

NISEI GIRL WRITES FROM IDAHO JAIL

Early in April two Nisei girls, students of a West Coast University, were accepted as transfer students by the University of Idaho.

On arriving in Moscow, Idaho, however, the girls were told their applications had been cancelled. But far worse, they found a hostile town about them. News of their arrival had gotten about, and talk of reprisal grew.

The girls went to the Moscow City jail and asked to be taken in for protection.

This is a letter received from one of the girls during those hours she was in jail, when fear and hate walked with her.

Moscow City Jail.

Dear Bob:

I arrived here at 10 minutes to 10 p. m., and it is now 11 p. m.

Right now, I am neither frightened nor feeling low, but I wish you could do something about this condition. I feel very young and lost for once in my life. I think I feel a flea biting me, at least I itch all over.

Now I will tell you how I arrived in Moscow, or did you grasp the idea from my last letter. Well, I got fired from Miller's Easter Sunday, and the following week Mr. O'Brien said he got places for six students. I was one of them.

Some of the townspeople are up in arms for our coming, and are threatening mob violence so that is the reason why we are in jail.

The sanitary conditions are terrific. They gave us pillows but no pillow cases, and there is a mattress on each of the two lower bunks of steel with sheet blankets. The jailer gave us blankets, but I'm scared to use them, since I found a bug on my blue night coat already. They had to hang a blanket over the window since someone pulled the shade down.

I will write my story as things happen, and I feel like my stomach dropped out of me. I can hear a clock ticking on the other side of the wall, and will presently proceed to read the Education of Hyman Kaplan by Ross.

Later.

6:15 I was awakened at this time by an alarm ringing. I did not change to go to sleep, but took off my shirt and blouse—my companion slept in her dress. At twenty of eight we were presented with a pail, a mop, a dustpan and broom.

At eight we were called out to eat with the jailer. I had a pancake and two cups of coffee. I had to eat the pancake since three

pairs of eyes were watching my approval of them, and after I said the coffee was good, I had to drink another cup to prove it. Gee, my tummy aches. After breakfast I swept and Yuri mopped the floor.

I have been here exactly 12 hours

A friend of Mr. N—, Mr. D—, is writing to his brother in Chicago to see if they want me. All this was going on before the jail question came up. He is sending my picture to show them what I look like.

I came to Moscow by train. All deserted shacks and windmills and leaning fences.

10:30 a. m. and Mr. H— and Mrs. B— were in to see us. He informed us that we will have to spend the day and night in jail, this being Saturday night, and they are afraid of the mob.

We had our lunch in the face of the deputy sheriff who is called the Bull Moose. He sure hates us. The jailer was talking to someone over the telephone, and said that he is afraid that a mob will come to lynch us tonight.

They don't have curfew here, but I'm not free in jail, that's sure, and I'm getting a terrific cold since the place is freezing. Let's hope Mr. D— gets his brother in Chicago to take me. Mrs. B— will mail this letter.

I'll write you another letter as to how it will turn out, and in case you don't hear from me, you'll know what has happened.

Please write. I'm scared.

Just,

M—.

The Nisei Woman: ON CLOTHES

What with war and evacuation, a gal has lots of worries these days. But they oughtn't keep her from looking her best.

This is the time, certainly, to look spruce, trim and gay. For your man and your morale, look your prettiest.

And if ever there was a time when one could dress for camp-life and still be well-dressed, this is it, for the style-leaders this season are just such clothes as you yourself can wear at Manzanar or Walerga or Tulare, or at any of the camps.

And because the styles are geared to a nation at war, clothes today are as sturdy as they are becoming, as inexpensive as they are pretty, and in nearly every case, washable to boot.

Fabrics are those you can tub