it swerved toward the center line of the street to avoid contact with a bicycle rider who had been wheeling along close the curb. The two-wheeled rider had looped farther into the street to miss a small gathering of pigeons, with heads bobbing up and down, absorbed in satisfying their morning appetites. The rider was a small man wearing a wide-brimmed hat and an oversized dark suit. He appeared to be Japanese. But why did I think he was Japanese? How do you tell the Japanese from the Chinese? We are at war with Japan but not China, so how do we know who is friend or enemy? Like most caucasians I had always had the unthoughtful opinion that all orientals looked alike. If friends look like foes and foes look like friends how are we going to determine which is which?

The question was still searching the corners of my mind for answers when I pulled to outside lane, slowed down and stopped before backing into a parking place at the curb in front of the restaurant I was planning to patronize for breakfast.

I turned of the engine and sat there thinking but no answers were forthcoming, only more questions. If features do not identify enemies what does? What kind of measurement can you use to gauge loyalty? How is this country going to be able to determine the patriotism or allegiance of all the Japanese parented residents we have? The news media for weeks had been saturated with questions of their loyalty and demands for their removal from the West Coast. Legislators from the western states in concert with local and state political figures of California, Oregon and Washington were being quoted constantly demanding that these dangerous aliens be removed their proximity to war sensitive west coast harbors and military installations. Editorial writers. union officials and leaders of many civic associations had added their voices to the demands that "something be done"

This kind of sentiment, nurtured by national anger and desire for retaliation, had spread throughout the country in epidemic proportions. Now most Japanese Americans both young and old were becoming fearful for themselves and their property. It had been decided that something was going to be done about the situation and I realized I was going to be involved in a Government decreed solution to the questioned loyalty of