

ON TOLERANCE

Editor: Erwin Peary dared to be an individualist on the subject of Japanese evacuation, and the result was a bouquet of onions disdainfully given by two writers in this column—"I Am an American" and "Daughter of Pioneers."

This apparently highly refined "Daughter of Pioneers," smugly basking in the glow of her heritage, would have us believe that every American-born Japanese, not to mention the "alien Japanese" living here, is a ruthless killer, and every other American (preferably those of the "third and fourth-generation" white Californians) is just below the angels. To convict the guilty is considered

right, but to condemn the innocent is a crime in itself. No why should thousands of persons suffer for a comparatively few who are actually guilty? If one will make a dispassionate observation about him, he will find the good and the bad on every nationality, on every walk of life.

I cannot conscientiously or gleefully applaud the forcible stampede of human beings (for they are human, you know, just as you and you's), and tearing them away to unfamiliar grounds like a herd of common cattle. The "Daughter of Pioneers" also emphatically states that the Japanese are not and never can become Americans. If the technicalities must be brought in, then, some of us are real Americans in the positive sense of the word. The Indians were the real Americans, and, ironically enough, look what happened to them!

And "I Am an American," who blithely says that is "almost" envies the evacuated Japanese—but not quite! Certainly they are not in an enviable position, so let us not glamorize or glorify the situation unnecessarily. Doubtless, "I Am an American" would not relish the ordeal of leaving his home, his property, his friends, and, be it not enough, to also be usefully insulted, ridiculed and criticized. The loyal Japanese would have been glad to be able to stay in their homes, no matter how humble, and if the conditions some of them came from were deplorable, as he intimated, he may draw his "mental generosity" in the fact that many Americans were born and raised in the slums and no one thought much about it.

Yes, we have a war to win, but our eventual victory will be tinged with bitterness when we realize that the flame of our blazing hatred has been reduced to ashes of remorse.

Orchids to the Erwin Pearys of this world. Their sentiment is the immortal symbol of justice and tolerance—of true democracy!

MISS NINETEEN.