



**GUIDED READING** *Mobilization on the Home Front*

**Section 1**

**A.** As you read about how the United States mobilized for war, note how each of the following contributed to that effort.

1. Selective Service System	6. Office of Scientific Research and Development (OSRD)
2. Women	7. Entertainment industry
3. Minorities	8. Office of Price Administration (OPA)
4. Manufacturers	9. War Production Board (WPB)
5. A. Philip Randolph	10. Rationing

**B.** On the back of this paper, briefly describe **George Marshall's** position on how women could contribute to the war effort. Then, explain who the **Nisei** were and what happened to them.

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**SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE** *Analyzing Assumptions and Biases*

*During World War II, many companies used their advertisements not only to sell their products but also to encourage patriotism and support for the American way of life. Read this text of a 1944 magazine ad created by a sporting goods company. Then fill in the chart with evidence of bias toward the American way of life. (See Skillbuilder Handbook, p. R15.)*

***Backbone . . . not Wishbone!***

If the Pilgrims and their loyal women folk had had wobbly *wishbones* in place of their sturdy backbones; if the backbones of the patriots at Valley Forge had been wishy-washy—America, land of the free today, *would* have ended in wishful thinking.

But the men who discovered, dreamed, worked and fought to build our great democracy, put their own steely courage into the backbone of this nation. It is backbone that *shows* whenever the chips are down.

You see it in our modern industrial marvels that began in a little iron-founder's shop less than two centuries ago.

You see it in our scientific miracles—in our agricultural achievements—and in our mighty war effort, today.

Have you considered that the maintenance of America's superb backbone lies in our matchless

*youthpower?* It does.

Out there on the playfields of our great democratic nation, where our youth—our potential manpower—fight to the last ditch in friendly fierceness, for a coveted goal—in vigorous man-to-man, competitive sports—the *backbone* of our *nation* is renewed and stiffened.

On these battlefields of competitive play our boys and our girls, too, learn initiative, courage, determination, fighting spirit, will-to-win despite all odds, tempered with fair play.

And on these fields is inculcated into their minds and hearts an unrealized appreciation of what it means to live in a *free* America. Try to take this freedom of theirs away from them—this personal privilege to think and dream and do in freedom—to be oneself—to fight for a goal and win it—and that realization becomes a living flame. And in this fact is our greatest guarantee that America will continue to be the land of the free.

from *Life* (September 11, 1944).

<b>Words that indicate strong positive feelings</b>	
<b>Words that indicate negative feelings</b>	
<b>Idealized descriptions and images</b>	



Section 1

## RETEACHING ACTIVITY *Mobilizing for Defense*

### Completion

**A.** Complete each sentence with the appropriate term or name.

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| atomic bomb     | inflation         |
| women           | African Americans |
| unemployment    | rationing         |
| Asian Americans | Mexican Americans |

1. While segregated and limited largely to noncombat roles, about one million \_\_\_\_\_ served in the U.S. military during the war.
2. By 1944, \_\_\_\_\_ made up about a third of all workers laboring in war-related industries.
3. The Office of Price Administration tried to fight \_\_\_\_\_ by freezing prices on most goods.
4. The most significant development of the Office of Scientific Research and Development was the \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Many average Americans contributed to the war effort by engaging in \_\_\_\_\_.

### Main Ideas

**B.** Answer the following questions in the space provided.

1. In what ways did members of the Women’s Auxiliary Corps contribute to the war effort?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. In what way did American industries contribute to the war?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. In what ways did the federal government take control of the economy during the war?

\_\_\_\_\_

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**PRIMARY SOURCE** **War Ration Stamps**

During World War II, Americans on the home front did their part to contribute to the war effort. For example, they complied with rationing introduced by the Office of Price Administration (OPA) to help conserve goods that were needed by the military. Under this system, consumers were allowed to buy meat, sugar, gasoline, and other scarce items with stamps from ration books like those pictured below. Once they used up their stamps, people could not buy rationed goods until they received additional stamps. Study the ration book and stamps to answer the questions below.



The Granger Collection, New York.

**Discussion Questions**

1. Why do you think the war ration book requires information on a person's age, sex, weight, height, and occupation?
2. What was the penalty for violating rationing regulations?
3. Most Americans during World War II accepted rationing. Why do you think this was so?



## Section 1

**PRIMARY SOURCE** *from Farewell to Manzanar*

*During World War II, seven-year-old Jeanne Wakatsuki was sent to Manzanar, a Japanese-American internment camp in Owens Valley, California. As you read this excerpt from her memoir, think about her first impressions of the camp.*

We rode all day. By the time we reached our destination, the shades were up. It was late afternoon. The first thing I saw was a yellow swirl across a blurred, reddish setting sun. The bus was being pelted by what sounded like splattering rain. It wasn't rain. This was my first look at something I would soon know very well, a billowing flurry of dust and sand churned up by the wind through Owens Valley.

We drove past a barbed-wire fence, through a gate, and into an open space where trunks and sacks and packages had been dumped from the baggage trucks that drove out ahead of us. I could see a few tents set up, the first rows of black barracks, and beyond them blurred by sand, rows of barracks that seemed to spread for miles across this plain. People were sitting on cartons or milling around, with their backs to the wind, waiting to see which friends or relatives might be on this bus. As we approached, they turned or stood up, and some moved toward us expectantly. But inside the bus no one stirred. No one waved or spoke. They just stared out of the windows, ominously silent. I didn't understand this. Hadn't we finally arrived, our whole family intact? I opened a window, leaned out, and yelled happily. "Hey! This whole bus is full of Wakatsukis!"

Outside, the greeters smiled. Inside there was an explosion of laughter, hysterical, tension-breaking laughter that left my brothers choking and whacking each other across the shoulders.

We had pulled up just in time for dinner. The mess halls weren't completed yet. An outdoor chow line snaked around a half-finished building that broke a good part of the wind. They issued us army mess kits, the round metal kind that fold over, and plopped in scoops of canned Vienna sausage, canned string beans, steamed rice that had been cooked too long, and on top of the rice a serving of canned apricots. The Caucasian servers were thinking that the fruit poured over rice would make a good dessert. Among the Japanese, of course, rice is never eaten with sweet foods, only with salty or savory foods. Few of us could eat such a mixture.

But at this point no one dared protest. It would have been impolite. I was horrified when I saw the apricot syrup seeping through my little mound of rice. I opened my mouth to complain. My mother jabbed me in the back to keep quiet. We moved on through the line and joined the others squatting in the lee of half-raised walls, dabbing courteously at what was, for almost everyone there, an inedible concoction.

After dinner we were taken to Block 16, a cluster of fifteen barracks that had just been finished a day or so earlier—although finished was hardly the word for it. The shacks were built of one thickness of pine planking covered with tarpaper. They sat on concrete footings, with about two feet of open space between the floorboards and the ground. Gaps showed between the planks, and as the weeks passed and the green wood dried out, the gaps widened. Knotholes gaped in the uncovered floor.

Each barracks was divided into six units, sixteen by twenty feet, about the size of a living room, with one bare bulb hanging from the ceiling and an oil stove for heat. We were assigned two of these for the twelve people in our family group; and our official family "number" was enlarged by three digits—16 plus the number of this barracks. We were issued steel army cots, two brown army blankets each, and some mattress covers, which my brothers stuffed with straw.

*from Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston, Farewell to Manzanar (New York: Bantam Books, 1973), 14–15.*

### Discussion Questions

1. What were living accommodations like in the camp?
2. Why do you think the accommodations at Manzanar were so stark and crowded?
3. What incident from this excerpt demonstrates a lack of cultural awareness on the part of those running the camp?



## Section 1

LITERATURE SELECTION *from Snow Falling on Cedars*  
by David Guterson

*This excerpt from Snow Falling on Cedars tells what happens to Japanese Americans living on San Pedro, an island off the coast of Washington, after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. As you read, think about the difficulties that Japanese Americans like Fujiko and her daughters faced as a result of relocation.*

The problem was resolved for them on March 21 when the U. S. War Relocation Authority announced that islanders of Japanese descent had eight days to prepare to leave.

The Kobayashis—they'd planted a thousand dollars' worth of rhubarb on five acres in Center Valley—negotiated an agreement with Torval Rasmussen to tend and harvest their crop. The Masuis weeded their strawberry fields and worked at staking peas in the moonlight; they wanted to leave things in good condition for Michael Burns and his ne'er-do-well brother Patrick, who'd agreed to take care of their farm. The Sumidas decided to sell at cut-rate and close their nursery down; on Thursday and Friday they held all-day sales and watched pruning tools, fertilizer, cedar chairs, bird-baths, garden benches, paper lanterns, fountain cats, tree wrap, caddies, and bonsai trees go out the door with whoever was willing to take them. On Sunday they put padlocks on the greenhouse doors and asked Piers Petersen to keep an eye on things. They gave Piers their flock of laying chickens as well as a pair of mallard ducks.

Len Kato and Johnny Kobashigawa traveled island roads in a three-ton haying truck hauling loads of furniture, packing crates, and appliances to the Japanese Community Center hall. Filled to the rafters with beds, sofas, stoves, refrigerators, chests of drawers, desks, tables, and chairs, the hall was locked and boarded up at six P.M. on Sunday evening. Three retired gill-netters—Gillon Crichton, Sam Goodall, and Eric Hoffman, Sr.—were sworn in as deputies by San Pedro's sheriff for the purpose of guarding its contents.

The War Relocation Authority moved into musty offices at the old W. W. Beason Cannery dock, just outside Amity Harbor. The dock housed not only the Army Transport Command but representatives of the Farm Security Administration and the Federal Employment Service. Kaspars Hinkle, who coached the high school baseball team, stormed into the war relocation office on a late

Thursday afternoon—everyone was just then preparing to leave—and slammed his roster on the secretary's desk: his starting catcher, second baseman, and two outfielders, he said—not to mention his two best pitchers—were going to miss the whole season. Couldn't this matter be thought through again? None of these kids were spies!

On Saturday evening, March 28, the Amity Harbor High School senior ball—its theme this year was "Daffodil Daze"—went forward in the high school auditorium. An Anacortes swing band, Men About Town, played upbeat dance tunes exclusively; during an interlude the captain of the baseball team stood in front of the microphone on the bandstand and cheerfully handed out honorary letters to the seven team members departing Monday morning. "We don't have much chance without you," he said. "Right now we don't even have enough guys to field a team. But any wins we do get, they're for you guys who are leaving."

Evelyn Nearing, the animal lover—she was a widow who lived without a flush toilet or electricity in a cedar cabin on Yearsley Point—took goats, pigs, dogs, and cats from a half-dozen Japanese families. The Odas leased their grocery to the Charles MacPhersons and sold Charles their car and two pickup trucks. Arthur Chambers made arrangements with Nelson Obada to act as a special correspondent for his newspaper and to send reports to San Pedro. Arthur ran four articles on the imminent evacuation in his March 26 edition: "Island Japanese Accept Army Mandate to Move," "Japanese Ladies Praised for Last-Minute PTA Work," "Evacuation Order Hits Prep Baseball Nine," and a "Plain Talk" column called "Not Enough Time," which roundly condemned the relocation authority for its "pointless and merciless speed in exiling our island's Japanese-Americans. . . ."

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An Army truck took Fujiko and her five daughters to the Amity Harbor ferry dock at seven o'clock on Monday morning, where a soldier gave them tags for their suitcases and coats. They waited among their bags in the cold while their *hakujin* neighbors stood staring at them where they were gathered on the dock between the soldiers. Fujiko saw Ilse Severensen there, leaning against the railing with her hands clasped in front of her; she waved at the Imadas as they passed by. Ilse, a Seattle transplant, had for ten years purchased strawberries from Fujiko and spoke to her as if she were a peasant whose role in life was to make island life pleasantly exotic for Ilse's friends who visited from the city. Her kindness had always been condescending, and she had always paid a bit extra for her berries with the air of doling out charity. And so, on this morning, Fujiko could not meet her eyes or acknowledge her despite the fact that Ilse Severensen had waved and called out her name in a friendly way—Fujiko studied the ground instead; she kept her eyes cast down.

At nine o'clock they were marched on board the *Kehloken*, with the white people gaping at them from the hill above, and Gordon Tanaka's daughter—she was eight years old—fell on the dock and began to cry. Soon other people were crying, too, and from the hill came the voice of Antonio Dangaran, a Filipino man who had married Eleanor Kitano just two months before. "Eleanor!" he shouted, and when she looked up he let go a bouquet of red roses, which sailed gently toward the water in the wind and landed in the waves below the dock pilings.

They were taken from Anacortes on a train to a transit camp—the horse stables at the Puyallup fairgrounds. They lived in the horse stalls and slept on canvas army cots; at nine P.M. they were confined to their stalls; at ten P.M. they were made to turn out their lights, one bare bulb for each family. The cold in the stalls worked into their bones, and when it rained that night they moved their cots because of the leaks in the roof. The next morning, at six A.M., they slogged through mud to the transit camp mess hall and ate canned figs and white bread from pie tins and drank coffee out of tin cups. Through all of it Fujiko maintained

her dignity, though she'd felt herself beginning to crack while relieving herself in front of other women.

After three days they boarded another train and began a languid crawl toward California. At night the MPs [military police] who roamed from car to car came through telling them to pull down their window shades, and they passed the dark hours twisting in their seats and exerting themselves not to complain. The train stopped and started and jolted them toward wakefulness, and there was a constant line at the door to the toilet. Fujiko did her best not to give in to her discomfort by speaking of it to her daughters. She did not want them to know that she was suffering inwardly and needed to lie down comfortably somewhere and sleep for a long time. For when she slept at all it was with her hearing tuned to the bluebottle flies always pestering her and to the crying of the Takami baby, who was three weeks old and had a fever. The wailing of this baby ate at her, and she rode with her fingers stuffed inside her ears, but this did not seem to change things. Her sympathy for the baby and for all of the Takamis began to slip as sleep evaded her, and she secretly began to wish for the baby's death if such a thing could mean silence. And at the same time she hated herself for thinking this and fought against it while her anger grew at the fact that the baby could not just be flung from the window so that the rest of them might have some peace. Then,

***At nine o'clock they  
were marched on  
board the  
Kehloken, with the  
white people gaping  
at them.***

long past the point when she had told herself that she could not endure another moment, the baby would stop its tortured shrieking, Fujiko would calm herself and close her eyes, retreat with enormous relief toward sleep, and then the Takami baby would once again wail and shriek inconsolably.

The train stopped at a place called Mojave in the middle of an interminable, still desert. They were herded onto buses at eight-thirty in the morning, and the buses took them north over dusty roads for four hours to a place called Manzanar. Fujiko had imagined, shutting her eyes, that the sandstorm battering the bus was the rain of home. She'd dozed and awakened in time to see the barbed wire and the rows of dark barracks blurred by blowing dust. It was twelve-thirty, by her watch; they were just in time

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to stand in line for lunch. They ate standing up, from army mess kits, with their backs turned against the wind. Peanut butter, white bread, canned figs, and string beans; she could taste the dust in all of it.

They were given typhoid shots that first afternoon; they stood in line for them. They waited in the dust beside their luggage and then stood in line for dinner. In the evening the Imadas were assigned to Block 11, Barrack 4, and given a sixteen-by-twenty-foot room furnished with a bare lightbulb, a small Coleman oil heater, six CCC camp cots, six straw mattresses, and a dozen army blankets. Fujiko sat on the edge of a cot with cramps from the camp food and the typhoid shot gathering to a knot in her stomach. She sat with her coat on, holding herself, while her daughters beat flat the straw in the mattresses and lit the oil heater. Even with the heater she shivered beneath her blankets, still fully dressed in her clothes. By midnight she couldn't wait any longer and, with three of her daughters who were feeling distressed too, stumbled out into the darkness of the desert in the direction of the block latrine. There was, astonishingly, a long line at midnight, fifty or more women and girls in heavy coats with their backs braced against the wind. A woman up the line vomited heavily, and the smell was of the canned figs they'd all eaten. The woman apologized profusely in Japanese, and then another in the line vomited, and they were all silent again.

That night dust and yellow sand blew through the knotholes in the walls and floor. By morning their blankets were covered with it. Fujiko's pillow lay white where her head had been, but around it a layer of fine yellow grains had gathered. She felt it against her face and in her hair and on the inside of her mouth, too. It had been a cold night, and in the adjacent room a baby screamed behind a quarter-inch wall of pine board.

On their second day at Manzanar they were given a mop, a broom, and a bucket. The leader of their block—a man from Los Angeles dressed in a dusty overcoat who claimed to have been an

attorney in his former life but who now stood unshaven with one shoe untied and with his wire-rimmed glasses skewed on his face—showed them the outdoor water tap. Fujiko and her daughters cleaned out the dust and did laundry in a gallon-size soup tin. While they were cleaning more dust and sand blew in to settle on the newly mopped pine boards. Hatsue went out into the desert wind and returned with a few scraps of tar paper she'd found blown up against a roll of barbed wire along a firebreak. They stuffed this around the doorjamb and fixed it over the knotholes with thumbtacks borrowed from the Fujitas.

There was no sense in talking to anyone about things. Everyone was in the same position. Everyone wandered like ghosts beneath the guard towers with the mountains looming on either side of them. The bitter wind came down off the mountains and through the barbed wire and hurled the desert sand in their faces. The camp was only half-finished; there were not enough barracks to go around. Some people, on arriving, had to build their own in order to have a place to sleep. There were crowds everywhere, thousands of people in a square mile of desert scoured to dust by army bulldozers, and there was nowhere for a person to find solitude.

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## Research Options

1. Use an encyclopedia, a history book, the Internet, or another source to research the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II. Then prepare a brief oral report for the class.
2. Fujiko and her daughters are sent to Manzanar in California. Find out where other Japanese-American internment camps were located in the United States. Then create a map labeling each site with the name of the camp that was situated there.



CHAPTER  
**17**

Section 1

AMERICAN LIVES **Oveta Culp Hobby**  
*Skilled Administrator*

*"Mrs. Hobby has proved that a competent, efficient woman who works longer days than the sun does not need to look like the popular idea of a competent, efficient woman."*—quoted in the *Washington Times Herald* (1942)

Oveta Culp Hobby's abilities helped her establish the place of women in the military and the government. During the first months of World War II, when the government decided to create an organization for women within the U.S. Army, she was picked as its director. Eleven years later, she was named head of the new Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Born the daughter of a Texas lawyer in 1905, Oveta Culp developed an interest in the law. After attending college, she took classes at the University of Texas Law School. At age 20, she was named parliamentarian for the Texas state legislature. Later she wrote a book on correct parliamentary procedure that became a standard text. In 1931, she married William Hobby, the publisher of the *Houston Post*, and began working for the paper. She introduced features that appealed to women readers. As her husband became involved in other businesses, she began to run the paper.

It was in government work, though, that Hobby made her most important contributions. In 1941 she joined the War Department as head of the Office of Public Relations. There she met General George C. Marshall, the army's chief of staff. The next year, Congress created the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC). The goal was to train women to perform office work and other vital duties, freeing male soldiers for combat. Marshall tapped Hobby as the first head of the WAACs. In 1943, the unit's name was changed to the Women's Army Corps (WAC), and Hobby was promoted from major to colonel.

The WACs met some hostility both within and outside the military. Not everyone believed that women should serve in the armed forces. Hobby overcame the opposition, however, and built a strong organization. She dismissed reporters' questions about uniforms and other trivial matters. "This is a serious job for serious women," she said. By war's end, 100,000 women served in the unit. They handled a range of duties from office work to communications and supply. Some WACs even

joined the Manhattan Project, the secret effort to develop an atomic weapon. For her service, Hobby was given the Distinguished Service Medal, only the seventh woman so honored.

After resigning in 1945, Hobby returned to the Post and pursued business and charitable interests. She also remained active in politics, working in the successful campaign of Dwight Eisenhower for president in 1952.

Once in office, Eisenhower named Hobby to head the Federal Security Administration. That agency oversaw federal programs in education and social security. In 1953, the FSA was changed to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) and given Cabinet status. Hobby became the first secretary of HEW—only the second woman ever to hold a Cabinet post. In education, she worked to overcome a growing shortage of teachers and classrooms and to move toward the desegregation of schools.

In health administration, the department's main activity involved administering the distribution of polio vaccine. Polio was a serious infectious disease that caused paralysis and sometimes death in the most extreme cases. Parents feared for their children. In 1954, a new vaccine against polio was found to be successful. The federal government led a program to vaccinate millions of people—children first.

Hobby retired from HEW and public life in 1955. She returned to Houston and became president and editor of the *Post* and pursued broadcasting businesses. She also remained active in charity work, dying in 1995 at age 90.

## Questions

1. Why did Hobby have to defend the WAC as a place for "serious women"?
2. How does the attitude toward the Women's Army Corps contrast with the view of women in the army today?
3. How does the article support the assertion that Oveta Culp Hobby was a skilled administrator?