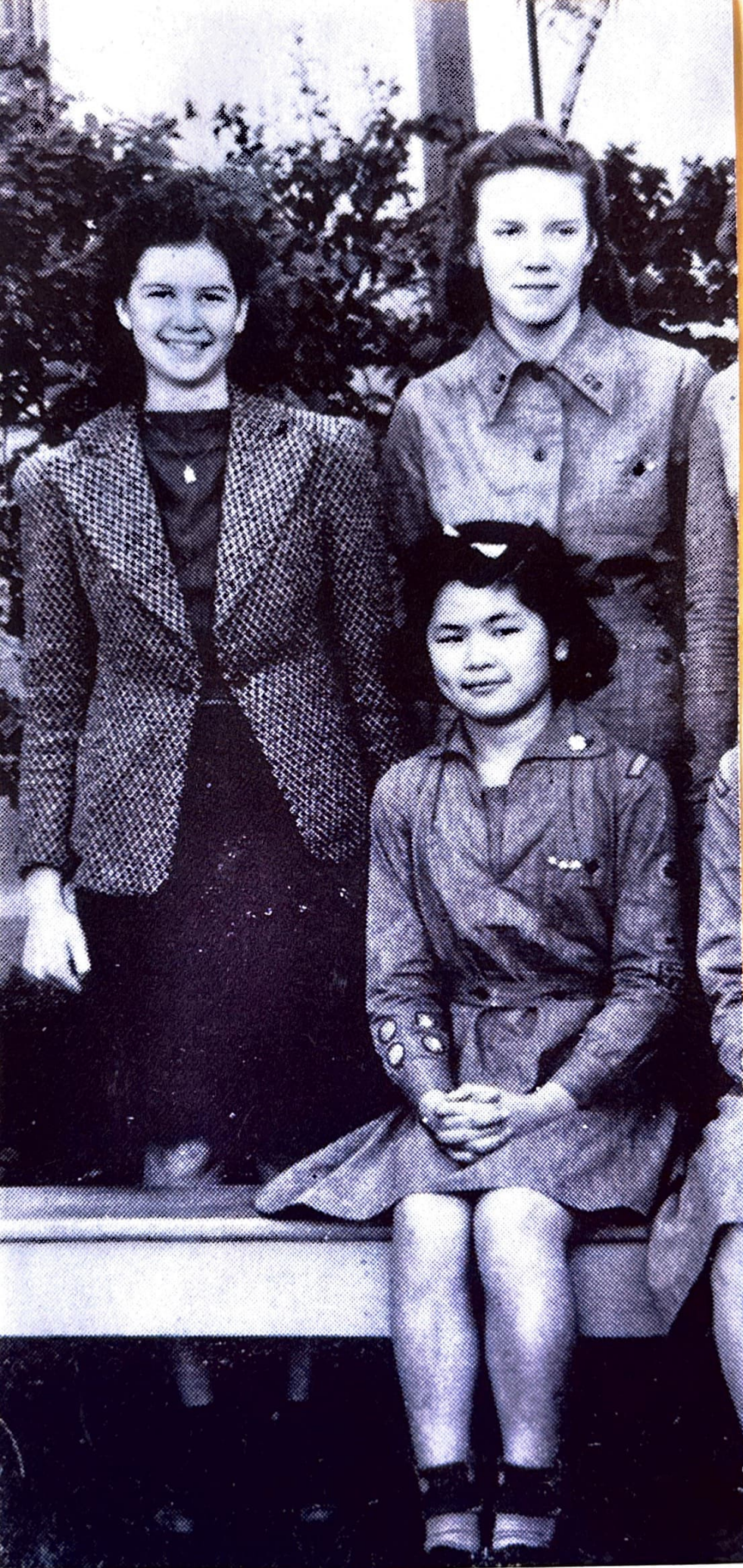
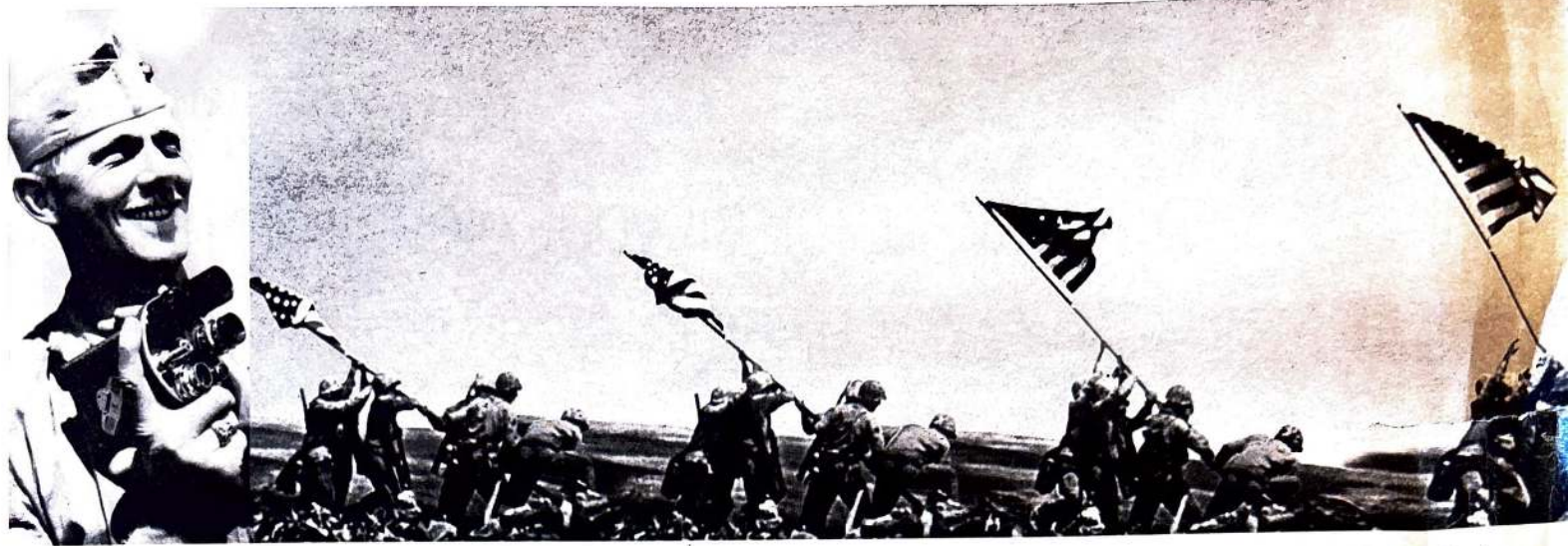


Barbara





Voloney ("Von") Siebenthal, 1944-1945



# The Unsung Filmmaker Of Iwo Jima

By Hal Buell

**S**IXTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK, A U.S. Marine motion-picture cameraman stood in dust and bramble inside a rocky volcano, waiting to film a flag-raising. "I'm not in your way, am I, Joe?" he shouted to a nearby still photographer over the relentless Pacific wind.

"No, it's all right," the photographer replied. "Hey, there she goes, Bill!"

Five Marines and a Navy corpsman pushed up the long, heavy pipe improvised as a flagstaff. The wind snapped the flag during its rise. Once up, however, Old Glory stood out straight and full.

The movie man cranked 198 frames of 16mm Kodachrome ASA 8 film through his Bell & Howell camera until the film ran out. He would never know whether he captured the entire lift. The still photographer took a picture with his 4x5 Speed Graphic at the peak of action.

Each of the two photographers had caught an enduring moment of the American experience. Joe Rosenthal, The Associated Press still photographer, would win a Pulitzer Prize for his shot of the raising of the flag on the summit of Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi on Feb. 23, 1945. The film by Sgt. Bill Genaust would live on gloriously as well, but his name would be all but lost to history after his death nine days later.

Genaust's film sequence, which he did not live to see, was widely shown in movie houses and later on television. For decades, he was not officially recognized as the cameraman who shot the famous footage. Unknown by most and forgotten by many, Genaust

was—and remains today—a Marine left behind on that distant island.

Iwo Jima is not a pretty place. Its craggy topography is dominated by the extinct volcano, Mount Suribachi, a scarred hump that rises 556 feet above sea level. It lacks the soaring grace of Japan's Mount Fuji or the majesty of our own Rockies.

On the morning of Feb. 19, 1945, Genaust and Rosenthal rode toward the island with the Marines but in separate landing craft. Suribachi's Japanese gun installations were trained on the black, volcanic sands of the beach and created a hell fire. Rosenthal would later say, "Survival was like walking in rain without getting wet." But the two men dodged the bullets and, despite casualties comparable to Normandy, survived the assault.

On the fifth day of the battle, Genaust met Marine still photographer Bob Campbell and Rosenthal at the base of Suribachi. They had heard that a flag would be raised on the summit, and they wanted to photograph this key taking of the island's high ground.

Halfway up the mountain, they met *Leatherneck* magazine photographer Sgt. Lou Lowery coming down. "You're late," Lowery said. "The flag is already up." The three men believed then that they would not get photos of a flag going up, but they hoped that

**Sgt. Bill Genaust risked his life to film one of the most famous events of World War II. He died in combat nine days later.**

another picture would be possible.

At the top, the trio found Marines preparing a second flag—a larger flag, a flag they said "that could be seen by every Marine on the island."

Genaust and his companions positioned them-

At Logan High in Union City, Calif., Tommie Lindsey has committed countless hours—and sometimes, dollars—to helping his students find their voices.

# They Speak For Success

By Tom Seligson

**W**ITH BANNERS DRAPED ON THE walls and more trophies than you can count, Tommie Lindsey's classroom resembles a winning high school athletic department. At the front of the room stands Nico Parrilla, a lanky 16-year-old who has just delivered a 12-minute monologue from a Whoopi Goldberg one-woman show. His classmates applaud, but Lindsey is not satisfied: "You're still making mistakes, Nico. You need to practice more."

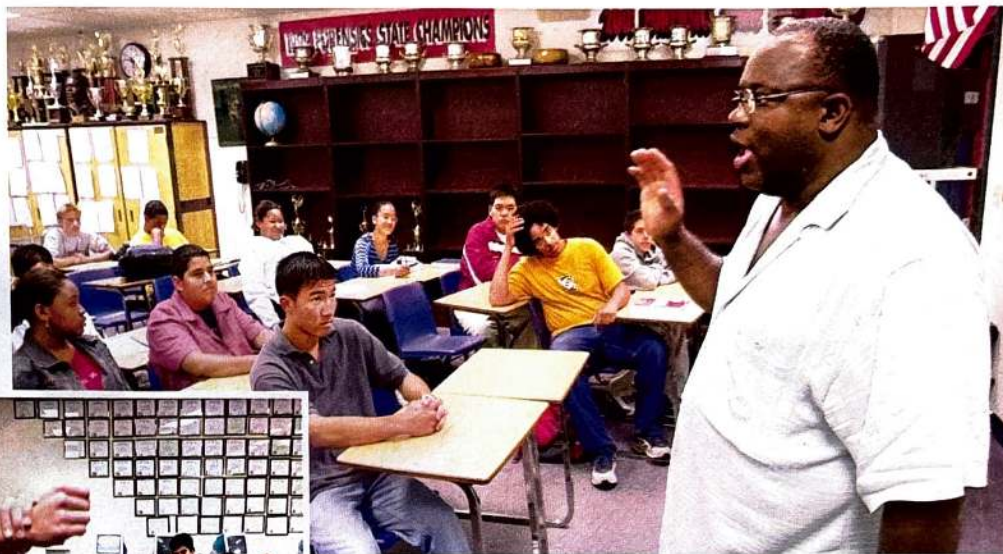
Welcome to Forensics Class at Logan High in Union City, Calif., 20 miles south of San Francisco. Here "forensics" does not refer to criminal science but to the word's original meaning: competitive public speaking that includes dramatic presentations, impromptu speeches, original oratory and traditional debate.

Lindsey's students are black, white, Hispanic and Filipino; freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors. Some are honors students. Some are poor or even homeless. "They all help each other," says their teacher. "They find refuge here. I've tried to create an environment where it's safe for them to stand up and speak in public."

He knows it can be scary. "Speaking in public is as frightening to many people as coming down with cancer," says Lindsey, 53. "But I believe that getting good at it can be the key to success."

And his students prove him right. While only 40% of Logan graduates go on to four-year colleges, virtually all of Lindsey's students do—but not before they show off their talents at tournaments across the country. "Forensics is usually a white, upper-middle-class activity," Lindsey says. "Not many poor kids or kids of color get involved. But we've been able to make people respect us."

With many state and national honors, Lindsey's



Winston Kwong, now a student at UCLA, displays the skills he learned in Lindsey's class at Logan High.

## Tips For Better Public Speaking

- Consider your audience and tailor your speech accordingly.
- Avoid clichés. If you have something fresh to say, people will want to listen.
- Use anecdotes that are funny or touching.
- Make an outline of your ideas and present them naturally; don't read word-for-word.
- Pretend to be poised, even if you're not.
- Remember, your audience is rooting for you!

and not get nervous when you speak," says Gabriella Sierra, 15. "It gives confidence in everything you do."

More than the curriculum, it is Lindsey who has changed his students' lives. "He's one of the few teachers I know who cares this much," says Justin Hinojoza, 17. "He spends hours and hours, evenings and weekends, working with us." When Justin's family didn't have money to buy the suit required for tournaments, Lindsey bought one for him. "And I'm not alone," Justin says. "He's done this for lots of us."

One of nine kids raised by a single mother, Lindsey fondly remembers the teacher who bought *him*

**"The kids find refuge here. It's safe for them to stand up and speak."**

students certainly command respect. But the real rewards, they say, are not the trophies. "This class teaches how to compose yourself

prepared a speech that earned him a standing ovation. "She was expecting me to fail, and I turned the tables on her," he says. "And we do that with our forensics program. When we started, a lot of people didn't believe our kids could do the things they do."

Lindsey's students have gone on to become doctors, lawyers and teachers. "I was going through a tough time," says Robert Hawkins, now 21. "Mr. Lindsey helped me out. I asked how I could pay him back and he said, 'Just help someone the way I helped you.'" Hawkins is studying to be a teacher. But whatever field his students choose, "I want them to go back and be a voice in their communities," Lindsey says.

Though his program struggles against budget constraints, Lindsey's work has not gone unnoticed: In September, he received a MacArthur Fellowship, or "genius award." Of the 23 recipients, he was the only high school teacher. "This amazing opportunity is here for us students," says Michael Joshi, 17, "and it wouldn't be if Mr. Lindsey didn't create it." ■

Tommie Lindsey has touched thousands of lives since he introduced forensics here 16 years ago.

new clothes after he came to school in a torn shirt and jeans. "That made me want to be a teacher," he says. "I wanted to care for other people the way she cared for me."

As a ninth-grader, Lindsey became a public speaker himself. Though his English teacher doubted his ability, Lindsey pre-



## Genaust's Final Shoot

From left to right: Bill Genaust with his camera in 1945; montage of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima taken by Genaust's 16mm motion-picture camera. This sequence, which he never got to see, was shown in movie houses across the country, lifting spirits during the Pacific war.

selves for the picture. Rosenthal placed himself head-on. Genaust stood about an arm's length from Rosenthal's right side and slightly forward.

Their pictures were flown to Guam, and Rosenthal's photo—transmitted to the world—was an immediate sensation.

It took weeks to process Genaust's Kodachrome which, once released, was equally successful in lifting the spirits of a war-weary home front eager for victory and impatient with rising casualties from the Pacific. The film was shown in movie houses and appeared daily for years as an overnight signoff segment on TV stations. But there was no official recognition of the photographer. A quirk in regulations authorized by-lines for still photographers but decreed that film would be distributed without a photographer's credit.

Rosenthal saw his picture for the first time on March 4 on Guam, where he had been sent by The Associated Press. That same day back on Iwo Jima, a B-29 bomber—battered during a bombing run over Tokyo—made an emergency landing. Normally, Genaust would have photographed the bomber, but the weather was poor—overcast, dark and misty. Instead, he was on Hill 362A, where Marines were mopping up any remaining resistance. With photography impossible, Genaust turned to his carbine and .45 pistol to help his buddies. Genaust and another Marine ducked into a cave to escape the heavy rain. When Genaust turned on a flashlight to check his

surroundings, the Japanese hidden in the cave opened fire, killing the two Marines instantly. Other Marines cleaned out the cave with flamethrowers, and bulldozers blocked up the entrance.

Rosenthal as the men whose pictures immortalized the bloodiest battle in Marine Corps history.

Marine casualties at Iwo Jima included nearly 6000 dead and about 18,000 wounded. More than 21,000 Japanese were killed or committed suicide. Twelve Marines raised the two flags on Suribachi; six later died in the battle, and four were wounded.

True to the Corps' tradition of recovering their dead, most of the Marines killed and initially buried on Iwo Jima were returned to the U.S. by the 1950s. However, the cave where Genaust died was considered too dangerous to open because of possible explosives, and its entrance eventually was lost to time.

The island was returned to the Japanese in 1968, and today Old Glory flies only four days each year. But every time the film of the flag-raising appears, as it does occasionally in documentaries, viewers now will know of Sergeant Genaust. He was one Marine who immortalized on film his nation's fight for freedom and his Corps' honor—though

he remains behind, entombed forever on Hill 362A in a forgotten cave without a marker.

*Hal Buell is a writer, lecturer and an award-winning photo editor. He was head of The Associated Press photo services for more than 20 years.*

**>>> To see Bill Genaust's film and for more photos from that day, visit [www.parade.com](http://www.parade.com) on the Web.**



## Joe Rosenthal's Famous Photo

This still photo of the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima was transmitted around the world within days, causing an immediate sensation and winning AP photographer Joe Rosenthal (inset) a Pulitzer Prize.

For decades, Genaust remained anonymous. Efforts by friends and colleagues, urging the Corps to see past the regulations, were to no avail. Finally, 40 years later, Marine brass issued a letter of appreciation for exemplary camerawork and heroism and officially recognized the photographer. Genaust's friends prepared a plaque, and in 1995 it was installed atop Mount Suribachi: Bill Genaust took his rightful place along with Joe

PHOTOS BY BETTMANN/CORBIS (ROSENTHAL) AND JOE ROSENTHAL/AP/WIDE WORLD (FLAG)

# BREA BLACK OUT

DEC. 10, 1941

Unannounced, Brea had its first blackout Wednesday evening, starting at 8 o'clock.

Whistles of Shaffer Tool Works blew loud and long.

And then the lights of the city started going out.

Be it said for the citizens, they responded nobly. A walk around a goodly portion of the city about 9 showed but a few lights. Several of these were night lights in stores where the owners were gone and no one could enter.

By and large, the blackout was a success.

However, there were some things PLENTY WRONG!

One was the large gang of boys and young men who roamed the city as though on Halloween prowling. They signaled with flashlights, one shot off a gun. They gathered on Pomona avenue and yelled at motorists. Parents of these boys must keep them home during blackouts or else.

Autos drove around town with their lights on . . . or turned them on when they came to intersections.

Here are orders from Washington about blackouts and air raids worth studying and keeping:

Don't drive with lights on.

Stay at home. Get off the street.

Put out lights. Stay away from windows.

Don't scream—keep quiet and do not run for shelter—walk.

Don't believe wild rumors await official notice from local officers.

Keep your radio turned on.

When bombs fall lie down whether at home or outside.

## K. C. B.

I IMAGINE.

THAT AFTER a while.

AS THE days go by.

WE'LL COME to look.

ON A day like today.

WHICH AT this writing.

IS THE fifth in time.

SINCE THE war began.

RIGHT AT our doors.

AND THAT brought to us.

JUST MINUTES ago.

A SUDDEN silence.

ON OUR radio.

I SAY I imagine.

THE'LL COME to be.

JUST NORMAL days.

EVEN THOUGH it is.

THAT IN the wake.

OF THE silencing.

OF OUR radios.

THERE COMES to me now.

AS I write these lines.

THE ROAR of planes.

IN THE low rain clouds.

THAT SHROUD our valley.

AND ARE pouring out.

A HEAVY rain.

UPON THE roof.

ABOVE MY head.

AND BECAUSE we know.

THERE ARE no planes.

BUT ARMY planes.

AND NAVY planes.

IN THE air today.

WE MUST just guess.

WHAT IT'S all about.

AND SIT and wait.

FOR THE radio.

TO COME on again.

AND ENLIGHTEN us.

AND THOUGH it is.  
THAT STRANGELY enough.  
THESE GOINGS on.  
IN THE clouds above.  
BRING NO fear to me.  
I MUST admit.  
THEY ARE upsetting.  
AND KEEP me rising.  
FROM MY desk chair.  
AND WALKING about.  
FOR A moment on two.  
AND THEN coming back.  
TO THIS sheet of paper.  
THAT STARES up at me.  
AND BIDS me go on.  
AND GET through with it.  
AND THAT'S how it is.  
THIS DECEMBER morning.  
HERE IN my valley.  
JUST ACROSS the hills.  
FROM THE danger that lies.  
WHERE THE ocean is.

—Buy Defense Bonds—

I Thank You.

# Brea Family Recalls Grandma's Dedication To Japanese Students

(Ed. Note: This is the second in a two part series examining the relocation of Japanese - Americans during World War II. A Presidential Commission hearing on the internment of 120,000 persons of Japanese ancestry will be held Aug. 4, 5 and 6 in Los Angeles. Eunice Gardner, mother of longtime Brea resident Madelyn West and grandmother of Alan West, president of BREAL, was a teacher at the only Japanese - American schoolhouse in Orange County. The following account reflects the West family dedication to their Japanese friends at that time.)

By Barbara Giasone  
DSP Managing Editor

BREA — Faint smiles, two rows deep, have a soothing quality in the black and white snapshot. Well - scrubbed children, standing straight as arrows, almost hide their heavy - set teacher, whose smile reflects the same tranquility.

In the background, a tiny wooden schoolhouse perched on a coastal cliff stirs a memory.

"There's the Hondas, the Mayadas, the Suzukis," the man points out, spilling over the names in surprising sequence. "My gosh, I wonder where they are now."

Alan West admits that he has lost track of most of the Japanese - American friends both he and his brother Roger played with as children in 1942.

"We were probably the only round - eyed friends these children had," the Brea recalled, flipping through a pile of old photographs that his mother Madelyn has preserved through the years. "There were so many good times in that little green and white schoolhouse at Crystal Cove, near Laguna Beach."

West's grandmother, Eunice Gardner, was transferred from the principalship of Irvine School to Orange County's only all -

Japanese school in the mid '30s. Immediately, she drew the children of Irvine Company Japanese farmworkers into her fold, establishing a rapport that was untarnishable.

"Grandma was a tough, determined, yet elegant woman," West said. "She was the best friend to call on particularly during difficult times."

The nisei (second generation) Japanese - American children agreed.

They could hardly wait to enter school at age 7, despite the fact Mrs. Gardner's retired husband taught each one English at 5

(Continued on A-2)



(Photo Courtesy of Madelyn West)

IN HAPPIER TIMES — Eunice Gardner poses with her Japanese-American students beside Crystal Cove schoolhouse on Irvine property.

It's Friday, July 31, 1981

(Continued from A-1)

years of age on the front porch of the schoolhouse.

And when their teacher frequently announced it was picnic time at Irvine Park, the children rushed home, packed little drawers in lacquered chests with fresh fruits and vegetables and scurried back for the special treat.

"Grandma loved everyone and wanted to be loved," West said. "But she also wanted action. She taught school for more than 50 years and never missed a day for medical reasons."

However, she did miss a day, even years for another excuse.

World War II flooded California with a paranoia that contaminated every stretch of soil. Persons of Japanese ancestry were ordered by a Presidential declaration to relocate; some immediately, others within a week.

Crystal Cove was not immune. "When Grandma learned the children needed to be taken to the Pacific Electric red car station for deportation, she piled them into her 1938 Chevrolet and headed toward the relocation depot," West recalled.

Residents along the route watched the frightened little slanted eyes peering through the shiny windows.

"They threw sticks and stones and glass bottles at Grandma's car," her grandson explained. "But she was fearless. She felt these were her people, and it was her duty to get them to their destination without harm."

Personal possessions, too bulky for transportation to relocation zones, were stashed in a tiny shack behind the Gardners' Santa Ana property. And when the war was over, the rightful owners were able to retrieve every last item.

The instant disappearance of his young friends was confusing for young West. "The only feeling I had was that such actions drew our nation together in one driving force."

In Brea, as in towns across the West Coast, parents were trying to explain the sudden antagonism against the Japanese people.

"I remember standing on our front lawn on Walnut Street and asking my dad why we had to send the Japanese away," West said, adopting a reverent tone. "He explained that if we were standing and talking with the Hondas or the Mayadas and a Japanese paratrooper dropped from the sky, how would we know where our friends' loyalty might be?"

"At 11, that satisfied my curiosity."

West glanced back to the photographs, attempting to philosophize. "We can't blame the American people at that moment in time, but now that we look back, there was no reason the Japanese couldn't have come over and landed at Laguna Beach.

A series of flashbacks interrupts the conversation.

"I remember a Japanese engineer working for Union Oil in Brea, who designed the pipelines and pump stations. He was shipped away because people had a strong feeling that he might have sent information about the pipeline system to Japan."

"Others were suspicious of area nurserymen whose rows of flowers, they thought, might have been planted to form code patterns, only visible from airplanes."

And while the rumors ran rampant, West recalled that he and his family systematically plotted out the islands on the kitchen wall map, guessing who was winning and who was losing the war.

"We can't blame our little community (Brea) for acting the way it did," West said in retrospect. "It was here, it was war... this wasn't a far away police action in Vietnam."

Eight years later, West enrolled at Cal Poly Pomona and shared the men's dorm with eight Japanese-American students. Quietly and tenaciously, he remembered, the families began to integrate the American lifestyle.

"We had one boy from San Francisco who never felt comfortable in the classroom," West said. "I couldn't believe my ears when my professor told him,

'You may be getting A's, but you better get back on the farm because I don't know how I can recommend you for a job.'"

West later learned the instructor was a war veteran filled with anger.

Another college friend had watched his parents killed in an Imperial Valley lettuce patch by anti-Japanese factions.

After observing the tribulations of his Japanese friends, West has asked himself many times if there should be any compensation for those who were marched to internment sites.

There is no one answer, he claims.

Only questions.

"Have we as a nation paid back the people for the destruction during the Civil War, the War of 1812, the Irish whom we shot on sight in the Atlantic?"

"It's a moot point," responded the history buff. "If we're going to look at it that way, have we paid back the thousands upon thousands of Chinese who were killed building the great railroad that brought the industrial revolution to our land?"

"Yet, if you can't pay in money, how do you pardon us for our sins in retrospect?"

Perhaps the West family's feelings were best summed up 36 years ago when Grandma Gardner typed a letter following a reunion with a former student. She wrote:

"How surprised I was tonight when a voice came over the phone that I had not heard for nearly three years. 'This is a former pupil of yours, Charles Mayada.' It was the first Japanese voice I had heard since May, 1942, and my heart went cold at the reception a Japanese might meet with so much bitterness in the hearts of people; not against the individual, but the whole race.

Every Jap is a replica of the terrifying cartoons of beastly faces. While to me these horrid faces were blotted out by the eager and trusting faces of my pupils at school. I see the soft brown bodies, the artistic hands and the eagerness for work. I even see soft-spoken fathers and kindly patient mothers.

Then he was at the door, smiling, standing straight in his American uniform. His handshake was hearty, and there was a hunger in his eyes to meet one he could call friend.

I sent up a prayer to say the right thing and something of eternal influence. After hearing all about what each former pupil was doing after the Poston internment . . . we had a straight forward talk about the war and existing conditions.

He sees very plainly why they must be interned, he held no resentment, but he seemed to feel that we Americans must set things right again.

He has had hard training and is ready to go across. The three boys in his family are all in training. He feels that Germany and Japan must both be put in their place and will be.

I believe the thought of superman is distasteful to him. He even said, "You know I used to be like that, boastful and bragging, and I liked to lord it over the others. In fact, I think I felt a little superior, for other fellows came to me for help and advice and it sort of gave me the big head."

"I know now that there will never be the way to heal this race problem. We must have humility and value the other fellow's worth."

These were not simply words, they were from his heart and genuine.

. . . In true Japanese fashion, he opened his suitcase to give me a picture of his sister Ruth . . . as the suitcase lay open, there lay a clean and carefully folded bath towel with handkerchiefs and shirts, and as I looked my eyes beheld all motherhood, German, English, Japanese, American, who packed fresh clothes for the boys they love so well and my throat ached and my heart cried, "O God have mercy on us."

He left at 6 o'clock for Los Angeles and as he left said, "I have waited so long for this time, and it has gone so quickly."

. . . Our little school (in Crystal Cove) burned to the ground last night, another bridge burned. It is well for it was so completely ours, no one else should be there.

— Eunice Gardner, 1945.

# Brea Family Recalls Grandma's Dedication To Japanese Students

By Barbara Giasone  
DSP Managing Editor

BREA — Faint smiles, two rows deep, have a soothing quality in the black and white snapshot. Well - scrubbed children, standing straight as arrows, almost hide their heavy - set teacher, whose smile reflects the same tranquility.

In the background, a tiny wooden schoolhouse perched on a coastal cliff stirs a memory.

"There's the Hondas, the Mayadas, the Suzukis," the man points out, spilling over the names in surprising sequence. "My gosh, I wonder where they are now."

Alan West admits that he has lost track of most of the Japanese - American friends both he and his brother Roger played with as children in 1942.

"We were probably the only round - eyed friends these children had," the Brea recalled, flipping through a pile of old photographs that his mother Madelyn has preserved through the years. "There were so many good times in that little green and white schoolhouse at Crystal Cove, near Laguna Beach."

West's grandmother, Eunice Gardner, was transferred from the principalship of Irvine School to Orange County's only all - Japanese school in the mid '30s. Immediately, she drew the children of Irvine Company Japanese farmworkers into her

fold, establishing a rapport that was untarnishable.

"Grandma was a tough, determined, yet elegant woman,"

West said. "She was the best friend to call on particularly during difficult times."

The nisei (second generation) Japanese - American children agreed.

They could hardly wait to enter school at age 7, despite the fact Mrs. Gardner's retired husband taught each one English at 5 years of age on the front porch of the schoolhouse.

And when their teacher frequently announced it was picnic time at Irvine Park, the children rushed home, packed little drawers in lacquered chests with fresh fruits and vegetables and scurried back for the special treat.

"Grandma loved everyone and wanted to be loved," West said. "But she also wanted action. She taught school for more than 50 years and never missed a day for medical reasons."

However, she did miss a day, even years for another excuse.

World War II flooded California with a paranoia that contaminated every stretch of soil. Persons of Japanese ancestry were ordered by a Presidential declaration to relocate; some immediately, others within a week,

Crystal Cove was not immune.

"When Grandma learned the children needed to be taken to the Pacific Electric red car station for deportation, she piled them into her 1938 Chevrolet and headed toward the relocation depot," West recalled.

Residents along the route watched the frightened little slanted eyes peering through the shiny windows.

"They threw sticks and stones and glass bottles at Grandma's car," her grandson explained. "But she was fearless. She felt these were her people, and it was her duty to get them to their destination without harm."

Personal possessions, too bulky for transportation to relocation zones, were stashed in a tiny shack behind the Gardners' Santa Ana property. And when the war was over, the rightful owners were able to retrieve every last item.

The instant disappearance of his young friends was confusing for young West. "The only feeling I had was that such actions drew our nation together in one driving force."

In Brea, as in towns across the West Coast, parents were trying to explain the sudden antagonism against the Japanese people.

"I remember standing on our front lawn on Walnut Street and asking my dad why we had to send the Japanese away," West said, adopting a reverent tone. "He explained that if we were standing and talking with the Hondas or the Mayadas and a Japanese paratrooper dropped from the sky, how would we know where our friends' loyalty might be?"

"At 11, that satisfied my curiosity."

West glanced back to the photographs, attempting to philosophize. "We can't blame the American people at that

moment in time, but now that we look back, there was no reason the Japanese couldn't have come over and landed at Laguna Beach.

A series of flashbacks interrupted the conversation.

"I remember a Japanese engineer working for Union Oil in Brea, who designed the pipelines and pump stations. He was shipped away because people had a strong feeling that he might have sent information about the pipeline system to Japan."

"Others were suspicious of area nurserymen whose rows of flowers, they thought, might have been planted to form code patterns, only visible from airplanes."

And while the rumors ran rampant, West recalled that he and his family systematically plotted out the islands on the kitchen wall map, guessing who was winning and who was losing the war.

"We can't blame our little community (Brea) for acting the way it did," West said in retrospect. "It was here, it was war . . . this wasn't a far away police action in Vietnam."

Eight years later, West enrolled at Cal Poly Pomona and shared the men's dorm with eight Japanese - American students. Quietly and tenaciously, he remembered, the families began to integrate the American lifestyle.

"We had one boy from San Francisco who never felt comfortable in the classroom," West said. "I couldn't believe my ears when my professor told him, 'You may be getting A's, but you better get back on the farm because I don't know how I can recommend you for a job.'"

West later learned the instructor was a war veteran filled with anger.

Another college friend had watched his parents killed in an

(Continued on A-2)

Imperial Valley lettuce patch by  
anti - Japanese factions.

After observing the tribulations of his Japanese friends, West has asked himself many times if there should be any compensation for those who were marched to internment sites.

There is no one answer, he claims.

Only questions.

"Have we as a nation paid back the people for the destruction during the Civil War, the War of 1812, the Irish whom we shot on sight in the Atlantic?

"It's a moot point," responded the history buff. "If we're going to look at it that way, have we paid back the thousands upon thousands of Chinese who were killed building the great railroad that brought the industrial revolution to our land?"

"Yet, if you can't pay in money, how do you pardon us for our sins in retrospect?"

# Letters Home to Brea from WWII

Letter to Mrs. Adele Anderson

from T.S. Anderson

Dated: March 19, 1945

Passed Naval censor

Hi Darling.

You may think I am nuts when you receive my first letters because it will come in four different parts. When I left the States I started a letter and wrote a little each day. It totaled 12 pages. Well I mailed them when I first arrived. The next day they give it back to me, say they limit each letter to three pages. So darling your letter will come in four different letters.

I haven't received any mail as yet but sure am looking forward to some news from home.

They hooked us today, I should say this afternoon. First we had to dig a pipe line across the concrete road. After doing that they made us load 2 trucks loads of dirt so they could plant a lawn in front of the Personnel Office. They call it landscaping but I call it loading dirt into a truck and then unloading it.

We are supposed to get paid tomorrow so maybe you'll get some money one of these days. We are also supposed to get liberty Friday. I sure want to see what Honolulu looks like. Most of the boys that have been into town say it isn't so hot.

They sure have some beautiful rings here at the ship stores. I wished I had a couple hundred I would send you one.

Have you received any word on your income taxes?

Well darling there isn't much to write about so I'll close. I love you and hope everyone is well. Kiss the kids and tell them their Dad loves them both.

Loads of Love,

Tom

Letter to Judy Anderson

from T.S. Anderson

Date: June 12, 1945

Passed Naval censor

Hello Judy Darling.

How is my little sweetheart today? Have you been a good little girl since your daddies been away? Are you taking good care of little Mike and helping your mother? I know you have.

They have lots of little Kanackie boys and girls over here. I know you could have lots of fun playing with them. They never wear shoes and I don't think they ever take a bath. (A Kanackie is the Navy name for the natives here on the island). When they are real small, like little Mike, they sure are cute. Someday after daddie makes his first million, I'll bring you Mike and Moma over here and we'll have lots of fun.

Did you enjoy your trip to Yosemite? What did you think of the big bears and the pretty deer? Ask Grampa if he is going to take you deer hunting this year. Also tell him he had better do a little practicing before he goes or you will kid him again this year.

Well honey you be a good little girl until Daddie gets home. Take good care of your Mom and Mike. Tell your mother Daddie loves her very much and misses her. I can't think of anything more to say at present so I'll say goodbye. Tell your Gram and Gramp hello.

Love,

Dad

