

FIGHTING TOGETHER

SERGEANT BEN KUROKI

A SOLDIER'S job is to fight, not talk, but I'll do the best I can.

I've spent most of my life in Hershey, Nebraska, which isn't where they make Hershey candy bars. Hershey is so small probably none of you has ever heard of it. Before the war the population was about 500; now I guess it's about 300. I didn't even live in Hershey; my father had a farm a mile north of town. I remember the farmers used to go to town every Saturday night and stand in groups on the street corners talking about their cows and horses. We've lived on that farm since 1928, and after I finished high school I helped my father work it until the war came along.

The last two years in the Army are what really matter, though. I learned more about democracy than you'll find in all the books, because I saw it in action. When you live with men under combat conditions for 15 months, you begin to understand what brotherhood, equality, tolerance, and unselfishness really mean. They're no longer just words. Under fire, a man's ancestry, what he did before the war, or even his present rank, don't matter at all. You're fighting as a team—that's the only way a bomber crew can fight—you're fighting for each other's life and for your country, and whether you realize it at the time or not, you're living and proving democracy.

Something happened on my first mission that might give you an idea of what I mean. We were in a flak zone—the anti-aircraft were terribly accurate—and we

had a flock of fighters attacking us. A shell burst right above the tail, and flak poured down. Our tail gunner was a young kid named Dawley, from New Jersey. The piece that got him was so big it tore a four-inch hole through a quarter of an inch of aluminum and double-welded steel. It caught him just above the ear. It went through his fur helmet, and in so far we couldn't even see it when we got to him.

I was firing the right waist gun on our Liberator, that day. All of a sudden I heard him yell over the interphone: "I'm hit in the head. Let's get out of here!" We couldn't leave the guns until we'd shaken the Messerschmitts that were after us—it would have been suicide—but in a few minutes the tunnel gunner and I were able to get back to the tail.

We pulled Dawley back into the fuselage, so that we could work on him and at the same time watch out for more fighters. Then we took off our fur jackets and covered him up. It was about 10 below zero and we were nearly freezing to death. He was in terrible shape, semi-conscious, but he couldn't open his mouth to speak. His lips seemed to be parched, as though he were dying of thirst. We couldn't understand how he was still alive.

I called the radio operator, because he's the one who is supposed to administer first aid on a Liberator but, instead, the co-pilot, a first lieutenant, came back. He was going to give Dawley a morphine injection, but I stopped him. They'd taught us in gunnery school not to give morphine

for head injuries—it might kill the man instantly. The co-pilot had either forgotten or was so excited he could think only of stopping the pain. Anyway, I motioned to him—we couldn't hear each other above the roar of the motors—I pointed to my head and shook it. He evidently understood, because he didn't give Dawley the morphine.

That tail gunner lived to fly and fight again, and the last I heard he had completed his tour of duty. Whether or not I was instrumental in saving his life by stopping that morphine injection isn't important—it was just that we had to work together regardless of rank or ancestry.

The tunnel gunner that helped me with him was Jewish, I'm a Japanese American, the bombardier of our crew was a German, the left waist gunner was an Irishman. Later I flew with an American Indian pilot and a Polish tunnel gunner. What difference did it make? We had a job to do, and we did it with a kind of comradeship that was the finest thing in the world.

II

That first mission was over Bizerte; it was the 13th of December, 1942, and we'd just arrived in French North Africa from England two days before.

It was a funny thing—I'd just been assigned to a crew the day before we left England, although the group had been based there for about four months. I'd finished gunnery school more than a month before and, ever since, I'd been trying to get assigned to a crew. It wasn't easy; I'd talk to the pilot whenever I knew there was going to be an opening, and each pilot would assign me temporarily and then replace me when the time came for permanent assignment. I understood well enough how they felt; and they knew I was as good as any man they did assign, but still they were uneasy. But I wanted to

get into combat more than anything in the world, so I kept after it.

In fact, it had been one continual struggle from the beginning of my Army career, and I felt that I had done pretty well to get overseas and to gunnery school.

Two days after Pearl Harbor, my kid brother Fred and I drove 150 miles to Grand Island, Nebraska, to enlist in the Army Air Forces. We were held up for nearly a month because of all the confusion and misunderstanding in Army camps at that time. For the first time in our lives we found out what prejudice was.

I began to realize right then that I had a couple of strikes on me to begin with, and that I was going to be fighting two battles instead of one—against the Axis and against intolerance among my fellow-Americans.

Finally, after two more trips to Grand Island and three telephone calls, Fred and I were accepted at the recruiting station at North Platte, and sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training. There was so much prejudice among the recruits there that I wondered if it would always be like that, if I would ever be able to overcome it. Even now I would rather go through my bombing missions again than face that kind of prejudice. Fred could hardly stand it. He'd come back to the barracks at night and bury his head in his pillow and actually cry. We were not only away from home for the first time but, because of this discrimination, we were the loneliest two soldiers in the Army.

After basic, I was sent to clerical school at Fort Logan, Colorado, and then to Barksdale Field near Shreveport, Louisiana, for permanent assignment. Of the 40 clerks sent there, I was the last assigned. The most discouraging thing was that I had no assurance I would ever be assigned. About the only thing that kept me going were the wonderful letters of encourage-

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ment I received from home. My sister would write that I had to realize Americans were shocked by Pearl Harbor and that many were unable to distinguish between Japanese and Americans of Japanese descent. I still was without a friend in the Army, though, and that made it bad. There was only one boy who was kind to me at all—he used to get my mail for me when I was on K. P. and couldn't get away.

I was finally assigned to a squadron in General Timberlake's bomber group, which had been formed at Barksdale and was ready to move to Fort Myers, Florida, for final training. A few days before we were to leave, the commanding officer of my squadron called me in and told me I wasn't going—that I was to be transferred to another outfit. That was about the worst news I had ever heard. I asked why, and he said he had nothing to do with it. He started asking me questions then—how I liked the Army, and so forth. I told him pretty bluntly the prejudice I was encountering, and that I didn't even go into town because I couldn't enjoy a minute of it when I did. He seemed sympathetic enough but said there was nothing he could do to stop my being transferred. But my words must have had some effect, because the day before the group left he called me back and told me to pack my bags—that I was going with them.

At Fort Myers I did clerical work for about three months. I gradually began to win over some of the soldiers, and the boy who used to get my mail for me at Barksdale became a good friend. We were in a truck accident one day, and I was able to help him. After that we were inseparable.

When the group had finished training and was ready to go overseas, I was given orders, as I had been at Barksdale, transferring me out of my squadron. This was even worse than the time at Barksdale, because I really wanted to go overseas and

had been counting on it for three months. General Timberlake—he was then a colonel—was already up north with the air echelon of the group, so I couldn't see him. I went to see the squadron adjutant and begged him, with tears streaming down my face, to take me along. He said there was nothing he could do about it, that it wasn't because I was of Japanese descent. But he did agree to talk it over with the group adjutant, and in about an hour he came back with the good news that I would remain with the outfit. I was about the happiest guy in the world.

III

We shipped north and sailed from New York the last day of August 1942. Ours was the first Liberator group sent to the European theater. As soon as we had our base set up in England, I applied for combat duty. I had to beg for that too, but at least I was sent to gunnery school. It wasn't much schooling—about a week, I guess—a lot different from the way it is now, when every crew member goes to school for months in this country. I really learned to shoot the hard way, in combat.

As a result of the recommendations of the armament officer, I was accepted on Major J. B. Epting's crew as an auxiliary member; we were to go out on a raid the next day, but it was cancelled because of the weather. About a week later I was permanently assigned to his crew. The next day we flew to Africa and my tour of duty began. Once again I'd received a break just in the nick of time.

We were glad to get away from the cold, fog, rain, and mud of England. Africa seemed like heaven for the first two days. It was dry and warm and the sun was shining. But after the second night, we weren't so sure it was an improvement on England. It started to rain and kept on raining until we finally couldn't operate at

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all. We had no tents or barracks or any place to sleep. We'd left England in such a hurry we didn't even have mess kits but ate our canned hash and hardtack out of sardine cans.

And the mud! Our group flew three or four missions from that base and then the planes couldn't even get off the ground. They'd start to take off and sink into the mud all the way up to the belly; then we'd have to unload the bombs, dig the ship out, reload and try again. After about 18 days we gave up and moved out of there.

From French North Africa we went to the Libyan desert, near Tobruk, not long after the Germans had surrendered it. Tobruk was the most desolate place I have ever seen, full of abandoned tanks and guns and broken buildings. Only a church had escaped complete destruction, and no living person dwelt in that city. We were there three months. In all that time, we were able to take a bath only once, and that was when we were given leave to fly to an Egyptian city for that specific purpose. That was the only time we shaved, too; we must have looked like a convention of Rip Van Winkles before we left.

There were no laundry facilities; we were allowed only a pint of water a day for everything. This water we drew from a well which we had to abandon after a while when we found some dead Germans in it. We were at least 300 miles from any town, excepting the dead city of Tobruk. We had no entertainment of any kind; when we weren't on raids we just lay around, or took walks in the desert.

The most dismal Christmas Eve of my life I spent on that Libyan desert. It was cold, and we didn't even have tents to sleep under. We slept in our clothes and didn't even take off our shoes. Our morale was certainly low that night, as we thought of the fun we could be having in the States, and of our families and friends back there. But it's things like that, as

well as actually fighting together, that bring men close to one another, as close as brothers.

Our group was going on raids about every other day while we were in the desert, and they were all pretty rough. We bombed Rommel's shipping lines over and over at Bizerte, Tunis, Sfax, Sousse, and Tripoli in Africa. Then we started in on Sicily and Italy.

We had some boys of Italian parentage flying with us, and whenever we took off to bomb Naples or Rome I'd kid them about bombing their honorable ancestors. "We're really going to make the spaghetti fly today," I'd say, and they'd retort that they couldn't wait to knock the rice out of my dishonorable ancestors.

We participated in the first American raid on Rome last July. It was the biggest surprise I'd had so far; we thought we were going to run into heavy opposition, and we were almost disappointed when we found hardly any. We bombed Sicily and southern Italy at altitudes of 25,000 feet, and it really gets cold at that height. One time over Palermo it was 42 below zero. I froze two oxygen masks; after that I had to suck on the hose to get any oxygen. Even at that height we could see our bombs breaking exactly on their targets, and as much as an hour after we had left, we could see the smoke rising from the fires we had caused.

It gave you a funny feeling; you couldn't help but think of the people being hurt down there. I wasn't particularly religious before the war, but I always said a prayer, and I know for sure that my pal Kettering, the radio operator, did too, for the innocent people we were destroying on raids like that.

But we were in no position to be sentimental about it. The people knew they were in danger, and they could have gotten out. Besides, we weren't fighting

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against individual people, but against ideas. It was Hitlerism or democracy, and we couldn't afford to let it be Hitlerism. And so, unfortunately, it was German and Italian lives or ours. That was the only way you could look at it.

IV

It was a happy day when, after three months of Libya, we received orders to return to England. But then, after a month or so, we returned to Africa. This time our base was set up near the city of Bengasi in Libya. Here we had a complete dummy target of what we later learned were the Ploesti refineries.

Up to this time I had been a tail gunner, but now I was assigned to the top turret, the position I held throughout the rest of my missions. To celebrate the event, Kettering painted in big red letters across the glass dome of the turret: "Top Turret Gunner Most Honorable Son Sgt. Ben Kuroki." "Most Honorable Son" was what they usually called me—that or "Hara-kiri." They were a great bunch.

Every day that we weren't on missions over Sicily, 175 Liberators loaded with practice bombs would take off in groups at regular intervals and bomb duplicates of the real target. Each group rather than each plane had its specific target, so that it was really a dress rehearsal of the actual raid. Some of the planes flew so low they came back with their bomb-bay doors torn off; we had to dodge groups of Arabs and their camels all over the desert.

During all our practice for Ploesti we were intensely curious as to what our target was going to be. Rumors of all kinds were floating around, but no one thought it would be Ploesti because no one could imagine how we could carry enough gas to get there and back.

Our base was guarded by British anti-aircraft gunners, and we used to ask them what they thought about our flying so low.

They said it was an advantage from the point of view of escaping the heavy anti-aircraft fire, but that we would be dead ducks for anything smaller than 40 millimeter cannon. Right then we began to think of the approaching raid as a "suicide" mission.

The last week in July every crew member in every group was restricted to the base until after the mission, but it was not until the day before we left that we were told the target was the Roumanian oil fields. We were briefed all that day and into the night. The American engineer who had constructed the Ploesti refineries talked to us; he knew the exact location of every refinery and every cracking and distilling plant. The information proved invaluable the next day. They showed us motion pictures, too, which gave details of the individual targets of each group.

In the afternoon Major General Breerton, commanding general of the Ninth Air Force, came around in a staff car and talked to us for almost an hour. He said we were going on the most important and one of the most dangerous missions in the history of heavy bombardment, that it had been planned in Washington months before. He told us that Ploesti supplied one-third of all Germany's oil and nearly all of Italy's, that the raid was timed, furthermore, to cut Hitler's fuel supply as his divisions rushed to defend it against the coming Allied invasion.

When he finished, our group commander—not General Timberlake, who had just been promoted from colonel and was now a wing commander, but the new group commander—briefed us again, and went into minute details of the takeoff the next morning. He tried to encourage us as much as possible. "I'll get my damn ship over the target if it falls apart," he said.

He got his ship over the target all right—we were close behind him. And we saw it when it fell apart, flaming to the earth.

That afternoon before the raid, he emphasized that nobody had to go who didn't want to; it was really a volunteer mission. No one declined, but we were all very tense. Someone had mentioned that even if all the planes were lost it would be worth the price, and that started more talk about its being a suicide mission.

We didn't sleep very much that night; there was none of the joking that usually went on among our crew. We tried hard to sleep, because we knew it would be a long trip and we had to be at our best, but it was not easy.

The first sergeant blew the whistle at four in the morning. While we ate breakfast, the ground crews, who had been working on the planes for the last two days, gave them a final checking over. Those planes were beautiful, parked wing to wing in a long line on the runway.

We took off at dawn. It was a perfect summer day, warm and balmy. The lead plane of the group started out, and the others followed at precise intervals until finally the whole group was in the sky in perfect formation. Our group joined other groups from nearby fields at prearranged places. It was all split-second timing.

We were keyed up. We knew it was going to be the biggest thing we had ever done, and we were determined it would be the best. It was the same with the ground crews; they had always taken great pride in the ships, but this time they had gone overboard to get them in perfect condition. They shared our excitement and anxiety, too.

From Bengasi we flew straight over the Mediterranean. It was very calm and blue that day. We were going along at about 5,000 feet when suddenly we saw one of the planes ahead take a straight nose-dive. It went down like a bullet, crashed in the water and exploded. For half an hour we could see the smoke from it. It gave us a haunted feeling, as of approaching dis-

aster—we could see that not a man on that plane had had a chance to escape.

A couple of hours after we left Bengasi, we were crossing the mountains of Italy, going up sometimes as high as 10,000 feet to get over them. Then the Adriatic and into Yugoslavia, through Bulgaria and across the Danube into Roumania. Over the Danube valley, in Roumania, we went down to about 300 feet, so low we could easily see people in the streets waving at us as we went over. They must have thought we were friendly bombers because we were flying so low. Or maybe they recognized the white star on our wings and were glad we were coming.

About 10 miles from the target, we dropped to 50 feet, following the contours of the land, up over hills and down into valleys. Our pilot would head straight for the hills, and every time I thought sure we'd crash right into them, but he would pull us up just in time, and just enough to get over the ridge and then down into the next valley. Coming back we were flying part of the way at five and ten feet off the ground, and some of the planes returned to base with tree tops and even cornstalks in their bomb-bays.

We had a very good pilot, our squadron leader, Lt. Col. K. O. Dessert. His co-pilot was our regular pilot, Major Epting. Between them they got us through Ploesti without a scratch, but it was a miracle that they did.

We came into the oil fields at about 50 feet and went up to about 75 to bomb. The plane I was on was leading the last squadron of the second group over. Five miles from the target, heavy anti-aircraft started pounding us. When we saw the red flash of those guns we thought we'd never make it. We really started praying then. If they started shooting at us with the big guns at that distance, they would surely get us with smaller and more maneuverable batteries. We remembered the

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British anti-aircraft men who had said we'd be dead ducks for anything under a 40 millimeter cannon. At our height you could have brought a Liberator down with a shotgun.

Ploesti was wrapped in a smoke screen which made it very difficult to find the targets. When we got over, the refineries were already blazing from the bombs and guns of the planes ahead of us. Red tracers from the small ground guns had been zig-zagging all around us for half a mile or more, and the guns themselves were sending up terrific barrages. Just as we hit the target, gas tanks started exploding. One 10,000 gallon tank blew up right in front of us, shooting pillars of flaming gas 500 feet in the air. It was like a nightmare. We couldn't believe our eyes when we saw that blazing tank high above us. The pilot had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid what was really a cloud of fire. It was so hot it felt as though we were flying through a furnace.

The worst I saw, though, was the plane to the right of us. Light flak must have hit the gas, because suddenly, it was burning from one end to the other. It sank right down, as though no power on earth could hold it in the air for even a second. When it hit the ground, it exploded.

Every man on that ship was a friend of mine, and I knew the position each was flying. I'd seen planes go down before, but always from a high altitude, and then you don't see the crash. This way it seemed I could reach out and touch those men. The ship's co-pilot was an 18-year-old kid who'd lied about his age to get into aviation cadet training. We always called him Junior. When our regular co-pilot, who was firing the right waist gun that day, saw Junior's ship go down, he let loose with his gun like a crazy man. Junior was his best friend.

Then we saw flak hit our group commander's plane. In a second it was burn-

ing from the bomb-bay's back. He pulled it up as high as he could get it. It was fantastic to see that blazing Liberator climbing straight up. As soon as he started climbing, one man jumped out, and when he could get it no higher, two more came out. Every one of us knew he had pulled up in order to give those men a chance. Then, knowing he was done for, he deliberately dove into the highest building in Ploesti. The instant he hit, his ship exploded.

We left Ploesti a ruin. Huge clouds of smoke and fire billowed from the ground as we pulled away. It was like a war movie, seeing those masses of flames rolling toward you, and white flashes of 20-millimeter cannon-fire bursting alongside of you.

We got back to camp 13 hours after we had taken off. It was the longest bombing mission ever flown, and that explains why it was necessary to do it at low altitude. If we had bombed at the usual level, we would never have had enough gas to get back. It was also the most dangerous mission in the history of heavy bombardment, ranking as a battle in itself. It is officially regarded not as the Ploesti raid but as "the battle of Ploesti."

There was no line at the mess hall that night. Even though we were starved, we couldn't eat when we thought of the men who should have been standing in line and weren't. And even though we were dead tired, we couldn't sleep. I know I didn't sleep for nights. The ground crews kept the runway lights on all night, and many stayed up until morning, though they knew the planes they had worked so hard on and their friends, the men who flew them, were not coming back.

The next morning was rough, too. We always got up at six o'clock, and there was always a lot of yelling back and forth—sometimes we'd throw rocks at each other's tents. The only yelling we heard that

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morning was our co-pilot calling for his friend Junior, although he had seen him go down in flames the day before.

V

Ploesti was my 24th mission. I was assigned to another crew for my last raid.

For a long time I had been thinking about volunteering for more. I wanted to do that for my kid brother; he wasn't overseas then. I asked my commanding officer if I could go on five more. He said I should go home; in fact, there were orders out already for me to do so, and a plane ticket to the States waiting for me. But he finally gave me permission.

I flew with the only full-blooded American Indian pilot in the European theater; everybody called him "Chief," but his name was Homer Moran, and he was from South Dakota. Four of those extra five missions I flew from England over Germany. I nearly got it on the 30th. We were over Munster, and a shell exploded right above the glass dome of my top turret. It smashed the dome, ripped my helmet off, smashed my goggles and interphone. The concussion threw me back against the seat, but I didn't get a scratch. I thought the ship had blown apart, the noise of that explosion was so loud. I passed out, because my oxygen mask had been torn off, but the radio operator and the engineer pulled me out of the turret and fixed me up with an emergency mask.

Things like that aren't explained just by luck. I must have had a guardian angel flying with me that time and on the other missions, too. They say there are no atheists in foxholes; I can tell you for sure there are none in heavy bombers either.

It took me three months to get my five missions in, the weather was so bad. And then when I came home it was by banana boat and not airplane.

I left England the first of December.

They wanted me to stay over there, with my outfit, as chief clerk in operations, but from the beginning I have felt my combat career would not be over until I had fought in the South Pacific, and so I asked to come home for a brief rest and then be assigned to a Liberator group there.

It was December 7, two years to the day after Pearl Harbor, when our ship reached New York. I thought I was a pretty tough sergeant, but when I saw the Statue of Liberty and the sunlight catching those tall buildings, I damn near cried. I knew I had come home, and I felt so lucky to have got through all those bombing missions without a scratch I said a prayer of thankfulness as I leaned against the rail. I only wished that all my buddies could have come home too.

I spoke earlier of having two battles to fight—against the Axis and against intolerance. They are really the same battle, I think, for we will have lost the war if our military victory is not followed by a better understanding among peoples.

I certainly don't propose to defend Japan. When I visit Tokyo it will be in a Liberator bomber. But I do believe that loyal Americans of Japanese descent are entitled to the democratic rights which Jefferson propounded, Washington fought for, and Lincoln died for.

In my own case, I have almost won the battle against intolerance; I have many close friends in the Army now—my best friends, as I am theirs—where two years ago I had none. But I have by no means completely won that battle. Especially now, after the widespread publicity given the atrocity stories, I find prejudice once again directed against me, and neither my uniform nor the medals which are visible proof of what I have been through have been able to stop it. I don't know for sure that it is safe for me to walk the streets of

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my own country. All this is disappointing, not so much to me personally any more, but rather with reference to my fight against intolerance. I had thought that after Ploesti and 29 other missions so rough it was just short of a miracle I got through them, I wouldn't have to fight for acceptance among my own people all over again.

In most cases I don't, and to those few persons who help breed fascism in America by spreading such prejudice I can only reply in the words of the Japanese American creed: "Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that such persons are not representative of the majority of the American people."

The people who wrote that creed are the thousands of Japanese Americans whom certain groups want deported im-

mediately. These Japanese Americans have spent their lives proving their loyalty to the United States, as their sons and brothers are proving it now on the bloody battlefield of Italy. It is for them, in the solemn hope that they will be treated justly rather than with hysterical passion, that I speak today.

This was an address by Sergeant Ben Kuroki, U. S. Army Air Force, before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, in February. He holds two Distinguished Service Crosses and the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters.

Reprints are available from the War Relocation Authority, Washington, D.C., or from the Japanese American Citizens League, 413 Beason Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

YOUNG AMERICANS

THE NISEI SPEAK

CAREY McWILLIAMS

NOT ONLY has the relocation of Japanese Americans since Pearl Harbor been a vast experiment in planned resettlement—challenging in the unprecedented demands it has made on available techniques and resources—but it has also been a stupendous human drama. The time has not yet arrived when this story can be told in full. It will have to be told in retrospect by an evacuee, some one who actually saw, felt, and was a part of this amazing adventure. The adventure itself involved highly diverse types and an infinite variety of individuals, from aged farm laborers to sophisticated artists, from shopkeepers to professors. The impact of the experience has naturally varied with the type of individual involved. For some it has meant nothing but bitter denunciation and defeat; for others it has promised liberation and new opportunities. Regardless of its varying impact on particular individuals, it has profoundly affected the lives of every one involved. Letters and documents the evacuees have sent me suggest the enormous drama of the experience, the feelings and emotions it has precipitated among the people themselves.

As the weeks after Pearl Harbor passed, the shadow of evacuation deepened. What had seemed a remote possibility began to loom large as a very real eventuality. Preparing to leave for an assembly center, Kenny Murase, a brilliant young Nisei, wrote these lines: "A lot of you have felt the same way—you get an awfully funny feeling, knowing that in a few days you are going to be living in a world so unbeliev-

ably strange and different. You never thought such a thing could happen to you, but it has. And you feel all tangled up inside because you do not quite see the logic of having to surrender freedom in a country that you sincerely believe is fighting for freedom. It hurts especially because you were just beginning to know what freedom really means to you, as an individual, but, more so, as one of 130,000,000 other Americans who are also beginning to know the meaning of freedom. You are upset about it but you are not mad, though there was a time when you were furious and you wanted to shout from the house-top that you thought it was an out-and-out fascist decree, and that this was America, a democracy, and you wanted to know what's the Big Idea. . . . You think you know something about the background of evacuation—about California's long anti-Oriental history—and it helps you to understand why it was so, but it still does not ease a disturbed conscience that is trying to seek an explanation consistent with a deep-seated faith in the workings of American democracy. You start off on another line of reasoning, and you think you are getting close to an attitude that will keep you from turning sour and cynical. You begin to see democracy is something tremendously alive, an organic thing, composed of human beings and behaving like human beings; and therefore imperfect and likely to take steps in the wrong direction. You see that democracy is still young, untried and inexperienced, but always in the process of