Japanese American Student Relocation in World War II

Lagunita Student Diary: First Week After Pearl Harbor
IN THIS ISSUE

Throughout 1941, war news had mingled with the university’s celebration of its 50th year, with classes, sports, social life, and campus fashion statements. News of the December 7 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, however, stunned the campus. “We were all very surprised at the speed and power of the Japanese,” wrote Stanford Daily columnist Cheslie Saroyan three days later. “And so we were at war and we tried to think that books and classes were important and we kept right on with our work.”

The articles in this issue reveal how difficult it was to continue studies as usual. Stanford senior Margaret Tuttle kept a diary of the first seven days of the war from the perspective of Lagunita Court students as world and local events collided with finals week (pages 24-28). For students of Japanese ancestry, the interruption had particularly grave implications. Katie Buchanan’s essay places their plight in the broader context of efforts by the National Japanese American Student Relocation Committee to resettle West Coast students from internment camps to Midwestern and Eastern colleges (pages 3-16). Professor Gordon Chang describes the experience of history Professor Yamato Ichihashi in the days leading up to his internment in May 1942 (pages 20-23).

COVER: In May 1942, the remaining members of the Japanese Student Association inscribed this photograph to longstanding supporter President Ray Lyman Wilbur. Wilbur had written the House Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration in mid-April: “It has been impossible for me to answer the many questions put to me by the students as to why [they must relocate]. Everything that they have learned from babyhood up in this country is negatived [sic] by their present experience.”

PHOTO: STANFORD UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
As I, an American of Japanese ancestry, stand today on the threshold of success or failure in life, I have a definite plan to continue studying and try my humble part in serving in the best possible manner this great land of mine.

Instead of being sent to an internment camp and wasting away what little knowledge I have gained thus far as well as much precious time, my parents tell me they are willing to sacrifice all they have towards my education. It is my sincere hope that I be allowed the privilege of attending an institution of good name so that I may fulfill their dreams and that I may mold myself into a better American and do my part in building an even greater America.


Barbed Wire Neurosis: Education, Assimilation, and Japanese American Internment

by Katherine Buchanan

Roy Nakata was born on April 16, 1924, in Alameda, California, eldest son of T. Nakata, one of the many Japanese immigrants recruited to San Francisco as cheap labor for Bay Area construction projects. Instead of returning to Japan as he had originally intended, T. Nakata stayed in California after the Bay Bridge’s completion in 1938, working as a gardener. Despite his modest occupation, he remained convinced that his children would benefit from an American upbringing.

Roy and his sister, Grace (born 1929), rose to meet their father’s expectations. Roy became a decorated Boy Scout, and after the family moved from Los Altos to Palo Alto during his sophomore year of high school, Roy...
celled both academically and socially. In the words of his guidance counselor, “Roy is definitely college material, a good student, active in school life, always a gentleman.”

He was slated to graduate in June 1942. Roy, his parents, and even his father’s white employers, well-to-do Palo Alto citizens Rowland and Alice Sinclair Dodge, fully expected him to go to college and then use his education to break into the ranks of the middle class.

Executive Order 9066 shattered Roy’s original dream. Issued by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on February 19, 1942, it provided for the exclusion of Japanese Americans from the West Coast. As Alice Dodge reflected in a letter to her niece, “If they [the Nakata’s] could have stayed here he [Roy] would have gone to a state junior college without any cost to him. Now he must plan otherwise. Remember, he is an American citizen, born here, and just 18 years old, and he faces an unhappy situation. He told Rowland that he thought most Japanese Americans are loyal to the U.S. but that they feel very badly about the war.”

Roy Nakata’s story is not unique. Of the approximately 120,000 Japanese and Japanese Americans who were evacuated from their West Coast homes in 1942 and sent to relocation camps, an estimated 6,000 were college or college-bound students. During the three years of internment, stretching from May 1942 to mid-1945, these young students, an elite portion of the so-called Nisei generation, saw their individual hopes dashed and then gradually re-shaped.

Many were eventually able to continue their educations, but the paths they followed in order to do so reflected the unique historic crucible in which they lived.

The Japanese, like all minorities in American society, had always faced the dilemma of difference—the tension that exists between cultural preservation and assimilation—but evacuation and internment put a disproportionate burden on the Nisei to posit an immediate “solution.” Although Executive Order 9066 encountered harsh opposition both then and later, cheerful legal compliance with internment and marked efforts to prove themselves worthy of full citizenship emerged as the dominant Nisei strategies. Archival documents, including individual student narratives and the official correspondence of the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council reveal the unique position that higher education occupied in this campaign. In particular, it can be shown that post-secondary school students were treated as a special class of evacuees owing to an unexpected consensus between the Japanese American and liberal white communities. Moreover, strategic educational assimilation buoyed internees’ faith in democracy during the war, set Japanese Americans up for economic success after the war, and contributed to the larger American community’s perception of Japanese Americans as a “model minority,” a politically-charged label that is still with us today.

Limited Options, Cultural Heritage Lead to Assimilation

The need for racial diplomacy in 1942 can hardly be contested. Even before evacuation, the Pearl Harbor attack had spurred a revival of the Yellow Peril phenomenon of the late 1930s. As before, California’s Hearst and McClatchy newspapers took the lead in portraying the Japanese generally as treacherous, slant-eyed spies. On February 20, 1942, the day after FDR issued
Executive Order 9066, the Los Angeles Times printed an abbreviated transcript of Mayor Fletcher Bowron’s radio address in which the mayor proposed a constitutional amendment through which “every American-born Jap and all persons, who within the past 10 years, changed their citizenship from Germany or Italian to American would be reclassified and made to labor.” Bowron’s suggestion points up the greater degree of racist discrimination leveled at Japanese Americans as compared with German Americans or Italian Americans—he easily collapses the distinction between American-born and foreign-born Japanese, highlighting their status as a perpetual foreigner. With the bombing of Pearl Harbor by Japanese naval forces, many other Americans singled out Japanese Americans as well as Japanese nationals as the “real” enemy and decades-old stereotypes resurfaced. One landlord, for example, referred casually to Japanese American West Coast presence as the “monkey problem.”

California’s Attorney General (and future U.S. Chief Justice) Earl Warren deemed the Japanese Americans a special threat: “We believe that when we are dealing with the Caucasian race we have methods that will test the loyalty of them, and we believe that we can, in dealing with the Germans and the Italians arrive at some fairly sound conclusions.... But when we deal with the Japanese, we are in an entirely different field.” These telling comments reveal how far anti-Japanese attitudes had permeated American society by February 1942.

Because of the extreme racism directed particularly against them and the resulting restrictions placed on their civil liberties in 1942—for example, the 8 p.m. curfew established on March 24—the Japanese American community chose its response to World War II from a very limited array of possibilities. One of the strongest pulls toward strategic educational assimilation was that education seemed to be one place where the Japanese ethos and the American value system intersected. Their primary moral influences included Confucianism and Buddhism, both...
of which emphasize selflessness and family honor.  

In a series of experiments and interviews conducted during the 1960s, Japanese American sociologist Harry Kitano found that these culturally embedded values not only predisposed Japanese Americans to an inhibition of expression and a predictability and control of mind, they also prompted responses of “deference and obsequiousness” in situations of embarrassment or anxiety, and especially in relation to whites. Hence, Alice Dodge’s observation: “The Japanese have left behind them everywhere a reputation for being patient and polite and most cooperative.” Rather than challenge the status quo in ways that might suggest ego-centrism, the Japanese Americans, even before the war, had sought to prove their worth and loyalty through achievement: “by achieving he could assuage his guilt feeling, atone for previous bad behavior, and bring honor and praise to the family.”

As the key to opportunity and advancement in American life, education was an essential component of arriving at this level of success. It is explicitly recognized as such in the emblematic Japanese American Citizen’s League Creed, written in 1938: “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. True, I shall do all in my power to discourage such practices, but I shall do it in the American way—above board, in the open, through courts of law, by education, by proving myself to be worthy of equal treatment and consideration” (emphasis added). In a sense, then, a pattern of Japanese American strategic assimilation had been established long before the outbreak of World War II.

Internment merely brought these existing sociological responses to adversity into sharper focus. Indeed, letters to white friends, like Stanford student Matsuye Takeshita Taoka’s greeting to her former professor, Payson J. Treat, show the young Nisei students’ politeness and emotional restraint: “I am very much ashamed to find that you had obtained our address from someone else. No one but you and Mrs. Treat would be so kind to remember us in spite of our negligence.... In a way, it is better that I delayed writing many of my letters because those who received our first letters certainly must not have enjoyed hearing our gripes.”

Even more striking is the students’ ardent desire to prove their patriotism and please their parents through their academic performance. In a letter to his younger sister on her way to a temporary internment camp at Santa Anita, Charles Kikuichi, a student removed from the University of California at Berkeley in 1942 wrote, “so it’s up to people like you who have gone out to prove to other Americans that we are American too (even if we have yellow fever faces!). It’s hard on the old people, but for the Nisei it can be made an opportunity if they don’t start getting to feel sorry for themselves and develop a persecutionist attitude.” Roy Nakata repeatedly explained to the Dodges that his desire to complete his university degree was owing to his wish to “prove to my folks that I could fulfill some of their hopeful dreams.”

In another letter, he adds, “I realize more than anything that only after thoroughly preparing myself [through education] can one have faith for any hope of future security.” In spite of their bleak prospects, the Nisei held fast to the belief that the key to eventual success and acceptance in American society was education; therefore, education, was “conducted much like a military campaign against a hostile world.”
Education to Maintain Loyalty

An influential part of the white community also viewed higher education as a campaign, albeit with a different military spin. This unexpected convergence of opinion between the Japanese American and white communities is what ultimately opened the path of education to the Nisei. On May 29, 1942, a group of prominent American university presidents, clergymen, and social workers convened in Chicago at the behest of Milton Eisenhower, director of the War Relocation Authority and brother of Dwight Eisenhower. After extensive discussion and debate, the group chose to form the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council (NJASRC) on the rationale that allowing evacuated students to immediately pursue their educations at the college level would “help maintain the loyalty of the entire evacuated group and help preserve their faith in democratic institutions.”

The “Digest of Points Presented By Those Attending the Conference Called in Chicago for the Consideration of the Problems Connected with Relocation of the American-Born Japanese Students Who Have Been Evacuated From Pacific Coast Colleges and Universities” presents a clear vision of selection, organization, adjustment, finance, and publicity designed to diminish anti-Caucasian sentiment in the relocation camps and to promote rapport between Japanese and Caucasian Americans. A primary criterion for selection of candidates was certification of their loyalty to the United States. The group’s leaders, including West Coast Director Thomas Ray Bodine, Swarthmore President John W. Nason, Clarence E. Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee, and Stanford President Ray Lyman Wilbur, saw the educational overture as a preliminary social lubricant for post-war racial relations. The words “loyalty,” “assimilation,” and “integration” pepper the three-page vision statement. Thus, this elite group of liberal, white intellectuals were able to use their structural power to open otherwise hostile or indifferent institutions to Nisei students.

Once the NJASRC framework was in place—a Philadelphia office responsible for recruiting East Coast and Midwest universities to participate in the program and a Berkeley office charged with soliciting applications from evacuees—student relocation proceeded at a brisk pace. Students were able to vacate camps as soon as Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy gave the program his blessing on August 1, 1942. By January 1, 1943, some 2,535 students had applied, and 1,200 had begun their studies at one of the 344 colleges and universities approved by Captain John M. Hall of the War Department. An additional sixty schools were in the process of being cleared, and another 360 students had been accepted for the fall term. Nearly half (47 percent) of the students who submitted applications sought placement as college freshmen. The low percentage of applications for placement as seniors (6 percent) reflects the fact that many schools, including Stanford University, had awarded degrees to evacuees in absentia.

The Berkeley office could boast of a staff of 23 employees, mostly volunteers, to deal with the continuing onslaught of applications. On the financial side, the Philadelphia office, largely by means of a nationwide speaking tour, had succeeded in raising $107,430 in scholarship funds. Donations came from philanthropic grants.

“Closing the door on a career,” noted Tom Bodine of his photo of this unnamed member of Phi Beta Kappa and past-president of a national Japanese sorority. The sorority, Fuyo Kai, contributed its building fund to the American Friends Service Committee.
Even before relocation became a reality to Stanford students and faculty, the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and other religious and educational groups began thinking about how to transfer college-age students of Japanese ancestry to Midwestern and Eastern campuses. Good candidates to undertake this work were recent college graduates Thomas Bodine and Trudy King.1

Arriving on the West Coast in January 1942, Thomas R. Bodine, Wesleyan ’37, took part in the work of the Seattle Friends Committee. Like other West Coast Quaker groups, the Seattle Friends were working to help Japanese Americans voluntarily move away from the coast to avoid internment. AFSC had been established in 1917 to coordinate pacifist and relief activities of various groups of Friends (Quakers) in the United States, and continued to seek new approaches to world peace and nonviolent social change.

That spring and summer, in the confusion surrounding some 100 military directives covering various counties in Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona, the AFSC helped provide pre-evacuation advice, food and supplies, transportation and information, as individuals of Japanese ancestry collected at assembly centers. As soon as transfers to permanent “relocation camps” began, the AFSC also began agitating for improvement of camp conditions.

On May 29, 1942, the Quaker group played an important role in the establishment of the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council (NJASRC), which was charged with moving interned college students to colleges in the Midwest. By June, a West Coast staff, directed by Tom Bodine, had been assembled in Berkeley, California, as the pragmatic hub of logistical arrangements for individual student relocations.

Among the staff was alumna Trudy King, who had received her master’s degree from Stanford in 1941 (following her 1938 bachelor’s degree from Vassar). Like Bodine, she already had had experience with Quaker relief efforts. After leaving Stanford, she had worked on a community project in rural Georgia, and later in 1941 had assisted European refugees, helping them get to the United States, find jobs, and get settled.

King, like Bodine, had trained for foreign service overseas, participating in a three-month training course at Pendle Hill, a Quaker graduate school in Pennsylvania, where the two had first met. “We learned or brushed up on our French and German, delved in Quaker philosophy, heard what the Quakers had done in past years and got all set to
go overseas to help with the refugees and the feeding problems,” she wrote. “Then came Pearl Harbor and a slight change in plans.”

By early 1942, she was in Southern California, helping Japanese American families with the details of evacuation. That summer, she joined the West Coast office of the NJASRC in Berkeley, taking on the U.S. government bureaucracy: obtaining permits and leave clearances for individuals, requesting military clearances for schools, helping students collect and organize documents. In short, “I write the students, write the colleges, write Washington, write members of the community.”

The student relocation process was a long-distance marathon for staff and students alike, with numerous forms, clearances, and questionnaires to wade through. Financial resources had to be confirmed for travel costs, college fees, and living expenses, and letters gathered from banks, notary publics, tenants, trustees, or prospective employers. Just as individual students were expected to go through the usual process of applying to colleges, the NJASRC had to get War Department clearances for individual colleges, gather evidence that public opinion in the college town was not unfavorable, and line up sponsors to help the students once they arrived.

Overworked, understaffed, and short on funds, the office underwent administrative shakeups and reassignments typical of many organizations in the early years of the war. The NJASRC program was centralized in Philadelphia to facilitate contact with the War Relocation Authority. King kept on with her work in Berkeley, while Bodine became field director, serving as liaison between counselors and students at the various relocation camps and the main office. He continued traveling extensively among the various camps, interviewing college age students, and counseling them about campus possibilities.

King’s and Bodine’s correspondence with students, notes historian Ann Koto Hayashi, clearly reflects their concern for individual students as well as an overriding philosophy regarding their work with the NJASR. Bodine later told Hayashi: “Trudy and I had very high standards. We said this isn’t just a job of getting these kids out and onto college campuses. We are restoring the morale of a generation of people who were badly treated. And therefore we are going to treat the students that we deal with as human beings, not just as numbers, cases. The letters are going to be personal; they are going to be friendly.”

“Their determination to restore morale by writing such letters took precious time,” writes Hayashi, and their bosses did not necessarily appreciate their personal but time-consuming methods. And ironically, through personal attention and good humor, Bodine and King raised hopes that could not always be met. Nevertheless, as Hayashi points out, “the letters reinforced the belief that people who cared about their plight did, in fact, exist outside of the camps.”

—Roxanne Nilan

ENDNOTES

1 The official records of the NJASRC, originally housed at the Quaker offices in Philadelphia, were destroyed by fire. Bodine’s and King’s collections of official and personal correspondence, photographs, and other materials are preserved at the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford, as are those of NJASRC director John Nason.


4 Bodine quoted in ibid, p. 52.

5 Ibid, p. 54.
(the Carnegie Corporation provided an initial endowment of $10,000), religious organizations (most prominently, the Quaker community and Student Christian Associations), and sympathetic individuals (like the Dodge family, whose generous financial support of the NJASRC ensured Roy Nakata’s enrollment at Oberlin in January 1943). In his 1942 year-end report, Thomas Bodine estimated that the bulk of the council’s work could be completed by October 1943.23 (See separate story, pages 8-9.)

NJASRC’s Report Card

The impact of the NJASRC initiative on evacuees was immense. Response was especially positive during the summer and early fall of 1942. On July 3, evacuated Stanford Professor Yamato Ichihashi wrote to Stanford’s President Wilbur of his first meeting with representatives from the council, held informally at the temporary relocation center in Santa Anita.24 Just five days later, Stanford student Matsuye Takeshita Taoka spoke of “encouraging news about student relocation” in her letter to Professor Treat. Likewise Kazuyuki Takahashi’s letter to Treat, also dated July 8, remarked that news of the Council had bolstered morale in the “Stanford barracks.”25

As selected students trickled out of the camps and made their way by train to new colleges to the East, letters of appreciation poured in to the NJASRC offices. “No words can ever express my deep gratitude to you and the many many American Friends for the great privilege of being able to attend a university and for the wonderful opportunity to help promote a better understanding of the Niseis,” wrote one student enrolled in Denison University in Ohio. “Through your kind generosity and through your extreme sacrifices, I have become the happiest and the luckiest person in the world.… If success should ever knock at my door, I will never forget the many persons, known and unknown to me, who kindly blazed the path to my door.”26 Another student reaffirmed his commitment to succeed: “A great responsibility lies ahead of me and I will not overlook my opportunity. I have come here for a purpose and I shall endeavor to do my utmost in making good…the students at University of Denver and the people in general are all very friendly and kind. This makes me feel very good as I am conscious of the fact that I am a Japanese American.”27

The NJASRC core could point to these letters, as well as those from members of the surrounding community and participating universities, as evidence of the success of their educational campaign. “That was the first time I was ever near one of her kind [a Japanese American] and if they are all like her they fit in my heart,” wrote one black Chicago domestic.28 Similarly positive when he presented a diploma to an internee for the first time at Pomona College commencement exercises in January 1943, President E. Wilson Lyon grandly declared, “May this ceremony, not only for the recipient of the degree, but to all her fellow citizens of Japanese ancestry, serve as a pledge of faith and goodwill on the part of American higher education.”29 Yet internal correspondence and some of the student letters received after October 1943 indicate that the council’s work was not without criticism.

In particular, student complaints were met with defensive rebuttals. Bob Nakasone complained about his rejection: “I would be insincere if I told you I did not feel bitter about my refusal. At present I am in Montana working in the sugar fields to aid the shortage of labor. I volunteered for this work and it’s back-breaking labor with no compensation to speak of.” Nason answered him curtly: “As a person of Japanese ancestry you have a representative of the Japanese people,” and drew seemingly arbitrary lines between the “real Americans” and the potentially disloyal.30 The language of official reports could be patronizing: Reed Cary deemed just 1,400 of 2,300 applicants “truly deserving of academic relocation.”32 Individual students shouldered the burden of proving their patriotism. They were responsible for collecting letters of recommendation from white acquaintances as well as other evidence of their “Americaness.” The NJASRC asked that these recommendations address “opinions of this individual with respect to such matters as the extent of Americanization through education and upbringing, general standing and reputation in the community and occupational abilities.”33 One disgruntled student alleged that the council had rejected his application based on the rumor that he had visited Japan once at the age of 18 months.34

Furthermore, obtaining placement at a university de-
pended heavily on each individual student’s ability to pay for transportation and educational expenses; the system was far from need-blind. Forty percent of the applicants demonstrated scholarship need, a figure that greatly outstripped available funds. The situation was made more difficult because some donors, especially religious groups, stipulated that their money could only be awarded to specific types of students; for example one Methodist Ladies’ Club insisted that their scholarship be bestowed upon an “upright Methodist.” In a gross irony, many of the families who had substantial personal savings could not access them because the War Department had frozen their assets. Thus, Howard Beale’s statement that, “I think insofar as the per student cost is necessary to move them all, it is justified as their [the Japanese students’] payment to democracy to keep democracy functioning in regard to this minority group,” seems especially callous. Financial limitations combined with the pressure to produce evidence of extraordinary loyalty—down to Boy Scout merit badges and church membership—probably dissuaded many students from applying at all.

Once the NJASRC had rejected an applicant, the student had virtually no recourse. Some, like George Sugihara, elected to take correspondence courses, but these were available only for a limited range of topics and were often poorly monitored. Moreover, graduate and medical students often fell beyond the scope of the council’s program. Many of these older students attempted to fledge the council’s nest and solicit educational opportunities directly from universities, but when they did so they encountered repeated procedural delays and thinly veiled racism. The University of Chicago Medical School told one hopeful student that they “wouldn’t have anything to do with those from relocation camps.” Louisville Medical College was even more emphatically racist in its refusal: we “will not consider Mongolians,” wrote the admissions officer.

Medical student Richard Iwata had been so frustrated by a mounting stack of rejection letters that he forwarded excerpts from 52 of them to NJASRC director Nason. Before internment Iwata had distinguished himself during his first two years of medical study at the College of Medical Evangelists, ranking in the upper third of his class. Even in light of his ample qualifications, school after school rejected him. “We are overwhelmed with applicants in any case,” Harvard University wrote, “and it is unfortunately not possible under our present regulations to consider students of Japanese origins.” Harvard’s defense was a common one: schools often claimed...
A movement was also afoot in the Berkeley office to devise new ways to capitalize on the fact that as of January 1, 1944, Japanese American students could officially participate in the Army Specialized Training Program, a new government effort to put groups of service-men in special programs in universities.44

For these reasons, the council pressed forward for one more year, actively relocating students until December 1944, when the Supreme Court’s decision in Ex Parte Endo made it illegal for the War Relocation Authority to exclude or detain citizens from the West Coast. Final records of the NJASRC, which was formally dissolved in 1946, indicate that the council placed a total of 4,300 students.45 This is no insignificant statistic, considering the immediate impact student relocation had on individual lives.

Lingering Questions: Did NJASRC do enough?

By and large, those students who had successfully been placed through the NJASRC put an optimistic slant on their WWII experience: “Even the evacuation has left me feeling it was all for the good and that we are going to profit by the experience,” Matsuye Takeshita Taoka wrote to Professor Treat from her new home in Ohio. “Even though that sounds a bit childish, it does my soul good.”46

Similarly, Kazuyuki Takahashi’s letters explain how student relocation rescued his faith in democracy. In January 1943, before he left Manzanar, he wrote in despair, “I really feel helpless and thoroughly sick in seeing race hatred develop right in front of my eyes…the pro-American majority is helpless because it hasn’t anything

Beyond Academia

While the hard work of the council could make undergraduate spaces in universities available to Japanese American students, the council found itself powerless in securing employment for the students. The disparity between a student’s on- and off-campus receptions was often tremendous. “I was rather disgusted and nearly lost all faith in continuing my education,” wrote Jack Furukawa from Enid, Oklahoma, in a letter unusual in its frank admission of dissatisfaction. “I never found any job in this city, and I am still hunting for work…. The students elected me as the Student body representative for the Freshman Class and the Friendliest Freshman boy on the campus. I have been given many honors on this campus even though the town people are different. Many of the Christian people are nice to me, but because of my nationality, I cannot get any work.”41

The Stanford contingent also reported wartime employment problems. Although many of the Stanford students were eventually able to find work, they often took jobs for which they were clearly overqualified. Kazuyuki Takahashi became a research assistant in the Department of Zoology at Washington University despite the fact that his field of specialty was genetics, not zoology. Matsuye Takeshita Taoka worked as a billing clerk.42

It was largely with the purpose of redressing shortcomings like these that the council decided to continue work after the projected stop-date of October 1943.43 Officials hoped to clear more schools, place more applicants, work on the employment issue, and possibly extend the council’s services to Japanese citizens who had been studying under student visas in 1942.

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to stand on.” Six months later, after being installed as a graduate student at Washington University, he was able to take a more positive position. “I cannot express in words how happy we are to have left Manzanar. That place is a moral concentration camp; and we used to joke about ‘barbed wire neurosis’ though we knew that that was partially true, especially for the young generation. The 16 months in camp was not a waste of time by any means, though.”

The reversal in Takahashi’s attitude testifies to the powerful psychological and political implications of truncating young students’ internment. The founders of the NJASRC had been correct insofar as the educational initiative smoothed the way for post-war Japanese American/Caucasian relationships. By putting men like Takahashi in close contact with, as he called them, “liberal Caucasian staff members,” the council showed internees that co-existence and integration were still possible.

Roy Nakata was yet another NJASRC success story. Although he abandoned his studies at Oberlin when he was drafted in 1943, he eventually earned two engineering degrees from Stanford. Apparently well situated after the war, he married in 1950.

Looking back at the overall achievements and shortcomings of World War II Japanese American student relocation, this much is clear: wartime educational opportunities were the result of a joint venture undertaken by the Japanese and liberal white communities, and, once obtained, exemption status had an immediate positive psychological impact on young Japanese Americans.

Yet larger questions still loom: was this pointedly “American way, above board” initiative an adequate and appropriate part of the effort to solve the racial dilemma posed by internment? What were the long-range implications of the NJASRC? Could it have done more? To be sure, the 4,300 students placed by the NJASRC represent something akin to the “talented tenth” of Japanese Americans. Yet their educational choices were severely limited and, in some ways, the NJASRC procedures worked more as a socio-economic funnel, rather than as a facilitator.

On the surface, however, strategic educational assimilation was an overwhelmingly successful part of the Nisei’s endeavor to gain mainstream acceptance. In 1945, 34 of 88 known Stanford Nisei alumni sent in individual descriptions to be published in the annual Stanford Nisei Alumni Newsletter. Almost all of these personal updates related stories of career advancement in fields as diverse as medicine, law, scientific research, and civil service.51 At the national level, census data from 1960 showed that 56 percent of the Nisei held white-collar jobs, compared to 42.1 percent of whites. Median Nisei income approximately equaled that of whites as well ($4,306 for Nisei; $4,338 for whites).52 Since many professional, high-paying jobs are available only to those with college degrees, these statistics make a strong case for the positive economic impact of student relocation. They also imply that in the 15 years immediately following World War II, white employers were amenable to hiring Japanese Americans and did not pay them significantly less than their white counterparts.

Although it is hard to separate education from other influential variables such as Nisei military service, it seems likely that it contributed to whites’ overall friendly posture toward Japanese Americans immediately after the war. By 1944, majority white opinion seemed to favor the end of internment. Navy Lieutenant Edward L. Butterworth, in an editorial to the Stanford Daily on November 30, 1944, that argued passionately for an immediate end to internment, wrote: “Where lies justice in punishing some of our own citizens whom we suspect of subversive thoughts because we cannot read...
their minds and because they look like our enemies across the Pacific? This threatened punishment seems to have a flavor of Hitler’s racial policies.”53 His words are a far cry from those of General DeWitt in a 1942 editorial where he pronounced his opinion that “A Jap’s a Jap. It makes no difference whether he’s an American citizen or not.”54 In December 1944, white community activists in Los Angeles formed Democracy in Action, a California group devoted to the “limited field of helping correct the mistakes and heal the wounds of the forced evacuation from the West Coast of all citizens and aliens of Japanese descent.”55 Apparently the group approved of strategic educational assimilation, because one of its primary campaigns was sponsorship of Japanese American college students.

Educational Assimilation in the Long Term

As time passed, high levels of education among Japanese Americans certainly contributed to their perception in the wider community as a “model minority.” By 1970, the ratio of Japanese Americans in elite academic institutions was consistently higher than the ratio of Japanese Americans to the total population. High levels of education correlated with higher earning power; the median income for Japanese Americans surpassed that of whites in the 1970 census. Many Japanese took pride in this image of their race as intelligent and industrious, agreeing with the words of one proud Issei parent: “The Japanese peoples, they never liked to depend on relief. How hard they suffered, they always made it out.”56

Yet as Asian American scholars like Pei-Te Lien have pointed out, the “model minority” label is far from benign. For one, it draws implicit comparisons between minority groups, asserting that one is superior to others. This may, in turn, preclude the “model minority” from being considered as a viable partner in liberal coalitions.57 In the specific realm of higher education, this fragmentary tendency has manifested itself in recent affirmative action controversies. Perplexing questions about Japanese Americans and other “non-preferred” minorities first surfaced in 1978, and continue to vex the system today.58 In the mid-1990s, the University of California at Berkeley changed its admissions system to address the problem of having “too many” Asian students.59

Some Japanese American leaders also worry that the focus on education and economic success as embedded in the “model minority” tag, has stunted growth of the Japanese American community and conscribed its political activism. As Hosokawa points out in The Quiet Americans, the community was virtually silent in the decades immediately following the war.60 It wasn’t until 1988 that Japanese Americans received a formal apology for internment from the federal government.61 Even today, many Japanese Americans seem wary of ethnocentrism: less than 20 percent of Japanese Americans participate in ethnic-based groups in contrast to the 25 percent of Chinese and 32 percent of Koreans that do.62 Some loss of group cohesion is to be expected with full societal integration, but as they continue to negotiate the dilemma of difference in the 21st century, Japanese Americans must closely scrutinize any label that may advance their progress in certain economic spheres at the expense of their political development. If Roy’s dream of “building an even greater America” is to be fully realized, Japanese Americans must continue to build upon their unique historical relationship with higher education—one that crystallized in the crucible of World War II internment—to garner not only an economic stake in American capitalism, but also a political stake in American pluralism. The trauma of barbed wire neurosis must be recorded in the dominant discourse on American history, lest it be allowed to masquerade in less obvious forms today and in the future.63
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**ENDNOTES**

1 Nakata’s essay excerpt and biographical information can be found in his correspondence with Rowland and Alice Sinclair Dodge, Alice Dodge Collection, Hoover Archives.

2 Alice Dodge quotes the counselor in a letter to her niece. Alice Dodge Papers, Hoover Archives.


5 As the children of Issei or first generation Japanese immigrants, Nisei means “second generation.” The third generation was subsequently dubbed Sansei.


7 Excerpts from the article appear in Gwynne Nettler, *The Relationship Between Attitude and Information Concerning the Japanese in America*, p. 31.

8 Frank E. Christison, landlord, to John W. Nason Nov. 13, 1943. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

9 Nettler, p. 40.

10 Hatamiya, p. xvii.


12 Kitano’s findings are summarized in Maykovich, p. 31.

13 Alice Dodge papers, Hoover Archives.

14 Maykovich, p. 36.

15 A copy of the JACL creed is included in the Alice Sinclair Dodge papers, Hoover Archives.

16 Payson J. Treat’s letters and other correspondence are held in the Hoover Archives. Direct quotes in this paper come from letters in Box 19.


18 Alice Dodge Papers, Hoover Archives.


20 Maykovich, p. 52.

21 Unless otherwise specified, all information in this paper concerning the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council was drawn from Box 21 of the John W. Nason papers, held in the Hoover Archives.

22 Nason collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

23 A copy of the year-end report is included in the Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

24 Yamato Ichihashi’s diary and collected correspondence were published in 1997 by Gordon Chang in *Morning Glory, Evening Shadow*.

25 Payson J. Treat Collection, Box 19, Hoover Archives.

26 A packet of student letter excerpts is contained in the John W. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives. The students are not identified by their full names.

27 John W. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.


30 Both the Nakasone and Beale letters are part of the Nason Collection, Hoover Archives.


32 Carbon copy of Cary’s report, Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

33 Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

34 Robert Hosokowa to John Nason. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

35 Nason’s financial report, 1943. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

36 Letter to NJASRC, 1943. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.


38 Sugihara’s letter to NJASRC. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

39 Letter to Uniji Goto, December 14, 1943. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

40 Iwata’s case is detailed in the Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

41 Furukawa’s letter to Nason. Nason Collection, Box 21, Hoover Archives.

42 Takahashi’s and Taoka’s letters to Payson J. Treat, Box 20, Hoover Archives.

43 It should be noted that adjustments to the council’s agenda had already been made following the February 1, 1943, change in classification of eligible Japanese American draftees from 4-E to 1-A, largely to fill the ranks of what would become the primarily Japanese 442nd Infantry Division, created on January 28 by Secretary of War Henry Stimson. Kuroiwa discusses the formation of the 442nd in her book *The Internment of Japanese in America during WWII*, p. 234.

44 Vision for post-October 1943 work included in Nason Collection, Box 19, Hoover Archives.

45 Statistic reported in Chang, notes, p. 495.

46 Payson J. Treat Collection, Box 20, Hoover Archives.

Archival sources:

Dodge, Alice Sinclair. Collected Papers and Correspondence. Hoover Institution Archives.


Publications:


Throughout their own initiative and fundraising abilities, members of the Japanese Student Association accomplished their dream in 1916—a home of their own on the Stanford campus. Unfortunately, the dream of a safe haven faded 25 years later with Japan’s attack on Pearl Harbor and the subsequent internment of Stanford students and faculty of Japanese ancestry.

From Stanford’s early days, Japanese and Japanese American students formed a notable presence on campus. Starting with seven students in 1891, enrollment jumped to 19 by 1900. When it was founded in 1903, membership in the Japanese Student Association numbered nearly 30.

In 1916, when residents of Encina Hall refused to admit a Chinese student, both the Japanese and Chinese clubs determined to build their own houses on campus. Photos in the Japanese Student Association’s scrapbook, preserved in the University Archives, document construction that fall of their substantial California Craftsman-style house at 420 Santa Ynez Street. (The Chinese Club took up residence on Salvatierra.)

The scrapbook also reveals a bit of campus life between 1916 and 1925, where a healthy dose of athletics—particularly the association’s photogenic tennis team—takes center stage. Stanford fielded a strong team, not only trouncing California’s Japanese club team during the early 1920’s, but contributing top-ranked players among more than 60 participants in the annual campus singles tournament.

The 1920’s were bonanza years for the Japanese Student Association, just as they were for Stanford’s fraternities and sororities. With the end of World War I, more than twice as many students were living in Stanford’s 24 fraternities, nine sororities, and three clubhouses as were living in dormitories or off-campus housing. Unlike the fraternities, however, the Japanese Student Association was smiled upon by newly inaugurated Stanford President Ray Lyman Wilbur, who may have helped the club arrange its leasehold of campus land in 1916.

Wilbur was intent on cleaning up fraternity row, where scholarship, financial responsibility, and general deportment were, in his view, well below par. Determined to downplay “the sideshows” of college life, he warned students and their parents: “The student who is not content to lead the simple, clean, industrious life expected on the Stanford campus should go elsewhere.”

On the other hand, Stanford’s Japanese students, Wilbur noted a few years later, “have demonstrated a capacity for work, a steadiness of purpose and a constant striving for high ideals that could well be emulated by many of our own American youth.”

Although supportive, Wilbur, like
many Californians, viewed Japanese and Japanese American students alike as a foreign population. He saw in the club “renewed hope” for better understanding between Japan and the United States as its members came to know Americans and returned to Japan with an appreciation of American values. “We cannot but feel that they will be better citizens for their stay with us.”

More importantly for its members, though, the clubhouse fostered friendships and provided a safe, hospitable campus home.

Japan’s declaration of war against the United States and attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941 brought the club to an end. Some students, anticipating relocation, transferred to Midwestern colleges, but others hoped they could complete their studies at Stanford. In May 1942, fewer than a dozen students remained at the Clubhouse when a poster outlining military directives for “relocation” was tacked on the telephone pole outside the house. Within the week, they would join other Japanese and Japanese Americans from Santa Clara County at the relocation transfer center at Santa Anita racetrack, where they formed a “Stanford Club.”

During the war, the Japanese Clubhouse on Santa Ynez was leased to a local cooperative “until the Japanese students wish to return.” Seniors, so close to graduation, were granted their diplomas. Some undergraduates would return to Stanford after the war, but others never finished their Stanford education.

Many of Stanford’s Japanese and Japanese American students “didn’t want to have much to do with Stanford after the war,” comments Professor Gordon Chang, biographer of Professor Yamato Ichihashi. “It was not so much that the university had treated them poorly, none of them said that. But it was a period of their life that was sad and bitter, and they didn’t want to revive those memories. But once they were back, and President Casper welcomed them back [in 1993] as part of the university community, they were very touched and proud to be part of the Stanford community again.”

By then, however, the house on Santa Ynez was long gone.

In 1949, the house had again become home to international students, this time a group rooted in Stanford’s Cosmopolitan Club.

Founded in January 1908 by five students, the Cosmopolitan Club’s aims were simple: to promote good fellowship and to assist foreign students when they first arrived on campus. It’s first president was Yamato Ichihashi, an early member of the Japanese Student Association and future professor of Japanese history and government at Stanford.

Just as President Wilbur fostered the Japanese Student Association, the Cosmopolitan’s patron was President and later Chancellor David Starr Jordan, “the apostle of cosmopolitanism,” who associated the promotion of world peace with the exchange of knowledge. “One of the university’s noblest purposes,” he wrote in a 1922 history of the club, “is to teach the youth that talent and wisdom are the products of no one race or nation or century. There are men and women worth knowing in ev-
ery country, and the best of these are
drawn to the university."5

The Cosmopolitan Club fell on hard times during the Depression years, but was revived in 1938 as the International Club, which, in 1949, took over the Japanese Clubhouse on Santa Ynez.

In 1946, the International Club had become the social arm of ASSU’s Institute of International Relations. Members left the Japanese Clubhouse behind with its new relationship with Stanford’s International Center, which opened in 1957 at 539 Lasuen (across from Dinkelspiel) as a guest house, lounge, and administrative center.

The original Japanese Clubhouse on Santa Ynez, renamed Tamarack House, served as housing for international students until 1964. It was torn down by 1968, and now is the site of the home of Kenneth and Selma Arrow.

In an emotional reunion organized in 1993 by student members of Stanford’s Asian American community, more than 30 former Stanford students who were interned during World War II were honored by the university. Among the nine alumni to attend were Dr. Kazuyuki Takahashi and Professor George M. Taoka. (See “Barbed Wire Neurosis,” page 3 of this issue.) Taking part in the ceremony was Ray Lyman Wilbur III, grandson of President Ray Lyman Wilbur.

In addition, the newly remodeled Okada House in Wilbur Hall was re-dedicated as the Asian American theme house.

—Roxanne Nilan

ENDNOTES

3 Palo Alto Times, May 18, 1942.
4 Interview with Gordon Chang by Anne Flatte, Becoming Stanford (video), 1995
The lights were off, and Yamato Ichihashi’s Stanford campus house was dark and quiet on the evening of Sunday, December 7, 1941. On Monday, December 8, the day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the senior professor peered into his Stanford classroom and asked apprehensively, “Shall I come in?” The students applauded and welcomed him.1

The outbreak of war between Japan and the United States stunned him, even though just two months before he had expressed fear of an eventual clash between the two countries. Though unquestionably sympathetic to the people of his homeland, he condemned the Japanese military for starting the conflict and began monthly purchases of $100 U.S. war bonds.2

Despite the understanding of his students, Ichihashi, feeling betrayed and disgraced by his homeland, was too distraught to continue teaching. He visited Edgar Robinson, then the chair of the History Department and a lifelong friend, and talked about what he should do.3 He thought he might continue to teach until the end of the quarter, only a few weeks away, and then take a sabbatical leave. He said he did not want to “embarrass” the University. After the meeting, Robinson wrote in his private diary that Ichihashi had been “the gentleman” he had always been but that he tragically had also seen “the death of all his hopes and his life.” Ichihashi then went to see Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford, and submitted his resignation. But the supportive and insistent president persuaded him to reconsider, urging that he take a paid leave of absence instead. Ichihashi resisted the idea of remaining on the payroll, but finally accepted the argument that his leave could be considered comparable to those given for unusual medical needs. On December 9, Wilbur confirmed that Ichihashi would
be given a leave with full salary for the remainder of the academic year 1941-42. In addition, Wilbur left open the possibility of granting Ichihashi a special "sabbatical leave" for the following, and of course completely uncertain, year to come.4

Despite ugly anti-Asian agitation in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Palo Alto, the Stanford vicinity in recent years had not been known to be particularly anti-Japanese in climate, and the university itself had been a relatively hospitable place for students of Japanese ancestry. Still, the outbreak of war ignited popular fears, and suspicions about the Japanese who lived in the area quickly mounted, as they did throughout the rest of the country. On December 8, the Palo Alto police, on instructions from the FBI, began to stop and question "any Japanese observed motoring to determine their identity and business." Nationally, within days the FBI took into custody 1,500 issei (first-generation Japanese immigrants), many of them community, business, and religious leaders, as suspect or dangerous enemy aliens. The Palo Alto Times, however, called on the surrounding community to reject "indiscriminate animosity" toward the local Japanese: "We are at war with Japan but not with our Nipponese neighbors, many of whom have proved their loyalty and most of whom can be counted on for self-sacrificing devotion to this country, which they have adopted or where they were born.5

Many local Japanese Americans immediately felt it necessary to affirm publicly their loyalty to the United States. The Palo Alto Japanese-American Association did so within days of the Pearl Harbor attack. On campus, the Stanford Japanese Student Association officers wrote Wilbur an open letter, saying: "As American citizens of Japanese ancestry, we have been prepared to assume and discharge our duties and responsibilities which have been placed upon us. Yet little did we dream that we would be called upon to prove our loyalty under the circumstances in which we now find ourselves." They concluded by pledging their full support to the American war effort. On December 10, President Wilbur pointedly included a call for "tolerance" toward Japanese students in an address to a convocation of 3,500 persons from the Stanford community. "They are just as good Stanford people as we are," he counseled.6

Ichihashi endured the immediate crisis alone. Kei, his wife, had been away in Oregon since September, helping their son, Woodrow, settle in at the University of Oregon. She soon returned to Stanford, however, to face with Yamato the mounting pressures for the ordered removal of Japanese from the West Coast. On February 19, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, which authorized the War Department to form security zones from which designated people could be excluded. The army soon organized Military Zones 1 and 2, a continuous zone, 200-300 miles deep, along the coastal and border areas of Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona and began planning the mass exclusion of persons of Japanese ancestry from the zones. From that point on, restrictions mounted rapidly. In early March, the head of the Western Defense Command, General John L. DeWitt, advised all persons of Japanese ancestry to move themselves voluntarily to areas outside the sensitive military region. The Ichihashis, unlike some 10,000 other West Coast Japanese, did not avail themselves of this opportunity, but remained on campus instead. (After the war, Ichihashi claimed that he had foregone the chance to move in order to be of service to his fellow Japanese and to experience the war as they did.7 If he
had wanted to do so, he would have had little difficulty arranging affiliation with a university in the Midwest or the eastern United States as a senior professor.)

On March 27, however, the military reversed itself and ordered all persons of Japanese ancestry to remain in place in the restricted zone until government plans were completed for their controlled evacuation. From that day on, the forced removal of residents of Japanese ancestry from the zones was quickly and methodically carried out, district by district. By November 1942, over 120,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, citizen and alien alike, were forcibly moved from their homes and incarcerated first in temporary “assembly centers” and later in “relocation camps.” In 1942, the total population of persons of Japanese ancestry in the continental United States was 127,000. Over 60 percent were citizens.

Although the army claimed that evacuees would receive approximately one week’s notice before they had to depart, the Ichihashis officially learned of their evacuation order less than three days before they were to leave. On Saturday, May 23, 1942, just days before the end of the academic year, notices were posted on the Stanford campus ordering Japanese Americans to bring only what they could carry. The Ichihashis hurriedly tried to arrange their household affairs, including having a gardener and neighbors care for their home, with its well-tended yard, graced by tall bamboo, a maple tree, lavender and begonia plants, and a fishpond. The couple lived in one half of a semidetached, three-story Victorian row house, close to the center of the Stanford campus at 523 Salvatierra Street. Two elderly sisters, the Stoltenbergs, lived in the other half of the house, and promised to help the Ichihashis rent their home during their absence.8 Ichihashi, however, did not have the time, or perhaps the inclination, to return the hundreds of books he had checked out from the Stanford Library over the years. The History Department locked his office to keep it as he left it, and on Ichihashi’s request, opened a special account to hold the funds from his salary to await his return. When that might be, of course, no one knew.9

Just after three o’clock on Monday, May 25, Yamato Ichihashi went to the president’s office to see his old friend and colleague Ray Lyman Wilbur. The two men had known each other and worked together for almost 30 years, their association beginning even before Wilbur became Stanford’s third president in 1916. Ichihashi wanted to say goodbye and leave his forwarding address. He and Kei were required to go to the Santa Anita racetrack, outside Los Angeles, the largest of fifteen assembly centers for the evacuees, even though the closest assembly center would have been the Tanforan racetrack, just one half hour’s drive north of Palo Alto.10 The next morning, on Tuesday, May 26, the Ichihashis left their Stanford home for the departure site from Palo Alto. A member of the local meeting of the American Friends, which lent moral support and comfort to the relocating Japanese, recalls seeing the Ichihashis that day. She sensed “the humiliation he must have been feeling,” and remembers “how he sat quietly half way down on the left side of the bus, very disciplined and remote from his fellow passengers. We thought how he was from a different social class than most of them, how he was the most distinguished of all.”11 Incongruent with the setting, Yamato was wearing knickers.12

The May 26 edition of the Stanford Daily marked the departure of the Japanese from Stanford in a small article buried on page three: “Farm Japanese To Leave Today” (“Farm” being a nickname for the university campus). “At noon today the last remaining Japanese students will leave the campus and their organization will be closed,” the paper reported. In addition, several university staff members and faculty housekeepers, including those of the widow of David Starr Jordan, Stanford’s first president, of the Wilbur family, and of fellow historian Payson Treat, also departed. The article did not mention Professor Yamato and Kei Ichihashi.13

Just before “evacuation,” Payson

History Professor Payson Treat and Jesse McGilvray Treat in Kyoto in 1935, hosted by Japanese students who had visited Stanford the previous summer. Treat, Stanford’s first history Ph.D. (1910), had been encouraged by President Jordan to switch from American to Asian history. He was among America’s first academic specialists in Asian studies.
Dear Mr. and Mrs. P. Treat:

Within a very short time, we shall be leaving our work, our friends, our homes, and our church. In many ways our evacuation is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but we feel that it is a necessity brought on by the circumstances of war, and we shall cooperate to the utmost. Above all, we shall remain true to the best traditions of our American citizenship.

The church that we shall have to abandon for the duration has meant a great deal to us, not only as a symbol of worship, but as a symbol of American-Japanese friendship in this community. As we take leave, we thank you for your past kindness. Wherever we may go, we shall take with us the memory of your Christian friendship.

Farewell, and may God Bless You abundantly.

Faithfully yours,

PALO ALTO JAPANESE CHURCH

Grace Yoshida

Secretary

Yamato, age 63, and Kei, age 50, were among the 144 Japanese Americans from the Palo Alto area who faced the uncertain future. When asked whether he would like to return to Palo Alto someday, an unnamed Stanford graduate who was quoted in the local newspaper on the day of relocation shrugged his shoulders and answered, “Yes, but who knows?”

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ENDNOTES

(abridged from pages 490-492 of Morning Glory, Evening Shadow)


3 Edgar Eugene Robinson (1887-1977) joined the Stanford History Department in 1911 and became an institution at the university. Although he never completed a doctorate, he was head of his department for 24 years, beginning in 1929, and occasionally served as acting president of the university in Ray Lyman Wilbur’s absence.


6 Palo Alto Times, Dec. 9, 1941; Yoshio Oishi, President, and Peter Ida, Secretary, Japanese Student Association of Stanford University, to Dr. Wilbur, Stanford Daily, Dec. 11, 1941; Wilbur address to student body, Dec. 10 1941, Wilbur Personal Papers, B48, 1941, Stanford University Archives. Wilbur sent a personal letter to the president of the University of Oregon to ask him to watch out for the well-being of Ichihashi’s son and wife, Kei, who were in Oregon at the time; Wilbur to Donald M. Erb, Dec. 26, 1942, RLW, B118, History.

7 Ichihashi to Don Nugent, May 21, 1946, IP, B7, F3.

8 Author’s interview with John Johnson, Sept. 8, 1992. Johnson was a colleague of Ichihashi’s and lived in the adjoining unit after the Stoltenbergs; Clara Stoltenberg to Ichihashis, Aug. 8, 1942, IP, B5, F1. Clara S. Stoltenberg (1865-1950), a professor of anatomy who had received her degrees from Stanford and had become emerita in 1930.

9 Stanford Daily, May 26, 1942.


11 Irwin Abrams to author, Nov. 1, 1992, in author’s possession. Abrams and his wife, Freda Morrill Abrams, were members of the local meeting of the American Friends. Abrams taught in the History Department at Stanford from 1938 to 1943 and is now Distinguished University Professor Emeritus, Antioch University.


13 Stanford Daily, May 26, 1942; Ichihashi to Wilbur, April 18, 1913, RLW, B35, F3; Katzuzo Nakasawa worked in the Jordan home almost continuously for 40 years, from Dec. 1902 until evacuation. He died in camp in Nov. 1942 at the age of 66, from complications of a prewar stroke; Jessie Knight Jordan to Whom It May Concern, March 5, 1942, David Starr Jordan Papers, Hoover Archives, B87, F1. A woman named Fusako worked as a maid for the Treats. Y. Ichihashi to J. Treat, June 9, 1942, Payson J. Treat Papers [PJT], Hoover Archives, B38, Ichihashi.

14 Yoshida to Treats, May 4, 1942, PJT, B 19, 1942 A-J.

On December 7, 1941, Margaret Tuttle, a senior English major living at Lagunita Court, was busy studying for finals. Within hours of the Pearl Harbor bombing, the Bay Area started bracing itself for attack. Anti-submarine mines were laid in the bay. On the Golden Gate Bridge, the military searched cars driven by anyone who looked Japanese, and throughout the Bay Area, blackouts began. Rumors of Japanese warplanes were exaggerated, but Japanese submarines soon brought the war close to home by targeting oil tankers and an isolated oil refinery along the California coast.

Sensing the historic nature of world and local events unfolding around her, Margaret kept a diary of the first days of the war. Her account, preserved in the University Archives, is excerpted here.

**SUNDAY, December 7, 1941**

In the early afternoon, Bob [fiancé Robert Davis Goff, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin] and I sat in the Eucalypto Social Room at Lagunita, talking. We stopped to listen for a moment to the news flashes, but I was not aware of their seriousness. In the evening we listened to them again, and intently. I then realized that the Japanese had bombed the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, and their submarines were between the United States and Hawaii. Japan had declared war on the United States and Great Britain, and we were on a full war basis. My immediate reaction was strong: the United States must not go to war because of this.

While we listened, several girls came into the social room and sang Christmas carols to their friends. Bob closed his eyes and tried to hear the broadcast; I gave that up and listened instead to the singing. When it finished and the girls left the room the radio was still giving war news. Silent Night. Holy Night! The war quite encompassed the Christmas spirit, though that could prevail for a moment. Even so, I could not comprehend what I heard.

**MONDAY, December 8**

My 9:00 class was dismissed, and, not having seen a paper, I did not know why. Finally I was told that the President of the United States was to speak at 9:30. I went to see Mr. [Yvor] Winters in his office, and at 9:30 he invited me to come into the English office to hear the broadcast. Most of the English faculty was there, the men standing still, silent, and smoking till the air was blue, the women seated. I sat.

The radio announced the President. He spoke for 10 minutes to the Congress, assembled in the House of Representatives. After stating the facts of the Japanese surprise attack, he asked that the Congress declare that a state of war exists between the United States and the Japanese Empire. The Star Spangled Banner was played. I hesitated; Miss [Edith] Mirrielees rose, and the rest of us with her. We listened to the description of the Senate leaving the House to return to its own chambers. We were quiet and sober. At 9:45, the ad of a commercial program came on the air, and we relaxed into laughter and left....

At 11:00, I learned that both houses of Congress had passed the declaration: the Senate unanimously; the House with one dissenting vote. We were then officially and constitutionally at war.

All day, whenever I was not studying, or concentrating intently upon other things, my mind dealt with the war. The general conversation was upon it. I was startled when I saw my face in the mirror after lunch, not having dreamed that I looked so terribly sober. In the evening, I went to the lobby to make a phone call to Los Altos, and was astounded to see girls frantically trying to get the long distance operator to make calls to San Francisco and elsewhere in the Bay Area. I learned that the City was blacked out, and that at 6:20 the radios were cut off, enemy planes being located to the west, following the
beams in. At that point I was concerned for Bob, and wondered what he and Emmett [Bob’s younger brother] were doing, for civilian defense or otherwise [they were living at the YMCA in San Francisco].

**TUESDAY, December 9**

I attended classes, and the professors spent some of their time giving us advice and encouragement. Announcements were posted on all of the bulletin boards: Dr. [Ray Lyman] Wilbur is to speak at an all university assembly tomorrow at 11:00 on “The Stanford Student and the War Crisis.” Phil [brother Philip C. Tuttle, a Stanford freshman] told me at noon that the Hoover Tower had remained dark last night. I learned that campus streetlights and lights on the Quad had been turned off.

At lunch at Lagunita, Miss [Elizabeth B.] Crandall [director of Lagunita] rose to make an announcement. She informed us that Mr. [Frank Fish] Walker [financial vice president] of the university had been in constant touch with Mayor [Angello] Rossi of San Francisco and with army officials of Moffett Field and the vicinity last night, and that at no time had there been any need for a blackout of the entire campus. She summoned casa presidents and resident assistants to a meeting immediately after lunch....

I wrote a letter to my family, containing all the war news I had at the time. Among other things I said that we, too, at Stanford, were prepared to blackout when necessary. Within half an hour from the time I mailed that letter, I sat in the darkness of a total blackout. It was dinnertime at Lagunita. Miss Crandall had asked all of us to remain after dinner to hear the air raid regulations. Toward the end of the main course, at 7:40, the lights in the dining room went out. The girls were quiet at once, and Miss Crandall and Mrs. [Erna B.] Lehan [director of Lagunita dining hall] rose and took charge. Miss Crandall announced that the casa presidents and resident assistants would be sent to turn off the light switches in the casas if she learned that the blackout was official. They were sent; one candle was set upon each of the service tables, and the heavy curtains were drawn. The hashers cleared the tables and set on the dessert in the dim candlelight. The girls were quiet and orderly, but gradually the amusing side of the situation became apparent and jokes and laughter sounded here and there, as well as a few scattered attempts at singing....

I returned to my casa and joined the girls in Scotty’s room to hear the end of the President’s speech. He said that all of the axis powers are united in the war against us; therefore we are united with the allies against all of the axis powers. What one ally does is important for all of the others. Our interrelationship is clear. All defense industries are to go on a seven-day-week basis. The food supply of our country is sufficient; there is no shortage. We must learn to do without many metal things, however, for 50 percent of the amount of metal used in civilian goods last year must now go for defense.

After this I went to my room, tested my flashlight, which is quite weak, and got ready for bed. I then wrote this much of this account.

**WEDNESDAY, December 10**

I awoke and saw that my electric clock had stopped for four and a quarter hours during the night, sometime between 11:30 and 7:30. Strangely enough, my first conscious thought was upon several problems raised by the air raid precautions. What should girls do if blackout prevents them from reaching the dorm before closing time? Will taxis and buses be able to run, and how far behind schedule during blackout? If the raid is during the day, should students move about campus to classes as usual? I asked Bea May, casa president, these questions, and she reassured me with commonsense replies.

At late breakfast, one of the girls told how she had been scared stiff at night, imagining danger lurking everywhere in her room, and had finally slept with a light on and windows shut. Others were kept awake by the clamor of sirens and whistles from Menlo Park and Palo Alto during the early morning blackout.

The morning Chronicle carried San Francisco air raid instructions, a list of emergency hospitals, the first official government casualty list, sobering news of American naval losses in the Pacific, Mayor Rossi’s tirade against the inefficiency of San Francisco’s Monday night blackout, the text of the President’s address, statements by Japanese American citizens of San Francisco, an unbelievable account of mob action in Seattle smashing store windows and looting while trying to get lights turned off, the possibility of extending the draft age limits to 18 to 44 and a declaration of united action on the part of labor to speed defense industry....

By a quarter of 11:00, Memorial Hall was well filled with students, and by the time President Wilbur walked upon the stage at 11:10, the seats on the stage were completely filled with faculty members, and the pit, balcony steps, side and back walls of the main floor, and all other seats occupied by students. All rose and applauded as Wilbur appeared. He apparently spoke without notes, and his address lasted just over half an hour.

He sketched the history of peace negotiations in the Pacific, and showed the shift from defense action to war action being made by the committees in America in the face of this crisis, and showed how the university is also making this shift. Summer quarter will offer a full program; ROTC offers military training, and faculty and student committees are swinging into action against all emergencies. University students are a selected group, privileged to study, and it is up to each to do his very best here until the government specifically calls him elsewhere. Among us are potential leaders, and potential discoverers of new and all-important war machines, and we must keep on with our work, and the university with its program of research. Meanwhile we shall become adjusted to being on a war basis. We must be serious about air raid precautions and blackouts. We either do or we don’t obey instructions, and if we don’t, we’re knocked on the head. Our country must fight until Japan is only a second-rate power, and for the maintenance of all in which we believe. Wilbur announced a practice blackout on the campus tonight at 7:00, and a testing of whistles at 1:00.

After the assembly, I talked with Phil, comparing notes on last night’s blackout. When it came, Phil was at dinner in the Commons, and the fellows returned to their rooms in Encina in complete blackness, for the main switch had been pulled. The whistle, which Lagunita had been too distant to hear, had blasted Encina to deafness.
Miss Crandall announced at lunch that special casa meetings would be held at 5:45, and dinner would be at 6:00, so as to be over by the 7:00 blackout practice.

Planes were flying by all day long. I’ve resolved to count all planes as ours until I have reason to know otherwise! I am somewhat concerned over the Chronicle’s announcement that the Japanese may be using poison gas. Does that rise in the air or sink, I wonder?

During casa meeting, Bea May announced that Mrs. Metzger will turn off the corridor light switches as well as other lights during her rounds at 2:30. Regulations included each girl’s drawing her shades, turning off her lights, and closing the door before going to dinner. Girls were warned not to turn on lights indiscriminately when waking in the night.

After dinner, girls gathered in the social room, playing cards and talking. I went to my room to test the effects of my flashlight on the windows, and found that reflected light on the shades probably was visible from outside, though how serious this might be I didn’t know. Going back to the social room, I waited with the others, but we didn’t hear any signal at 7:00, and not until we saw from the window that the streetlights were out, and the windows of the other casas dark, did we realize that the blackout was under way. At once Bea May and Maisie turned off the light switches, and we sat with the light of a candle on the card table, and the red corridor light for illumination. The candle seemed dangerously bright against the window curtains, heavy as they were, but we placed our confidence in the observers at the top of the Hoover Tower, feeling sure they would report on any campus light that was visible. In 10 minutes we saw the streetlights on again, and a few lights in the next casa, and knew that the blackout was over and that we had again missed the signal.

I learned before going to bed at 11:00 that unidentified planes were over Los Angeles, and that planes from the Southwest were above Boulder Dam, which had promptly taken a surprise blackout.

THURSDAY, December 11

I looked at my clock as soon as I awoke, checking it with my watch, and saw that the electricity had not been turned off during the night. At late breakfast, most of the girls were reading copies of the special bulletin of the Daily, with instructions and information for the campus concerning the war situation, and late news bulletins. The report on last night’s practice blackout was highly favorable, but car lights, bicycle lights, and cigarettes were visible at times, and Encina was slow to black out. Provision will be made for blacking the corridor windows so that their lights can remain on during blackouts. As for the signal, which Lagunita could not hear, a new 10-inch, two-toned whistle, with an effective sounding radius of three miles, was to be installed today. Comments by administrative officers and faculty members were published, as well as student reactions and editorials. Suggested things students can do to help in defense also appeared, including saving such things as rags, paper, strings, and bobby pins.

I spent an hour after breakfast reading the Chronicle. It was full of war news, and was interesting as well as practical reading. Again full instructions for air raids were given. The San Francisco signals have been changed so that now one two-minute fluctuating signal indicates blackout, and a two-minute continuous signal is the all-clear. Also, when San Francisco blacks out in the future, all visible lights for a distance of 50 miles, as far south as San Jose, are to go out, too.

[NY] Mayor [Fiorello] LaGuardia, national head of civilian defense, went through San Francisco like a streak of light yesterday, leaving behind a revitalized and newly organized system of defense. He summoned all of the police and fire chiefs of every county in the vicinity to meet with him at 11:00 yesterday morning, and he gave them speedy and emphatic instructions as to how to deal with incendiary bombs and the like, and how to organize air warden squadrons, firefighting crews, special police corps, messengers, first-aid workers, and rescue squads. He told housewives to cover the windows of at least one room in their houses so that they can have a light on inside during the blackouts. Special light-proof material for window coverings will be manufactured in quantity and sold at a standard price all over the country within a very short time, he said, and also gas masks will have to be supplied for the millions of inhabitants of areas directly menaced by the war. Above all, train people, he emphasized, so that everyone will know what to do.

No new rubber tires for automobiles may be sold between now and December 22 by any person anywhere in this country....

During the day, I heard bits of radio news here and there,
and learned that Hitler and Mussolini have declared war on the United States; that Congress has declared war on Germany and Italy, and that the President has signed the declarations; that the Congress is about to pass a bill making the service of army men extend for a period of six months after the end of the war; and that it is passing the repeal of all limitations on where soldiers can be sent.

Miss Crandall said, “I had forgotten that there were such things as vacations,” when I asked her for a room at Union this Christmas. At lunch she read an announcement asking all girls with first-aid training, with station wagons or cars with convertible seats, and all with cars willing to use them for messenger service to report to the proper authorities....

The girls have noticed that the little Japanese maids are now speaking English as they work around the halls, and are unusually willing to understand English when it is spoken to them.

There has been no blackout so far tonight, and I have not heard the radio recently. It is 11:30, and I am going to bed.

FRIDAY, December 12

My clock ran all night. I studied for a final exam all morning, and not until nearly 1:00 did I look at the Chronicle....

In the afternoon, I took my final and wrote a letter. Until 7:30 I had no contact with the war. At 7:30 I heard the air raid signal for the first time, and in a couple of minutes Lagunita was blacked out. I joined several of the girls in the social room, which was completely dark this time except for the red emergency light over the fire alarm. Maisie was in her slip as she ran to turn off the light switches in the casa, and we saw her white figure moving cautiously up and down the stairs. “There are twelve in the first flight,” she said to someone with her, and I was amused to see that blackouts make people do such things as count steps....

One girl told how someone yelled up to the men who went to the top of the Hoover Tower to observe the practice blackout of the campus to turn off their own lights, for the tower was glowing brightly in the darkness. A while later, I went to the window again and saw that the brightness had left the clouds....

The girls became desperate about their studies, for tomorrow is another day of finals, and some retired into the laundry, and others to their closets. At last I suggested to Maisie that we investigate the use of the darkroom as a lightproof study room. Vail [Goss] went with us to the basement, where we checked the tightness of the roofing paper, which I had tacked onto the windows, and then she remained with a flashlight while Maisie and I headed outside.

We held hands as we walked through the dark corridors, and felt our way slowly down steps. Corners were easier, for we just kept on going until we saw a red light shining down the next corridor, at right angles to the one we were in. When we finally reached the main lobby, we located the voice of Mrs. Metzger and announced our presence. She was equipped with a flashlight covered with red cloth, and seemed alarmingly visible when she turned it on. We told her we wanted to test the darkroom windows from outside, and she asked a fellow who was sitting in the darkness of the lobby if he would go with us....

On our way back to the lobby, we saw two such lighted windows in Eucalypto and called until they, too, were darkened. Mrs. Metzger asked who we were as we stepped in the door, and Maisie promptly told her. We asked next to speak with Miss Crandall, and the girl at the telephone switchboard turned on a glow of red light by which to see, Maisie spoke with Miss Crandall from the lobby phone, and was told that no girls should use the darkroom for study, for it is not properly ventilated nor equipped for such a purpose.

We returned to our casa through the court, finding it much brighter and easier going than the corridors had been. We found when we entered one of the dark halls that going away from a red light is much more difficult than going toward it. It’s surprising how much any sort of a light can help! When we returned, Miss Crandall was going through our casa, asking the girls to go to bed until the blackout was over.

I went down to the darkroom, and was amazed to find about five girls sitting there studying, with candles burning in the blackness. On one table two fat red candles sat, in ornate porcelain candlesticks, on the ferrotype plate beside the enlarger. I told the girls that Miss Crandall had vetoed the idea and that they would have to go back upstairs, and they soon gathered their candles and pillows and books and left. I carried up one of the chairs that had been brought down by the girls, and as I waited at the top of the stairs for Vail to come back for her flashlight and her own chair, Miss Crandall came down the corridor. I could not see her; I only heard her voice as she passed, but, thinking what a mess my idea had made, I hoped she would not see me. And, stepping back into the darkness again, I suddenly lost all sense of direction. For a second I was blind. As I moved about in the darkness I suddenly caught a glimpse of a red light down a corridor, and I was oriented again. I went downstairs with Vail, and left the room as we had found it, though a puddle of red tallow lay on one of...
the tables to mark the strange little study nook that had existed there for a moment. I locked the door, wondering still how so many girls could have made themselves so much at home there in so short a time.... I hardly tried to sleep when I was in bed. I wondered what time it was, whether I would be awake when the blackout ended, and how our rooms could be made lightproof without looking dismal. I wondered if enemy planes had really been located nearby, what San Francisco was like during the blackout, and what the all-clear signal would sound like.

I finally heard a faint high-pitched whistle in the distance, and it sounded several times and one or two other distant whistles joined it, but I could distinguish no definite signal. As I lay still, lights flashed about my room from the head- lights of cars going down the road, and I knew that the black- out must be over, yet I kept wondering if the drivers were mistaken. Then I heard the honking of horns, and at last the campus whistle, a husky low tone with a high one chiming in a second behind. It sounded slowly four times with pauses between, and four more times, and by then I was out of bed and in the corridor shouting to the other figures emerging up and down the hall, “It’s over!” It was 10:15....

SATURDAY. December 13

At lunch, Mrs. Metzger, who sat at our table, told us how the switchboard functioned during the blackout. She said that all incoming calls were answered, but that none were put through unless they were long distance or emergency calls. If a girl were to phone in during a black- out because she would be unable to get back before closing time, that would be all right, but purely social calls are not permitted.

Today’s Chronicle said that the blackout covered the entire 50-mile area around San Francisco, and gave bits of news about how people took it. Bars in the City were crowded, and people sang there and drank drinks mixed in the dark; no trains left the city during the blackout; buses and cars were stopped in the streets and the people got out and huddled in the darkened doorways nearby; people in the movie theaters were advised to stay, and many saw the show through twice; Katherine Cornell walked to her theater with her dachshund, and the play was performed before the 300 people who stumbled in to the seats; the two bridges were completely cleared of traffic; traffic in the streets, however, was halted so suddenly that cars remained in the intersections and added to the jam when the all-clear came; one room in the Elks Club remained lighted in the darkness and the manager pulled the main switch saying it was the only thing he could do if one person out of 2,000 couldn’t take care of his own switch. The blackout was considered to be very complete by the military authorities. The area along Ocean Beach blacked out first, and the rest of the City soon after. It was 20 minutes before Berkeley was well blacked out, however. The first report of planes came from San Mateo, and soon after from numerous other districts. Planes of the Fourth Interceptor Command roared over the City, but no official reason was given for the calling of the blackout. Apparently from now on we’ll never be sure whether the enemy is upon us or miles away.

A more complete set of rules for San Francisco schools during air raids was published in the Chronicle, saying, among other things, that if students are sent home it is for the entire day. No more casualty lists are to be published, though death notices will be sent by telegram to the next of kin. Casualty lists might furnish information helpful to the enemy. An eyewitness account of the bombing of Honolulu, and photographs of the warfare were in the paper. Congress is passing a bill for the registration of all men from 18 to 65, those from 19 to 44 to be eligible for active service. The President has closed San Francisco harbor to all vessels, as well as San Diego harbor, and the streets of Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound on the West Coast. Japanese, German, and Italian aliens are not to have cameras or firearms in their possession. Violators of the Los Angeles blackouts will be fined $500 or sent to jail for six months. The Normandie has been taken by the United States, and can readily be converted into an aircraft carrier, being basically built as such....

At dinner, I sat at head table, and the conversation about last night’s blackout was quite lively. Miss Crandall was proud of the way Lagunita girls took it, and mad about the noise on the Row. Jean Nowell, on the Daily staff, said that the sororities on the Row had a real problem in the number of men students who invaded them during the blackout. We talked about other campus problems, too. Not expecting the blackout to be so long, several students left their books in the Libe, and were frantic not to be able to get them afterwards. Others walked out with reserve books in hand. Jean told also how terrible the Daily shack is, blacked up so that the lights can remain on there. During the blackout, several engineering students walked silently in, opened their books and went to work, and when the thing was over walked silently out.

Miss Crandall said that Lagunita will probably black several of the social rooms which open on the court, so that girls can meet their dates there, and so that some place in the court can be lighted during the blackouts. We assured her that any color of paint will do so long as it is opaque, and that the result needn’t be somber just because it has to be lightproof. Apparently Olivo and Granada social rooms will not be permitted to have lights on because too many large windows are involved nearby. So far as dates are concerned, Miss Crandall said that nothing has been decided yet, except that no girl should go out alone during a blackout. If a fellow calls for a girl, the situation is different.

At 9.05, the siren blew for a blackout. Having gotten ready for bed immediately after dinner, I lay down in the darkness and waited for the blackout to end. I was rather furious at myself for not having done first things first, having read poetry instead of writing this report, for instance. Many of the girls were mad at the blackout for interrupting their studies again. The attitude seems to have changed from wild excitement to making the best of things to boredom and anger as the blackouts continue to come....

I longed for light....

Margaret Tuttle Sanchez, ’42, is a poet who taught English for nine years at Brigham Young University. She is preparing to publish Poet’s Progress, a selection of 65 years of poems with descriptive headnotes. A native of Glencoe, Illinois, she now lives in Provo, Utah.
**100 YEARS AGO (1903)**

The Japanese Club, which organized in the spring, now launched a Japanese literary society to encourage discussion, debate, and reading in English. The group also proposed construction of a clubhouse “large enough to accommodate the whole club of about 30 members,” according to the Stanford Alumnus. (See related story, page 17.)

**75 YEARS AGO (1928)**

Stanford alumnus, trustee, and resident Herbert Hoover, ’95, was elected 31st president of the United States. Late in the evening of Nov. 6, as his landslide over Alfred E. Smith became apparent, 2,000 students accompanied “March King” John Phillip Sousa and his 70-piece band to serenade the president-elect at his home on San Juan Hill. Sousa, previously booked for a campus performance, played “El Capitan,” “Stars and Stripes Forever,” and the “Star-Spangled Banner” (designated as national anthem during Hoover’s term). Hoover’s eyes filled with tears as students then sang the Stanford Hymn. A nationwide radio hookup transmitted the celebration. The day before, a crowd estimated at 10,000 cheered Hoover as he arrived at the Palo Alto train station and rode up Palm Drive to his home. Hoover cast his ballot at a polling station in the Women’s Clubhouse of the Stanford Union.

On the football field, Stanford scored a touchdown in the last seconds of an exciting Big Game to tie Berkeley 13-13. A week later, the Cardinal defeated heavily favored Army, 26-0, at Yankee Stadium in New York, in a game considered one of the best-ever exhibitions of coaching by Glenn Scobey “Pop” Warner.

**50 YEARS AGO (1953)**

University trustees approved a recommendation from President J.E. Wallace Sterling to relocate the School of Medicine and its hospital from San Francisco to the main campus. Sterling told trustees that the “key relationship of medical education and science to other scientific fields can best be strengthened and advanced by bringing the School of Medicine into the closest possible physical and intellectual relationship to the whole university.” The move was completed six years later.

More than 500,000 fish specimens were moved from cramped quarters to a large room that had been fitted with 9,000 square feet of steel shelving in Stanford’s Natural History Museum, located in the south wing of the Stanford Museum. The huge ichthyology collection, started by first president David Starr Jordan, ranked as one of the world’s best. Only one bottle out of 150,000 was broken in the move. The Natural History Museum was closed in the 1960s and the fish collection transferred to San Francisco’s California Academy of Sciences in 1969.

**25 YEARS AGO (1978)**

As part of the thaw in Chinese-American relations, six scientists from the People’s Republic of China arrived in October for two-year stays; they were followed by a larger group in January. Several Stanford scholars went to China a year later as part of an exchange between Stanford and the Chinese Academy of Sciences arranged by John W. Lewis, William Haas pro-
fessor of Chinese politics, and Douglas P. Murray, director of Stanford’s U.S.-China Relations Program. Although other American universities had hosted individual scholars, Stanford’s was the first reciprocal institutional arrangement.

An eight-inch water main broke near Meyer Library, flooding the basement for 24 minutes before it was shut off at 3:15 a.m. on a Saturday morning. Within hours, head librarian David Weber put out an appeal for volunteers to help pack and move 45,000 wet books to giant freezers until they could be vacuum dried, then restored. Bekins Moving Co. sent more than 2,400 packing boxes, Peninsula Creamery provided a truck, and Modern Ice Co. of San Jose donated cold storage. Damage was estimated at $1 million.

On New Year’s Eve, coach Bill Walsh led Stanford from a 0-22 deficit early in the third quarter to defeat Georgia 25-22 in the Bluebonnet Bowl in Houston. Quarterback Steve Dils completed 17 of 28 passes for 210 yards and three touchdowns, and was voted offensive MVP.

—Karen Bartholomew

New Book Features Historic Front Pages from Stanford Daily

A compilation of historic front pages from Stanford’s student newspaper has been published in The Stanford Daily: 100 Years of Headlines. The hardcover, 9- by 12-inch book contains nearly 200 front pages from the newspaper’s founding in September 1892 up to June 2003.

Edited by Ken Fenyo, class of ’88, the book includes an introduction by Philip Taubman, class of ’70, who served as Daily editor in 1969 and is now Washington bureau chief of the New York Times.

Fenyo developed the idea for highlights of the Stanford Daily during his years working there as a staff writer, columnist, news editor, and managing editor. He and a team of editors spent three months reviewing every issue of the Daily to select the final list from more than 15,000 front pages.

In his introduction, Taubman noted that many books have been written about Stanford’s history. But “none have captured that history quite like this,” he wrote. “There is no omniscient narrator here, no overarching analytical point.

“Instead, there is the immediacy of each day’s news, sometimes of great consequence, as in the April 1906 earthquake that shattered campus buildings, and sometimes of no enduring significance, as in the unfurling of a gigantic ‘Beat Cal’ banner down the side of the Leaning Tower of Pisa in November 1960. (It was a great stunt.)”

Member Discount Offered

The Stanford Daily: 100 Years of Headlines, which retails for $34.95 in local bookstores or with an additional $5 shipping charge by mail, is being offered to members of the Historical Society at the discounted price of $24.95.

Including the $5 shipping charge, the cost to out-of-state residents is $29.95; California residents should include 8.25 percent sales tax, bringing the total to $32.

Checks should be made out to Ken Fenyo and mailed to:

Ladera Publishing Corporation
160 Durazno Way
Portola Valley, CA 94028
Bunnell Debunks Admissions Acceptance Myths

Reprinted from Stanford Report, November 19, 2003

BY THERESA JOHNSTON

During his 35 years in Stanford’s Office of Undergraduate Admission, John Bunnell spent most of his time answering two basic questions. The first was, “How do I get into Stanford?” The second was, “Why didn’t I get into Stanford?”

“When you’re admitting only one in seven candidates, you’re bound to have rumors as to how that student is admitted,” the associate dean and director of admission, emeritus, acknowledged in a November 13, 2003, Historical Society talk, “Taking the Mystery out of Stanford Undergraduate Admissions: A Historical Perspective,” at Tresidder Union.

For a while, many students were convinced that Stanford was only interested in “All-American Joes or Josephines.” Later, the buzz was that “we were only interested in ‘angular’ students—not the well-rounded ones but those who could show real accomplishment in just one or two areas.”

In fact, Bunnell said, Stanford’s admissions policies have been remarkably consistent over the course of the university’s 112-year history. In 1892, for example, applicants had to be accredited either by certificate or exam in 10 subjects, including English, and they had to present certificates of good moral character. Today, the primary criterion for admission is still academic excellence; the most important credentials are the transcript and letters of recommendation.

Stanford’s 1892 admissions guidelines did have some interesting Victorian quirks. In one part of the admissions examination, for example, prospective students were asked to “quote five lines each from any four of the following: Snow-Bound, Evangeline, The Lady of the Lake, The Merchant of Venice, or Julius Caesar.”

Another question required applicants to give “a succinct outline either of Thackeray’s The Newcomes or Scott’s Antiquary.”

In 1920, Stanford decided to supplement applicants’ files by administering a scholastic aptitude test—six years before the College Board came out with its version. The university also devised the beginnings of a point system that admissions staffers still use to sort students based on grades and test scores. By 1941—the earliest year for which Bunnell could find data—Stanford had 1,139 applicants and accepted 948, an admit rate of 83 percent. Ten years later—just before Stanford moved admissions out of the registrar’s purview and into a separate office—there were 2,020 applicants, and Stanford admitted 72 percent.

During the time that Bunnell served in the Office of Undergraduate Admission, from 1963 to 1998, Stanford saw dramatic changes in both the number and diversity of its applicants. In 1978, 10,000 students applied to Stanford, of whom 23 percent were admitted. By the time Bunnell left the office, there were nearly 19,000 applicants and the admission rate was down to 13 percent. “Half the applicants in my last year had better than a 3.8 grade point average and 73 percent were in the top 10 percent of their classes,” Bunnell recalled. “What makes admission frustrating is that it’s a zero-sum game. If you’re going to put some students in, who are you going to take out?”

Over the years, the task of sorting through all those applications was made harder by the development of alternative schools and unusual grading policies. “We would receive applications from 5,000 or more schools and among them were some very different grading systems,” said Bunnell, who read around half a million applications during his career. “There was a school in Montana, for example, that had five ratings: 1=best, 2=good, 3=ordinary, 4=worse and 5=worst. Another school’s system went like this: S=super, P=praiseworthy, N=note worthy, C=competent, A=adequate and D=deficient.”

Another headache for admissions staffers, particularly during “the feel-good ’70s,” was the proliferation of weird class names on student transcripts. Among the most memorable “academic” courses listed: Introductory Macrame, Gregariousness, Losing Things, Sunshine, Ghosts and Goblins, It’s Up to You (“It was up to us,” Bunnell quipped, “so we didn’t count it”), Bachelor Know-How, Eat to Win, Tourism (with lab), and AP Girls Gym. “We thought Women on the Move might be a history class,” Bunnell said to laughter. “It turned out to be Driver Ed.”

During the 1990s, the Office of Undergraduate Admission tweaked its point system by adding another rating for intellectual vitality—basically an effort to flag applicants demonstrating particular intellectual curiosity and a desire to learn. “It’s a hard thing to measure,” Bunnell acknowledged, “but we felt it was important.” Another particularly vital quality, in Bunnell’s opinion, is an applicant’s “CQ,” or contribution quotient. “When reading files, we continually asked ourselves, ‘What will this student contribute to the Stanford community, to dorm life, to the classroom?’ ”

On the subject of SAT scores, he added: “I always viewed them the way a drunk uses a light post: more for support than illumination.”
Membership is open to all who are interested in Stanford history. Annual dues are:

- Students (currently registered), $10
- Full, $40
- Heritage, $100
- Distinguished heritage, $500
- Patron, $1,000
- Life, $5,000

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