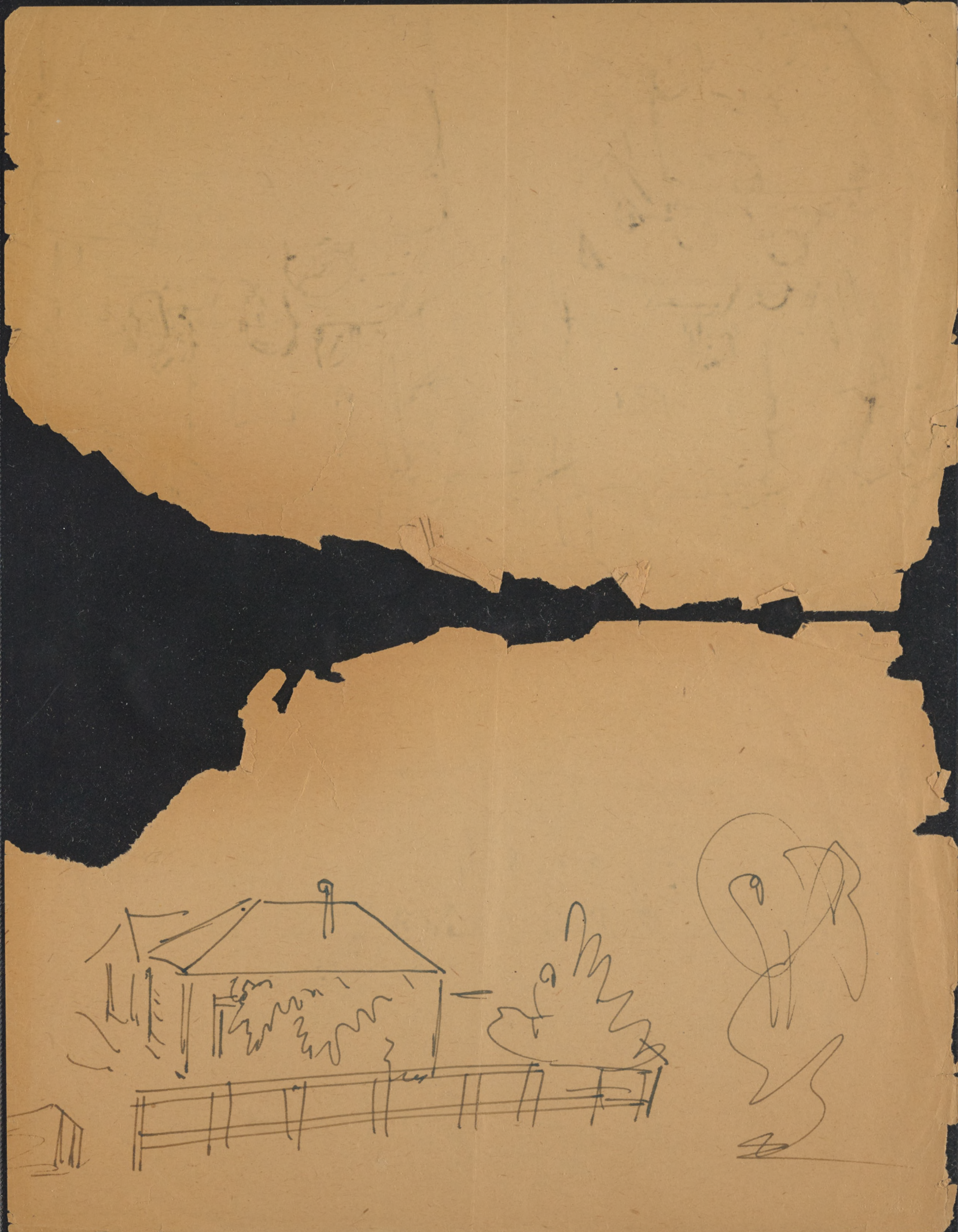


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86/97c





11:00 - 11:30 - Time out -

The train pulled to a stop in the midst of a deserted sage brush waste-land & we got to take our airing for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hr. - There was a breeze - it felt so good. There was a fence about 30' out - & the guard stationed themselves along there while we all piled out.

& visited -

picked up

stones

etc etc

& ran around -

... Visiting hours on



from 1 - 6

Feeding 500 people on
2 diners is no joke -
diner can finally get to
lunch at 1:30 - the
Poor people in Gps 5 & 6.

She ~~had~~ spic'n span white
table cloth & the nice heavy
silver felt so good altho"
the plate & cups were paper.

We took a collection for the
~~Parlor~~ waiters in the Diner.
(Weesie & Samer ~~wait~~, heels, rice, coffee & cookies)
first July 28 P.M. - Nothing but

Sage brush Waste land -

+ a dull smoky, grey
sky - with ~~now~~ a long
single row of telephone

poles - monotonous scenery.

3:40 - 4:10 - Still

at Carlin, Nevada -

seems to me we'll be
late in arriving at ~~Delta~~
~~at this point~~ ~~little kids~~ It seems

so funny to see little
children with blonde + brown
hair playing outside -

I've grown so used to little
tot with black heads - what
5 months can't do -

5:00 P.M. The scenery
has grown lots more
interesting - more green
scrubbery, clumps of tree
+ isolated farm houses here + there
with some cattle grazing
near by -

Visiting hours from 4-5.
so went thru the whole train
spotting familiar faces
in each + stopped to talk
here'n there - Most of the cars
seem dirty + over crowded.
Went to see the Pullmans
too - some people have cars
with lounging chairs which
go way back + taint fair to
say I! -

5:00 - Roll Call, Read
count - a what have you -
as if we could escape!

I am growing
numb ~~er~~ or by the
minute oh my per
il seat!

Lits in 7:10 -
Shades down!

Dinner was delish!

Noodle soup, pot roast, mashed
potatoes, peas, ^{raisin} coffee - mm
ice cream - cookies - oh - what
a feast! Felt so content!
Wished I could have taken 1 hr to
eat it instead of 30 min.

Spent the most positively
uncomfortable night - K + I fair
Pop - tried to sleep! - Gads was it
horrible. They put the heater on
& was it HOT! Went over the
great salt lake from 9:30 - 10:00.
It was beautiful in the moonlight.
(we got permission to shut all lights
& pull up the blinds in our car)
The seat was so hard, the car so
hot, & us so crowded. I knew
I felt all the jerk & stops - Looked
out window at S & C. & who

Should I see but Helen M -
What a surprise - talked to
her for about 15 min - + then
we checked in - It felt so
strange to think she + all the
other J. in S L C. were
rooming around like this -
while we're stuck in the
dorm. ... Got about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs of
sleep - + suddenly I heard
the car Capt being told to wake
us up for a 5:30 breakfast -
It was pitch dark and stuffy
as anything - but we dragged
ourselves up + washed with
our eyes $\frac{1}{2}$ closed - Br. turned
out to be 6:00 - The dinner
was diff + the waiters much
nicer + real china ware -
Our last meal on the "outside"

we couldn't get over the
thick slabs of butter & all the
cream & sugar. mmm. ~~The~~
Dinner was just breaking over
the dessert as we ate -
it all looked so peaceful
& beautiful - & as the family
all sat together & ate at the dinner -
like we'd done so many times
~~before~~ ~~with 1000's of others~~ ^{before} our going to a Reloc. C.
Seemed like a dream.

The scenery didn't look
too bad - & we waited for Delta
with some optimism. Reached
Delta around 10:00 A.M. behind time
& were greeted by a fat, pleasant
looking man. who bro't us the first
issue of Japan Times & a sheet
of mail info - which was really
helpful - We sat in a row -
& were escorted out onto the
buses which waited only

2 ft a s from the back door -
no risk of escape any way -

As we rode along in the bus
all eyes & necks craned for the
first glimpse of our future
home. - The lovely farms & fields
& trees along the road - so we
all tho't "not bad" - Then

all of a sudden about 30 min
after we'd ~~sudden~~ gotten off the
train - all vegetation stopped -
no trees, no grass - nothing - just
desert - & there in the midst of the
most barren spot was our camp -
"we call it Japaz" - they say "not camp" -
So this was the so-called "jewel
desert" - Mr. Davis' "shangri-la" -
Rows & rows of black barracks
in the midst of nowhere - standing
sullenly in a pool of white
charley, dusty sand -

This couldn't be it - & yet
the bus turned in - & started
down the dusty stretch - Could it be
mine? - Sure enough in the
thick & flying dust there marched
a group of "our boys" playing
bugles, drums & trumpets & carrying
signs "Welcome to Lopez" - your
camp". It bro't a lump into
the throats of us all - as the
bus slowed down - there were
Lop. Chieftos & familiar faces -
standing in a small Ruddle -
their faces & hair white from
the dust - It made me want
to cry - We gathered up our
belongings, jumped out to see
our friends - & then went on
for regis. & med'l exam -
I kept thinking - what a hell-hole

I couldn't see what was
good about this dump - They's
brought in to our barracks & had it
all cleaned for us. but where
were the double walls, the stove, the
closet we'd heard about?!! - not
yet complete - They're bldg these

after the T. carpenters come -
they say! & the wash room -
~~has~~ ^{it} porcelain wash basin,
flush toilets etc - but no seats -
no water in the laundry, no
lits in the shower, - & today
the water was shut off twice -
why can't they bring us in
after it's livable !!!!!

Lunch was good! - & the
Cook's announcement bro't tears
again - He said ~~we~~ they so
wanted to give us a big dinner

after the long trip - but they
had no mat'l or help - Everyone's
so good + cooperative

Slept all aft. on springs -
but was so tired I didn't
even feel it!

Went to the meetg at
site. Mr. Ernst gave such
a wonderful talk - he's so
kind + so understanding - his
wife came too ^{with} 10 or 12
other heads in the Admirals -
what a diff from Fay -

His talk was encouraging
+ I began to like Lopez - a
little bit but the grit in my teeth
& the dust in my nose still
gets me ~~that~~ - Everyone looked
so sud standy in line at the
Men Hall + at the tables -
Guth was in hell!

Wed. Sept 16th -

Dinner at 4:00 P.M. (Really
only 3:00 !!!). Got in line
from 3:30 - Shovelled down
some sugary Pakkai stuff
without salt - + dashed home.
With the help of Adachis
Ching etc - We were loaded
to the gills with miscellaneous
baggage - last minute stuff
madly squeezed into
knitting bags - + boom -
we were inside the fence
Barely able to walk, what
with blankets, pillows etc -
These were examined +
thrown thru a window to be
picked up later - We went
to the laundry room
joined with people

* squeezed ourselves down
in alphabetical order - ge
what a feeling! ~~for~~
Came to see some kids I
knew - but alas - they were
still at dinner - I could
just see Bob & Gas's head when
I stood in the hallway & looked
out the window. Before long -
Group I + II were going
out already - the poor
mothers ^{can't} ~~help~~ ^{their babies} ~~self~~ from their busb
~~care~~ - We dragged our
feet in the rain - & we
were off by 7:00 P.M. -
^{Looked} back for a last look but all I saw
people were on all the
roof tops as we chugged
by good old San Francisco - I'

more sea I saw

never forget the sweet
kids in B. 5 - they were
climbing all over the roof
& their porch - waving & shouting
with a big sign on the roof
saying "So long for a while
Utah Bound" - It sure
was sweet.

Once the train got
going - ~~we~~ ~~we~~ ~~took~~ ~~every~~
~~jump~~ ~~we~~ ~~could~~ - we
drank in every bit of the
scenery we'd missed for
4 weeks - homes, gardens,
stores, trees, stage
up till we passed Oak -
& then saw the B. Bridge -
& its twinkling lights -
12 - we sure came for a short

minutes + it was gone.

- bite on the knee -
a hard, hard seat - Began
to feel numb in several
spots - one in particular -
burned + squirmed but kept
straight from 4:00 or till 6:30 -
Toilet filthy - but people
all seem okay -

Breaky at 7:00 - super.
much, super coffee, real thick
cream, scrambled eggs -
pork sausages + bread n butter
+ smiting pasters. we went
on 1st ship - luckily. #1 was
nice - Scenery good
beautiful - I hate to see
it whiz by so quick

9:10 - In Nevada -
part Reno - hills + some brush
f. l. sage. Reno - some

(1)

H. S. Opened in Nov. '42

- Sports : awards for competitive games & neighboring school.

Jan - ~~1st~~ tryouts for 1st Lopez Hi Basketball team.

Track - developed by out-gp.

Girls' Association : Pres, v.p. sec. etc.

Dramatics Club : main producing

"Clus Town". contributed proceeds
of 4 performances to "Journal"

Home Econ. Club :

Big Sisters Club:

motto: "True Friendship is Unequaled"

Assoc'd Boy Student : A.B.S.

Formed Intramural Basketball Tournament

* Track Teams.

Future Farmers - America : - drove tractors,
cleared fields, erected fences, helped
irrigation. - onion-planting excursion
participated in livestock show in Delta.



Y. M. C. A. HOTEL

For Men, Women and Families

351 Turk Street San Francisco 2, Calif.

Correspondence Room

Forum : - Discussion Gp.

Language club:

J. Red Cross - scrapbooks for children in local hospitals, making night gowns, children's coats, making service stars, 30 families

A.A.S.: Assoc. for Advancement of Science
Clubs in
① Phys., Zool., Botany, Bio. Chem.
② Psych., Philos.
③. Math., physics, astronomy.

Choir: - Topaz H.S. choir - sang Hallelujah
Chorus etc 1st performance at Xmas
Pageant. - 2 truckloads sang Xmas
Carols on Xmas Eve - to hospital, faculty, H.P.s.
Party afterwards. - sang at various events -
at H.S. Open House for parents, for Gov. Mearns
welcome, Inauguration of officers in P.T.A.

sung "Steal Away"; "Story Train" -
spirituals -

(2)

April 16, 1943 - Zephyr H. Choir gave 1st concert.
sang for own H.S. also invited to perform
for H.S. in Delta.

Originally began as a caroling chorus,
now cat. as 4 part mixed choir.

Thespians Club: -

1st play - Dec 23, 1942 - 1 act comedy
"D 298"

1/1/43 - "Don't Feed the Criminals" -

2/19/43 - 3 1 act plays - also repeated in
Haskell.

"Our Town" - major event. for 6 acts.

"Little Women".

Zephyr: - Bi-monthly student paper -

1st issue out Dec 23, 1942 -

Sent articles about Zephyr to nationally known
Student Life Magazine

'43 Ramblings Staff: - Had a hard time getting
film for photos - RFD Home De Furniture Corp.

"A bouquet of roses, rationed meat, 1/2 a doz.

rubber tires, a hundred cases, canned food & 4
Ramblings advisers - - - for 1 assis' advice."



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Teachers:

Some came
mostly here

- Core Instructors ?
- Ransman "
- Home Econ "
- Math - Science "
- Vocational "
- Phys. Ed.

Executive Cttee - Assoc. Students T. H. S.

Organized after constitution ratified by Students
during latter part of fall semester.

Student Representative Council : -

" Social Cttee : - responsible for
assemblies, rallies, dances - socials.
"Hells Day", talent program that went to
Fillmore, "Play Day"

Rally Cttee :



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stores in ~~Nov.~~
wore coats -

Letterbussing?

H.S. - Sophs. 10th Jr.

March 5th - Class social -
dance Ctte -

Athletics - sophs. won over
Henckley Sophs.

Participated in Onion planting Day -
(Where?) - at the Project Farm(?)
tired muscles - sun burn for days.

Play Day - tug of war - sophs
beat Jr.

Weekly Fri - assemblies - gifted students
dis. played talent. Sometime
classes took over assembly.

Jr. Prom.



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Girls should leave
camp after school
subs.

Shorts, sweater
skirt
bobby sox
saddle shoes.
Bows in hair. (ten)

Les.

Dr. Assembly - Dining Hall 3rd. on 3/5/43
Dr. Jinx - Social " " "

5/21 - All piled into trucks for work
in Onion field. - Drs. planted
more - any 1 class.

(Whole school? - a class by class?)

Athletic competition betw. Drs. - Faculty.

6/24 - Dr. Prom.

6/25 - H.S. Graduation on H.S. Plaza
Drs. wore caps & gowns. 84 diplomas.

Basketball teams. } Boys
March - tryouts for Track teams. }
Volleyball, Basketball, Baseball, } girls
Badminton }



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'43 - '44 -

Jr. Prom
Sophomore Hop.

Winter Carnival

Girl Reserve
Band - Orchestra

Football Team ^{Leaves} went out to play
Delta High School
Fillmore. " "

(E. Nail, Texas)
d. Susan

Topaz H.S. inclu. students from
all the big & small towns of Calif.

(+ even such as Acorn)

Children of: truck gardeners, grocers,
merchants, clerks, domestic workers,
carpenters, ministers, cannerymen,
teachers -

1st grad. class 6/43 - had 196 hrs.

Dedication of Annual:- To Courageous Educ'n.

We could look on Educ as a life
philosophy whose purpose is boldly to
oppose things which are destructive.
An ideal. Thus Educ'n we would seek
to attain the ultimate end, which is to eliminate
from ourselves / patterns of life which led us to
this war. We, as mothers - a better tomorrow,
shines strive endlessly to impress upon all young
people, a desire for truth & the inevitable enlighten-
ment which accompanies it. To this ideal, we
dedicate - annual.

Diffy: forcing tog. students with differing
views who came tog. from all over Calif.



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Correspondence Room

to Mom -

Topaz, Utah
September 27, 1942

Six months ago, the name Tanforan merely brought to mind another Race Track...somewhere near San Mateo. What can't happen in six short months....short, and yet so long. Today, the word Tanforan brings back a million memories....memories of stalls, of wind and dust, of Eucalyptus trees, of rows of little black barracks and a winding race track!

It wouldn't be fair to talk about Tanforan in general..It has to be described in stages..in terms of May, of June and of each ensuing month of progress.

Who can ever forget the day of arrival! It was a day that was burned into my mind forever. It was the first day of May. The beginning of a new month and the beginning of a new life. I remember the kindness of our neighbor Mrs. H....I remember her smile as she brought the tray-full of colorful dishes, each carefully garnished with all that goes to make a wonderful breakfast. Little things like this brought happiness into our heavy hearts...brought color into the empty house then barren and echoing with hollowed foot steps.

The First Congregational Church in Berkeley was our point of departure. I remember the shock I felt at seeing so many Japanese of every size and shape! Little children, whining babies, old men, old women, the flashy dress and slick hair cut of high school youths...all to be thrown together in a mad jumble of evacuation. Evacuation...what fear and dread that single word caused...what heart-ache and anxiety, no one will ever know. No one except those who actually lived through those terrible months as an enemy alien, or a descendent of one.....I remember too the tears we had to fight back on seeing armed guards at every door way, on seeing the kindness of our Caucasian friends doing their best to make our departure a little easier, and in climbing into the bus, and driving past our home, not knowing when we would ever return. I remember the tense air within the bus as we road through familiar streets to our new home...tense with an air of false cheerfulness which every one tried so valiantly to maintain. And then, before we could grow too nostalgic for our homes which were snatched away so suddenly, there was Tanforan looming before our eyes. It wasn't our imagination..there was a faint odor of the former occupants wafting through the air. Sure enough then, this was it. We told ourselves you've got to face it, and with a set determination we got out of the bus. There we were inside the fence, looking in half a daze at the milling mobs of Japanese who had preceded us there, all standing along the stair way, hanging over the race track rail, any where where there was room. How good any familiar face looked!

I don't know what we would have done without the Yamashitas. They greeted us as we stepped out of the enclosure where baggage inspection and medical exams took place. Everything that took place was something so new to us..something which hurt us until adjustments could be made. After all we were more than a herd of cattle or sheep.. We had hearts and minds..Perhaps it would have been better to be ignorant, then we wouldn't have thought so much.

It had rained the day before, so avoiding the mud puddles, and stepping gingerly through the wet track, a guide took us to

Barrack 16 Room 40...our home for five months. I couldn't imagine how any human beings could live in the little dark hole which I saw before me as I opened the door. Three unfolded beds lay on the floor, which incidentally was covered with dust. Otherwise the room was absolutely barren. The walls and ceiling had been white-washed..very hurriedly..for the paint had been sprayed right over cob webs, insects, and the light globe. I glanced around the little ten by twenty stall and tried to visualize the nag which perhaps once inhabited it. There was no doubt that one had once lived there, for the door which divided the room into two ten foot square rooms was shaggy around the edges with teeth marks. The partitions which separated one stall from the next did not meet the ceiling...it lacked about a foot. And through those spaces between the stalls travelled some of the most interesting sounds and conversations which I, and no doubt everyone else, had ever heard. Through those spaces too, travelled the sound of crying babies early in the morning, and the din of blaring radios late in the night. For the five months we lived there, our lives, our joys, our tears, or our hates were not ours alone, our neighbors shared every thought and word. "You must have been one big happy family" someone said to me....but I longed for even one moment of privacy.

In our little stalls were two windows, each about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. These were installed high in the front of the room on either side of the door...too high for me to look out. Our barrack faced the north, and consequently got no sun all day long, getting the cold north wind whenever it blew down from its cold misty heights. Being about eight feet off the ground, our barrack was nicknamed "Terrace Heights" after the residents had grown adjusted enough to remember and recall their sense of humor.

I suppose our hardships were slight compared to those of others. Dad had been taken by the FBI on Dec. 7th and interned indefinitely at Missoula, Montana. How small the U.S. grew as our hearts and minds travelled to Dad in Montana and to friends who had voluntarily evacuated outside of the military areas....There we were, three women... left to pack and clean a house in which they had lived for over fifteen years.....to pack and clear out by a deadline set by the unyielding army. At times it seemed an impossible task, and the days and nights seemed all too short. I felt as though a noose around our necks was growing tighter and tighter as the deadline drew near.....Yes, our burdens were lighter, for there were others who were leaving homes and businesses which they had built for thirty or perhaps forty years with untiring and patient hands. We left behind only memories of the only home we had and loved, but others..others were leaving behind a life time of work...their life, their savings, their hearts and souls.

I can never forget my first meal at Tanforan. Somehow we had missed out on lunch, so we anxiously awaited dinner. All meals were served to everyone (about 5000 or so) in the Main Mess Hall underneath the grand stand. We walked about a quarter of a mile through the unpaved, and slushy mud roads to the Main Mess Hall only to find several horribly long lines of people waiting to enter, a dish and a fork or two clutched in their hands. We took our place near the end of the winding line and went through one of the saddest experiences of our lives. The wind blew with all its fury, carrying dust and waste in its wake, as the line slowly wound its way into the hall. T

The cement floor was wet, either from scrubbing or from the over-flowing tubs of water--I didn't try to determine which it was. Being a basement, it was terribly dark and dismal and rows and rows of little tables were placed through-out the entire room, jammed with hungry, tired and tired people. We held out our plates as we passed

of little tables were placed throughout the entire room, each jammed with hungry, dirty, and tired people. We held out our plates as we passed by the serving counter, and a potato, canned weenies, bread etc. was thrown on out plates grabbed by the cooks' hands out of a huge dish pan full of food. It was a terrible sensation. We searched the tables for an empty space and sat down amidst babies, old men, and a myriad strange faces. The food wouldn't go down....as it didn't for the next day or two. They say human beings aren't happy unless they are complaining... perhaps that was the reason... perhaps it was the endless series of canned food, beans, hash that resembled canned dog food, potato, butterless bread and tea. I remember longing for fresh vegetables, fruits, and milk. I remember too the many hungry nights and days we spent when even a dried prune tasted like a feast, and toast and coffee made on the little electric stove at home was nectar from Heaven! But enough of the tears and sadness of the first dismal day.

I cannot omit a description of the latrines which seemed so vile to us. (Incidentally this was a new word to many Issei) Most of the latrines were incomplete upon our arrival...I cannot remember where we travelled those first few days to wash up. We had to live like slum dwellers. I had to take my first shower on the other side of the camp, the only place I could find any hot water. We had to learn how to swallow any pride or modesty we possessed...doors simply didnot exist in our new mode of life. They were omitted in the latrine in the shower room, everywhere. Just as it was at "home", in the stalls, our life was our neighbors' life.

Because hot water toilet paper etc. arrived only in spurts, these were snatched up at every opportunity. People began to fight for, and grab whatever they needed. Because things did not belong to them, people would not care how they handled them...Toilets were soiled and overflowing, the long tin sink in the wash room was not sanitary for women laundered everything from clothes to bed pans in them for their were all kinds of people here. It made me feel sick in the stomach... and yet what could they do, there was no other place for them as the laundry was still incomplete....In time however, this situation was remedied by signs educating the people and by the appointing of a janitor. Showers too were installed...first unadjustable type which showered water at the pull of a chain...scalding at times, cold at others. Later, much later, adjustable showers, and additional latrines were built. These had to come, for we could not bear conditions as they existed, only 8 toilets and 8 showers to accomodate several hundred people.

Then there were the laundries--in use from the day of our arrival. I have never seen such fiends for cleanliness as the Japanese. During the early weeks of congestion, we actually had to wait in line for one coveted tub. The crudity of pioneer life was there...washing machines were a luxury of the life we had left behind...it was back-breaking hand scrubbing for us from there on. Too often the hot water, and often even the cold, would fail us, and then we would scurry back and forth between the wash room and the laundry carrying buckets of hot water in both hands. After a big wash we could only fall exhausted into a chair.

In time, the smiles began to return to the faces of the people at Tanforan. Those sun-burned and wind burned faces...lashed by winds cold and strong enough to fling open the clumsy doors to our stalls. True, there were many who thought this new adventure a lark, a chance for fun and frolic...but there were others, others who could not help but think, and wonder where all this would lead to.

As I think back now, I cannot remember how or when the improvements came in. They were gradual to be sure, and slow to the point of despair. Recreation halls sprang to the rescue, and Rec leaders initiated a program which grew to such an extent as to include everything from dances, talent shows, handicraft, sports of every kind... baseball and football leagues, sumo, and boxing tournaments, adult dissee entertainment, culminating in a grand Mardi Gras, which included seven hobby shows, a carnival, a parade, and a ball. Yes, the morale grew higher by leaps and bounds.

A little Theatre was even created, the high light of its career being a close to professional performance of the "Life and Works of Stephen Foster". Being a member of the choir, I can remember nights of repeated rehearsal, but remember mostly the feeling of satisfaction and happiness as the applause died down after the last curtain. It was during moments such as these that we forgot that we were at Tanforan.

An educational system was also instituted, and teachers were recruited from the group of willing helpers. Nursery School under Kay and Grace came first...grammar schools came next, and I found myself enthralled in the work of teaching second graders...twenty-three of them. High school followed and then came Jr. High and Adult Education. These had to be, for the children were beginning to run wild after a month of such strange surroundings and this new "freedom"...a freedom behind barbed wire.

An Art School sprang up, eventually growing to an enrollment of 600. There was a music school with soaring talents and bi-monthly concerts, Town Hall forums, weekly recorded concerts, choirs, etc... These things brightened the camp life at Tanforan. To be sure, it became a little city of its own, with three churches (Protestant, Catholic, and Buddhist), a Canteen which never carried any goods worth buying, a post office, schools, and towards the end, a laundry and cleaner service, and movies, even though they were several years old. The roads too became paved after a fashion, and little gardens began to flourish around the barracks and stalls tended by the patient hands of the residents. The North west corner of Tanforan where once sheltered a battered junk heap became a kaleidoscope of colorful flowers.

The food situation too had improved, and the inner man was able to attain the satisfaction he desired. Smaller mess halls catering to groups of 500 or 600 opened through out the Camp...each doing its utmost to please its diners. We were blessed by one which succeeded in doing just that. Cooks & helpers often worked late into the night to watch our grateful smiles over doughnuts the next morning, or apple turnovers at noon, or perhaps biscuits for dinner. We collected a small sum to be presented to the kitchen help in gratitude, only to find it converted into uniforms for the waitresses, flowers for the tables, and the 2nd time, into huge layer cakes (enough for 2 meals). It was such willing cooperation and the spirit of helpfulness which gave us encouragement and which aroused in us deep admiration which we shall not forget.

In spite of all this, there were times when we became discouraged and began to lose faith. There was the rumpus of election, the election for a council which never had the chance to function....There were the many unfulfilled promises...The FBI search of each room, and later before we left, the day-long army inspection and search of rooms....The order to turn in all Japanese literature, records, sugar, etc...The roll call which was instigated, and which compelled us to stay in our rooms at 6:45 A.M. and 6:30 PM for a head count.....and of course the many rumors...these especially towards the end, when we didn't know when or where we were to be relocated....when rumors of splitting our camp flew thick and fast. **

And yet there was the good side....The many good times we had with our friends, perhaps just talking, or over a cup of coffee, or at a waffle party, when food we longed for and never received was sparingly brought out in a "blow-out". Too, there were the dances, the Departmental parties and good times. How can I ever forget the delicious "Chow Mein" dinner our teaching staff held before we left.....Us, life went on as usual and every one began to feel settled, to feel fairly happy. There were engagement showers, weddings, births, and deaths.. Us life went on, on and on...even in horse stalls!

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g.u.

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Topaz, Utah
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Who can ever forget the day of arrival! It was a day that was burned into my mind forever. It was the first day of May. The beginning of a new month and the beginning of a new life. I remember the kindness of our neighbor Mrs. H....I remember her smile as she brought the tray-full of colorful dishes, each carefully garnished with all that goes to make a wonderful breakfast. Little things like this brought happiness into our heavy hearts...brought color into the empty house then barren and echoing with hollowed foot steps.

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Barrack 16 Room 40...our home for five months. I couldn't imagine how any human beings could live in the little dark hole which I saw before me as I opened the door. Three unfolded beds lay on the floor, which incidentally was covered with dust. Otherwise the room was absolutely barren. The walls and ceiling had been white-washed..very hurriedly..for the paint had been sprayed right over cob webs, insects, and the light globe. I glanced around the little ten by twenty stall and tried to visualize the nag which perhaps once inhabited it. There was no doubt that one had once lived there, for the door which divided the room into two ten foot square rooms was shaggy around the edges with teeth marks. The partitions which separated one stall from the next did not meet the ceiling...it lacked about a foot. And through those spaces between the stalls travelled some of the most interesting sounds and conversations which I, and no doubt everyone else, had ever heard. Through those spaces too, travelled the sound of crying babies early in the morning, and the din of blaring radios late in the night. For the five months we lived there, our lives, our joys, our tears, or our hates were not ours alone, our neighbors shared every thought and word. "You must have been one big happy family" someone said to me....but I longed for even one moment of privacy.

In our little stalls were two windows, each about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. These were installed high in the front of the room on either side of the door...too high for me to look out. Our barrack faced the north, and consequently got no sun all day long, getting the cold north wind whenever it blew down from its cold misty heights. Being about eight feet off the ground, our barrack was nicknamed "Terrace Heights" after the residents had grown adjusted enough to remember and recall their sense of humor.

I suppose our hardships were slight compared to those of others. Dad had been taken by the FBI on Dec. 7th and interned indefinitely at Missoula, Montana. How small the U.S. grew as our hearts and minds travelled to Dad in Montana and to friends who had voluntarily evacuated outside of the military areas....There we were, three women... left to pack and clean a house in which they had lived for over fifteen years.....to pack and clear out by a deadline set by the unyielding army. At times it seemed an impossible task, and the days and nights seemed all too short. I felt as though a noose around our necks was growing tighter and tighter as the deadline drew near.....Yes, our burdens were lighter, for there were others who were leaving homes and businesses which they had built for thirty or perhaps forty years with untiring and patient hands. We left behind only memories of the only home we had and loved, but others...others were leaving behind a life time of work...their life, their savings, their hearts and souls.

I can never forget my first meal at Tanforan. Somehow we had missed out on lunch, so we anxiously awaited dinner. All meals were served to everyone (about 5000 or so) in the Main Mess Hall underneath the grand stand. We walked about a quarter of a mile through the unpaved, and slushy mud roads to the Main Mess Hall only to find several horribly long lines of people waiting to enter, a dish and a fork or two clutched in their hands. We took our place near the end of the winding line and went through one of the saddest experiences of our lives. The wind blew with all its fury, carrying dust and waste in its wake, as the line slowly wound its way into the hall. T

The cement floor was wet, either from scrubbing or from the over-flowing tubs of water--I didn't try to determine which it was. Being a basement, it was terribly dark and dismal and rows and rows of little tables were placed through-out the entire room, jammed with people, sitting at small round tables. We sat at one of the tables and passed

of little tables were placed throughout the entire room, each jammed with hungry, dirty, and tired people. We held out our plates as we passed by the serving counter, and a potato, canned weenies, bread etc. was thrown on out plates grabbed by the cooks' hands out of a huge dish pan full of food. It was a terrible sensation. We searched the tables for an empty space and sat down amidst babies, old men, and a myriad strange faces. The food wouldn't go down....as it didn't for the next day or two. They say human beings aren't happy unless they are complaining... perhaps that was the reason... perhaps it was the endless series of canned food, beans, hash that resembled canned dog food, potato, butterless bread and tea. I remember longing for fresh vegetables, fruits, and milk. I remember too the many hungry nights and days we spent when even a dried prune tasted like a feast, and toast and coffee made on the little electric stove at home was nectar from Heaven! But enough of the tears and sadness of the first dismal day.

I cannot omit a description of the latrines which seemed so vile to us. (Incidentally this was a new word to many Issei) Most of the latrines were incomplete upon our arrival...I cannot remember where we travelled those first few days to wash up. We had to live like slum dwellers. I had to take my first shower on the other side of the camp, the only place I could find any hot water. We had to learn how to swallow any pride or modesty we possessed...doors simply did not exist in our new mode of life. They were omitted in the latrine in the shower room, everywhere. Just as it was at "home", in the stalls, our life was our neighbors' life.

Because hot water toilet paper etc. arrived only in spurts, these were snatched up at every opportunity. People began to fight for, and grab whatever they needed. Because things did not belong to them, people would not care how they handled them...Toilets were soiled and overflowing, the long tin sink in the wash room was not sanitary for women laundered everything from clothes to bed pans in them for their were all kinds of people here. It made me feel sick in the stomach... and yet what could they do, there was no other place for them as the laundry was still incomplete....In time however, this situation was remedied by signs educating the people and by the appointing of a janitor. Showers too were installed...first unadjustable type which showered water at the pull of a chain...scalding at times, cold at others. Later, much later, adjustable showers, and additional latrines were built. These had to come, for we could not bear conditions as they existed, only 8 toilets and 8 showers to accomodate several hundred people.

Then there were the laundries--in use from the day of our arrival. I have never seen such fiends for cleanliness as the Japanese. During the early weeks of congestion, we actually had to wait in line for one coveted tub. The crudity of pioneer life was there...washing machines were a luxury of the life we had left behind...it was back-breaking hand scrubbing for us from there on. Too often the hot water, and often even the cold, would fail us, and then we would scurry back and forth between the wash room and the laundry carrying buckets of hot water in both hands. After a big wash we could only fall exhausted into a chair.

In time, the smiles began to return to the faces of the people at Tanforan. Those sun-burned and wind burned faces...lashed by winds cold and strong enough to fling open the clumsy doors to our stalls. True, there were many who thought this new adventure a lark, a chance for fun and frolic...but there were others, others who could not help but think, and wonder where all this would lead to.

As I think back now, I cannot remember how or when the improvements came in. They were gradual to be sure, and slow to the point of despair. Recreation halls sprang to the rescue, and Rec leaders initiated a program which grew to such an extent as to include every thing from dances, talent shows, handicraft, sports of every kind,... baseball and footvall leagues, sumo, and boxing tournaments, adult issei entertainment, culminating in a grand Mardi Gras, which included seven hobby shows, a carnival, a parade, and a ball. Yes, the morale grew higher by leaps and bounds.

A little Theatre was even created, the high light of its career being a close to professional performance of the "Life and Works of Stephen Foster". Being a member of the choir, I can remember nights of repeated rehearsal, but rememver mostly the feeling of satisfaction and happiness as the applause died down after the last curtain. It was during moments such as these that we forgot that we were at Tanforan

An educational system was also instituted, and teachers were recruited from the group of willing helpers. Nursery School under Kay and Grace came first...grammar schools came next, and I found myself enthralled in the work of teaching second graders..twenty-three of them. High school followed and then came Jr. High and Adult Education. These had to be, for the children were beginning to run wild after a month of such strange surroundings and this new "freedom"...a freedom behind barbed wire.

An Art School sprang up, eventually growing to an enrollment of 600. There was a music school with soaring talents and bi-monthly concerts, Town Hall forums, weekly recorded concerts, choirs, etc... These things brightened the camp life at Tanforan. To be sure, it became a little city of its own, with three churches (Protestant, Catholic, and Buddhist), a Canteen which never carried any goods worth buying, a post office, schools, and towards the end, a laundry and cleaner service, and movies, even though they were several years old. The roads too became paved after a fashion, and little gardens began to flourish around the barracks and stalls tended by the patient hands of the residents. The n.w. corner of Tanforan which once sheltered a battered junk heap became a Kaleidoscope of colorful flowers, while

The food situation too had improved, and the inner man was able to attain the satisfaction he desired. Smaller mess halls catering to groups of 500 or 600 opened through out the Camp....each doing its utmost to please its diners. We were blessed by one which succeeded in doing just that. Cooks & helpers often worked late into the night to watch our grateful smiles over doughnuts the next morning, or apple turnovers at noon, or perhaps biscuits for dinner. We collected a small sum to be presented to the kitchen help in gratitude, only to find it converted into uniforms for the waitresses, flowers for the tables, and the 2nd time, into huge layer cakes (enough for 2 meals). It was such willing cooperation and the spirit of helpfulness which gave us encouragement and which aroused in us deep admiration which we shall not forget.

• the pieces of junk were filed, hammered & coaxed into ingenious stands or cigarette holders — all proudly displayed at the hobby show.

In spite of all this, there were times when we became discouraged and began to lose faith. There was the rumpus of election, the election for a council which never had the chance to function....There were the many unfulfilled promises...The FBI search of each room, and later before we left, the day-long army inspection and search of rooms....The order to turn in all Japanese literature, records, sugar, etc...The roll call which was instigated, and which compelled us to stay in our rooms at 6:45 A.M. and 6:30 PM for a head count.....and of course the many rumors...these especially towards the end, when we didn't know when or where we were to be relocated....when rumors of splitting our camp flew thick and fast.**

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Property 34-11

Block 7 Barr. 2 Apt. C
Topaz
Delta, Utah

Dear Marian and Emily:

Please excuse our typing and our sending this together to the two of you! We are now in our relocation center in Utah so thought we would send you a short picture of our trip.

On Sept. 16th, our area was assigned to leave Tanforan for Delta, Utah so we spent a very hectic day what with baggage inspection and last minute packing. We were told to eat supper by 4:00 P.M. so we stood in line at the Main Mess Hall from 3:30. (Our smaller mess hall closed three days prior to our departure) We scarcely knew what we were eating and ran back to our barrack to be at the point of departure by 5:00. We were all herded into a wire fence enclosure, our baggage inspected, then were told to wait with our group inside the improvised waiting room. We were squeezed into alphabetical order and asked not to leave the room, so we couldn't see all our friends who had dashed down to peer through the fence to see us off. We were in Group IV of the twelve groups who were leaving so we were put on the train in less than half an hour. Each time we moved, and as we walked to the train, we were counted off---just like cattle. We looked back for a last glimpse of our friends, but all we could see was a sea of faces jammed against the wire fence. We walked thru' a row of M. P.'s and there we were, on the train. By 7:00 pm the train had slowly begun to crawl along and all necks craned for their last glimpse of Tanforan. There were men, women and children standing on every porch or roof from which they might see the train, all waving and shouting frantically. We'll never forget the last group who stood on the roof holding a big sign which read "so long for a while -- Utah bound."

The train ride was a very pleasant one, altho' the seats (one of those old straight backed affairs) were terribly hard. They even managed to find one so old that gas lights were used. We all slept fairly well the first night, but the second night the seats seemed to have gotten extraordinarily hard, and we began to feel numb in several spots --- one in particular! We can never forget the delicious food served to us on the diner --especially the coffee--even tho' everything was in paper plates. It felt so good to have a linen table cloth, nice silver, and actual table and chairs. It was a tremendous task to feed 500 people on two diners, and altho' we were fortunate enough to eat on the first shift at 7:00 am, some people breakfasted at 10:00. Oh yes, we got a glimpse of the good old Bay Bridge from a crack at the side of the blinds which had to be drawn from sunset to sunrise. It was gone sweet home for five short minutes and then it was gone. We really drank in every bit of scenery we had missed for 5 months---homes, gardens, trees, stores--it even seemed strange to see blonde-haired children, for we had gotten so accustomed to the little black haired tots. At 11:00 the next morning we were told the train would stop and we were all able to take a ½ hour airing in the middle of the desert, with M.P.'s guarding us. Then we were given one hour for "visiting", and we were able to go to other cars to see our friends. We had another "visiting hour" later in the day so we inspected all twelve cars and spotted all the familiar faces in each.

Dawn was just breaking over the desert as we had breakfast at 6:00 the next morning. Everything looked so peaceful, it seemed like a dream that we were on our way with 1000 others to a War Relocation Center.

The Utah scenery didn't look too bad, and we all waited for Delta with some optimism. We finally arrived in Delta around 10:00 a.m. and were greeted by a pleasant looking man who brought us the first issue of the "Topaz Times" (we are sending you a copy) and a sheet of general information. We again sat in order and were counted out into buses which waited not more than two steps away from the train exit. As we rode along in the bus, all eyes were craned for the first glimpse of our future home. There were trees and pleasant little farms and fields along the road so we thought, well this won't be so bad. Suddenly, after a ride of about 30 minutes, all vegetation stopped....no tree, no grass, no bushes, nothing... just desert sand, and there in the midst of the most barren spot was our camp. We thought, so this is Topaz, Mr. Davis' (Tanforan Director) "Shangri-La". Rows and rows of black barracks in the midst of nowhere, standing sullenly in a pool of chalky, dusty sand. We couldn't believe that this was it, but the bus turned in and we began to hear drums and bugles.... it was a group of "our boys" marching in the midst of the flying dust, holding signs of "Welcome to Topaz, your home". It brought a lump into the throats of us all. As the bus slowed down we saw familiar faces of our friends standing in little huddles, their hair and face covered with white dust..It really made us want to cry.

Our friends helped us get settled and the major part of the first day was spent in catching up on our lost sleep. All facilities here are much better than at Tanforan, as is the food. The only trouble is, that just as it was when we first reached Tanfo., nothing is ready for us. We are promised double walls, closets, and a stove in each room, but as yet they do not exist and we do not know when they will come for they are even short of barracks to house those who are coming in daily. Perhaps in 6 months or a year this camp will become livable. The temperature fluctuates so greatly that in the early morning it is as cold as 30 degree, while in the afternoon, it shoots up to 95. We have to change completely twice a day. The heat is dry however, ~~so~~ so it really isn't too bad.

The one consolation to the whole thing is the wonderful administration. They are all top notchers in the field of social work, (no third rate WPA politicians like Tanforan) and seem to be very nice people. Mr. Ernst, the director, talks to each group of new comers on the eve of their arrival, and is so encouraging and understanding. We already call him Pop Ernst, so you can see how close the relationships will be. Someday we are hoping to have a beautiful city here and we think the people here, if anybody, could make this spot beautiful..They are such patient, persevering people.

We haven't done much as yet since most of our time has been spent in getting settled. We just got back from a walk to the nearby Artesian well to get some drinking water. It was so quiet and peaceful and the mountains in the distance looked beautiful.

This letter is getting much too lengthy....
Our best wishes to you all.

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It had rained the day before, so avoiding the mud puddles, and stepping gingerly through the wet track, a guide took us to

Barrack 16 Room 40...our home for five months. I couldn't imagine how any human beings could live in the little dark hole which I saw before me as I opened the door. Three unfolded beds lay on the floor, which incidentally was covered with dust.. Otherwise the room was absolutely barren. The walls and ceiling had been white-washed..very hurriedly..for the paint had been sprayed right over cob webs, insects, and the light globe. I glanced around the little ten by twenty stall and tried to visualize the nag which perhaps once inhabited it. There was no doubt that one had once lived there, for the door which divided the room into two ten foot square rooms was shaggy around the edges with teeth marks. The partitions which separated one stall from the next did not meet the the ceiling...it lacked about a foot. And through those spaces between the stalls travelled some of the most interesting sounds and conversations which I, and no doubt everyone else, had ever heard. Through those spaces too, travelled the sound of crying babies early in the morning, and the din of blaring radios late in the night. For the five months we lived there, our lives, our joys, our tears, or our hates were not ours alone, our neighbors shared every thought and word. "You must have been one big happy family" someone said to me....but I longed for even one moment of privacy.

In our little stalls were two windows, each about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. These were installed high in the front of the room on either side of the door...too high for me to look out. Our barrack faced the north, and consequently got no sun all day long, getting the cold north wind whenever it blew down from its cold misty heights. Being about eight feet off the ground, our barrack was nicknamed "Terrace Heights" after the residents had grown adjusted enough to remember and recall their sense of humor.

I suppose our hardships were slight compared to those of others. Dad had been taken by the FBI on Dec. 7th and interned indefinitely at Missoula, Montana. How small the U.S. grew as our hearts and minds travelled to Dad in Montana and to friends who had voluntarily evacuated outside of the military areas....There we were, three women....left to pack and clean a house in which they had lived for over fifteen years.....to pack and clear out by a deadline set by the unyielding army. At times it seemed an impossible task, and the days and nights seemed all too short. I felt as though a noose around our necks was growing tighter and tighter as the deadline drew near.....Yes, our burdens were lighter, for there were others who were leaving homes and businesses which they had built for thirty or perhaps forty years with untiring and patient hands. We left behind only memories of the only home we had and loved, but others..others were leaving behind a life time of work...their life, their savings, their hearts and souls.

I can never forget my first meal at Tanforan. Somehow we had missed out on lunch, so we anxiously awaited dinner. All meals were served to everyone (about 5000 or so) in the Main Mess Hall underneath the grand stand. We walked about a quarter of a mile through the unpaved, and slushy mud roads to the Main Mess Hall only to find several horribly long lines of people waiting to enter, a dish and a fork or two clutched in their hands. We took our place near the end of the winding line and went through one of the maddest experiences of our lives. The wind blew with all its fury, carrying dust and waste in its wake, as the line slowly wound its way into the hall. T

The cement floor was wet, either from scrubbing or from the over-flowing tubs of water--I didn't try to determine which it was. Being a basement, it was terribly dark and dismal and rows and rows of little tables were placed through-out the entire room, jammed with hundreds of tired people. We held out our plates as we passed and the line moved forward. The tables were covered with a white cloth and had a small white bowl of water and a small white bowl of sugar on each table. The tables were covered with a white cloth and had a small white bowl of water and a small white bowl of sugar on each table.

of little tables were placed throughout the entire room, each jammed with hungry, dirty, and tired people. We held out our plates as we passed by the serving counter, and a potato, canned weenies, bread etc. was thrown on our plates grabbed by the cooks' hands out of a huge dish pan full of food. It was a terrible sensation. We searched the tables for an empty space and sat down amidst babies, old men, and a myriad strange faces. The food wouldn't go down....as it didn't for the next day or two. They say human beings aren't happy unless they are complaining... perhaps that was the reason... perhaps it was the endless series of canned food, beans, hash that resembled canned dog food, potato, butterless bread and tea. I remember longing for fresh vegetables, fruits, and milk. I remember too the many hungry nights and days we spent when even a dried prune tasted like a feast, and toast and coffee made on the little electric stove at home was nectar from Heaven! But enough of the tears and sadness of the first dismal day.

I cannot omit a description of the latrines which seemed so vile to us. (Incidentally this was a new word to many Issei) Most of the latrines were incomplete upon our arrival...I cannot remember where we travelled those first few days to wash up. We had to live like slum dwellers. I had to take my first shower on the other side of the camp, the only place I could find any hot water. We had to learn how to swallow any pride or modesty we possessed...doors simply did not exist in our new mode of life. They were omitted in the latrine in the shower room, everywhere. Just as it was at "home", in the stalls, our life was our neighbors' life.

Because hot water toilet paper etc. arrived only in spurts, these were snatched up at every opportunity. People began to fight for, and grab whatever they needed. Because things did not belong to them, people would not care how they handled them...Toilets were soiled and overflowing, the long tin sink in the wash room was not sanitary for women laundered everything from clothes to bed pans in them for there were all kinds of people here. It made me feel sick in the stomach... and yet what could they do, there was no other place for them as the laundry was still incomplete....In time however, this situation was remedied by signs educating the people and by the appointing of a janitor. Showers too were installed...first unadjustable type which showered water at the pull of a chain...scalding at times, cold at others. Later, much later, adjustable showers, and additional latrines were built. These had to come, for we could not bear conditions as they existed, only 8 toilets and 8 showers to accommodate several hundred people.

Then there were the laundries--in use from the day of our arrival. I have never seen such fiends for cleanliness as the Japanese. During the early weeks of congestion, we actually had to wait in line for one coveted tub. The crudity of pioneer life was there...washing machines were a luxury of the life we had left behind...it was back-breaking hand scrubbing for us from there on. Too often the hot water, and often even the cold, would fail us, and then we would scurry back and forth between the wash room and the laundry carrying buckets of hot water in both hands. After a big wash we could only fall exhausted into a chair.

In time, the smiles began to return to the faces of the people at Tanforan. Those sun-burned and wind burned faces...lashed by winds cold and strong enough to fling open the clumsy doors to our stalls. True, there were many who thought this new adventure a lark, a chance for fun and frolic...but there were others, others who could not help but think, and wonder where all this would lead to.

As I think back now, I cannot remember how or when the improvements came in. They were gradual to be sure, and slow to the point of despair. Recreation halls sprang to the rescue, and Rec leaders initiated a program which grew to such an extent as to include every thing from dances, talent shows, handicraft, sports of every kind,... baseball and footvall leagues, sumo, and boxing tournaments, adult issei entertainment, culminating in a grand Mardi Gras, which included seven hobby shows, a carnival, a parade, and a ball. Yes, the marale grew higher by leaps and bounds.

A little Theatre was even created, the high light of its career being a close to professional performance of the "Life and Works of Stephen Foster". Being a member of the choir, I can remember nights of repeated rehearsal, but rememver mostly the feeling of satisfaction and happiness as the applause died down after the last curtain. It was during moments such as these that we forgot that we were at Tanforan

An educational system was also instituted, and teachers were recruited from the group of willing helpers. Nursery School under Kay and Grace came first...grammar schools came next, and I found myself enthralled in the work of teaching second graders..twenty-three of them. High school followed and then came Jr. High and Adult Ecucation. These had to be, for the children were beginning to run wild after a month of such strange surroundings and this new "freedom"...a freedom behind barbed wire.

An Art School sprang up, eventually growing to an enrollment of 600. There was a music school with soaring talents and bi-monthly concerts, Town Hall forums, weekly recorded concerts, choirs, etc... These things brightened the camp life at Tanforan. To be sure, it became a little city of its own, with three churches (Protestant, Catholic, and Buddhist), a Canteen which never carried any goods worth buying, a post office, schools, and towards the end, a laundry and cleaner service, and movies, even though they were several years old. The roads too became paved after a fashion, and little gardens began to flourish around the barracks and stalls tended by the patient hands of the residents. The n.w. corner of Tanforan which once sheltered a battered junk heap - became a Calceidascpe of colorful flowers - while

The food situation too had improved, and the inner man was able to attain the satisfaction he desired. Smaller mess halls catering to groups of 500 or 600 opened through out the Camp....each doing its utmost to please its diners. We were blessed by one which succeeded in doing just that. Cooks & helpers often worked late into the night to watch our grateful smiles over doughnuts the next moring, or apple turnovers at noon, or perhaps biscuits for dinner. We collected a small sum to be presented to the kitchen help in gratitude, only to find it converted into uniforms for the waitresses, flowers for the tables, and the 2nd time, into huge layer cakes (enough for 2 meals). It was such willing cooperation and the spirit of helpfulness which gave us encouragemnt and which aroused in us deep admiration which we shall not forget.

the pieces of junk were hammered filed & coaxed into ingenious stands & cigarette holders or what have you - all proudly displayed at the hobby show!

In spite of all this, there were times when we became discouraged and began to lose faith. There was the rumpus of election, the election for a council which never had the chance to function....There were the many unfulfilled promises...The FBI search of each room, and later before we left, the day-long army inspection and search of rooms....The order to turn in all Japanese literature, records, sugar, etc....The roll call which was instigated, and which compelled us to stay in our rooms at 6:45 A.M. and 6:30 PM for a head count.....and of course the many rumors...these especially towards the end, when we didn't know when or where we were to be relocated....when rumors of splitting our camp flew thick and fast.**

And yet there was the good side....The many good times we had with our friends, perhaps just talking, or over a cup of coffee, or at a waffle party, when food we longed for and never received was sparingly brought out in a "blow-out". Too, there were the dances, the Departmental parties and good times. How can I ever forget the delicious "Chow Mein" dinner our teaching staff held before we left.....As life went on as usual and every one began to feel settled, to feel fairly happy. There were engagement showers, weddings, births, and deaths.. As life went on, on and on...even in horse stalls!

For a month or two, I had almost become content, but soon the discontent began to grow. We were to move inland to our Relocation Center. What of the future????? The future was dark and without much hope...

Our last days in Tanforan were spent in a flurry of packing, of going again to the Main Mess Hall after our smaller hall had closed down, of trying to drink in the last of California sunshine, and air, of waiting for the inspector to go through our luggage, and of farewells to our many fine Caucasian friends who were willing to undergo hours of waiting in a long line in the hot sun to be given a permit by an idiotic man who issued one in five or ten minutes.##

It was on to Utah, and farewell to California....farewell to the only home I had ever known.....

We are at Topaz as I write these recollections.. I need not write them down, for they have been stamped indelibly in my mind.....but the mind fails, and someday...sometime...some other may want to read this.. these notes of an event which has never before happened in the history of this country, and which I hope cannot and will not ever happen again to any other group of people..... As I write, the dust flies thick and stifflingly out doors and our room is stuffy with heat. What lies ahead of us no one knows. Perhaps here, as at Tanforan, the patient and persevering hands of the Japanese people will again create a beautiful city....but I,.....I am weary of camp, the desert, the dust and the heat!!!!..... Words of faith and hope I cannot sincerely find in my heart....And yet, we alone of the world are not suffering....We are but a few of millions....We must wait with patience and faith....wait with the world, with hope and with a prayer for a lasting peace; a just and eternal peace, which must come, and come soon.....

** Then there were the moments when we forgot to be ignorant and stupid....when we forgot to act like a herd of cattle and began to think... There was the Elementary school exercises on Flag Day.. Hundreds of eager, shining faces uplifted toward the American Flag, thier voices repeating the Pledge of Allegiance...."One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all".....It brought a lump into the throats of many a parent, and many of us who watched.....How could we keep from thinking.....from becoming bitter at times???

These were our true friends who kept within us the spark of faith. I was their warm handclasps, their understanding, their cheerful smiles, thair sincere words, which we shall never forget. There was Mrs. S. who brought us cakes, cookies, and any sort of shopping, every week end....There were many others...all busy people...with church work, with University work, with teaching, or with many tasks, coming from miles away to visit us for a short hour or two. These friends brought to us the true friendships which even war and barbed wire fences could not hold back.

There were those days of illness spent in the dark windowless rear portion of our stall. As my eyes swept the room they met eyesores, obstacles, clothes, books, suit cases....the belongings of four people crammed into every available nook and cranny.....There was the day the Commencement Exercises took place at the University of California,The commencement to which I had so looked forward for four long years. It was held at Berkeley, only 30 miles or so away....and yet it might just as well have been 30,000 miles away. I attended my graduation via the press, reading copiously the words which I might have heard in person. My diploma was handed to me not by President Sproul as I had pictured it, but by the indifferent Tanforan mail man. The gift from the family, a beautiful Cal Sr. ring, the only ray of cheer on my dismal graduation day.....

Block 7 Barr 2 Apt C
Topaz, Utah
September, 1942

On Sept. 16th, our area was assigned to leave Tanforan for Delta, Utah so we spent a very hectic day what with baggage inspection and last minute packing. We were told to eat supper by 4:00 PM so we stood in line at the Main Mess Hall from 3:30. (Our smaller mess hall closed three days prior to our departure). We scarcely knew what we were eating and ran back to our barrack to be at the point of departure by 5:00. We were all herded into a wire fence enclosure, our baggage inspected, then were told to wait with our group inside the improvised waiting room. We were squeezed into alphabetical order and asked not to leave the room, so we couldn't see all our friends who had dashed down to peer through the fence to see us off. We were in Group IV of the twelve groups who were leaving so we were put on the train in less than half an hour. Each time we moved, and as we walked to the train, we were counted off---just like cattle. We looked back for a last glimpse of our friends, but all we could see was a sea of faces jammed against the wire fence. We walked thru' a row of M.P.s and there we were, on the train. By 7:00 PM the train had slowly begun to crawl along and all necks craned for their last glimpse of Tanforan. There were men, women and children standing on every porch or roof from which they might see the train, all waving and shouting frantically. We'll never forget the last group who stood on the roof holding a big sign which read "So long for a while---Uah bound'."

The train ride was a very pleasant one, altho' the seats (one of those old straight backed affairs) were terribly hard. The even managed to find one so old that gas lights were used. We all slept fairly well the first night, but the second night the seats seemed to have gotten extraordinarily hard, and we began to feel numb in several spots--one in particular! We can never forget the delicious food served to us on the diner---especially the coffee---even tho' everything was in paper plates. It felt so good to have a linen table cloth, nice silver, and actual table and chairs. It was a tremendous task to feed 500 people on two dinners, and altho' we were fortunate enough to eat on the first shift at 7:00 AM, one people breakfasted at 10:00. By the way, we got a glimpse of the gold old By Bridge from a crack at the side of the blinds which had to be drawn from sunset to sunrise. It was home sweet home for five short minutes and then it was gone. We really drank in every bit of scenery we had missed for 5 months---homes, gardens, trees, stores---it even seemed strange to see blonde-haired children, for we had gotten so accustomed to the little black haired tots. At 11:00 the next morning, we were told the train would stop and we were all able to take a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour airing in the middle of the desert, with MPs guarding us. Then we were given one hour for "visiting", and we were able to go to other cars to see our friends. We had another "visiting hour" later in the day so we inspected all twelve cars and spotted all the familiar faces in each.

Dawn was just breaking over the desert as we had breakfast at 6:00 the next morning. Everything looked so peaceful, it seemed like a dream that we were on our way with 1000s of others to a WRA Center.

"a bit of ^{the} sun in the apple
a bit of the moon in the rose,"
a bit of Heaven in Topaz
Here at Yo's ^{21st} birthday!

Best of luck for the next 21 yrs
and the some ~

Sue Kanemaru.

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Topaz, Utah
September, 1942

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The train ride was a very pleasant one, altho' the seats (one of those old straight backed affairs) were terribly hard. They even managed to find one so old that its lights were used. We all slept fairly well the first night, but the second night the seats seemed to have gotten extraordinarily hard, and we began to feel numb in several spots--one in particular! We can never forget the delicious food served to us on the diner---especially the coffee---even tho' everything was in paper plates. It felt so good to have a linen table cloth, nice silver, and actual table and chairs. It was a tremendous task to feed 500 people on two dinners, and altho' we were fortunate enough to eat on the first shift at 7:00 AM, some people breakfasted at 10:00. By the way, we got a glimpse of the good old By Bridge from a crack at the side of the blinds which had to be drawn from sunset to sunrise. It was home sweet home for five short minutes and then it was gone. We really drank in every bit of scenery we had missed for 5 months---homes, gardens, trees, stores---it even seemed strange to see blonde-haired children, for we had gotten so accustomed to the little black haired tots. At 11:00 the next morning, we were told the train would stop and we were all able to take a 1/2 hour airing in the middle of the desert, with MPs guarding us. Then we were given one hour for "visiting", and we were able to go to other cars to see our friends. We had another "visiting hour" later in the day so we inspected all twelve cars and spotted all the familiar faces in each.

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The Utah scenery didn't look too bad, and we all waited for Delta with some optimism. We finally arrived in Delta around 10:00 AM and were greeted by a pleasant looking man who brought us the first issue of the "Topaz Times" and a sheet of general information. We again sat in order and were counted out into buses which waited not more than two steps away from the train exit. As we rode along in the bus, all eyes were cast for the first glimpse of our future home. There were trees and pleasant little farms and fields along the road so we thought well this won't be so bad. Suddenly, after a ride of about 30 minutes, all vegetation stopped....no trees, no grass, no bushes, nothing.... just desert sand, and there in the midst of the most barren spot was our camp. We thought, so this is Topaz, Mr. Davis' (Tanforan Director) "Shangri-La". Rows and rows of black barracks in the midst of nowhere, standing sullenly in a pool of chalky, dusty sand. We couldn't believe that this was it, but the bus turned in and we began to hear drums and bugles...it was a group of "our boys" marching in the midst of the flying dust, holding signs of "Welcome to Topaz, your home". It brought a lump into the throats of us all. As the bus slowed down, we saw familiar faces of our friends standing in little huddles, their hair and face covered with white dust....It really made us want to cry.

Our friends helped us get settled and the major part of the first day was spent in catching up on our lost sleep. All facilities here are much better than at Tanforan, as is the food. The only trouble is, that just as it was when we first reached Tanfo., nothing is ready for us. We are promised double walls, closets, and a stove in each room, but as yet they do not exist and we do not know when they will come for they are even short of barracks to house those who are coming in daily. Perhaps in 6 months or a year this camp will become livable. The temperature fluctuates so greatly that in the early morning it is as cold as 30 deg. while in the afternoon, it shoots up to 95. We have to change completely twice a day. The heat is dry however, so it really isn't too bad.

The one consolation to the whole thing is the wonderful administration. They are all top notchers in the field of social work, (no 3rd rate WPA politicians like Tanforan) and seem to be very nice people. Mr. Ernst, the director., talks to each group of new comers on the eve of their arrival, and is so encouraging and understanding.

Someday we are hoping to have a beautiful city here and we think the people here, if anybody, could make this spot beautiful...They are subpatient and persevering people.

We haven't done much as yet since most of our time has been spent in getting settled. We just got back from a walk to the nearby Artesian well to get some drinking water. It was so quiet and peaceful and the mountains in the distance looked beautiful..

Block 7 Bldg. 2 Apt. C
Topaz, Delta, Utah
September 28, 1942

I must record ^{this} today...a most vivid and eventful one. Not eventful in that any one outside of Topaz would know about it or hear about it...the happenings of today will never enter the annals of history nor the columns of a newspaper...no, no one outside of Topaz on September 28, 1942 would know or care.....But in Topaz today, in the hearts of the thousands of black-haired, slant eyed "Japs", the events and happenings of September 28 will never be forgotten...N the blinding and suffocating dust whirled pitilessly against ~~every~~ any soul foolhardy enough to venture out, the ~~silence~~-fine white dust which sifted mercilessly through every small crack in the hastily constructed barracks, the hot wind which blew the white dust in every direction, into every nook and cranny, hiding barracks not more than 25 feetaway from view....no, even those "damned Japs" can never forget a day like this.

I set out for the canteen about 1:00, already the wind was madly blowing dust into clouds of white powder....The canteen provided temporary shelter, and there I decided to give up my plans to see Dr. Bine the educ'l head...To relay this decision to Shizu, I plodded thru' the unfinished dirt road, sinking about 3 inches deep in the fine white dust as I walked along. Byt the time I arrived at Block 10--I could scarcely see 10 feet ahead, the dust was like a curtain of sand..... Shizu's little room was cloudy with dust...we went to the laundry room for a little comfort but like the others there, didn't find it much better. I thought then, that I had better try to run for home before the storm grew any worse, for I had visions of myself stranded five blocks from home till dark. As I ran home, in spurts, when the dust alleviated a bit, I felt just as I did when I was caught in a black out at home. Not a soul was out in the hell of the storm..the streets were deseted and clouded with dust.....dust which no eye however strong, could pierce or penetrate...dust which blew into your eyes, your nose and your mouth till you wanted to scream!

I breathed a sigh of relief as I sighted Block Seven..and ran into our room. The air was hot and heavy with the dust which had bloown in from the cracks at the ceiling, the cracks at the windows, the cracks on the floorr Everything in the room was coated with layers of dust... Someone had fingered the outlines of my name on the cover of the black typewriter...the letters stood forlornly black in the whitemess of the dust covered case.

Sue, who works in the Administration Bldg tells me several of the Caucasian workers are going to quit...leave...for good! "It's a shame you kids can't quit and leave" they said. Yes,,it is a shame isn't it....It is a shame that the old must die in this forlorn desert, that the young must come into ~~to~~ this world thinking that Topaz is the only kind of world there is, that hundreds of youngsters must see College educations melt and disappear before their eyes, that young ~~girls~~ women and young men must grow old and embittered before their time.... but this is war, and war is hell. What can we do but bear the heatand the dust and wait....wait.....

ON TO UTAH !

Wednesday, September 16, 1942:

Baggage inspection etc ...all day. Dinner at 4:00 P.M. (Really only 3:00) 6t in line at Main Mess from 3:30...shovelled down some sugary stuff they called Pakkai, with no salt, and dashed hom e. With the help of Adachis, Chiye etc we were loaded to the gills with miscellaneous baggage...last minute stuff madly squeezed into knitting bags... and boom we were insid the fence, barely able to wālk what with blankets, pillows etc to carry. These were examined and thrown thru' a window too be picked u p later. We went into the laundry room jammed with people and squeezed our selves down in alphabetical order..Gee, what a feeling! Craned to see some kids I knew, but alas they were still at dinner (Smart of them to make us leave at dinner time when no one can come down) I could just see Nob and Yas's head when I stood on the bech and looked but the window. Before long, Groups I and II were going out already...lots of bewild red looking mothers carrying their children an separated from their husbands, invalids, cripples...on to the pullman. Boupe III and now IV were counted out next, and we dragged our junk on the train. Looked back for a last look, but all I could see was a sea of faces jammed against the fence. We were off by 7:00 P.M. as they loaded us pretty quikkly. People were on all the roof tops as e chugged by good old Tanforan. I'll never forget the sweet kids in Barrack 5. Tjey were standing all over the roof and porch waving and shouting with a big sign on the roof saying "so long for a while-- Utah Bound"...It really was heart warming.

Once the train got going, we drank in every bit of the scenery we'd missed for four onths.. homes, gardens, stores, trees,Stayed up till we passed Oakland and then saw the Bay Bridge and its twinkling lights...home sweet home for five short minutes and then it was gone.

Night on the train.....a hard, hard seat....began to feel numb in severāl spots...ONE in particular. Turned and squirmed, but slept straight from 11:00 till 6:30...our toilet was filthy...No one got car sick thank goodness.

Breakfast at 7:00.. Super mush, super coffee, real thick cream, scrambled eggs, pork sausages, bread and butter and smiling waiters. We went on the first shift luckily. T'was so nice....scenery's so beautiful...I hate to see it whiz by so quickly.

9:10: We're in Nevada.. Past Reno...Hills and sage brush... Car Capt passes out lemons and oranges from Uncle Sam.

11:00-11:30...Time out! The train pulled to a stop in the midst of a deserted sage brush waste-land and e we got to take an airing for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. There was a swell breeze, so it felt so good. There was a fence about 30' out and the guards stationed themselves all along it while we all piled out, visited, picked up stones, and ran around. Visiting hour from 1-2 and from 4-5.

Feeding 500 people on 2 dāiners is no joke. Our car finally got to lunch at 1:30--the poor people in gps 5 & 6/ The spic'n span white table cloth and the nice heavy silver felt so good altho' the plates and cups wee paper. We took a collection for the waiters on the diner. Menu: weenies and sauer krout, beets, rice, fruit juice, coffee andcookies.

DECEMBER 7, 1942

WAR !!

JAPAN ATTACKS HAWAII !!!

"a war in every generation" -
alas - those words are only too
true - only it's now become a
matter of how many wars per
generation.

Dec. 7, 1941, dawned just
as any other peaceful sunny
Sunday - but dark war clouds
were lowering over the Pacific
unknown + so unexpected to any
of us. We came home from a
normal church service - turned
on the radio and FLASH -
"Japan attacks Pearl Harbor" -
I had refused to believe it -
+ even after several flashes -
we couldn't believe it was true.

With finals coming up on
Tue + Wed - I trudged off to school
thinking, the attack was some
prank or trick of the Reich or
the militarists which would be
wound out easily. At school
as we studied, students
gathered in tense groups discussing
the unbelievable - which had
actually occurred, ~~on the~~ headline

5 inches high - came from street corners onto library tables - & still it seemed like a rite-mare!

War struck close to home when Kay called for me & told me that F.B.I. men had come to search the house & had taken Daddy with them for questioning. What an awful empty feeling that was - I'll never forget it! - Guards had surrounded S.F.'s Rhonmachi, people seemed to peer at you as you walked down the street - the atmosphere was tense & really frightening. Already tales of vandalism began to trickle thru'. We left the lite on till 2:00 A.M. thinking Dad mite come home - one F.B.I. man stayed at the house until 11:00 P.M., but they were all nice.

— But we certainly didn't even dream then - That Dad wouldn't be home that nite & for many nites to come! - Good, none of us could sleep that nite - it still all seemed like a horrible rite-mare from which we'd awaken. - Oh, if it only were.

The next few days were a night-mare of fñals, wondering where Dad was, feeling just sick over the whole thing. War just spread so much tears-sing -

I can't see why. countries can't settle their differences peacefully - it's all so futile & so silly.

In a day or two we heard that Dad was at The U.S. Immigration Bureau in S.F. & that we could write & go see him. Things were better, we thought, - & I waded thru' a few more finals. We sent over a change of clothes to Pop & Ray. Mom went to see him Friday. -

My last final was on Tues. the 16th - I don't see how I stood it till then - on Fri. I even got caught in the first Berkeley black out for over $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs on my way home from school & after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs in the street car - I ran to Gloria's.

Golly, I never was so scared, as I ran thru' the pitch black streets. - I was so relieved I had to cry when I got home!

Finally got over to see Dad on Wed. - I was so happy to think I could see him after over a week! But - oh - was it awful. we saw him only for about 5 minutes only to learn he and about 100 new were to be transferred to MONTANA! My heart sunk to my stomach & poor Pop - he must've felt awful cuz Ray & I just hauled in front of him. Mom was awfully brave! - Gee, what a

Blue, blue day. Gee, it was
such a sad parting - that
aft' when we were packing
warm clothes for Pop, Geo. Patsy
& Luther came over, & we went
trooping out with puffy eyes -
they helped us pack. It's a good
thing they came to cheer us up.
Since then - all we had

was a steady stream of
callers - every single day -
Really, we appreciated our
friends - they were so nice
to us & kept us from getting
lonely. Imagine!! - For 2 days
in a row we had 18 callers a
day - one nite all the C-E
kids came to sing carols with
us, every day people bro't us
candy, cake, & were just swell
to us. - a wire came from
Dad on Sat. (20th) & Christmas
& finally on Friday the 2nd of
January we got 4 letters from
Dad & made us so relieved.

Dec. 28 - another jolt in the
homes of the Japanese - first all
funds of aliens were frozen,
travel prohibited - now all
short wave radios & cameras -

They're all sittin' in the
Berkeley police station - but
we don't mind -

January 1, 1942 -

A new year - and such a gloomy one - but then there's always got to be hope + faith in the future - or what else is there to hold on to - Wax makes me think about bigger things than things that have seemed important before - ... New Year Eve was spent quietly at home with Martha, Hiro + Mr. Ikeyakawa - had fun tho' -

New Year day Mari, Geo + Makoto came over for a while - + lots of other people came to see all of us. -

1/4/42 Went to Mari's on Sunday - had more fun - at night Yoshiko, Geo, + his friends, + all of us played cards - had a super time - kept day - went to a show - with Yoshiko, Mari, Smi + Muzzy.

1/6/42 : A job !!! Yippee! - Mrs. Buchanan got a job for us + Clay - I ~~got~~ began work at the Berkeley Draft Bd. from the 7th. - We only got 25¢ per hour - but heavens it was better than nothing + the experience was good. We typed + filed - Ray for only 4 hrs, but I for 5. By the time school began I earned - \$16.44. Wahoo!

1/22/42 : There're rumors of
demands to move all aliens
inland from the Coast - Golly -
what does the future hold
for us any way !!! - Chiz. Mai
+ I - feel so lost when we
think of graduation + the lack
of jobs. - Gosh, things are
such a mess. - ~~It's best~~