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Yoshiko Uchida
556 W. 156 St.
New York 32, N.Y.

An Autobiography

For Martha Foley's class
Columbia U.

An Autobiography

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Our immediate neighbors were Swiss and Norwegian, with whom we had warm and friendly relations. The two girls of the Norwegian family were, for many years, my daily companions in such endeavors as transforming our sandbbx into a bakery, playing cops and robbers, or dressing up in mother's old clothes and draping ourselves with colored glass beads, to play at being grand ladies.

Having brought us up in the pre-baby sitter era, my parents believed in taking my sister and me along with them to share in all special events. I remember many an excursion to the San

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We travelled together, too, on at least one trip a year, if not more. Each New Year's we drove to Los Angeles to visit Grandmother, who lived with my invalid aunt, uncle and six cousins. Sometimes, we drove down to spend a week or two with them during the summer, stopping off at Yosemite or Sequoia National Park on the way. In Los Angeles, we had fabulous family reunions, with quantities of food, talk, laughter, and callers. Being the youngest member of these gatherings, I was at once the recipient of special affection from my older cousins, and a certain amount of disdain from the two youngest girls, who, being a few years older than I, had already succumbed to the concerns of clothes, boys, and dancing. I think now, that the sudden bursts of temperature which afflicted me just before many of our trips to Los Angeles had their source in my unspoken resistance to being with these seemingly worldly cousins.

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Although my upbringing was thoroughly American, I don't think I can say it was typically so, because of the Japanese customs and ways of my parents. For example, there was the Doll's Festival on March 3rd, which was the annual occasion for the appearance of dozens of little dolls which my mother kept safely amid cotton and fragile wooden boxes until March of every year. Then, they would be placed on a table with a red cloth, a spray of peach blossoms would be placed beside them, and our friends would come to see them over a cup of tea. As in most Japanese homes, we always served a pot of green tea to all our callers, no matter what time of day it might be. Whenever a visitor appeared in our living room, I usually put on the kettle in the kitchen without having to be told, and we would all sit down to chat over a cup of steaming tea.

My mother often read stories to us from Japanese books so that I became acquainted with many Japanese folk tales, and a few years ago, rewrote several of them for American children in a book which was published by Harcourt Brace. I am grateful to my parents for having brought us up in this way to appreciate the good books, music, art and customs of both American and Japanese cultures, and am glad that I haven't ever felt, as some Nisei have, the need to renounce all things Japanese in order to assert their Americanism.

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Many of these callers at our home were students from Japan, who had come to study at the Pacific School of Religion or at the University of California. My parents were graduates of Doshisha University in Kyoto, and the majority of these students came with letters of introduction from a fellow alumnus. Seized with homesickness or a longing to hear their native tongue and taste Japanese food, these students would appear often and stay late. I was often exasperated by the frequency of their visits, and showed my animosity, with, what must have been for my mother, an embarrassing ingenuousness. Sometimes, just as we were about to go off to the movies, someone would appear and force us to abandon our plans. I remember how, if we planned something special, we would often rush from the house, fearful that if we lingered, someone might drop in. Until recently, even with an apartment of my own, undisturbed by importunate callers, I sometimes felt an urgency to get things done before someone came to interrupt me.

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It is rather strange to think of the two completely different and separate worlds to which we were simultaneously exposed. There was the sphere of our church - provincial and proletarian - to which we were bound by my parent's loyalty. Then, there was the other sphere of my father's business acquaintances - families of men employed by Mitsui & Co, where, for many years, my father was assistant manager. We saw these people and their children at special parties and dinners, where drinks were served and the talk was worldly and sophisticated. We didn't feel quite at home in either of these two realms, and I suppose, found our best friends in individuals who fell in neither category.

As for my personal social life, I think it was in High School that I first felt the social distinctions made between Caucasians

and Orientals. Through High School, my friends were largely Caucasian, and as we approached our senior year, I began to feel excluded from their social activities. It was partly because the Nisei of my generation were more immature than the Caucasian youngsters of that time, and I simply wasn't ready for beaux or dating. It was also partly because I wasn't invited to their private parties, although, I think I would have been too reticent to go, even if I had been.

When I went to the University of California, I was just 16, and a new world of social activity opened up for me. I began only then, to take an interest in boys, and my circle of friends soon became almost exclusively Nisei. Since the sororities and fraternities of the University didn't invite Nisei to membership, we had to organize our own social life. Thus, the majority of the Nisei at the University belonged to the Japanese Men and Women's Student Clubs. I plunged into these new-found social activities with a vigor, and was a member of the Women's Club cabinet each of my four years, eventually becoming its president in my senior year. I wish now, of course, that I had had the sense to participate in other non-Nisei activities. I think it was mainly the fear of being rejected and snubbed that kept most of us from branching beyond our own Nisei society, where we were secure in the knowledge that we would be judged for ourselves rather than for our racial heritage.

As for the community in general, discrimination was not unknown there, by any means. There were real estate agreements keeping orientals below a certain street in the city, and some

swimming pools and recreational spots made it known that orientals were not welcome . Sometimes it was felt in such small acts as insolence from a clerk or a waiter. However, it doesn't take more than one or two instances to make one cautious. I remember phoning one of the department stores in Berkeley to ask whether they would take a Japanese-American, before I went for a haircut. There was one occasion when a newspaper man tried to ease me out of a photograph he was to take of four or five Girl Reserves at the YWCA. I still remember how the other girls made sure that I was included. It was quite impossible not to develop something of an inferiority complex, or at least an air of reticence, when exposed to such incidents, and only after I came east and lived in New York, did I lose this feeling.

At the University, I majored in English, History and Philosophy; made good grades, and had a gay time, socially. My carefree life there ended, however, not with graduation, but abruptly and unexpectedly, because of the Pearl Harbor attack.

The full story of the evacuation would take several dozen pages. Briefly; my father, because of his connections with Mitsui, was taken by the FBI only a few hours after the Pearl Harbor attack. He was held in San Francisco with several hundred other Japanese men, and was sent in a few weeks to an internment camp in Montana. He remained there until May when he was permitted to join us in the Assembly Center at Tanforan.

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I felt I didn't want to go back to teaching for a while, and decided to do work that would be less taxing. After one or two temporary positions, I went to the United Student Christian Council

where I have been secretary to its Executive Secretary for the past five years. The work is not demanding, and it is a real blessing to be able to forget all about it between 5:00 p.m. and 9:00 am. The man for whom I work, and his Finnish wife, are wonderful people, and have become close personal friends of mine.

I still travel a great deal, and have visited my parents in California during summer vacations. Last summer, I fulfilled one of my major ambitions by taking a marvelous trip to Europe with my cousin.

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Mendes might make
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* * * * *

October 8, 1947

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
Yoshi Uchida

After two years of apartment living in New York and Philadelphia, I find myself increasingly grateful to have grown up and gone to school in California. A typical Californian's remark, no doubt! Although born in Alameda, Calif., on November 24, 1921, our family (which consists of my parents and an older sister), moved to Berkeley shortly thereafter, so I spent my childhood there. It was a happy and carefree childhood - in a home with a large yard full of trees, a lovely garden, a sandbox and swing, and a beautiful pet Collie; and I have only the pleasantest of memories of that phase of my life. Some highlights during those years were 2 visits to Japan, via Hawaii; trips to the Northwest and to the East coast when we accompanied my father on a projected business trip.

After completing lower and secondary schools, I entered the University of California. There I majored in English, Philosophy and History, and enjoyed life as only a college student can! Extra-curricular activities were of equal importance as studies to me, and I believe I learned as much from participation in these as from actual academic subjects.

In May 1942, the ^{war-time} evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry (citizen and non-citizen alike), cut short my education just one month before I was to receive my degree. We were sent with 8000 other Japanese in our area, to a temporary assembly center created at the Tanforan Race Tracks. There, 4 of us lived in a horse stall previously occupied by one horse! It was there, one day in June, that the mailman handed me a cardboard scroll containing my college diploma. I had graduated cum laude.

The story of the evacuation and of the countless tragedies and disappointments it created, is too long to relate here. I shall only mention that we were transferred after 6 months, to the Topaz Relocation Center, located in the midst

of the most barren and desolate desert I have ever seen. I taught a group of 2nd and 3rd graders in camp for one year - a most rewarding experience; and decided then, that I should like to enter the teaching profession.

In June 1943, I was awarded a graduate fellowship in the Education Dept. of Smith College, which enabled me to obtain a release from the Relocation Center. I specialized primarily in Elementary Education, and did a great deal of practice teaching in the Smith College Day School and Nursery School. I was also fortunate in being able to do some practice teaching in Springfield, Mass., the home of the famed "Springfield Plan," which stimulated further, my interest in intercultural education.

After receiving my Masters in Education degree from Smith, I took a position as teacher in charge of grades 1 and 2 at a Quaker School in Philadelphia. Teaching 2 grades in one classroom, without an assistant, proved to be quite a task, and eventually led to a breakdown in health due to over-work. Since then, I have felt that teaching was too much of a physical and emotional drain on me, and decided to stay out of the field for the time being. We moved to New York about a year and a half ago, and for the past ten months I worked with the Institute of Pacific Relations where I was in charge of their membership work.

I have always had a keen interest in children's literature, and am particularly anxious to see more material which depicts children of all races and cultural backgrounds playing and working together naturally, as children actually do. I hope that my adaptations of Japanese folk tales will help children of this country to appreciate and understand some of the culture of Japan, but more especially to realize that all children - no matter in what country they may live - have the same love for fun and a good story.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA : YOSHIKO UCHIDA

A "native Californian" - born November 24, 1921 in Alameda, California

Schooling: completed in Berkeley, California

attended University of California

majored in: English, Philosophy, History

president: Japanese Women's Student Club, Sr. year

A.B. rec'd: cum laude, May 1942 - but couldn't attend graduation due to war-time evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry.

The Evacuation Meant: leaving the University one month prior to graduation

being sent with 8000 other Japanese (citizens and non-citizens) to the Assembly Center at Tanforan Race Tracks for five months ... living with my family of four in a horse stall built to house one horse!... witnessing the innumerable tragedies and disappointments which such an upheaval can create ... working with the education department, teaching grades 1 - 3 (in charge one school unit.)

From there, we were sent to the War Relocation Center at Topaz, Utah ... spent nine months in the barren wastelands of Utah ... taught grades 1 - 3 ... decided I would like to enter the teaching profession.

Fellowship to Smith College: receipt of a graduate fellowship in the Dept. of Education at Smith College in June 1943 brought a release from the Relocation Center ... at Smith - specialized in Elementary Education... did much practice teaching - which included some time in the Springfield Public Schools (home of the famed "Springfield Plan") ... developed a keen interest in intercultural education.

Masters Degree in Education received: May 1944.

Teaching: Taught grades 1 and 2 in a Quaker School in Philadelphia...

ill health forced me to leave after a year ... moved to NYC.

Work in NYC: included some time with a research and educational foundation

in charge of their membership work ... am now with the United Student Christian Council, the American member of the World's Student Christian Federation.

Interests: have always liked to write and have had a keen interest in

children's literature ... enjoyed being able to get first-hand reactions to books while working with children ... have a lively interest in art - in which I like to dabble (water colors and oils)... in music (play some piano) ... and in politics (about which I must learn more!)

Travel: have crossed the US seven times - stopping at various points of

interest along the way ... visited Hawaii twice ... visited Japan twice.

July 27, 1957

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Yoshiko Uchida

Although I was born and reared in California (Alameda and Berkeley respectively), my life has always been rather closely linked to Japan, the native country of my parents. For one thing, we seemed to entertain an endless stream of friends from Japan, and we observed various Japanese customs such as the Dolls' Festival in March, when dozens of tiny dolls would emerge for display from the depths of my mother's trunk. We ate Japanese dishes as often as American, and cups of steaming green tea were usually served to all our guests. ^{in childhood,} My sister and I heard ^{from} Japanese folk tales and stories (which grew as familiar to us as "Winnie the Pooh",) and ^{some} many of these were later incorporated into my first collection of folk tales.

When I was about 12, our family went to Japan for a summer's visit, but my sensibilities were such that I did such things as count the number of bows my parents exchanged with their friends. A good many years later - in 1952 - I returned to Japan on a fellowship from the Ford Foundation to collect material for my writing. I stayed two years, and this time did more than count bows! It was during this time that I collected the stories for THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP, as well as background material for other writing, including, TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD. I also became very much interested in Japan's folk craft. I travelled to several rural kilns, became acquainted with many potters, and wrote a series of articles about

them for the JAPAN TIMES. Since returning to the States, my interest in crafts has continued ~~and~~ ^{+ an m. / BA workshop.} I have written several articles for CRAFT HORIZONS. ^A I even studied a little pottery, but discovered that for me, writing about a potter is easier than throwing a good pot!

As to education: I have an AB, with honors, from the University of California and a Masters in Education from Smith College, where I went on fellowship.

I taught Elementary School for a while (in the Relocation Center where all west coast Japanese were evacuated during World War II, and also) at a Quaker School in Philadelphia. I have done, and still do, some office work, but merely as the necessary complement to writing to earn a living.

I have written articles for the Army Civil Affairs Division, GOURMET, and WOMAN'S DAY, and other miscellaneous magazines. I have also done a number of short stories, and still hope someday, to get beyond the encouraging letters from the NEW YORKER.

In addition to the two years in Japan, I spent a summer in Europe and have crossed the U.S. a number of times.

My published juvenile books are as follows:

THE DANCING KETTLE - HB, 1949

NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN - CS, 1951

THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP - HB - 1955 - *illustrated myself.*

THE FULL CIRCLE (on assignment for the Joint Commission on Missionary Educ'n of the National Council of Churches, for their "Japan Year.") - 1957

T.G.S. ^{HB} - 1958

ACCOMPLISHMENTS:

Yoshiko Uchida

2. My undergraduate work at the University of California was in the area of Liberal Arts and I received my Bachelor of Arts degree in 1942 shortly after being evacuated with all west coast Japanese to a Wartime Assembly Center. I taught grades 1-3 in the Center and continued teaching after being sent to a War Relocation Authority Camp in Utah. In September 1943, I was awarded a graduate fellowship to Smith College and there did my major work in intercultural education. After receiving my Master's degree in 1944, I taught grades 1-2 at the Frankford Friends School in Philadelphia, but left after a year due to illness. I had long been interested in creative writing and decided then that it could not be combined with the demands of teaching. I thereafter limited my employment to office work and devoted more time to writing.

My first juvenile book, *THE DANCING KETTLE* (a collection of Japanese folk tales which I retold in English), was published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. in 1949. In the preface, I included a statement of my hope that these folk tales, along with those of other countries, would help American children understand and respect the cultural heritage of other peoples, and thereby serve as a small beginning toward the establishment of "one world." I have held this hope for my subsequent writing as well.

In 1950, the editor of Charles Scribners suggested that I write the story of a Japanese-American child, and in September 1951, she published *NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN*, which told of a Nisei child in California.

Concurrent with my interest in writing for children was an interest in writing adult material as well. I did a series of articles for the Reorientation Branch of the U.S. Army which was transmittted to Japan as a means of informing the nationals of various aspects of

American life. (Please see public. list). I also wrote a number of short stories and studied for 6 months with Martha Foley in the Advanced Writing Workshop at Columbia University.

In September 1952, I received a Foreign Study and Research Fellowship from the Ford Foundation to spend a year in Japan to collect further material for my writing. This gave me the opportunity to pursue an established interest in Japanese arts as well, and I became particularly interested in folk craft. I remained an additional year beyond my fellowship period to study and travel in connection with this interest and secured much first-hand data. I visited many rural kilns where traditional pottery is still produced, and I also had the privilege of becoming well-acquainted with Dr. Soetsu Yanagi, Mr. Kanjiro Kawai and Mr. Shoji Hamada, the 3 men who founded the Japanese Folk Art Movement and were instrumental in preserving traditional crafts. In August 1954, they invited me to spend some time with them in Matsumoto where they collaborated with the British potter, Bernard Leach, in writing a book entitled, "The Way of the Potter". I participated in their discussions and also worked with Dr. Yanagi in translating his article on Hakeme Pottery. This period of intense study with these men gave me much insight into their philosophy and gave impetus to my hope that I might someday write a book incorporating their ideas. Recently, at Dr. Yanagi's request, I translated his article on Shoji Hamada, which appeared in the January 1958 issue of KOKORO magazine.

In Tokyo, I wrote a series of feature articles about Japanese craftsmen and the Folk Art Movement. These appeared in the NIPPON TIMES, the largest English language daily in Japan. (Please see public. list). I was also asked by the Folk Art Society of Kyoto to write a booklet about the potter, Kanjiro Kawai. This was published in 1953.

While in Japan, I completed work on a second collection of Japan-

ese folk tales for which I also did the illustrations and jacket design. This book, THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP, was published by Harcourt, Brace in 1955 and was named one of the Honor Books in the N.Y. Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival of 1955.

There followed an assignment from the Joint Commission on Missionary Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ to write their study book for the Jr. High age group in connection with their Japan Emphasis Year. The book was a fictional **account** of the daughter of the evangelist, Kagawa, and I was called to New Haven to confer with Miss Kagawa who was then studying at Yale Divinity School. I did the line drawings and jacket design for this book also, and it was published under the title, THE FULL CIRCLE in the spring of 1957.

In March 1957 I returned once more to a combination of office work and writing, and have been working since then for Glenn T. Seaborg, now Chancellor of the University of California in Berkeley.

During the past few years, I have also written for CRAFT HORIZONS, the national magazine of the American Craftsmen's Council, undertaking several assignments to interview local craftsmen for them. Since February 1958, I have been their Correspondent for the Bay Area and cover all craft exhibits of this area. I now have a regular "Letter from San Francisco" in the Exhibitions Section of each issue.

In February 1958, my fifth juvenile book, TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD, was published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. I drew on my experiences in Japan for this book, and the story is one of the young son of a potter in Kyoto.

In July of this year, I completed my most recent manuscript, tentatively entitled, A YEAR TO TRY, and this book will be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. in the fall of 1959.

* * * * *

For the Press and Periodicals Section, Dept. of the Army, Reorientation Branch, articles for transmission to Japan and subsequent use in Japanese periodicals:

"Courage of the Issei"	- 1949		
"Travelling on a Budget"	- 1949		
"Education for Democracy"	- 1949		
"Ken Uyemura, Potter"	- 1950		
"School for Twos and Threes"	- 1950		
"Apartment Living in New York City"	- 1950		
"Children of the United Nations"	- 1950		
"Community Church of New York City"	- 1950		
"Saga of the Unmet Need"	<u>Motive</u>	April 1952	Nashville
"Saturday Visit"	<u>Woman's Day</u>	Oct. 1952	New York City
"Japanese New Year"	<u>Gourmet</u>	Jan. 1955	New York City
"Tea and Tempura"	<u>Gourmet</u>	June 1957	New York City
"A Stick of Candy and a Paper Show" (Reprinted in Irish Ed'n)	<u>Far East</u>	Feb. 1957	St. Colobans
"Folk Art of Japan"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	Sept.-Oct. 1955	NYC
"The Pottery of Tamba"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	July-Aug. 1956	NYC
"Shoji Hamada, Potter"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	July-Aug. 1956	NYC
"A San Francisco Jewelry Shop"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	August 1957	NYC
"The Morris: Pottery Is Their Business"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	December 1957	NYC
"Taro Maruyama: Egg Mosaics"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	to be scheduled - assigned	
"Richard Hieb: Potter"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	" "	" "
"Win Ng: Potter"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	" "	" "
"Ernest Ziegelf, Jeweler"	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	" "	" "
"Letter from San Francisco" (Coverage of local exhibits)	<u>Craft Horizons</u>	in each issue since Feb. 1958	

Series of feature articles for the Nippon Times, Tokyo, Japan

"Kanjiro Kawai: Potter, Poet, Philosopher"	Nov. 2, 1953
"K. Tomimoto: Potter"	Dec. 7, 1953
"The Work of Claude Laloux, Potter"	Dec. 23, 1953
"Trip to Tachikui: Tamba Pottery"	Apr. 6, 1954
"Rural Arts in Folk Art Museum"	June 16, 1954
"Bernard Leach, Potter in Japan"	June 14, 1954
"U.S. Potter, Apprentice to Hamada"	July 30, 1954
"Woman Potter, to learn Local Methods"	Aug. 3, 1954
"Matsumoto Group Crafts"	Sept. 22, 1954

WE DO NOT WORK ALONE Folk Art Society Kyoto, Japan 1953
 (Booklet on K. Kawai)
 Reproduced in Pottery Quarterly, Pendley Manor, England, Winter 1957

Juvenile Books:

THE DANCING KETTLE And Other Japanese Folk Tales	Harcourt, Brace & Co. NYC Fall 1949
NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN	Charles Scribners NYC Fall 1951
THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP More Folk Tales From Japan Herald Tribune Honor Book	Harcourt, Brace & Co. NYC Spring 1955
THE FULL CIRCLE	Friendship Press NYC Spring 1957
TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD	Harcourt, Brace & Co. NYC Spring 1958

As a Japanese-American, I have always hoped to direct my creative effort toward an increased understanding between the American and Japanese people. In the past, I have approached this aim through writing adult articles and books for children. Since spending two years in Japan and becoming acquainted with her traditional folk craft, however, I have wanted to record the story of its revival, particularly in pottery, as an area through which fresh insight into Japanese culture might be gained. I would like to write a book relating Japan's contemporary folk pottery to the establishment and growth of the Folk Art Movement and envisage it somewhat as follows:

THE CONTEMPORARY FOLK POTTERY OF JAPAN

What is folk pottery? A definition.

A Description of Principal Kilns in the Kyushu, San-in, Kansai, Kanto and Tohoku Areas:

Methods of work at each kiln site
Type of ware produced (design and form) - using photographs
Materials used and methods of preparation (clay bodies, glaze)
Kilns used (community, climbing), methods of firing
Equipment (wheels, tools)
Leading potters in each area: their relation to the artisans
Problems of design (preserving traditional forms), marketing,
and industrial competition

The Folk Art Movement: Its Influence on Contemporary Folk Pottery

A Brief History: Some 35 years ago the word "mingei" (folk art) was non-existent in the Japanese language. Today there are 3 national folk art museums, a folk art movement with 5000 members, "mingei" sections in leading department stores, and many retail outlets for folk craft. This remarkable revival was accomplished primarily by the three founding men.

Yanagi, Kawai and Hamada: Founders of the folk art movement; their unique position in relation to Japanese folk craft; their background and philosophy of work; (religion as a central and unifying force); the role of Kawai and Hamada as artist potters.

The Folk Art Movement in Relation to Rural Potters:

Key craftsmen who maintain standards of good traditional design; Annual Conferences, local meetings; Exhibits and prizes; Coordination of marketing, publications such as Kogei.

The Philosophy of Potters Working in the Folk Tradition:

Emphasis on functionalism rather than expressionism or experimentation; on anonymity rather than individualism; avoidance of intellectualism and self-consciousness; influence of Zen thought; "the way of reliance" as a unifying force in their work.

The Future of Folk Pottery in Japan.

To carry out this project, I should like to spend a year in Tokyo and Kyoto, travelling from these two cities to those rural kilns of Kyushu and Northern Japan, which I was not able to include during my travels of 1953. I should like to talk to the craftsmen at each kiln site about their work as related to the Folk Art Movement, their working methods, their philosophy, and their problems of design and marketing. Because I can converse fluently in Japanese, I believe I should have no difficulty in communication.

In Tokyo, my principal resource person would be Dr. Soetsu Yanagi, director of the National Folk Art Museum and prime motivator of the revival of folk craft and the founding of the Folk Art Movement. He has already written, inviting me to make full use of the facilities of his museum should I be able to undertake this project, and has informed me of the willingness of craftsmen throughout Japan to assist me. He would be of invaluable aid in reconstructing the history of the Folk Art Movement and in interpreting the religious concepts that sustain it.

Another resource person in Tokyo would be Dr. Hachiro Yuasa, President of the International Christian University, with whom I am well acquainted. He is not only an eminent educator, but also an authority on folk art.

At the Mashiko kiln site (near Tokyo), I would gain much insight into the whole area of contemporary folk pottery from Shoji Hamada, one of Japan's greatest contemporary potters. I would have opportunity there

to observe directly a working relationship between an artist-potter and his artisans and to see how the problems involved therein are resolved.

In Kyoto, I would work closely with Kanjiro Kawai, who as writer and artist-potter, is an extremely influential figure in the folk craft movement. Having held many talks with him in the past, I know he would contribute much to my further understanding of the philosophy of the folk potters.

In Kurashiki, I would also confer with Mr. K. Tonomura, director of the Kurashiki Folk Art Museum, with whom I am in contact.

I have kept in close touch with the above-mentioned leaders as well as other craftsmen of the Folk Art Movement, and therefore, would be able to proceed with my research and writing immediately upon arrival in Japan. Further, the usual period of orientation in a foreign country would be minimized for me because of my familiarity with the country, the people, and the methods of travel.

It has also been helpful for me to have spent several months studying pottery in Berkeley with Paul Volkening, during 1956, so that I am familiar with the technical terminology of pottery as well as the concerns of potters and other craftsmen.

I should like to add that neither Dr. Yanagi (who is 70) or Mr. Kawai (who is 68) is particularly robust, and I therefore feel some urgency in proceeding with my project in order to tap the vast fund of first-hand and unrecorded knowledge which they both possess concerning the folk arts of Japan.

I believe that a book such as the one I hope to write would make a valid contribution to the field of arts and crafts because, to my knowledge, material in English on contemporary Japanese folk pottery or the Folk Art Movement itself, is almost non-existent. The Educa-

tion Director of the de Young Museum of San Francisco, further pointed to the tremendous interest in Japanese folk craft not only among professional craftsmen, but among the lay public, and encouraged me to proceed with my project. As a writer, rather than an art historian, I would hope to make this a readable account, with attention to individuals and ideas, as well as the historical facts of the Japanese craft scene. I would thereby hope to make this book of interest to the layman as well as those with a professional interest in crafts.

Upon completion of this book, I would hope to submit it to my New York publisher, Harcourt, Brace & Co. or to a publisher specializing in books of Japan, such as the Grove Press.

As to my ultimate purpose as a writer, I hope to continue writing along lines that will promote intercultural understanding. It seems to me that we must urgently seek understanding on a people-to-people level if we are to survive, and further, that understanding in the area of the arts is one of the most direct and fundamental forms of communication we can achieve. I should like to continue writing books for children, but hope to delve deeper into a study of Japanese folk craft so that I might eventually write additional books in this field. Having familiarized myself with local crafts through my work for CRAFT HORIZONS, I would also hope that I might interpret western thought and crafts to the Japanese people as well, and thereby function as an effective liaison between east and west.

* * * * *

February 19, 1962

YOSHIKO UCHIDA

My undergraduate work was done at the University of California where I received an AB in Liberal Arts; my graduate work at Smith College, where I received a Masters in Education.

In 1952, I received a Foreign Study and Research Fellowship from the Ford Foundation and spent 2 years in Japan collecting material for my writing. While there, I completed work on my second collection of folk tales, THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP, for which I also did the illustrations and jacket design. This book was one of the Honor Books of the Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival in 1955. I was also able to pursue an established interest in Japanese arts and became particularly interested in folk craft. I travelled extensively in Japan, visited many rural kilns and became well acquainted with the leaders of the Folk Art Movement. In Tokyo, I wrote a series of feature articles on Japanese craftsmen for the NIPPON TIMES and also wrote a booklet about the famous potter, Kanjiro Kawai. (WE DO NOT WORK ALONE, published by the Folk Art Society of Kyoto, 1953).

On my return to the States, I was given an assignment from the National Council of Churches to write their Jr. High study book for their Japan Emphasis Year. THE FULL CIRCLE, based on the life of the daughter of the evangelist, Kagawa, was published in 1957. I also did the illustrations for this book.

For the past seven years, I have written for CRAFT HORIZONS, the national magazine of the American Craftsmen's Council. In addition to doing feature articles for them, I have been serving as their Bay Area correspondent and have had a "Letter from San Francisco", reviewing local craft exhibits, in each issue of the magazine.

TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD was published in 1958 - a story of a Japanese potter's son. This book has now been translated into German and Dutch.

THE PROMISED YEAR and MIK AND THE PROWLER were published in 1959 and 1960, respectively.

Last year, at the urging of the Director of the Folk Art Museum, I spent 5 months in Japan to research more craft articles and to collect further material for juvenile books. While in Tokyo, I assisted the potter, Shoji Hamada, by translating portions of his new book into English, worked on a series of educational art slides entitled, "Living Forms of Japan", and wrote several pieces for CRAFT HORIZONS.

I am working at present on a book about a second generation Japanese farm family in California, and hope next, to do a book giving some insight into the vast changes Japan is undergoing. ROKUBEI AND THE THOUSAND RICE BOWLS is my first published attempt in the area of picture books.

All of my books so far have been about Japanese or Japanese-American children. I have wanted to draw on my own cultural heritage in the hope that by sharing it with American children, I might strengthen their own intercultural understanding and education.

* * *



YOSHIKO UCHIDA

author of *NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN*

Yoshiko Uchida was born in Alameda, California and grew up in Berkeley. *NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN* is set in Berkeley and tells of a happy home and school life such as was the author's own.

In 1942 Miss Uchida graduated CUM LAUDE from the University of California. Before commencement she had been evacuated to a Wartime Assembly Center, so received her degree "in absentia." At the Center she taught in the primary grades.

After the war she took her master's degree in education at Smith College then taught in Frankford Friends' School in Philadelphia.

She is working at present with the United Student Christian Council in New York. Her previous book was *THE DANCING KETTLE AND OTHER JAPANESE FOLK TALES*.

She says "Friends have asked me whether *NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN* is autobiographical. It isn't meant to be--although there is some of my own experience in it, and I suppose, something of me, too. What I want most from this book is to have the children who read it somehow realize that all children are basically alike no matter what their racial backgrounds may be."

Sent to Berman Lord, Scrivener 1991

Yoshiko Uchida

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

I believe the fact that I am a Japanese-American and that my parents retained much Japanese culture and thought in our family life was the one factor that has most influenced my life and writing.

Looking back on my childhood, I recall being taken to museums, concerts and the opera, but also recall the celebration of such occasions as Dolls Festival Day on March 3rd when my mother would display dozens of her tiny Japanese dolls, with a spray of peach and a dish of sweets beside them. My mother was a gentle woman, and also a poet, and instilled in my sister and me many of the gracious ways that were a part of her life in Japan. She never failed to serve tea to any caller; she read many Japanese stories to us, and tried to teach us to read and write the Japanese language. I went to a small Japanese church in Oakland and my parents entertained innumerable guests from Japan, especially from their university. Because my father was assistant manager for Mitsui & Co, a large Japanese firm, our friends from this circle too were from Japan. My mother frequently entertained all these friends, serving to them the Japanese dishes they missed so much.

Memories of my childhood are a warm happy blend of the orient and the west, and most of my writing has been influenced by this background. Some of the people who frequented our home have found their way into my writing - both adult and juvenile fiction - and JOURNEY TO TOPAZ includes a fair amount of my own experiences as well.

* * *

Writing is my chief occupation, although until now, I could not devote full time to it because of other responsibilities. I have always liked to write - even as a child - and used to make books out of brown wrapping paper and fill them with my own stories.

I am very much interested in all art forms, but have the most knowledge about handicrafts. My interest in this area developed as a result of a trip to Japan on a Ford Foundation Fellowship in 1952. Since then, I have studied some pottery and jewelry-making and written several articles and reviews pertaining to crafts, mainly for CRAFT HORIZON magazine. My interest in this area often enters into my books and three major characters in my juvenile books are Japanese potters.

I like to paint, go to the theatre, the art museums, and to concerts, and for this reason prefer living in the city. I also enjoy gardening and when I recently moved to an apartment, brought along 50 potted plants to my balcony, where I now nurse along "bonsai", azaleas, roses, bamboo and maple among others.

* * *

I enjoy travelling and have been to Japan a number of times. My longest stay there was for 2 years and my most recent trip was in 1967. Because most of my books are about Japanese young people, I feel it is important for me to go there periodically to keep abreast of the many changes taking place in that country and to reflect them in my books. I toured Europe many years ago and hope to go again some day.

* * *

My interest in children began in the wartime relocation centers; from there, I went onto teaching and eventually to writing books. Although I have written several adult short stories, I am concentrating now on juvenile books.

All of my books have been about Japanese or Japanese-American young people, because I felt that I could make the best contribution in this area. I would gain much satisfaction from the knowledge that my books were contributing in some way to increasing respect and

and understanding of other cultures and people among American young people.

With the increased interest now in the minority groups of the United States, I am hoping to examine further the relatively unexplored history of the Japanese in America and to write of their life in this country. This would contribute, I hope, not only to the understanding of American youth, but also to that of the third generation Japanese-Americans (Sansei), who are now looking to their own cultural background to find identity as Asian-Americans.

tells of
JOURNEY TO TOPAZ /s one important segment in the history of the Japanese in the U.S. The evacuation about which it tells, was the first time this country had ever incarcerated a group of its own citizens on the basis of race alone. Although the event itself was staggering in its dramatic impact and its tragedy, the story I wanted to tell in this book was of the quiet day by day courage exhibited by the Japanese during this upheaval, the grace with which they accepted it and the loyalty of the vast majority to the U.S.

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Other biographical data listed in CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, Vol. 13-14, and MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS 1963.

* * *

COLLEGE COMENT
EXHIBIT 731
WINTER 1972
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL DATA

To Mrs. Buckingfield
for Writers Conf.

Yoshiko Uchida

Although I was born and reared in California, my life has always been rather closely linked to Japan, the native country of my parents. We seemed to entertain an endless stream of friends from Japan, and we observed various Japanese customs such as the Dolls' Festival in March, when dozens of tiny dolls would emerge for display from the depths of my mother's trunk. We ate Japanese dishes as often as American, and cups of steaming green tea were usually served all our guests. During our childhood, my sister and I heard many Japanese folk tales and stories, some of which were later incorporated into my first collection of folk tales.

When I was a child, our family went to Japan for a summer's visit, but my sensibilities were such that I often amused myself by counting the number of bows my parents exchanged with their friends. A good many years later (in 1952), I returned to Japan on a fellowship from the Ford Foundation to collect material for my writing. I stayed two years, and this time did more than count bows. It was during this time that I collected the stories for THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP, as well as background material for other writing, including TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD. I also became very much interested in Japan's folk craft. I travelled to several rural kilns, became acquainted with many potters, and wrote a series of articles about them for the JAPAN TIMES. Since returning to the States, my interest in crafts has continued. I have written several articles for CRAFT HORIZONS and am now serving as their Bay Area correspondent. I even studied a little pottery, but discovered that it is easier for me to write about potters than to throw a good pot.

As to education: I have an AB with honors from the University of California and a Masters in Education from Smith College, where I went on fellowship.

I taught elementary school for a while at a Quaker School in Philadelphia. I have done, and still do some office work, but merely as the necessary complement to writing in order to earn a living.

I have written articles for the Army Civil Affairs Division, GOURMET, WOMAN'S DAY and other miscellaneous magazines. I have also done a number of short stories and still hope someday to get beyond the encouraging letters from the NEW YORKER.

In addition to the two years in Japan, I spent a summer in Europe and have crossed the U.S. a number of times.

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*THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP - Harcourt, Brace - 1955

*THE FULL CIRCLE - Friendship Press - 1957

(Written on assignment for the Joint Commission on Missionary Education of the National Council of Churches for their Japan Study Year.)

TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD - Harcourt, Brace - 1958

* * *

* - These two books, I illustrated myself.

March 1958

(MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS)

645 63rd Street
Oakland 9, Calif.
August 15, 1957

Miss Muriel Fuller
Hudson View Gardens
Apartment L-41
116 Pinehurst Avenue
New York 33, N. Y.

Dear Miss Fuller:

Thank you so much for your very nice letter of July 14th. I was pleased to know you liked the autobiographical sketch as well as the photograph, and will look forward to seeing the book next year.

My publisher has returned the snapshot to me, so I am enclosing it again for your use. I was sorry to have to trouble you for it, but I wasn't successful in having a duplicate made. Whenever your cut is made, I would appreciate having it returned.

All good wishes,

Sincerely,

Encl:

Yoshiko Uchida



THE H.W. WILSON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS OF INDEXES AND REFERENCE WORKS
950-972 UNIVERSITY AVENUE • NEW YORK 52, N.Y.

July 14, 1957

READERS' GUIDE TO
PERIODICAL
LITERATURE

ABBRIDGED READERS'
GUIDE

INTERNATIONAL
INDEX TO
PERIODICALS

INDUSTRIAL ARTS
INDEX

AGRICULTURAL
INDEX

EDUCATION INDEX

ART INDEX

INDEX TO LEGAL
PERIODICALS

CUMULATIVE BOOK
INDEX

UNITED STATES
CATALOG

BOOK REVIEW
DIGEST

STANDARD CATALOG
FOR PUBLIC
LIBRARIES

STANDARD CATALOG
FOR HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARIES

CHILDREN'S CATALOG

BIBLIOGRAPHIC
INDEX

ESSAY INDEX

LIBRARY LITERATURE

VERTICAL FILE
SERVICE

UNION LIST OF
SERIALS

REFERENCE SHELF

BIOGRAPHY INDEX

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FILMSTRIP GUIDE

WILSON LIBRARY
BULLETIN

Miss Yoshiko Uchida
645 63rd Street
Oakland 9, California

Dear Miss Uchida:

Thank you so much for a very interesting autobiographical sketch. It's about 150 words too long but I'm hoping I won't have to cut. I'm waiting until all the copy is in; then will see how much has to come out.

The picture, too, is excellent. You are so pretty! It should reproduce well and I'll ask that it be returned to you.

We are hoping MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS will be published in 1958, probably the fall.

Sincerely yours,

Muriel Fuller

Muriel Fuller
Editor
MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS

mf/e

P.S. Wilson has just forwarded your letter of June 28. We haven't begun to make the cuts yet and won't for some time, so I'm returning the picture herewith. When you get it back, please send it to us again. Thank you.

645 63rd Street
Oakland 9, Calif.
May 1, 1957

Miss Muriel Fuller
Hudson View Gardens
116 Pinehurst Avenue
NewYork 33, N. Y.

Dear Miss Fuller:

I am enclosing, herewith, an autobiographical sketch and a snapshot of myself for inclusion in your MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS. I hope they are satisfactory and will meet your needs. I would appreciate having the snapshot returned when you are through with it.

When do you anticipate publication of this volume? I look forward to seeing it.

Cordially,

Encl.

Yoshiko Uchida

2000年12月15日

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Yoshiko Uchida

Although I was born in California, a good bit of Japan was inside of me all along, for this was the country from which my parents came. Father was a businessman in San Francisco, and we lived - my parents, my older sister and I - in a small house with a large yard, in Berkeley. Our house seemed always to be filled with guests. Many of them were lonely homesick students from Japan, with flat wallets and enormous appetites, who came to be consoled, to speak Japanese, and to eat vast quantities of Mother's Japanese cooking. But it was not just the food, there were other Japanese touches in our home too. On the 3rd of March, for instance, we always celebrated Dolls Festival Day. All of Mother's tiny Japanese dolls would emerge from her trunk for the occasion and often, friends would come to see them and have a cup of tea. Sometimes Mother would wear her kimono for a party and occasionally, she dressed my sister and me in ours for special programs at school. Then, of course, there were all the fascinating stories read to us from the books that came from Japan. Some of these went into my first collection of folk tales which I was to write many years later.

In spite of all this, most of the time, I felt like any other American child and lived a life somewhat similar to Susan's in

NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN. I had a hammock strung between a peach and an apricot tree where I liked to sit and write stories on sheets of wrapping paper. I liked, always, to draw. I had a collie who plagued me by running away several times a year. Somedays I adored school and somedays I didn't; and sometimes, I quarreled with my sister.

Summers, we often travelled. One year we went to New York City with stops all along the way. Another year, we went to Japan, but I was old enough only to grumble about visiting so many relatives and counted the number of bows my parents exchanged with their friends. The record at one meeting was thirteen!

I went to school in Berkeley and probably would have spent most of my life there if it hadn't been for World War II. I was a senior at the University of California when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Before I could finish school, all Japanese were evacuated from the west coast and my diploma came through the mails in a cardboard roll. My family was sent, with about 8000 other Japanese, to a Relocation Center in the mid st of a Utah desert, and there I taught second grade in a drafty barrack where snakes and scorpions sometimes came to share the room with us. After a year, a fellowship came from Smith College in Massachusetts, and I spent a year there getting my Masters degree in education.

My first job was teaching a class of first and second graders in a small Quaker school near Philadelphia. It was fun, but I felt there might be a better way in which I could work with children. The answer came when I moved to New York City where an artist asked me to work with him on a picture book based on a Japanese folk tale.

That book didn't work out, but I kept on working with Japanese folk tales until I had enough for my collection. As soon as I began to write, I knew this was what I wanted most to do. I wrote some stories and articles for adults as well as for children. Some of these were published and some were not, so I worked in an office too.

In 1952, the Ford Foundation granted me a fellowship to Japan to collect material for more books. I was to stay a year, but I liked it so well I stayed two. This time I did more than count bows. I was happy to be able to retell and illustrate a book of folk tales that Japanese children still read and enjoy. I think it would be such a fine world if we could keep on sharing, not only our stories but our ideas too.

My most recent book is called, THE FULL CIRCLE, and curiously, my own life seems to have made a circle too, for I am back once more in California where I am doing a number of things, but enjoying writing most of all.

* * * * *

Pronunciation of name: Yoh-shee-koh Co-chee-dah (no syllables accented.)

Books: THE DANCING KETTLE, And Other Japanese Folk Tales, (Harcourt Brace)
NEW FRIENDS FOR SUSAN, (Scribners)
THE MAGIC LISTENING CAP, More Folk Tales From Japan " "
THE FULL CIRCLE
TAKAO AND GRANDFATHER'S SWORD - to be published in 1958 " "



THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY

PUBLISHERS OF INDEXES AND REFERENCE WORKS

950 UNIVERSITY AVENUE • NEW YORK 52, N. Y.

March 29, 1957

Mr. Yoshiko Uchida
c/o Harcourt, Brace & Co.
383 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Uchida:

We are happy to tell you that your name has been selected for inclusion in MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS, the long-awaited companion volume to THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS. The latest edition of THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS is one of the most widely used of the Wilson Company's reference tools, especially in school and public libraries, and we expect the library demand for MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS to be equally great.

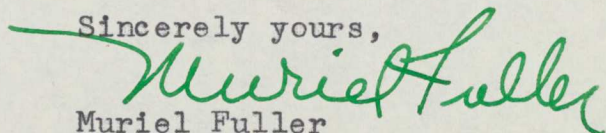
Your name was selected on the basis of a poll of representative children's and young people's librarians from all sections of the country. No one can buy admission to this work, nor is there any obligation on your part to buy the book when it is ready.

May we ask you to send us an autobiographical sketch of approximately 500 words, together with a photograph (glossy print, if possible)? Enclosed are four examples of such autobiographies from THE JUNIOR BOOK OF AUTHORS. Of especial interest (in addition to place and date of birth, and formal education) are those incidents in your childhood or youth that turned you to your chosen career, as well as any aspects of your life that have been reflected in your books.

In addition to the autobiographical sketch, will you please give us a short list of your principal books (not more than four titles), and the correct pronunciation of your name, if it is at all unusual?

We have to reserve the right to cut the sketch to fit space limitations but we trust that this will not be necessary. We will appreciate as prompt a response as possible. A stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience in replying.

Sincerely yours,


Muriel Fuller
Editor

MORE JUNIOR AUTHORS

MF:kb
encl.

ABRIDGED READERS' GUIDE • AGRICULTURAL INDEX • ART INDEX • BIBLIOGRAPHIC INDEX • BIOGRAPHY INDEX • BOOK REVIEW DIGEST
CHILDREN'S CATALOG • CUMULATIVE BOOK INDEX • CURRENT BIOGRAPHY • EDUCATION INDEX • EDUCATIONAL FILM GUIDE • ESSAY INDEX
FICTION CATALOG • FILMSTRIP GUIDE • INDEX TO LEGAL PERIODICALS • INDUSTRIAL ARTS INDEX • INTERNATIONAL INDEX
LIBRARY LITERATURE • READERS' GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE • REFERENCE SHELF • STANDARD CATALOG FOR HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARIES
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Roger Duvoisin

1904-

ILLUSTRATOR, AND AUTHOR OF
Three Sneezes, They Put Out to Sea, Etc.

Autobiographical sketch of Roger Antoine Duvoisin:

I WAS born in Geneva, Switzerland. My father was an architect and kept busy building houses while my mother kept even more busy dressing me in long robes with polka dots and tying blue ribbons in my hair.

Like most children, I loved to draw. Galloping horses were my favorite subject. But I labored in vain trying to draw the hoofs; they always looked like oversized shoes. Fortunately an uncle of mine had a special talent for drawing horses and I looked forward to his visit with great expectation as I always made him fill sheets of paper with magnificent horses, prancing on their elegant hoofs.

Trees also were my despair. They have so many leaves that I lost hope of drawing them all. I was sad when I looked at my trees whose leaves hung from the branches like Christmas tree ornaments. But I got help there too. My godmother, who was a well-known painter of enamels, said she knew a trick that would help me and she showed it to me. After that my trees were really bad.

Thus I scribbled so many strange things and used up so much white paper that my godmother declared she could see my future very clearly. I would be a painter of enamels. My mother concurred. But my father shook his head. He thought I would make a better chemist. He was alone against two—so he compromised. I would be an artist but not a painter of enamels; a mural painter and a stage designer. That was closer to his own profession. So, when I became of age, I entered art school.

Out of school, I began to paint murals and stage scenery and also posters and illustrations. I did much with ceramics too and I even became manager of an old French pottery plant. I soon left this, however, to design textiles in Lyons and Paris. I did well, for, as I learned later, the former manager of the pottery plant had sworn he would shoot me one dark night for having taken his job. It was this idea of designing textiles that led to my becoming an American

citizen, for in Paris an American textile firm offered to bring me to America if I would promise to stay there four years at least.

A trip to America was an exciting adventure, so I came over looking forward to some interesting experiences.

After four or five years the textile firm went bankrupt—through no fault of my own—and I found myself jobless. This happened during the depression. But as I was very happy here, I had no desire to sail back to Europe. Instead, I published a book I had written for my young son, and ever since, I have been illustrating and writing books for children and drawing illustrations for magazines.

In 1938 I became a citizen.

* * *

Mr. Duvoisin now lives in Gladstone, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Enright

1909-

AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR OF
Thimble Summer, Then There Were Five, The Four-Story Mistake, Etc.

Autobiographical sketch of Elizabeth Enright:

I WAS born in Chicago, but did not live there long. After a year and a half my parents brought me to New York. Both were artists. My father, W. J. Enright, was, and is, a political cartoonist. My mother, then Maginel Wright Enright, was an illustrator. She now makes another kind of picture, very beautiful, too, of wool.

Naturally with so much drawing and painting going on in the house, I felt I had to draw, too. From the age of three I drew hundreds and hundreds of pictures, adopting and abandoning many different styles, but the subject matter was always the same: fairies, mermaids, princesses, kings, ogres, giants, and wicked witches. I believed in, or pretended to believe in fairies for a long time, and knew the stories of Hans Christian Andersen and the brothers Grimm practically by heart.

When I was six my mother took me to see Anna Pavlova. I decided at once to be a dancer and spent hours thumping and banging around the living room to the music of the victrola, even learning to walk on my toes while wearing sneakers. Nothing much

came of all this but discouragement and sore toes. I went on drawing.

After finishing high school I studied at the Art Students League in New York for two years, and then spent part of another year in Paris.

I got my first real job at twenty, illustrating a fairy tale, and in the same year was commissioned to draw the pictures for *Kees*, by Marian King. I was very happy about this and finished the preliminary drawings the night before my marriage.

I illustrated quite a few books after *Kees*, but by and by thought it would be fun to illustrate the kind of book I wanted in exactly the way I wished; so I wrote the book myself. I did not go about it quite as one is supposed to—I made most of the pictures first and then wrote the story around them—but I enjoyed myself a lot. The book, *Kintu: A Congo Adventure*, was published in 1935. During the process I discovered I really liked writing much better than drawing, so after a while I started another book, this time about a little Wisconsin farm girl. The book was called *Thimble Summer*, and to my great joy was awarded the Newbery Medal in 1939.

Since then I've written four other children's book and one for adults. I gave up illustrating, except for my own books, some time ago. I still like to draw, though, and am always scribbling faces on everything.

My husband is Robert Gillham, and we have two sons, Nicky and Robin.

Munro Leaf

December 4, 1905-

AUTHOR OF
The Story of Ferdinand, Wee Gillis, The Watchbirds, Manners Can Be Fun, Etc.

Autobiographical sketch of Munro Leaf:

PROBABLY my chief qualification for writing books for American children is that I have led such an average typical American child's life. Ever since I can remember I have been interested in people, what they do and why they do it. Put that together with something I decided at about the age of six, that is that children are people, and sooner or later I was bound to write about and for them.

I was born in a little place called Hamilton that is now part of the city of Baltimore. Early in my life my family moved to Washington, and there I went to public school until I entered the University of Maryland.

As a boy I led a life that was half city and half country, thanks to the lucky fact that my home was near the wonderful woods, fields, brooks, and ponds of the National Soldiers' Home. I played games, studied some, got into trouble and out again in the normal ways. I was a boy scout and had the good fortune to have a scoutmaster who was everything a boy could hope for.

When I went to Maryland, I studied some more, played all the games I could, joined a fraternity, made a lot of friends, and had a wonderful time for four years, graduating in 1927 with a bachelor of arts degree.

During my summer vacations from Maryland I tried a little of everything: worked in a lawyer's office, pick-and-shoveled on a Virginia road building gang, ranch-handed in Montana, went to Army Reserve Officers camp, and shipped out on a British tramp steamer carrying coal from Baltimore to Dublin, Ireland.

After Maryland I went up to Harvard and took a master of arts degree in English literature and then taught and coached in preparatory schools in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania for three years.

Then I went to New York and sneaked into the book publishing business, first as a manuscript reader and later as a director in a publishing company.

In 1934 I wrote my first children's book, *Grammar Can Be Fun*. When I made scratchy little drawings to show what I thought an artist should do, people laughed at them and it was decided I might as well go ahead and illustrate the book. I've been doing the same kind of scratches ever since and they don't seem to get any better or worse.

The year 1936 was a pleasant one for me and my wife Margaret. That fall both *Ferdinand* and *Manners Can Be Fun* came out and today, many years later, she and I and our two sons, Andy and Gil, eat some of our meals with thanks to those two books.

The better part of the four war years were spent in the army, but even there I

could squeeze in time to keep writing for children.

It's a pleasant way to spend your time and if you believe as I do that the children of today will shape the world of tomorrow, it's one way to try to help us all get along together better than we ever have before. I can honestly testify that "Writing Can Be Fun."

* * *

The Story of Ferdinand, Munro Leaf's best known book, has been called one of the few juvenile classics of recent years. In its original form, with Robert Lawson's delightful illustrations, and in moving pictures and on the radio it has pleased adults almost as much as the younger readers for whom it was written "in forty minutes one rainy Sunday afternoon."

Maud Hart Lovelace

1892-

AUTHOR OF

Betsy-Tacy, Heaven to Betsy, Etc.

Autobiographical sketch of Maud Hart Lovelace:

READERS of the Betsy-Tacy books already know quite a bit about me, for Maud Hart Lovelace as a little girl was very much like Betsy. I was born in Mankato, Minnesota, which certainly resembles the Deep Valley of my stories. I lived with my father, mother, and two sisters in a small yellow cottage at the end of a street which, like Betsy's Hill Street, ran straight up into a green hill and stopped. There I had innumerable happy adventures with two friends whom I have named Tacy and Tib.

After grade school and high school in Mankato, I went to the University of Minnesota. I traveled in this country and in Europe, and I was in London when World War I broke out. I can still hear the bands playing "Tipperary." In 1917 I married Delos Lovelace, then a lieutenant in a machine gun battalion but later a writer and newspaper man. I began writing historical novels, both alone and in collaboration with my husband.

Merian was born in 1931, and as soon as she had reached an age to listen, I started telling her stories of my childhood. These grew into the Betsy-Tacy books. I thought the series would end when Betsy reached her teens, but about that time I chanced upon my own high school diaries. Merian, a freshman herself, was delighted with them, and I was impressed with how similar high school in 1905 was to high school in 1945—fudge, dates, ouija boards, singing around the piano. So Merian and Betsy have been going through high school with a book for each year.

Children keep asking how much of these stories is true—a question difficult to answer. The background is true, many of the incidents are true—but twisted about, of course, to make the plots. Almost all the characters are true, but sometimes two or three people have been combined to make one.

Tacy and Tib are absolutely true, and on a recent joyous trip to the Middle West I visited both of them—Tacy in Buffalo where I played with her grandchildren, Tib in Chicago where she introduced me to a niece as yellow haired and daring as Tib was at her age. A character out of *Heaven to Betsy* drove me from Minneapolis to Mankato where we visited the Big Hill, the Secret Lane, and Little Syria. Another character gave a dinner party which brought together many members of the old high school crowd. (Yes, we stood around the piano and sang!)

My home now is a white blue-shuttered house in Garden City, Long Island, near New York, where my husband is on the staff of one of the big newspapers. As a family we like reading and writing (but not arithmetic), music and plays, traveling anywhere, the beach, ping-pong, meals out-of-doors, company, and—of course—each other.

Yoshiko Uchida

1921-



Yoshiko Uchida, about three, and sister Keiko

Mama, be sure to bring me my umbrella if it rains," I would say. "I will, Yo Chan, don't worry," Mama would answer. "Now be careful crossing the street."

Every morning my mother and I repeated this little ritual before I trudged off to Longfellow Elementary School in Berkeley, California. The sun could be shining in a clear blue sky and the rainy season long gone, but I always had to have this reassurance from my mother before I left home.

I don't think it was really the rain that concerned me. It was just that I had to know my mother was always there for me if I needed her. I know part of my insecurity came from being four years younger than my only sister, Keiko, who could do everything better than I, and who could make me do just about anything by threatening, "All right for you, if you don't!" But there was something else that added to my timidity. I was an American of Japanese descent and, although we had several close white American family friends, I lived in a society that in general made me feel different and not as good as my white peers.

I grew up asking such questions as, "Will you rent

us a house? Will the neighbors object? Can Japanese swim in your pool?" When I went to a beauty parlor for my first professional haircut, I called first to ask, "Do you cut Japanese hair?" There was also the time when a stranger on the street shouted to me, "Go back where you came from!"

All I longed for in those early years was to be like everyone else and to be viewed as an American. I was born in Alameda, California, and grew up in Berkeley. And yet, when people saw me, they usually saw only my Japanese face.

When I was ten, my parents took my sister and me to a small village in Connecticut to visit my mother's white American pen pal. We were probably the first Asians to visit this small community, and one of the women I met gave me a pat on the head and said, "My, you speak English so beautifully." She had meant to compliment me, of course, but I still remember today how stunned and disappointed I was to be perceived as a foreigner.

If I felt intimidated and different in the "outside world," however, I felt safe and secure at home. There flowed from my parents not only love and warmth and caring for Keiko and me, but the richness of the Japanese culture, values, traditions and beliefs that were an integral part of their lives and which thus became a vital part of our own as well.

My mother, Iku Umegaki, the eldest daughter of a prefectural governor in Japan, came to the United States in 1916 to marry my father, Dwight Takashi Uchida, who had preceded her to America in 1906. Both were graduates of Doshisha University, one of the early Christian universities of Japan, and as was the custom of the day, their marriage was an arranged one. Seeing their long and happy marriage, however, I have always thought the professors who arranged the match must have taken great pride in the success of their endeavor.

After a few early years in Portland, Oregon, my parents lived in Oakland, California, and my father worked in the San Francisco offices of Mitsui and Company, a large Japanese business firm where he eventually became assistant manager. They moved later to Berkeley, the city which has always been and is now "home" for me.

My parents were early and active members of a



Family portrait with paternal grandmother, 1931

small Japanese church (now Sycamore Congregational Church), to which they devoted much of their time and energy. Every Sunday morning we piled into Papa's Buick, picked up three or four children on the way, and got to church in time for both my parents to teach Sunday school class. This meant that Keiko and I could never miss a Sunday either, and because my parents were giving and caring people, unable to be indifferent to the needs of others, we learned early the importance of being responsible for our fellow human beings.

The written word was always important in our family, and my mother often wrote poetry—the thirty-one-syllable Japanese *tanka*. Like most women of her day, however, she focused her attention on her family, and her creativity existed on the fringes of her life. She wrote her poems on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes, and they were published by a friend in a small Japanese newsletter.

My mother also loved books, and our house was filled with them. Although she didn't find time to read much for herself, she often read Japanese stories to Keiko and me. Many of these were the Japanese folktales which I later included in my first published book, *The Dancing Kettle*.

Unlike my gentle dreamer mother, my father was a cheerful, practical, and energetic businessman who handled all the business matters of our house with great efficiency. He was also an avid letter writer, and influenced by my mother, he eventually tried his hand at writing *tanka* as well.

Between the two of them, my parents carried on a voluminous correspondence, mostly with friends and relatives in Japan. As a result, our mailbox was always bulging, and our home seemed constantly filled with visiting friends from Japan. Many were Doshisha alumni or professors and others were seminary students or long-winded ministers. The students usually spent at least two years in Berkeley, so were often invited to our home for Sunday and holiday dinners, and even worse for me, they often dropped by uninvited. Pressed and polished, with their squeaky shoes, their hair slicked down with camellia hair oil, they appeared for afternoon tea and stayed for supper, and I hated them with a passion for intruding on our family life.

But now these people who were so dull and annoying to me as a child, provide wonderful material for my writing, and I remember them not only with fascination, but with some guilt for the shabby way I treated them. I also remember the laughter, the won-

derful smell of *sukiyaki* cooking at the table, and the after-dinner singing around our piano, and realize that in spite of ourselves, Keiko and I often had good times at these gatherings.

I believe our life's experiences are always with us, and I find that I draw constantly from the memories of the past. I also find bits and pieces of my child self turning up in my writing.

It seems to me I've been interested in books and writing for as long as I can remember. I was writing stories when I was ten, and being the child of frugal immigrant parents, I wrote them on brown wrapping paper which I cut up and bound into booklets, and because I am such a saver, I still have them. The first is titled, "Jimmy Chipmonk and His Friends: A Short Story for Small Children."

I not only wrote stories, I also kept a journal of important events which I began the day I graduated from elementary school. Of course my saver self kept that journal as well, and even today I can read of the special events of my young life, such as the times my parents took us to an opera or concert in San Francisco, or the day I got my first dog, or the sad day it died, when I drew a tombstone for him in my journal and decorated it with floral wreaths.

By putting these special happenings into words and writing them down, I was trying to hold on to and somehow preserve the magic as well as the joy and sadness of certain moments in my life, and I guess that's really what books and writing are all about.



Yoshiko and Keiko with their dog, about 1933

Junior high and high school were not very happy times, for those were the years when I felt more and more alienated and excluded, especially from the social activities of my white classmates. I couldn't wait to get out of high school. I increased my class load and graduated in two-and-a-half years, entering the University of California at Berkeley when I was only sixteen, immature and naive. There the exclusion of Japanese Americans from the social activities of white students was even greater than in high school, and my social life was confined to activities of the Japanese students clubs. We had our own dances, weenie roasts, picnics and parties, and I finally discovered the pleasures of dating.

All during my college years I never spoke first to a white student for fear of being rebuffed, and never went out socially with a white man until many years later. Although my closest friend now and for the past twenty-five years happens to be a white man, I probably would not have spoken to him nor gone out with him had we met during my college years.

It was during my senior year in college that the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor and my whole world fell apart. We were having Sunday dinner when we heard the unbelievable news on the radio. Assuming it was the act of a fanatic and certainly not even dreaming that it was the beginning of war with Japan, I went to the university to study for final exams.

When I returned home toward evening, my father was gone. The FBI had taken him for questioning, and we had no idea when he would return. We left the porch light on all night, hoping he would return shortly, but for three days and nights we had no word from him. Finally we learned that he as well as hundreds of other Japanese American community leaders had been seized on December 7th and were being held at the San Francisco Immigration Headquarters. Soon after, they were shipped to various prisoner-of-war camps, and my father was among those sent to Missoula, Montana.

Those were anxious days filled with false rumors of sabotage by the Japanese Americans in Hawaii (later completely refuted), growing campaigns of hatred and vilification by longtime anti-Asian pressure groups, and extremely troubling rumors about a "mass evacuation" of all the Japanese Americans from the West Coast. None of us believed our government would imprison its own citizens, but on February 19, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066 which would uproot 120,000 Japanese Americans and imprison us behind barbed wire, without trial or hearing, simply because we looked like the enemy. Two-thirds of us were American citizens, and I was one of them.



Uchida (far left) with college classmates, 1941

Looking back on that tragic event today, I find it hard to believe that our government leaders could have violated our constitution so ruthlessly. I believe their betrayal was not only against the Japanese Americans, but against ALL Americans, for they damaged the very essence of our democratic beliefs.

By March a five-mile travel restriction and an 8:00 P.M. curfew were imposed on us, and for the next two months my mother, sister, and I tried to prepare for our forced removal by clearing out the house we had occupied for fifteen years. We worked frantically, selling things we should have kept and storing things we should have thrown out. Although friends came to help us, our task was made doubly difficult by the absence of my father. It was distressing to have to drop out from the university, but one of the saddest moments was having to part with our aging collie who died only a few months after he was separated from us.

On April 21, 1942, removal orders were issued for the Japanese of Berkeley, giving us exactly ten days to clear out of the area. On May 1, some fourteen hundred of us were shipped under armed guard to the Tanforan Racetrack which eventually housed eight thousand uprooted Japanese Americans in its stables and barracks.

By then we had become Family #13453, and when my father was released on parole to join us, the four of us lived for five months in a horse stall previously occupied by a single horse. Only thin wood partitions divided the families jammed into rows of horse stalls, and privacy became something we could only

remember with longing. I, of course, missed my graduation from the university, and my diploma was sent to me in a cardboard roll and presented to me in my horse stall by the camp mailman.

Schools, churches, and recreation centers were quickly organized, and with teachers in short supply, I signed up to teach a class of second graders. My sister, with a degree in child development from Mills College, organized the camp's two nursery schools.

By September, however, the entire camp was again uprooted. This time we were sent to a desolate concentration camp called Topaz, located in the middle of a vast and barren Utah desert. We discovered it to be a cluster of bleak tar-papered barracks, (none of which were complete when we arrived), surrounded by a barbed wire fence with guard towers at each corner. Each family was assigned to one of six rooms into which each barrack was divided, but there were no stoves for heat, and the lack of inner sheetrock walls allowed white powder-like dust to sift into the rooms from every crack in the siding as well as the hole in the roof where the stovepipe was to fit.

I again taught second grade, but the school barracks were as hopelessly inadequate as those in which we lived. The children and I often sat in our classroom bundled up in coats and scarves, shivering in morning temperatures of thirty degrees. On other days when the frequent raging dust storms swept through the desert and dust poured in from the roof, we feared for the children's safety and sent them home for the day.

In Topaz my sister again organized nursery



Topaz, Utah, 1942-43: "the concentration camp where I was interned. Hidden from view are the barbed wire fence and guard towers."

schools, my father chaired many of the committees needed to run the camp, and my mother, in her gentle nurturing way, tried to make a home in our bleak barrack room for our family and friends.

But life in a concentration camp, ringed by a barbed wire fence and guarded by armed sentries, grew increasingly intolerable, and with the help of the Student Relocation Committee (administered by the American Friends Service Committee), I obtained a fellowship enabling me to leave. In May 1943, Keiko and I left Topaz—she to work in the nursery school of Mt. Holyoke's Department of Education and I to do graduate work at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. Not long after, my parents received permission to leave for Salt Lake City.

It had been a devastating and traumatic year which left a lasting impact on my life, but it was many years before I could write about the experience.

During my year at Smith College, I earned a Master's degree in education, and feeling at last like a full-fledged teacher, I accepted a job teaching a combined class of first and second graders in a small Quaker school on the outskirts of Philadelphia. But after my first year, I had the first of many bouts with mononucleosis and also realized that teaching was a twenty-four-hour job that left me no time nor energy

for writing. So I ended my brief teaching career and headed for New York City where my sister was teaching in a private school.

I spent the next few years working as a secretary at a job I could leave behind at the end of the day and was able to write in the evenings. I was writing short stories at the time, sending them to the *New Yorker*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*—and routinely receiving printed rejection slips. After a time, however, the slips contained encouraging penciled notes and a *New Yorker* editor even met with me to suggest that I write about my concentration camp experiences.

I never made the *New Yorker*, but the article I wrote for them became the core of material which, after years of revisions, additions, submissions, and simply languishing in my files, eventually became my book for adults, *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese American Family*. And many of the short stories I wrote during those days were published eventually in literature anthologies for young people.

Although I did place one short story at *Woman's Day*, I discovered soon thereafter that I could be more successful writing for children, and in 1952 a Ford Foundation Foreign Area Fellowship enabled me to escape my life as secretary/writer to spend two years in



Family portrait, 1943, "on the day my sister and I (far left) left Topaz for the outside world."

Japan. I had been there before as a child, but my memories of that visit were of such things as long boring afternoons when I'd counted the number of times my parents and their friends exchanged bows on first meeting (the most was thirteen!).

This time I loved everything about the country, and my years there were as restorative and enriching as the wartime experience had been devastating and depleting. I went primarily to collect more Japanese folktales (which were later included in *The Magic Listening Cap* and *The Sea of Gold*), but I grew increasingly interested in Japan's arts and crafts.

I learned about Japanese folk art from the three men who founded the Folk Art Movement of Japan: the eminent philosopher Soetsu Yanagi and two of Japan's leading potters, Shoji Hamada and Kanjiro Kawai. They opened my eyes to the honest, simple beauty of handcrafts made by rural villagers, taught me much about contemporary Japanese pottery and even about Zen which, for some fleeting moments, I thought I actually understood.

I translated such poems by Kanjiro Kawai as "I am you/ the you that only I can see," and many of them, along with a monograph about his life work, were published in a chapbook entitled, *We Do Not Work Alone*. I also wrote several articles dealing with Japanese crafts for the *Nippon Times*, and later for *Craft Horizons*, whose West Coast correspondent I was for a

time.

On returning to California I was eager to try some handcrafts myself, and studied pottery, jewelry-making, and frame loom tapestry. I discovered, however, that none of it was as easy as it looked. My pots were often lopsided, my jewelry sometimes fell apart, and I could complete only one tapestry. I decided my talents lay not in creating handcraft, but in writing about it, and I soon discovered potters turning up in some of my children's books as well—*Takao and Grandfather's Sword*, *Rokubei and the Thousand Rice Bowls*, and *Makoto, The Smallest Boy*. And of course many of my subsequent books incorporated aspects of Japanese life that I had absorbed during my two years there—*The Forever Christmas Tree*, *Sumi's Prize*, *Sumi's Special Happening*, *Sumi and The Goat* and *The Tokyo Express*, *In-Between Miya*, and *Hisako's Mysteries*.

Most important, however, my years in Japan had made me aware of a new dimension to myself as a Japanese American and deepened my respect and admiration for the culture that had made my parents what they were. By then neither of them was in good health, and I remained in California to care for them and to give them what support and sustenance I could.

When my mother died in 1966, my father was already partially paralyzed from a stroke, and I felt moved to write a book especially for them and the other first-generation Japanese (the Issei), who had en-



Uchida in Paris, 1951

dured so much and been so strong.

The book I wrote was *Journey to Topaz*, the story of young Yuki Sakane and her family, based largely on my own journey to Topaz. Many years later, because so many children wanted to know what happened to Yuki and her family after the war, I wrote a sequel entitled *Journey Home*.

When I speak to children in schools today, they are full of questions about my two "Journey" books. I also tell them about my short story "The Bracelet," which deals with the uprooting, and show them the photographs in *Desert Exile*, which some of them have read.

I always ask them why they think I wrote these books about my wartime experiences, and they ask, "To tell about the camps? To tell how you felt?" But eventually, they come up with the right answer. "You wrote them so it won't happen again," they say. And I always make sure they understand that freedom is our most precious possession.

I also hope they get a sense of the strength and courage with which most Japanese Americans—especially the Issei—survived this devastating tragedy, for I believe their survival was truly a triumph of the human spirit.

Since *Journey to Topaz*, all of my books have been about the Japanese American experience in the United

States, for by then the young third-generation Japanese Americans were seeking their identity and sense of self. I wanted not only to reinforce their self-knowledge and pride, but to give them and all young people a sense of continuity and kinship with the past.

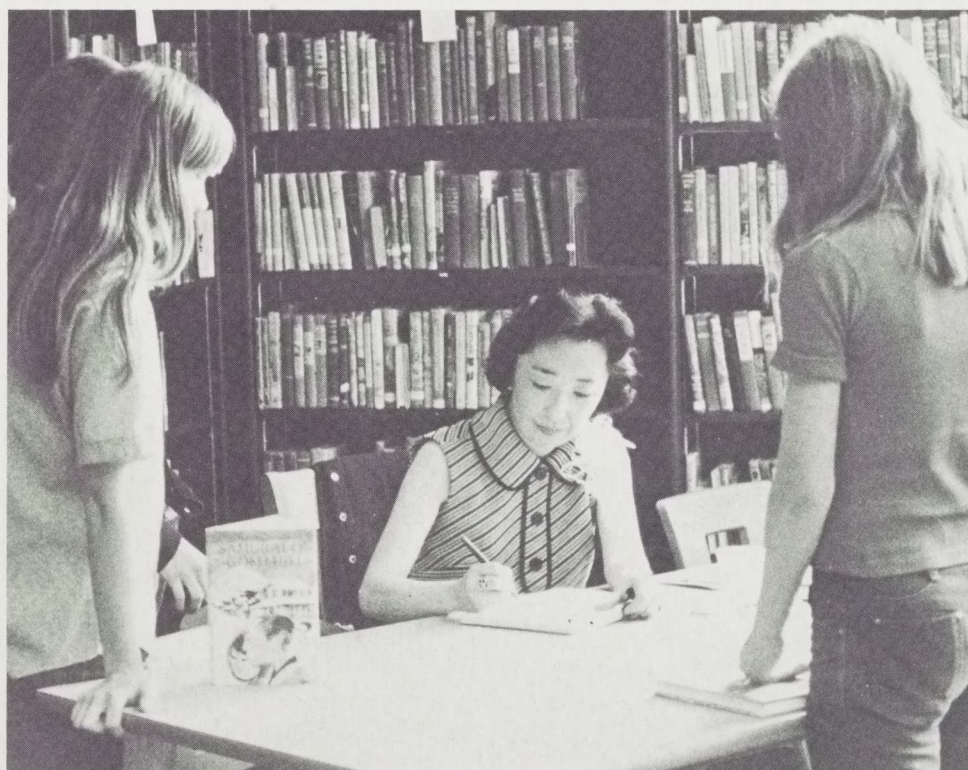
In *Samurai of Gold Hill* I told the story of the first Japanese colonists who came to California shortly after the gold rush to establish their ill-fated tea and silk farm. About the same time I also wrote a novel for adults about a Japanese immigrant woman, but unfortunately, despite encouraging words from many editors and publishers, it has yet to find a home. The one thing I have learned as a writer, however, is to be patient; I still have hope that one day it will be published somewhere when the time is right.

My two picture books, *The Birthday Visitor* and *The Rooster Who Understood Japanese*, were attempts to fill the void about Japanese Americans in books for younger children. But most of my writing has been for the eight-to-twelve group, and my three recent books in this category have been about Rinko, a young Japanese American child growing up in Berkeley during the depression years: *A Jar of Dreams*, *The Best Bad Thing*, and *The Happiest Ending*.

These books are not based on my own life, for Rinko's family had more of a struggle to survive in those difficult times than we did. Still, there is much of



Uchida (second from left), with the British potter, Bernard Leach, and friends, Japan, 1953



Signing books after a school talk, Sacramento, 1975

- New Friends for Susan* (illustrated by Henry Sugimoto). New York: Scribner, 1951.
- The Magic Listening Cap: More Folk Tales from Japan* (illustrated by the author). New York: Harcourt, 1955.
- The Full Circle* (illustrated by the author). New York: Friendship, 1957.
- Takao and Grandfather's Sword* (illustrated by William M. Hutchinson). New York: Harcourt, 1958.
- The Promised Year* (illustrated by W. M. Hutchinson). New York: Harcourt, 1959.
- Mik and the Prowler* (illustrated by W. M. Hutchinson). New York: Harcourt, 1960.
- Rokubei and the Thousand Rice Bowls* (illustrated by Kazue Mizumura). New York: Scribner, 1962.
- The Forever Christmas Tree* (illustrated by K. Mizumura). New York: Scribner, 1963.
- Sumi's Prize* (illustrated by K. Mizumura). New York: Scribner, 1964.
- The Sea of Gold, and Other Tales from Japan* (illustrated by Marianne Yamaguchi). New York: Scribner, 1965.
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- In-Between Miya* (illustrated by Susan Bennett). New York: Scribner, 1967.
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- A Jar of Dreams*. New York: Atheneum, 1981.
- Tabi: Journey through Time, Stories of the Japanese in America*. Nashville, Tenn.: United Methodist Publishing House, 1984.
- The Best Bad Thing* (sequel to *A Jar of Dreams*). New York: Atheneum, 1983.
- The Happiest Ending* (sequel to *The Best Bad Thing*). New York: Atheneum, 1985.

FOR ADULTS

Nonfiction:

- We Do Not Work Alone: The Thoughts of Kanjiro Kawai*. Kyoto, Japan: Folk Art Society, 1953.
- The History of Sycamore Church*. El Cerrito, Calif.: Sycamore Congregational Church, 1974.
- Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese-American Family*. Seattle, Wash.: University of Washington Press, 1982.

me in Rinko; she has many of the same feelings and longings I had as a child. But she discovers pride in herself as a Japanese American much earlier than I did, and she has much more gumption as well. She dares to be bold and feisty when necessary, and she doesn't let her older brother push her around or tell her what to do.

Writing these three books was a real joy for me, for they brought back so many happy memories of the times and people I knew in my childhood. I felt again the spirit of hope and affirmation they expressed, which I hope I conveyed to my readers as well.

All my books have been about the Japanese or Japanese Americans, but while I cherish and take pride in my special heritage, I never want to lose my sense of connection with the community of man, for I feel the basic elements of humanity are present in all our strivings.

I am now happily settled again in Berkeley and feel very lucky to be a writer, doing what I love best. I love the freedom of being able to structure my own days—to work or play or to see my friends or to travel when I please. I think that kind of freedom is a luxury to be cherished.

I meet occasionally with a group of fellow writers

in this area for sharing, support, and sometimes sympathy, and enjoy meeting other writers when I speak at conferences or meetings.

But I also enjoy the contact with college students when I speak about *Desert Exile*, and it is great fun to be with fourth, fifth, and sixth graders when I speak to them about my books. They often write me wonderful letters after my visits; I especially enjoyed one from a young man whose class I visited in Texas. "Thanks a lot for visiting our school," he wrote, "and getting us out of our afternoon classes." That kind of letter keeps me humble.

And perhaps the seven hundred folded-paper cranes given to me recently by some fifth graders will bring me the good fortune to continue writing many more books, and as one child wished for me, "the happiest life you will ever have!"

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Uchida at home in Berkeley, about 1980

When I was growing up in Berkeley, California, the world was a very different place. I ~~had to~~^{ask} ask such questions as, "Can we swim in your pool even if we're Japanese Americans?" or "Will the neighbors be angry if we move in next door?"

Before going to a beauty parlor, I would call to ask if they cut Japanese hair, and I often ~~had to~~ put up with sales clerks who treated me as though I didn't exist.

My parents created a warm loving home for my older sister and me, and ~~infused~~^{we} into our lives their own Japanese spirit and values. But I wanted so much to be accepted by white American society, that I often rejected my Japaneseness.

One summer when I was ten, I met a white woman whose first words were to compliment me for speaking English so well. I was totally dismayed, for she had seen only my Japanese face and treated me like a foreigner. I realized then that I would always be perceived as being different.

It wasn't until both the world and I had changed drastically that I finally learned to be proud of the Japanese, as well as the American part of me. By then I had survived the World War II internment, when our government uprooted and incarcerated 120,000 Japanese Americans without trial or hearing, not because we had committed a crime, but simply because we looked like the enemy.

I wanted young ~~Jpnese~~^{Japanese} Americans to be proud of the courage and strength with which their parents and grandparents survived this ordeal. I also wanted all young Americans to know of this

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tragedy so nothing similar would ever happen again. And so I wrote JOURNEY TO TOPAZ and its sequel JOURNEY HOME.

In these books, Yuki and her family endure much of what my own family did, although the sequel is not our story. Yuki felt the same despair I did when I was sent to a concentration camp. She also had the same longing for home, and realizes, as I eventually did, that home is wherever those we love are gathered together.

My parents taught me much about the importance of family, hard work, loyalty, a sense of purpose and affirmation, and holding onto ones dreams. In a JAR OF DREAMS and its two sequels, I evoke similar beliefs and values in Rinko's family because I think they are still important, ~~for us~~ today.

Although these books are totally fictional, there is something of me in Rinko. She, however, learns to feel proud of herself earlier than I did - which is the nice thing about fiction. Events can be telescoped, and one can sometimes create satisfying situations not always possible in real life.

I did not have an Aunt Waka, but my parents and their friends were strong, courageous people who, like Aunt Waka, were proud of their heritage and encouraged me to follow my dreams. ~~All my life,~~ They passed on to me their strength and Japanese spirit, and when I finally learned to accept myself for what I was - American and Japanese, I became whole and happy, just as Rinko did.

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My parents created a warm loving home for my older sister and me, and infused their own Japanese spirit and values into our lives. But I was trying so hard to be accepted by white American society, that I often rejected my Japaneseness.

^{Once when I was about ten, I met and married a white woman who}
~~Then one summer, our family went on a trip to the east coast. We stopped at a small New England village to visit two of my mother's pen pals with whom she had corresponded since college days. We were the first Asians to visit this village and one woman shook my hand warmly, complimenting me for speaking English, so well. She had seen my Japanese face and perceived me as a foreigner, and I realized then that I would always be different, when I wanted so much to be like my white friends.~~

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^{not because} ~~We had committed no crime, except that we looked like the enemy.~~ ^{but simply because} ~~we were different~~

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and strength with which their parents and grandparents survived this ordeal. I also wanted all young Americans to know of this tragedy so it would never happen again.

And so I wrote JOURNEY TO TOPAZ and its sequel JOURNEY HOME. In these books, Yuki and her family endure much of what my own family did, although the sequel is not our ^{particular} story. ~~Still~~, Yuki felt the same despair I did when I was uprooted from my home and sent to a concentration camp. She also had the same ~~sense of family and longing for home,~~ ^{and} She realized, as I eventually did, that home is wherever those we love are gathered together.

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I did not have an Aunt Waka, but my ^{own} parents and their friends were strong, courageous people who, like Aunt Waka, were proud of their heritage and encouraged me to follow my dreams. All my life, they passed on to me their own ^{strength +} strong Japanese spirit, and when I finally learned to accept myself

for what I was - American and Japanese, I became whole and happy,
just as Rinko ^{did.} ~~learned to do.~~

2-6-91

When I was growing up in Berkeley, California, the world was a very different place. I had to ask such questions as,

"Can we ~~swim in your pool?~~ ^{even if} We're Japanese Americans?" or

"Will the neighbors ~~mind if we move in next door?~~ ^{be angry} And before

I went for a haircut, I would call first to ask, ^{then} "Do you cut

Japanese hair?" ^{I made an appointment} ~~and then I would go~~ ^{at a beauty parlor} ~~if they would cut~~

I often ~~encountered sales clerks who~~ ^{ignored me} ~~treated me as though~~ ^{not needed}

I didn't exist, and stayed away from stores and restaurants where I knew I wouldn't be welcomed. I hated being ignored

and feeling like a Big Nothing. ^{often made me} ~~non-entirely for worth of their writ.~~

At home, however, I always felt safe and secure. ^{after} My parents ^{created a} gave warm, loving support ^{home in} to my older sister and me, and ^{infused}

their own Japanese spirit, and values and culture were ^{so} thoroughly infused in our lives,

But because I was trying so hard to be like my white American friends, ^{not} longing to be accepted by white American society I often rejected my Japaneseness.

Then once summer, our family went on a trip to the east coast. ^{We stopped at} One of our stops was in a small ^{New England} Conn. village where my mother ^{met} went to meet her the two pen pals with whom she had corresponded since college. We were the first Asians to visit this village and one smiling woman shook my hand warmly and ^{complimented me for speaking} said, "My, you speak English so beautifully."

~~She had meant to compliment me, of course, but I was stunned~~ and dismayed. She had seen my Japanese face and ^{perceived} ~~treated me~~ like ^{as} a foreigner. ^{I was stunned & dismayed by} I realized then that I would always be

^{when I wanted to be like my white friends}
different, even though I was an American citizen, just as she was.

It wasn't until both the world and I had ^{undergone a vast} ~~changed a great~~
~~deal~~ that I finally ^{came to be} proud of the ^{Japanese} ~~part~~ of me that
was ~~Japanese~~, as well as the ^{American} ~~part~~ of me that was American.

By then I had survived the World War II uprooting, when
the ~~United States~~ ^{our} government uprooted and incarcerated 120,000
Japanese Americans without trial or hearing. ^{not that we} We had done nothing
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^{she also} sense of family and the realization that home is wherever those
^{close} we love are gathered together.

My parents and ~~their~~ generation, taught me ^{the importance of} much about what
is ~~important~~ in life - family, hard work, loyalty, a sense of
purpose and affirmation, and holding onto ones dreams. I wanted
young people to understand these values as well, and wrote of

^{Similar values held by}
them through Rinko's family in the trilogy, of which JAR OF DREAMS is the first book.

^{altho'}
These books are fiction and ~~not about my own family.~~ Still there is a lot of me in Rinko, ^{as} ~~there was in Yuki,~~ and a lot of my mother and father in ^{her} ~~her~~ parents, ^{their} ~~(and in Yuki's)~~. Rinko ~~hates being different and left out, just as I did.~~

^{Rinko,}
However, ~~she~~ ^{self made} learns to feel proud of herself earlier than I did - which is ^a ~~a~~ nice ^{dark} aspect of fiction. One can ^{telescope events} ~~condense~~ ~~life~~ and create satisfying endings sometimes not possible in real life.

I did not have an Aunt Waka, but my own parents and their friends were courageous, strong people who, like Aunt Waka, were always proud of their heritage and encouraged me to follow my dreams. They ~~had been~~ ^{ed} passing on to me their own strong Japanese spirit all my life, ^{when I finally learned to accept myself} but it took a long time for me ~~to learn to stop rejecting my Japaneseness and for the world to accept me for what I am.~~ ^{was as proud as well as Am. then,} When ~~this came about,~~ ^{herself did} I too became whole and happy as Rinko ~~learned to do.~~

1-29-91
1-30-91

When I was growing up in Berkeley, California, the world was a very different place. I had to ask such questions as, "Can we ~~come~~ swim in your pool? We're Jpnse Americans." or "Will the neighbors ~~object~~ if we move in next door?" And when I went to a beauty parlor for my ~~first professional~~ haircut, I ^{used to} ~~called~~ first to ask, "Do you cut Japanese hair?"

not great as P-16 and

44 WFF good

There were ~~also~~ ^{many} stores and restaurants and ~~hotels~~ where Jpnse AMs were not welcomed. I often encountered sales clerks who ~~waited~~ ^{would} on ~~everyone else~~ first and treated me as though I didn't exist.

More than anything, I hated being ignored and made to ~~feel~~ ^{be} worth less. For many years, I never spoke to a white person first, unless it was a friend I knew well. I hated feeling like a Big Nothing. ~~and was careful to avoid being hurt.~~

~~xxxxxxx~~ It wasn't as though I were ~~xxxxx~~ sheltered and loved. My parents

gave my older sister and me much warm, loving support. We never wanted for anything, and they instilled in us the ^{in my} Japanese spirit and values ^{+ culture} they had brought with them from Japan. We were surrounded in our home by ~~loving~~ friends, both white and Japanese; Jpnse art and culture, They read Jpnse stories to us, taught us Jpnse songs, and ~~celebrated~~ with us such Jpnse festivals as the Dolls Festival on March 3rd. We observed many Jpnse customs, ate Jpnse food as well as western, and went to a Jpnse church.

~~And yet,~~ ^{But} because I was trying so hard to be like my white American friends, longing to be accepted by white Am. society, I ^{which I felt made me different from my white classmates} often rejected my Japaneseness, and ^{even} refused to learn to read and write Jpnse as my mother wanted me to do. ^{for that very reason} ~~For that would just make me feel more different from my white classmates.~~

xxxxxxx And yet, one summer, I was

Then ~~one~~ summer, my father took our family on a trip to the East Coast. One of our stops was a small village in Conn. where my mother wanted to meet the two white pen pals, with whom she had corresponded since her ^{college} days at ~~Doshisha Univ.~~ in Japan. We were the first Asians to visit this village, and ^{everyone} ~~were~~ ^{us} welcomed warmly by ~~everyone.~~

One woman ~~approached~~, shook my hand warmly and said with a friendly smile, "My, you speak English so beautifully!" She had meant to compliment me, of course, ~~but~~ I was so shocked, I hardly knew what to say. She had seen my Jpnse face and ~~not realized that inside, I was just as American as she was.~~ ^{perceiving me as a foreigner} I realized then, that I would always be ^{perceived} ~~seen~~ as being different, ^{even tho I was an American just as she was} when I wanted so much to be like everyone else.

It wasn't until both the world and I had changed a great deal that I finally came to understand who I was, and to be proud of the part of me that was Jpnse, as ^{well} ~~much~~ as the part of me that was American.

By then I had lived through the World War, ^{and} ~~the ultimate rejection~~ ^{when I felt subjected to} ~~by my own country, when~~ I was uprooted from my home and incarcerated with 120,000 other Jpnse Americans without trial or hearing, ^{not because} ~~We had~~ done ^{anything} ~~nothing~~ wrong. ^{but} ~~It was simply that~~ we looked like the enemy.

I wanted all Americans to know what once happened ^{in this country} ~~in this country~~ ^{democracy} ~~in U.S.A.~~ so it would never happen again to any other group of people. I also wanted young Jpnse Americans to know what once happened to their parents and grandparents, and to be proud of them for having survived this ordeal with courage and strength.

And so, I wrote JOUrnew to Topaz and its sequel Journey Home. In these books, Yuki and her family endure much of what my own family did, although the return to Calif. is not our story. Still, Yuki has the same longing for home and the same despair that I felt when I was uprooted and had to leave behind our home, our friends and my ^{beloved} ~~pet~~ dog, Laddie. ^{she also realized as I} ~~she also realized as I~~

And because ~~xxxxxx~~ these books are fiction, based on actual fact, I was able to give Yuki an older brother who volunteers for the Army as many young men did. ^{from behind} She also realizes, perhaps earlier ~~xxxxxx~~ as I did, that and to include other characters ~~thxx~~ whose experiences were not necessarily those of my family.

She also realizes ~~thxx~~ as I ^{finally} did, ~~thxx~~ the true sense of family. that home is wherever those she love are gathered close.

My mother and father and their generation (called the Issei) taught me so much about what is truly important in life - a sense of family, hard work, loyalty, having a sense of purpose, ^{home +} affirmation of life, holding on to ones dreams. I wanted today's young people to understand these values as well, and incorporated them ^{Rinko's family} in the trilogy Rinko Trilogy, of which JAR is the first book.

Again, the books are fiction, but ^{about my family} there is a lot of me in Rinko, and a lot of my parents in her mother and father. Rinko ~~xxx~~ hates being different and left out, just as I did. My father was a businessman and my mother never had to work, but their values are those of Rinko's mother and father.

I didn't have an Aunt Waka who came from Japan

But she learned to feel proud of herself, long before I did - which is the nice thing about fiction, one can speed things up and often create more satisfying endings than sometimes happen in real life. I did not have an Aunt Waka who came to make me feel proud.

But as I grew older, I understood that my parents were ~~exxxx~~ the strong courageous people like AW, who were always proud of their own heritage. and who encouraged me to follow my dreams. They had been passing on to me their Jpnse spirit and soul all my life, but it took a long time for me to learn to stop rejecting my Jpnseeness and when I did, I too, became whole and happy, just as Rinko learned to do. ~~xxxxxxx~~

re values
2 parents
how I
connect
to Y.P.
Rinko's
family

When I was a child, I had no books about Asian American to read.

I hope by reading my books, not only Asian Ams, but all young people will be able to be proud of themselves, and to hold on to their dreams.

~~1st thing~~ one woman ^{came up to me, smiling her way} ~~stood~~ with a friendly smile ~~said~~, "My, but a spk English & beautifully!"

~~I realized then that she had seen my Japanese face~~
~~she had meant to compliment me, but~~
~~she had seen me as a foreigner.~~ I hardly knew what to say.

~~She had seen~~ ^{only} my Japanese face & not realized that I was ^{just} as American as she was. And I realized then, that I would ~~always be different~~, always perceived as ~~someone who was different~~, ^{being} when I wanted so to be ~~like my white Am. friends~~ ^{like my white Am. friends} everyone else.

at home, my mother & father gave my sister & me much ~~love &~~ warmth & loving support. We never wanted for anything & they instilled in us all the Japanese values they had ~~lost~~ — 2 Japan, as well as arts & culture. Jan. They read Japanese stories to us & taught us Japanese songs & we celebrated Japanese Dolls Festival. Dry ~~at the time~~ ^{from} we went to a Japanese church.

And yet, ~~because~~ ^{because} I was trying so hard to ~~be like~~ ^{assimilate into} white Am. ~~guilty~~ I rejected the Japanese, that was ^{so} a part of me ~~and it wasn't~~ until the word changed ^{gradual} ~~I changed~~ that I ~~came to~~ ^{finally} understand was able to be proud of my heritage & who I was. ^{I had lived thru} ~~add. II appts~~ ^{measuring in 1980}

~~I was~~ By then I had become a writer & I wanted young Asian Japanese Am. to be proud of who they were. I wanted to have (Kendrick books & Asian Am. That I never had in my youth. I wanted to know of JAm. Super-Calif. And so I wrote Journey to Texas ^{where I grew up} ~~(the dedication)~~ & its sequel Journey Home

③

She doesn't - finally that's what
more hardships - that "home" is really where the people
a love can be together. The story of her return, fictional, but strong & full
feelings were mine I felt as when I had a home.

P. reads my books / understand.
 Reiko, in a Jan - Dreams, ^{also} many feelings
~~father I have myself~~ ~~at the~~ but her family's story
~~life for, are not her~~ for, is not my own.

My own feelings of worthlessness
In a Jer. Dr. R. has many feelings I had
(altho her ~~son~~ is not Nat. my son). and ~~the nice things~~
~~about~~ for she learns to like ~~and expect~~ horses be proud
herself, long before I did. Which, I nice appreciate
Don't like who go to

They
always
are & me
to follow
my
dreams.

Dana Winter 2005.

*Adelle
I've made a
few corrections
+ additions.
Please call me
if you have questions.
yx*

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Yoshiko Uchida

Yoshiko Uchida

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Mama, be sure to bring me my umbrella if it rains," I would say. "I will, Yo Chan, don't worry," Mama would answer. "Now be careful crossing the street."

Every morning my mother and I repeated this little ritual before I trudged off to Longfellow Elementary School in Berkeley, California. The sun could be shining in a clear blue sky and the rainy season long gone, but I always had to have this reassurance from my mother before I left home.

I don't think it was really the rain that concerned me. It was just that I had to know my mother was always there for me if I needed her. I know part of my insecurity came from being four years younger than my only sister, Keiko, who could do everything better than I, and who could make me do just about anything by threatening, "All right for you, if you don't!" But there was something else that added to my timidity. I was an American of Japanese descent and, although we had several close white American family friends, I lived in a ~~white~~ society that in general made me feel different and not as good as my white peers.

I grew up asking such questions as, "Will you rent us a house? Will the neighbors object? Can Japanese swim in your pool?" When I went to a beauty parlor for my first professional haircut, I called first to ask, "Do you cut Japanese hair?" There was also the time when a stranger, on the street shouted to me, "Go back where you came from!"

All I longed for in those early years was to be like everyone else and to be viewed as an American. I was born in Alameda, California, and grew up in Berkeley. And yet, when people saw me, they usually saw only my Japanese face.

When I was ten, my parents took my sister and me to a small village in Connecticut to visit my mother's white American pen pal. We were probably the first Asians to visit this small community, and one of the women I met gave me a pat on the head and said, "My, you speak English so beautifully." She had meant to compliment me, of course, but I still remember today how stunned and disappointed I was to be perceived as a foreigner.

If I felt intimidated and different in the "outside world," however, I felt safe and secure at home. There

*think I have for many
years in the same world*

3.029 flowed from my parents not only love and warmth and
3.030 caring for Keiko and me, but the richness of the Japa-
3.031 nese culture, values, traditions and beliefs that were an
3.032 integral part of their lives and which thus became a
3.033 vital part of our own as well.

3.034 My mother, Iku Umegaki, the eldest daughter of
3.035 a prefectural governor in Japan, came to the United
3.036 States in 1916 to marry my father, Dwight Takashi
3.037 Uchida, who had preceded her to America in 1906.
3.038 Both were graduates of Doshisha University, one of the
3.039 early Christian universities of Japan, and ☐ ☐
3.040 ☐ as was the custom of the day, their marriage was
3.041 an arranged one. Seeing their long and happy mar-
3.042 riage, however, I have always thought the professors
3.043 who arranged the match must have taken great pride
3.044 in the success of their endeavor.

3.045 After a few early years in Portland, Oregon, my
3.046 parents lived in Oakland, California, and my father
3.047 worked in the San Francisco offices of Mitsui and Com-
3.048 pany, a large Japanese business firm where he eventu-
3.049 ally became assistant manager. They moved later to
3.050 Berkeley, the city which has always been and is now
3.051 "home" for me.

3.052 My parents were early and active members of a
3.053 small Japanese church (now Sycamore Congregational
3.054 Church), to which they devoted much of their time and
3.055 energy. Every Sunday morning we piled into Papa's
3.056 Buick, picked up three or four children on the way,
3.057 and got to church in time for both my parents to teach
3.058 Sunday school class. This meant that Keiko and I
3.059 could never miss a Sunday either, and because my par-
3.060 ents were giving and caring people, unable to be indif-
3.061 ferent to the needs of others, we learned early the im-
3.062 portance of being responsible for our fellow human
3.063 beings.

3.064 The written word was always important in our
3.065 family, and my mother often wrote poetry—the thirty-
3.066 one-syllable Japanese *tanka*. Like most women of her
3.067 day, however, she focused her attention on her family,
3.068 and her creativity existed on the fringes of her life. She
3.069 wrote her poems on scraps of paper and the backs of
3.070 envelopes, and they were published by a friend in a
3.071 small Japanese newsletter.

3.072 My mother also loved books, and our house was
3.073 filled with them. Although she didn't find time to read
3.074 much for herself, she often read Japanese stories to
3.075 Keiko and me. Many of these were the Japanese folk-
3.076 tales which I later included in my first published book,
3.077 *The Dancing Kettle*.

3.078 Unlike my gentle dreamer mother, my father was
3.079 a cheerful, practical, and energetic businessman who
3.080 handled all the business matters of our house with
3.081 great efficiency. He was also an avid letter writer, and
3.082 influenced by my mother, he eventually tried his hand
3.083 at writing *tanka* as well.

3.084 Between the two of them, my parents carried on a
3.085 voluminous correspondence, mostly with friends and
3.086 relatives in Japan. As a result, our mailbox was always
3.087 bulging, and our home seemed constantly filled with
3.088 visiting friends from Japan. Many were Doshisha

ES
6/24

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3,089 alumni or professors and others were seminary students
3,090 or long-winded ministers. The students usually spent at
3,091 least two years in Berkeley, so were often invited to our
3,092 home for Sunday and holiday dinners, and even worse
3,093 for me, they often dropped by uninvited. Pressed and
3,094 polished, with their squeaky shoes, their hair slicked
3,095 down with camellia hair oil, they appeared for after-
3,096 noon tea and stayed for supper, and I hated them with
3,097 a passion for intruding on our family life.

3,098 But now these people who were so dull and an-
3,099 noying to me as a child provide wonderful material for
3,100 my writing, and I remember them not only with fasci-
3,101 nation, but with some guilt for the shabby way I
3,102 treated them. I also remember the laughter, the won-
3,103 derful smell of *sukiyaki* cooking at the table, and the
3,104 after-dinner singing around our piano, and realize that
3,105 in spite of ourselves, Keiko and I often had good times
3,106 at these gatherings.

3,107 I believe our life's experiences are always with us,
3,108 and I find that I draw constantly from the memories of
3,109 the past. I also find bits and pieces of my child self
3,110 turning up in my writing.

3,111 It seems to me I've been interested in books and
3,112 writing for as long as I can remember. I was writing
3,113 stories when I was ten, and being the child of frugal
3,114 immigrant parents, I wrote them on brown wrapping
3,115 paper which I cut up and bound into booklets, and
3,116 because I am such a saver, I still have them. The first
3,117 is titled, "Jimmy Chipmonk and His Friends: A Short
3,118 Story for Small Children."

3,119 I not only wrote stories, I also kept a journal of
3,120 important events which I began the day I graduated
3,121 from elementary school. Of course my saver self kept
3,122 that journal as well, and even today I can read of the
3,123 special events of my young life, such as the times my
3,124 parents took us to an opera or concert in San Fran-
3,125 cisco, or the day I got my first dog, or the sad day it
3,126 died, when I drew a tombstone for him in my journal
3,127 and decorated it with floral wreaths.

3,128 By putting these special happenings into words
3,129 and writing them down, I was trying to hold on to and
3,130 somehow preserve the magic as well as the joy and
3,131 sadness of certain moments in my life, and I guess
3,132 that's really what books and writing are all about.

3,133 Junior high and high school were not very happy
3,134 times, for those were the years when I felt more and
3,135 more alienated and excluded, especially from the social
3,136 activities of my white classmates. I couldn't wait to get
3,137 out of high school. I increased my class load and
3,138 graduated in two-and-a-half years, entering the Uni-
3,139 versity of California at Berkeley when I was only six-
3,140 teen, immature and naive. There the exclusion of Japa-
3,141 nese Americans from the social activities of white
3,142 students was even greater than in high school, and my
3,143 social life was confined to activities of the Japanese
3,144 students clubs. We had our own dances, weenie roasts,
3,145 picnics and parties, and I finally discovered the plea-
3,146 sures of dating.

3,147 All during my college years I never spoke first to a

ES 6/24

3,148 white student for fear of being rebuffed, and never
3,149 went out socially with a white man until many years
3,150 later. Although my closest friend now and for the past
3,151 twenty-five years happens to be a white man, I prob-
3,152 ably would not have spoken to him nor gone out with
3,153 him had we met during my college years.

3,154 It was during my senior year in college that the
3,155 bombs fell on Pearl Harbor and my whole world fell
3,156 apart. We were having Sunday dinner when we heard
3,157 the unbelievable news on the radio. Assuming it was
3,158 the act of a fanatic and certainly not even dreaming
3,159 that it was the beginning of war with Japan, I went to
3,160 the university to study for final exams.

3,161 When I returned home toward evening, my father
3,162 was gone. The FBI had taken him for questioning, and
3,163 we had no idea when he would return. We left the
3,164 porch light on all night, hoping he would return
3,165 shortly, but for three days and nights we had no word
3,166 from him. Finally we learned that he as well as hun-
3,167 dreds of other Japanese-American community leaders
3,168 had been seized on December 7th and were being held
3,169 at the San Francisco Immigration Headquarters. Soon
3,170 after, they were shipped to various prisoner-of-war
3,171 camps, and my father was among those sent to Mis-
3,172 soula, Montana.

3,173 Those were anxious days filled with false rumors
3,174 of sabotage by the Japanese Americans in Hawaii
3,175 (later completely refuted), growing campaigns of ha-
3,176 tred and vilification by longtime anti-Asian pressure
3,177 groups, and extremely troubling rumors about a "mass
3,178 evacuation" of all the Japanese Americans from the
3,179 West Coast. None of us believed our government
3,180 would imprison its own citizens, but on February 19,
3,181 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued Executive
3,182 Order 9066 which would uproot 120,000 Japanese
3,183 Americans and imprison us behind barbed wire, with-
3,184 out trial or hearing, simply because we looked like the
3,185 enemy. Two-thirds of us were American citizens, and I
3,186 was one of them.

3,187 Looking back on that tragic event today, I find it
3,188 hard to believe that our government leaders could
3,189 have violated our constitution so ruthlessly. I believe
3,190 their betrayal was not only against the Japanese
3,191 Americans, but against ALL Americans, for they dam-
3,192 aged the very essence of our democratic beliefs.

3,193 By March a five-mile travel restriction and an
3,194 8:00 P.M. curfew were imposed on us, and for the next
3,195 two months my mother, sister, and I tried to prepare
3,196 for our forced removal by clearing out the house we
3,197 had occupied for fifteen years. We worked frantically,
3,198 selling things we should have kept and storing things
3,199 we should have thrown out. Although friends came to
3,200 help us, our task was made doubly difficult by the ab-
3,201 sence of my father. It was distressing to have to drop
3,202 out from the university, but one of the saddest mo-
3,203 ments was having to part with our aging collie who
3,204 died only a few months after he was separated from us.

3,205 On April 21, 1942, removal orders were issued for
3,206 the Japanese of Berkeley, giving us exactly ten days to
3,207 clear out of the area. On May 1, some fourteen hun-

3 Japanese American
banned no hyps...
in all usage -
Addition of hyps... means
we increased
... 2 167

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3,208 dred of us were shipped under armed guard to the
3,209 Tanforan Racetrack which eventually housed eight
3,210 thousand uprooted Japanese Americans in its stables
3,211 and barracks.

3,212 By then we had become Family #13453, and
3,213 when my father was released on parole to join us, the
3,214 four of us lived for five months in a horse stall previ-
3,215 ously occupied by a single horse. Only thin wood par-
3,216 titions divided the families jammed into rows of horse
3,217 stalls, and privacy became something we could only
3,218 remember with longing. I, of course, missed my gradu-
3,219 ation from the university, and my diploma was sent to
3,220 me in a cardboard roll and presented to me in my
3,221 horse stall by the camp mailman.

3,222 Schools, churches, and recreation centers were
3,223 quickly organized, and with teachers in short supply, I
3,224 signed up to teach a class of second graders. My sister,
3,225 with a degree in child development from Mills College,
3,226 organized the camp's two nursery schools.

3,227 By September, however, the entire camp was
3,228 again uprooted. This time we were sent to a desolate
3,229 concentration camp called Topaz, located in the mid-
3,230 dle of a vast and barren Utah desert. We discovered it
3,231 to be a cluster of bleak tar-papered barracks, (none of
3,232 which were complete when we arrived), surrounded by
3,233 a barbed wire fence with guard towers at each corner.
3,234 Each family was assigned to one of six rooms into
3,235 which each barrack was divided, but there were no
3,236 stoves for heat, and the lack of inner sheetrock walls
3,237 allowed white powder-like dust to sift into the rooms
3,238 from every crack in the siding as well as the hole in the
3,239 roof where the stovepipe was to fit.

3,240 I again taught second grade, but the school bar-
3,241 racks were as hopelessly inadequate as those in which
3,242 we lived. The children and I often sat in our classroom
3,243 bundled up in coats and scarves, shivering in morning
3,244 temperatures of thirty degrees. On other days when the
3,245 frequent raging dust storms swept through the desert
3,246 and dust poured in from the roof, we feared for the
3,247 children's safety and sent them home for the day.

3,248 In Topaz my sister again organized nursery
3,249 schools, my father chaired many of the committees
3,250 needed to run the camp, and my mother, in her gentle
3,251 nurturing way, tried to make a home in our bleak bar-
3,252 rack room for our family and friends.

3,253 But life in a concentration camp, ringed by a
3,254 barbed wire fence and guarded by armed sentries, grew
3,255 increasingly intolerable, and with the help of the Stu-
3,256 dent Relocation Committee (administered by the
3,257 American Friends Service Committee), I obtained a
3,258 fellowship enabling me to leave. In May 1943, Keiko
3,259 and I left Topaz—she to work in the nursery school of
3,260 Mt. Holyoke's Department of Education and I to do
3,261 graduate work at Smith College, Northampton, Mas-
3,262 sachusetts. Not long after, my parents received permis-
3,263 sion to leave for Salt Lake City.

3,264 It had been a devastating and traumatic year
3,265 which left a lasting impact on my life, but it was many
3,266 years before I could write about the experience.

3,267 During my year at Smith College, I earned a

3.268 Master's degree in education, and feeling at last like a
 3.269 full-fledged teacher, I accepted a job teaching a com-
 3.270 bined class of first and second graders in a small
 3.271 Quaker school on the outskirts of Philadelphia. But
 3.272 after my first year, I had the first of many bouts with
 3.273 mononucleosis and also realized that teaching was a
 3.274 twenty-four-hour job that left me no time nor energy for
 3.275 writing. So I ended my brief teaching career and
 3.276 headed for New York City where my sister was teach-
 3.277 ing in a private school.

3.278 I spent the next few years working as a secretary at a
 3.279 job I could leave behind at the end of the day and
 3.280 was able to write in the evenings. I was writing short
 3.281 stories at the time, sending them to the *New Yorker*,
 3.282 *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*—and routinely receiving
 3.283 printed rejection slips. After a time, however, the slips
 3.284 contained encouraging penciled notes and a *New Yorker*
 3.285 editor even met with me to suggest that I write about
 3.286 my concentration camp experiences.

3.287 I never made the *New Yorker*, but the article I
 3.288 wrote for them became the core of material which, af-
 3.289 ter years of revisions, additions, submissions, and sim-
 3.290 ply languishing in my files, eventually became my
 3.291 book for adults, *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese*
 3.292 *American Family*. And many of the short stories I wrote
 3.293 during those days were published eventually in litera-
 3.294 ture anthologies for young people.

3.295 Although I did place one short story at *Woman's*
 3.296 *Day*, I discovered soon thereafter that I could be more
 3.297 successful writing for children, and in 1952 a Ford
 3.298 Foundation Foreign Area Fellowship enabled me to es-
 3.299 cape my life as secretary/writer to spend two years in
 3.300 Japan. I had been there before as a child, but my
 3.301 memories of that visit were of such things as long bor-
 3.302 ing afternoons when I'd counted the number of times
 3.303 my parents and their friends exchanged bows on first
 3.304 meeting (the most was thirteen!).

3.305 This time I loved everything about the country,
 3.306 and my years there were as restorative and enriching as
 3.307 the wartime experience had been devastating and de-
 3.308 pleting. I went primarily to collect more Japanese folk-
 3.309 tales (which were later included in *The Magic Listening*
 3.310 *Cap and The Sea of Gold*), but I grew increasingly inter-
 3.311 ested in Japan's arts and crafts.

3.312 I learned about Japanese folk art from the three
 3.313 men who founded the Folk Art Movement of Japan:
 3.314 the eminent philosopher Soetsu Yanagi and two of Ja-
 3.315 pan's leading potters, Shoji Hamada and Kanjiro Ka-
 3.316 wai. They opened my eyes to the honest, simple beauty
 3.317 of handcrafts made by rural villagers, taught me much
 3.318 about contemporary Japanese pottery and even about
 3.319 Zen which, for some fleeting moments, I thought I ac-
 3.320 tually understood.

3.321 I translated such poems by Kanjiro Kawai as "I
 3.322 am you/ the you that only I can see," and many of
 3.323 them, along with a monograph about his life work,
 3.324 were published in a chapbook entitled, *We Do Not Work*
 3.325 *Alone*. I also wrote several articles dealing with Japa-
 3.326 nese crafts for the *Nippon Times*, and later for *Craft Ho-*

① "and" should not
 be in Ital.
 There are 2
 separate books.

ES
 6/24

#

E56/24

3,327 rizons, whose West Coast correspondent I was for a
3,328 time.

3,329 On returning to California I was eager to try some
3,330 handcrafts myself, and studied pottery, jewelry-mak-
3,331 ing, and frame loom tapestry. I discovered, however,
3,332 that none of it was as easy as it looked. My pots were
3,333 often lopsided, my jewelry sometimes fell apart, and I
3,334 could complete only one tapestry. I decided my talents
3,335 lay not in creating handcraft, but in writing about it,
3,336 and I soon discovered potters turning up in some of my
3,337 children's books as well—*Takao and Grandfather's Sword*,
3,338 *Rokubei and the Thousand Rice Bowls*, and *Makoto, The*
3,339 *Smallest Boy*. And of course many of my subsequent
3,340 books incorporated aspects of Japanese life that I had
3,341 absorbed during my two years there—*The Forever*
3,342 *Christmas Tree*, *Sumi's Prize*, *Sumi's Special Happening*,
3,343 *Sumi and The Goat* and *The Tokyo Express*, *In-Between*
3,344 *Miya*, and *Hisako's Mysteries*.

3,345 Most important, however, my years in Japan had
3,346 made me aware of a new dimension to myself as a
3,347 Japanese American and deepened my respect and ad-
3,348 miration for the culture that had made my parents
3,349 what they were. By then neither of them was in good
3,350 health, and I remained in California to care for them
3,351 and to give them what support and sustenance I could.

3,352 When my mother died in 1966, my father was
3,353 already partially paralyzed from a stroke, and I felt
3,354 moved to write a book especially for them and the
3,355 other first-generation Japanese (the Issei), who had en-
3,356 dured so much and been so strong.

3,357 The book I wrote was *Journey to Topaz*, the story of
3,358 young Yuki Sakane and her family, based largely on
3,359 my own journey to Topaz. Many years later, because
3,360 so many children wanted to know what happened to
3,361 Yuki and her family after the war, I wrote a sequel
3,362 entitled *Journey Home*.

3,363 When I speak to children in schools today, they
3,364 are full of questions about my two "Journey" books. I
3,365 also tell them about my short story "The Bracelet,"
3,366 which deals with the uprooting, and show them the
3,367 photographs in *Desert Exile*, which some of them have
3,368 read.

3,369 I always ask them why they think I wrote these
3,370 books about my wartime experiences, and they say,
3,371 "To tell about the camps? To tell how you felt?" But
3,372 eventually, they come up with the right answer. "You
3,373 wrote them so it won't happen again," they say. And I
3,374 always make sure they understand that freedom is our
3,375 most precious possession.

3,376 I also hope they get a sense of the strength and
3,377 courage with which most Japanese-Americans—espe-
3,378 cially the Issei—survived this devastating tragedy, for I
3,379 believe their survival was truly a triumph of the human
3,380 spirit.

3,381 Since *Journey to Topaz*, all of my books have been
3,382 about the Japanese-American experience in the United
3,383 States, for by then the young third-generation Japa-
3,384 nese-Americans were seeking their identity and sense of
3,385 self. I wanted not only to reinforce their self-knowledge
3,386 and pride, but to give them and all young people a

all the I've read ask in the previous
line "ask" seems more
appropriate here than "say."

Japan

Sharon

6 "

3,387 sense of continuity and kinship with the past.

3,388 In *Samurai of Gold Hill* I told the story of the first
3,389 Japanese colonists who came to California shortly after
3,390 the gold rush to establish their ill-fated tea and silk
3,391 farm. About the same time I also wrote a novel for
3,392 adults about a Japanese immigrant woman, but unfor-
3,393 tunately, despite encouraging words from many editors
3,394 and publishers, it has yet to find a home. The one thing
3,395 I have learned as a writer, however, is to be patient; I
3,396 still have hope that one day it will be published some-
3,397 where when the time is right.

3,398 My two picture books, *The Birthday Visitor* and *The*
3,399 *Rooster Who Understood Japanese*, were attempts to fill the
3,400 void about Japanese-Americans in books for younger
3,401 children. But most of my writing has been for the eight-
3,402 to-twelve group, and my three recent books in this
3,403 category have been about Rinko, a young Japanese
3,404 American child growing up in Berkeley during the de-
3,405 pression years: *A Jar of Dreams*, *The Best Bad Thing*, and
3,406 *The Happiest Ending*.

3,407 These books are not based on my own life, for
3,408 Rinko's family had more of a struggle to survive in
3,409 those difficult times than we did. Still, there is much of
3,410 me in Rinko; she has many of the same feelings and
3,411 longings I had as a child. But she discovers pride in
3,412 herself as a Japanese-American much earlier than I
3,413 did, and she has much more gumption as well. She
3,414 dares to be bold and feisty when necessary, and she
3,415 doesn't let her older brother push her around or tell her
3,416 what to do.

3,417 Writing these three books was a real joy for me,
3,418 for they brought back so many happy memories of the
3,419 times and people I knew in my childhood. I felt again
3,420 the spirit of hope and affirmation they expressed,
3,421 which I hope I conveyed to my readers as well.

3,422 All my books have been about the Japanese or
3,423 Japanese-Americans, but while I cherish and take
3,424 pride in my special heritage, I never want to lose my
3,425 sense of connection with the community of man, for I
3,426 feel the basic elements of humanity are present in all
3,427 our strivings.

3,428 I am now happily settled again in Berkeley and feel
3,429 very lucky to be a writer, doing what I love best. I
3,430 love the freedom of being able to structure my own
3,431 days—to work or play or to see my friends or to travel
3,432 when I please. I think that kind of freedom is a luxury
3,433 to be cherished.

3,434 I meet occasionally with a group of fellow writers
3,435 in this area for sharing, support, and sometimes sym-
3,436 pathy, and enjoy meeting other writers when I speak at
3,437 conferences or meetings.

3,438 But I also enjoy the contact with college students
3,439 when I speak about *Desert Exile*, and it is great fun to be
3,440 with fourth, fifth, and sixth graders when I speak to
3,441 them about my books. They often write me wonderful
3,442 letters after my visits; I especially enjoyed one from a
3,443 young man whose class I visited in Texas. "Thanks a
3,444 lot for visiting our school," he wrote, "and getting us
3,445 out of our afternoon classes." That kind of letter keeps

ES
6/24

5
624

3,454 FOR CHILDREN

3,455 Fiction:

- could be detected

Berkeley, CA Creative Arts (Book Co), 1985 (see below)

1 " " "

1 (sequel to Journey to Topaz) (see below 2)

Nashville, Tenn, United Methodist
Publishing House, 1954

① Since the Scribner versions are O.K., I'd appreciate your looking
the new editions which are currently available.

② - Since "Ed. Thing" is described as, signed to "Jan..." - Can this be added?

③ The church printing was only a temporary one - so I'd prefer using
the correct Revelation

6/24

6/24

- 3.501 *The Best Bad Thing* (sequel to *A Jar of Dreams*). New York:
3.502 Atheneum, 1983.
- 3.503 *The Happiest Ending*. New York: Atheneum, 1985 (S)
- 3.504 FOR ADULTS ^
- 3.505 Nonfiction:
- 3.506 *We Do Not Work Alone: The Thoughts of Kanjiro Kawai*. Kyoto,
3.507 Japan: Folk Art Society, 1953.
- 3.508 *The History of Sycamore Church*. El Cerrito, Calif.: Sycamore
3.509 Congregational Church, 1974.
- 3.510 *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese-American Family*. Seat-
3.511 tle, Wash.: University of Washington Press, 1982.
- 3.512
- 3.513

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dear Author:

Enclosed with this note is a final proof of your biographical sketch as it will appear in the forthcoming edition.

Would you please check it carefully, directing my attention to any errors or omissions, and return it as soon as possible? A return envelope is enclosed.

Many thanks,

Anne Commire

Waterford, Conn. 06385

81R Oswegatchie Rd.
(203) 444-2586

Waterford, Conn.

06385

*Rec'd
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sent p.c. correct
address
9/29/87
sent -*

A FURTHER NOTE INSIDE

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Signature _____



June 17, 1987

Dear Ms. Yoshiko Uchida,

The editors have revised and updated your bio-bibliographical entry for a forthcoming volume of SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR. Selection for revision is based on continued contribution to children's literature. We ask that you examine the enclosed revised sketch making corrections and additions as necessary. Specific questions to complete your sketch are attached.

May we have a recent photo suitable for reproduction to include with your sketch? ①

Indicate any preferences you might have for an illustration to be used with your sketch. ②

We ask that you pay particular attention to the "Sidelights" section where an attempt has been made to highlight important parts of your life and career by using the research sources available to us. We are interested in YOU as a person. Feel free to add further comments--and to reply at length. Specific questions we have to help make your "Sidelights" complete follow.

Many thanks for your assistance.

Sincerely,

Eunice Petrini

Eunice Petrini
Assistant

9/16/87

Sorry to have taken so long to reply. I have had difficulty with Chronic Mono. (Epstein-Barr Virus) all summer & can only work for about an hour a day. So I've been working on & off on this as my energy permits.

- ① - Enclosed is a recent snapshot ^(Phase 1 of the virus) & Perhaps you could crop to eliminate the journal. If you make a b/w print of this may I borrow the negative or will you lend me 6 prints?
- ② Does this mean you'd like me to select just one of the photos used in the previous edition? If not, how many do you plan to use? If only 1, I suppose the family photo on p 270 of SAASI. I bet

Have any of your works been adapted into other media, such as filmstrips, movies, recordings, etc? If so, may we have title, book based on, production company and date of production? (3)

For what work did you receive the Award of Merit from the California Association of Teachers of English in 1973? (4)

Do you have any work in progress? May we have a brief description? (5)

(3) "The Fox & the Bear" Folk Tales from Maryland
from The Sea of Gold Encyclopedia Britannica Ed. Corp. 1977
see also 3a & b filmstrips & tape

"What Makes a Story?" Film strip produced by Filamedia in Alllyn.
1978
Dawn Inc. to accompany text containing "Sun's Special Happening".
Includes many frames about my early life - my life as a writer. Cassette also

(4) - no specific book - for work in general -

(5) - Picture book interpretation of a Japanese folk tale -
Poetry -

9/20 You may find my scribbling hard to read.
Please call me if you have questions. (415) 524-1152.

Lastly, would it be possible to receive some (26)
off print copies of this article, as provided in the
past edition? Many Thanks -

Lois Leland

(3a) - "The Fox & the Bear" from The Magic Reading Cap
Cassette, Reading Laboratory 2c, S.R.A. 1979

(3b) - "The Old Man With The Bump" from The Dancing Kettle
Cassette, Houghton Mifflin, 1973

SOMETHING
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

GALE RESEARCH COMPANY

81R OSWEGATCHIE RD., WATERFORD, CT 06385

UCHIDA, Yoshiko 1921-

PERSONAL: Surname is pronounced "Oo-chee-dah"; born November 24, 1921, in Alameda, Calif.; daughter of Dwight Takashi (a businessman) and Iku (a poet; maiden name, Umegaki) Uchida. Education: University of California, Berkeley, A.B. (cum laude), 1942; Smith College, M.Ed., 1944. Politics: Democrat. Religion: Protestant. Residence: Berkeley, Calif. Agent:
~~Ellen Levine, Curtis Brown Ltd., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.~~

CAREER: Elementary school teacher in Japanese relocation center in Utah, 1942; Frankford Friends' School, Philadelphia, Pa., teacher, 1944-45; Institute of Pacific Relations, New York City, membership secretary, 1946-47; United Student Christian Council, New York City, secretary, 1947-52; full-time writer, 1952-57, 1962--; University of California, Berkeley, secretary, 1957-62.

AWARDS, HONORS: Ford Foundation research fellow in Japan, 1952; New York Herald Tribune's Children's Spring Book Festival Honor Book, 1955, for The Magic Listening Cap: More Folk Tales from Japan; Silver Medal for best juvenile book by a California author from the Commonwealth Club of California, 1972, for Samurai of Gold Hill and 1982, for A Jar of Dreams; Award of Merit from the California Association of Teachers of English, 1973 for ; citation from the Contra Costa Chapter of Japanese American Citizens League, 1976, for outstanding contribution to the cultural development of society; Journey Home was selected one of International Reading Association's "Children's Choices," 1979; Morris S. Rosenblatt Award from the Utah State Historical Society, 1981, for article, "Topaz,"

MORE

Please check
enclosed list and Addendum
for other books
in each book -
I think several
are missing
from your listing.

uchida, yoshiko--2

City of Dust"; University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award, 1981,
for "a significant contribution to the cultural development of society"; A Jar of Dreams was selected as a Notable Children's Trade Book in the Field
of Social Studies by joint committee of the National Council for Social
Studies and the Children's Book Council, 1982; The Best Bad Thing was
selected as one of School Library Journal's "Best Books of the Year," and
one of New York Public Library's children's Books, both 1983; Bay Area Book
Reviewers Association Book Award for Children's Literature, 1986, for The
Happiest Ending. Friends of Children and Literature Award, 1987, for A Jar of Dreams.

I believe
several other
books also in
this list
ALA Notable
Book '83

WRITINGS: The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales (illustrated by
Richard Jones), Harcourt, 1949; New Friends for Susan (illustrated by Henry
Sugimoto), Scribner, 1951; We Do Not Work Alone: ^{The} Thoughts of Kanjiro Kawai
(adult fiction), Folk Art Society (Japan), 1953; The Magic Listening Cap:
More Folk Tales from Japan (self-illustrated), Harcourt, 1955; The Full
Circle (self-illustrated; junior high school study book), Friendship Press,
1957; Takao and Grandfather's Sword (illustrated by William Hutchinson),
Harcourt, 1958; The Promised Year (illustrated by W. Hutchinson), Harcourt,
1959.

Mik and the Prowler (illustrated by W. Hutchinson), Harcourt, 1960;
(translator of English portions) Soetsu Yanagi, editor, Shoji Hamada, Asahi
Shimbun Publishing, 1961; Rokubei and the Thousand Rice Bowls (illustrated
by Kazue Mizumura), Scribner, 1962; The Forever Christmas Tree (Illustrated
by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1963; Sumi's Prize (illustrated by K. Mizumura)
Scribner, 1964; The Sea of Gold, and Other Tales from Japan (illustrated by

next on

made paper back ed'n, Creative Arts Bk. (dub) 1988.

Marianne Yamaguchi), Scribner, 1965; Sumi's Special Happening (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1966; In-Between Miya (illustrated by Susan Bennett), Scribner, 1967; Hisako's Mysteries (illustrated by S. Bennett) Scribner, 1969; Sumi and the Goat and the Tokyo Express (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1969.

Makoto, the Smallest Boy (illustrated by Akihito Shirakawa), Crowell, 1970; Journey to Topaz: A Story of the Japanese-American Evacuation (ALA Notable Book; illustrated by Donald Carrick), Scribner, 1971, revised edition, ^{Calif Commonwealth Club Medal} Creative Arts Book, 1985; Samurai of Gold Hill (illustrated by Ati Forberg), Scribner, 1972, revised edition, Creative Arts Book, 1985; The History of Sycamore Church (adult nonfiction), privately printed, 1974; The Birthday Visitor (illustrated by Charles Robinson), Scribner, 1975; The Rooster Who Understood Japanese (illustrated by C. Robinson), Scribner, 1976; Journey Home (sequel to Journey to Topaz: A Story of the Japanese-American Evacuation; Junior Literary Guild selection; illustrated by C. Robinson), Atheneum ^{Mgt K. McElderry} 1978.

A Jar of Dreams (Junior Literary Guild selection), Atheneum ^{Calif Commonwealth Club Medal Mgt K. McElderry} 1981; Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese American Family (adult nonfiction), University of Washington Press, 1982; The Best Bad Thing (sequel to A Jar of Dreams; ALA Notable Book), Atheneum ^{Junior Literary Guild selection Mgt K. McElderry} 1983; Tabi: Journey through Time, Stories of the Japanese in America, United Methodist Publishing House, 1984; The Happiest Ending (sequel to The Best Bad Thing; Junior Literary Guild selection), Atheneum ^{ALA Notable Book Bay Area Book Reviewers Award - see Addendum for more Mgt K. McElderry} 1985; The Two Foolish Cats (illustrated by Margot Zemach), Atheneum, 1987; Picture Bride (adult novel), Northland, 1987; ^{Mgt K. McElderry/Macmillan}

Note:

all Atheneum books are under the Mgt K. McElderry imprint.

Please add the name.

Now, these are being issued by Mgt K. McElderry/Macmillan

men on
1987.

uchida, yoshiko—4

"The Breadlet" which originally appeared in Anthology, in several other anthologies (see li)

Contributor of juvenile short stories: Scribner Anthology for Young People, Scribner, 1976; Sense, Scott, Foresman, 1977; Image, Scott, Foresman, 1977; Question and Form in Literature, Scott, Foresman, 1979; The Abracadabras, Addison-Wesley, 1981. Explorations, Houghton Mifflin 1986

Contributor to exhibit catalogue, Margaret da Patta, of Oakland Museum, 1976. Contributor of adult stories and articles to newspapers and periodicals, including Woman's Day, Gourmet, Utah Historical Quarterly, Far East, Craft Horizons, Nippon Times (Tokyo), and California Monthly.

WORK IN PROGRESS:

poetry collection
picture book

note to Ed.

I have had to put my writing career on hold due to poor health

SIDELIGHTS: November 24, 1921. Born in Alameda, California. "Whenever I am in the neighborhood, I find myself drawn back to Stuart Street, (Berkeley) to drive once more past the stucco bungalow just above Grove, where my older sister Keiko, and I grew up."

"I remember the sunny yard in back with the peach and apricot and fig trees. I remember the sweetpeas that grew higher than my head, and the enormous chrysanthemums that measured seventeen inches around....I remember my father in his gardening clothes, raking the yard and filling the dusky evening air with the wonderful smell of burning leaves, and my mother standing at the back porch, wearing her big apron, ringing a small black

run on
bell because she didn't like calling out to bring us in for supper.

"It was a sunny, pleasant three-bedroom house we rented, and there was nothing particularly unusual about our living there except that we were Japanese Americans. And in those days before the Second World War, few Japanese families in Berkeley, California, lived above Grove Street with the exception of some early settlers....

"Because my father was a salaried man at Mitsui, our lives were more secure and somewhat different from many of our Japanese friends, especially those whom we knew at the small Japanese church we attended. For them life in the 1930s was a dark desperate struggle for survival in a country where they could neither become citizens nor own land. Many spoke little English. Some of the mothers took in sewing or did work in white homes....Most of the fathers struggled to keep open such small businesses as dry cleaners, laundries, groceries, or shoe repair shops, and they sometimes came to ask my father for advice and help.

"My father understood their struggles well, for he too had grown up in poverty in Japan. His father, a former samurai turned teacher, had died when he was ten. His mother, married at sixteen and widowed at thirty, sent her five children to live with various relatives, and my father never forgot the sadness of those long snow-covered roads he walked to reach the home of the uncle who took him in.

"My father worked his way through Doshisha University by delivering milk in

run on
the mornings, working as a telephone operator at night, and later serving as a clerk in a bank.

"Because both my parents had learned to be frugal in their youth and had worked hard for a living, they were never wasteful or self-indulgent even when they had the means. They also felt much compassion for anyone in need. When one of our neighbors on Stuart Street lost his job during the depression, and his wife sold homemade bread, my mother not only bought her bread, but arranged to learn French from her as well, to give her the additional income....

"My parents also provided solace and frequent meals to lonely homesick students from Japan who were studying at the University of California or the Pacific School of Religion. These students seemed to come to our home in an unending procession, much to the dismay of my sister and I who found them inordinately dull....They crowded around our table on most holidays, on frequent Sundays, and they often dropped in uninvited for a cup of tea."
[Yoshiko Uchida, Desert Exile: The Uprooting of Japanese American Family, University of Washington Press, 1982.¹]

"But now these people who were so dull and annoying to me as a child, provide wonderful material for my writing, and I remember them not only with fascination, but with some guilt for the shabby way I treated them. I also remember the laughter, the wonderful smell of sukiyaki cooking at the table, and the after-dinner singing around our piano, and realize that in spite of ourselves, Keiko and I often had good times at these gatherings."

"These students were only part of the deluge from Japan. There were also visiting ministers, countless alumni from Doshisha University, and sometimes the president of the university himself. I felt as though our house was the unofficial alumni headquarters for Doshisha and I one of its most reluctant members.

"My mother was a giving and deeply caring person. 'Don't ever be indifferent,' she used to say to us. 'Indifference is the worst fault of all.' And she herself was never indifferent. She cared and felt deeply about everything around her. She could find joy in a drive to the park, a rainbow in the sky, a slim new moon, or an interesting weed appearing among the irises...."¹

"The written word was always important in our family, and my mother often wrote poetry—the thirty-one-syllable Japanese tanka. Like most women of her day, however, she focused her attention on her family, and her creativity existed on the fringes of her life. She wrote her poems on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes, and they were published by a friend in a small Japanese newsletter.

"My mother also loved books, and our house was filled with them. Although she didn't find time to read much for herself, she often read Japanese stories to Keiko and me. Many of these were the Japanese folktales which I later included in my first published book, The Dancing Kettle.

"It seems to me I've been interested in books and writing for as long as I

run on
can remember. I was writing stories when I was ten, and being the child of frugal immigrant parents, I wrote them on brown wrapping paper which I cut up and bound into booklets, and because I am such a saver, I still have them. The first is titled, 'Jimmy Chipmonk and His Friends: A Short Story for Small Children.'

"I not only wrote stories, I also kept a journal of important events which I began the day I graduated from elementary school. Of course my saver self kept that journal as well, and even today I can read of the special events of my young life, such as the times my parents took us to an opera or concert in San Francisco, or the day I got my first dog, or the sad day it died, when I drew a tombstone for him in my journal and decorated it with floral wreaths.

"By putting these special happenings into words and writing them down, I was trying to hold on to and somehow preserve the magic as well as the joy and sadness of certain moments in my life, and I guess that's really what books and writing are all about."

1931. Throughout her childhood, Uchida longed to be accepted as an American. Although her family gave her much ^{love and} security, she felt intimidated by the outside community. "Our lives--my sister's and mine--were quite thoroughly infused with the customs, traditions, and values of our Japanese parents, whose own lives had been structured by the samurai code of loyalty, honor, self-discipline, and filial piety. Their lives also reflected a blend of Buddhist philosophy dominated by Christian faith. So

run on
it was that we grew up with a strong dose of the Protestant ethic coupled with a feeling of respect for our teachers and superiors; a high regard for such qualities as frugality, hard work, patience, diligence, courtesy, and loyalty; and a sense of responsibility and love, not only for our parents and family, but for our fellow man.

"My parents' Japaneseness was never nationalistic in nature. They held the Imperial family in affectionate and respectful regard, as did all Japanese of their generation. But their first loyalty was always to their Christian God, not the Emperor of Japan. And their loyalty and devotion to their adopted country was vigorous and strong. My father cherished copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitution of the United States, and on national holidays he hung with great pride an enormous American flag on our front porch, even though at the time, this country declared the first generation Japanese immigrants to be 'aliens ineligible for citizenship.'"¹

perceived
When she was ten, Uchida's family took a trip to Connecticut, and the impression of being ^{per}ceived as a foreigner remained with her throughout her lifetime. "We visited several eastern cities, but most important to my mother was a special trip we made to the small village of Cornwall, Connecticut, to visit one of her former Doshisha instructors...and to meet for the first time two white women pen pals with whom she had corresponded since college. Both my mother and father were great letter writers and kept up a voluminous correspondence. They cherished their many friends and I don't believe either of them ever lost one for neglect on their part.

"We were probably the first Asians ever to visit Cornwall and one of its residents, an elderly white woman, patted me on the head and said, 'My, but you speak English so beautifully.' She had looked at my Japanese face and addressed only my outer person, and although she had meant to compliment me, I was thoroughly abashed to be perceived as a foreigner...."¹

1934. "As I approached adolescence, I wanted more than anything to be accepted as any other white American. Imbued with the melting pot mentality, I saw integration into white American society as the only way to overcome the sense of rejection I had experienced in so many areas of my life. The insolence of a clerk or a waiter, the petty arrogance of a bureaucrat, discrimination and denial at many establishments, exclusion from the social activities of my white classmates--all of these affected my sense of personal worth. They reinforced my feelings of inferiority and the self-effacement I had absorbed from the Japanese ways of my parents and made me reticent and cautious.

"When I was in junior high school, I was the only Japanese American to join the Girl Reserve unit at our school ^{and} was accepted within the group as an equal. On one occasion, however, we were to be photographed by the local newspaper, and I was among the girls to be included. The photographer casually tried to ease me out of the picture, but one of my white friends just as stubbornly insisted on keeping me in. I think I was finally included, but the realization of what the photographer was trying to do hurt me more than I ever admitted to anyone.

"In high school, being different was an even greater hardship than in my younger years. In elementary school one of my teachers had singled out the Japanese American children in class to point to our uniformly high scholastic achievement. (I always worked hard to get A's.) But in high school, we were singled out by our white peers, not for praise, but for total exclusion from their social functions...."

"Unhappy in high school, I couldn't wait to get out. I increased my class load, graduated in two and a half years, and entered the University of California in Berkeley when I was sixteen, immature and naive. There I found the alienation of the Nisei [second generation Japanese] from the world of the white students even greater than in high school. Asians were not invited to join the sororities or fraternities, which at the time were a vital part of the campus structure. Most of the Nisei avoided general campus social events and joined instead the two Japanese American social clubs—the Japanese Women's Student Club and the Japanese Men's Student Club. We had our own dances, picnics, open houses, and special events in great abundance. These activities comprised my only social outlet and I had a wonderful time at them.

"For many years I never spoke to a white [~]person unless he or she spoke to me [~] first. At one of my freshman classes at the university, I found myself sitting next to a white student I had known slightly at high school. I sat silent and tense, not even turning to look at her because I didn't want to speak first and be rebuffed. Finally, she turned to me and said, 'Yoshi, aren't you going to speak to me?'

"Only then did I dare smile, acknowledge her presence, and become the friendly self I wanted to be. Now, my closest friend for the past twenty years has been a white person, but if I had met him in college, I might never have spoken to him, and I probably would not have gone out with him."¹

December 7, 1941. Uchida was busy studying for her final exams at the University of California when war between Japan and the United States was declared. When she returned home from the library, her father had been seized by the FBI and taken to the San Francisco Immigration Headquarters. "Executives of Japanese business firms, shipping lines, and banks, men active in local Japanese associations, teachers of Japanese language schools, virtually every leader of the Japanese American community along the West Coast had been seized almost immediately.

"Actually the FBI had come to our house twice, once in the absence of my parents and sister who, still not realizing the serious nature of the attack, had gone out to visit friends. Their absence, I suppose, had been cause for suspicion and the FBI or police had broken in to search our house without a warrant. On returning, my father, believing that we had been burglarized, immediately called the police. Two policemen appeared promptly with three FBI men and suggested that my father check to see if his valuables were missing. They were, of course, undisturbed, but their location was thereby revealed. Two of the FBI men requested that my father accompany them 'for a short while' to be questioned, and my father went willingly. The other FBI man remained with my mother and sister to

man on

intercept all phone calls and to inform anyone who called that they were indisposed.

"One policeman stationed himself at the front door and the other at the rear. When two of our white friends came to see how we were, they were not permitted to enter or speak to my mother and sister, who, for all practical purposes, were prisoners in our home.

"By the time I came home, only one FBI man remained but I was alarmed at the startling turn of events during my absence. In spite of her own anxiety, Mama in her usual thoughtful way was serving tea to the FBI agent. He tried to be friendly and courteous, reassuring me that my father would return safely in due time. But I couldn't share my mother's gracious attitude toward him. Papa was gone, and his abrupt custody into the hands of the FBI seemed an ominous portent of worse things to come. I had no inclination to have tea with one of its agents, and went abruptly to my room, slamming the door shut."¹

February 19, 1942. President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an Executive Order imprisoning Japanese Americans in "relocation camps." Uchida's father was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Missoula, Montana. "Upon reaching Montana, my father wrote immediately, his major concern being whether we would have enough money for our daily needs. He and my mother were now classified as 'enemy aliens' and his bank account had been blocked immediately. For weeks there was total confusion regarding the amount that could be withdrawn from such blocked accounts for living expenses, and

run on
early reports indicated it would be only \$100 a month.

"Both the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution providing for 'due process of law' and 'equal protection under the law for all citizens,' were flagrantly ignored in the name of military expediency, and the forced eviction was carried out purely on the basis of race.

"Stunned by this unprecedented act of our government, we Nisei were faced with the anguishing dilemma of contesting our government's orders and risking imprisonment (as a few courageous Nisei did) or of complying with the government edict.

"Because the FBI had interned most of the Issei [first generation Japanese] leaders of the community, effectively decimating Issei organizations, the vacuum in leadership was filled by the Japanese American Citizens League, then led by a group of relatively young Nisei. The JACL met in emergency session attempting to arrive at the best possible solution to an intolerable situation. Perceiving that a compromise with the government was impossible, and rejecting a strategy of total opposition, because it might lead to violence and bloodshed, the JACL leaders decided the only choice was to cooperate 'under protest' with the government.

"My sister and I were angry that our country could deprive us of our civil rights in so cavalier a manner, but we had been raised to respect and to trust those in authority. To us resistance or confrontation, such as we know them today was unthinkable and of course would have had no support

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from the American public. We naively believed at the time that cooperating with the government edict was the best way to help our country."¹

add insert #1 (see over)
Small insert about the Japanese American community in the area

April 21, 1942. Removal orders were issued for Uchida's family, as well as the other Japanese-American families living in the area, *uprooting them* to relocate to army-guarded barracks at the abandoned Tanforan Race Track. These families had ten days to dispose of their homes and personal possessions. "During the last few weeks on campus, my friends and I became sentimental and took pictures of each other at favorite campus sites. The war had jolted us into a crisis whose impact was too enormous for us to fully comprehend, and we needed these small remembrances of happier times to take with us as we went our separate ways to various government camps throughout California."¹

Incarcerated in
May 1, 1942. Relocated to the Tanforan Race Track, which housed eight thousand uprooted Japanese Americans in its stables and barracks. The family lived for the next five months in a horse stall, *and the entire camp was* surrounded by barbed wire. "When we reached stall number 40, we pushed open the narrow door and looked uneasily into the vacant darkness. The *a* stall was about ten by twenty feet and empty except for three folded Army cots lying on the floor. Dust, dirt, and wood shavings covered the linoleum that had been laid over manure-covered boards, the smell of horses hung in the air, and the whitened corpses of many insects still clung to the hastily white-washed walls.

looks like the horse stall itself was surrounded

"High on either side of the entrance were two small windows which were our only source of daylight. The stall was divided into two sections by Dutch

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only source of daylight. The stall was divided into two sections by Dutch

Journey to Topaz is the story of what happened to one Japanese
American family during this wartime tragedy, then called "the
evacuation." Although the characters are fictional, the events are
based on actual fact, and most of what happened to the Sakane
family also happened to my own.

I would ask readers to remember that my characters portray
the Japanese Americans of 1942 and to recall that the world then
was totally different from the one we know today. In 1942 the
voice of Martin Luther King had not yet been heard and ethnic
pride was yet unborn. There was no awareness in the land of civil
rights, and there had yet been no freedom marches or demon-
strations of protest. Most Americans, supporting their country in
a war they considered just, did nothing to protest our forced
removal, and might well have considered it treasonous had we
tried to resist or protest.

Told to demonstrate our loyalty by doing as our country asked,
we had no choice but to trust our government leaders. We did not
know then, as we do now, that they had acceded to political and
economic pressure groups and imprisoned us with full know-
ledge that their action was not only unconstitutional, but totally
unnecessary."

I hope by reading this book young people everywhere will
realize what once took place in this country and will determine
never to permit such a travesty of justice to occur again.

Yoshiko Uchida
Berkeley, California
January 1984

viii

From Prologue, new ed'n
Journey to Topaz -

see also p. 20
in p. 1 of Prologue.

run on
doors worn down by teeth marks, and each stall in the stable was separated from the adjoining one only by rough partitions that stopped a foot short of the sloping roof. That space, while perhaps a good source of ventilation for the horses, deprived us of all but visual privacy, and we couldn't even be sure of that because of the crevices and knotholes in the dividing walls.

"Our stable consisted of twenty-five stalls facing north which were back to back with an equal number facing south, so we were surrounded on three sides. Living in our stable were an assortment of people—mostly small family units—that included an artist, my father's barber and his wife, a dentist and his wife, an elderly retired couple, a group of Kibei bachelors (Japanese born in the United States but educated in Japan), an insurance salesman and his wife, and a widow with two daughters...."¹

The "prisoners" quickly organized schools, churches, and recreation centers. Uchida taught second grade. "I loved teaching and decided I would like to work for a teaching credential, for I now had received my degree from the university. My classmates and I had missed commencement by two weeks and my diploma, rolled in a cardboard container, had been handed to me in my horse stall by the Tanforan mailman."¹

Her memories of the five months spent at Tanforan were of poor food, a lack of supplies and hot water, and a ~~lack~~ ^{total loss} of privacy. "After three months of communal living, the lack of privacy began to grate on my nerves. There was no place I could go to be completely alone—not in the washroom, the

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latrine, the shower, or my stall. I couldn't walk down the track without seeing someone I knew. I couldn't avoid the people I didn't like or choose those I wished to be near. There was no place to cry and no place to hide. It was impossible to escape from the constant noise and human presence. I felt stifled and suffocated and sometimes wanted to scream. But in my family we didn't scream or cry or fight or even have a major argument, because we knew the neighbors were always only inches away...."¹

September, 1942. Sent to Topaz, a concentration camp located in the Utah desert. "In its frantic haste to construct this barrack city, the Army had removed every growing thing, and what had once been a peaceful lake bed was now churned up into one great mass of loose flour-like sand. With each step we sank two to three inches deep, sending up swirls of dust that crept into our eyes and mouths, noses and lungs. After two long sleepless nights on the train, this sudden encounter with the sun, the glaring white sand, and the altitude made me feel weak and light-headed. We were all worried about my mother, and I thought I might collapse myself, when we finally reached Block 7.

"Each barrack was one hundred feet in length, and divided into six rooms for families of varying sizes. We were assigned to a room in the center, about twenty by eighteen feet, designed for occupancy by four people. When we stepped into our room it contained nothing but four army cots without mattresses. No inner sheetrock walls or ceilings had yet been installed, nor had the black pot-bellied stove that stood outside our door. Cracks were visible everywhere in the siding and around the windows, and although

our friends had swept out our room before we arrived, the dust was already seeping into it again from all sides.

add? → Dust continued to be a constant problem & the severe dust storms were particularly terrifying.

"The instruction sheet advised us not to put up any shelves until the carpenters arrived from Tanforan to install the sheetrock walls. In fact, three paragraphs were devoted to reassuring us that plenty of scrap lumber was available and that a committee had been organized to supervise its distribution. 'A rough estimate of 400,000 board feet of lumber is now available,' one paragraph stated. 'Since sufficient wood is available, there will be no necessity for hoarding or nocturnal commando raids.'

they won't have read about the early shortages

"There was also a paragraph about words. 'You are now in Topaz, Utah,' it read. 'Here we say Dining Hall and not Mess Hall; Safety Council, not Internal Police; Residents, not Evacuees; and last but not least, Mental Climate, not Morale.' After our long and exhausting ordeal, a patronizing sheet of instructions was the last thing we needed.

"None of us felt well during our incarceration in Topaz. We all caught frequent colds during the harsh winter months and had frequent stomach upsets. Illness was a nuisance, especially after we began to work, for memos from a doctor were required to obtain sick leave. Much of our energy simply went into keeping our room dusted, swept, and mopped to be rid of the constant accumulation of dust, and in trying to do a laundry when the water was running."¹

May, 1943. With the help of the Student Relocation Committee (administered

I don't think these two paragraphs are a reader's choice. I read the earlier chapters of Desert Days. I remember some thing more about the dust storms. I have excerpts of 1/18-1/19. I think it might be more effective.

mem on

by the American Friends Service Committee), Uchida was able to leave Topaz by obtaining a fellowship to do graduate work at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. "...I had passed up an earlier opportunity to go to Smith College from Tanforan because I felt I should stay with my fellow internees and make some positive contribution to our situation. Now, however, I longed to get out of this dreary camp, return to civilization, and continue my education. I applied for enrollment in the Education Department at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, but discovered the earlier opening there was no longer available. I also discovered that the process for obtaining a leave clearance was long and tedious. One did not decide to leave and simply walk out the gates. I waited impatiently and with increasing frustration as the weeks passed.

"Students were among the first internees to leave the camps, and others followed to midwestern and eastern cities where previously few Japanese Americans had lived....The National Japanese American Student Relocation Council eventually assisted some three thousand students to leave the camps and enter over five hundred institutions of higher learning throughout the country.

"I left Topaz determined to work hard and prove I was as loyal as any other American. I felt a tremendous sense of responsibility to make good, not just for myself, but for all Japanese Americans. I felt I was representing all the Nisei, and it was sometimes an awesome burden to bear.

"When the war was over, the brilliant record of the highly decorated Nisei

combat teams, and favorable comments of the GIs returning from Japan, helped alleviate to some degree the hatred directed against the Japanese Americans during the war. Although racism had by no means been eliminated, new fields of employment, previously closed, gradually opened up for many Nisei. In time they were also able to purchase and rent homes without being restricted to ghetto areas as the Issei had been."¹

Uchida taught school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for a year and worked as a secretary in New York City for ⁱ six years. In 1952 she was awarded a fellowship to study in Japan. "I spent two years in Japan as a Ford Foundation Foreign Area Fellow and became acquainted with the relatives and friends who until then had been only strangers to me....I climbed to remote wooded temple cemeteries to pour water on the tombstones of my grandfathers and maternal grandmother 'to refresh their spirits,' and I traveled the countryside, finding it incredibly beautiful.

"Although I went primarily as a writer to collect more folktales, I became equally immersed in the magnificent arts and crafts of Japan. The strength and honesty of its folk art especially appealed to me, and I felt an immediate kinship with the Japanese craftsmen I met. I was privileged to become acquainted with the three founders of the Mingei (folk art) movement in Japan—the philosopher-writer Soetsu Yanagi, and the noted potters Shoji Hamada and Kanjiro Kawai. Their Zen-oriented philosophy, their wholeness of spirit, and their totality as human beings enriched me immeasurably and made a lasting impact on my thought and writing.

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made a lasting impact on my thought and writing.

From new edition of
Journey to Topaz
(Creative Arts)

Prologue

It has been many years since I first wrote *Journey to Topaz* and more than forty years since the United States government uprooted 120,000 West Coast Japanese Americans, without trial or hearing, and imprisoned them behind barbed wire. Two-thirds of those Japanese Americans were American citizens, and I was one of them. We were imprisoned by our own country during World War II, not because of anything we had done, but simply because we looked like the enemy.

Today we know, in spite of the government claim at the time, that there was no military necessity ^{for our imprisonment} for this action. Today we know this gross violation of our Constitution caused one of the most shameful episodes in our country's history. Our leaders betrayed not only the Japanese Americans, but all Americans, for by denying the Constitution, they damaged the very essence of our democratic beliefs.

In 1976 President Gerald R. Ford stated, "Not only was that evacuation wrong, but Japanese Americans were and are loyal Americans... (we have learned from the tragedy of that long-ago experience forever to treasure liberty and justice for each individual American.)" In 1983 a Commission of Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians established by the United States Congress concluded that a grave injustice was done to

JOURNEY TO TOPAZ

Japanese Americans and that the causes of the uprooting were race prejudice, war hysteria and a failure of leadership.

"My experience in Japan was as positive and restorative as the ~~evacuation~~ ^{uprooting & imprisonment} had been negative and depleting. I came home aware of a new dimension to myself as a Japanese American and with new respect and admiration for the culture that had made my parents what they were. The circle was complete. I feel grateful today for the Japanese values and traditions they instilled in me and kept alive in our home, and unlike the days of my youth, I am proud to be a Japanese American and am secure in that knowledge of myself."¹

JAs now feel that a "evacuation" was a great euphemism

While in Japan, Uchida wrote articles on handcrafts and folk artists for the Nippon Times. Upon her return to the United States, she continued to write articles for Craft Horizons magazine, and studied weaving, pottery, and jewelry-making herself.

1972. Awarded a silver medal for best juvenile book from the Commonwealth Club of California for Samurai of Gold Hill. Although Uchida's early books dealt with the children of Japan, she turned to writing about ^{the} Japanese ^{American} war experiences in the late 1960s. "I feel that children need the sense of continuity that comes through knowing about the past. All of us must understand our own past in order to move ahead into the future. I feel it's so important for Japanese American—and all Asian American—children to be aware of their history and culture, and to understand some of the traditions, ^{hopes} feelings, and values of the early immigrants. At the same time, I write for all children, and I try to write about values and feelings that are universal.

① I saw / need to recognize / self knowledge / pride a young JAs, to give a reminder culture & own particular history.

"I hope my books are meaningful to all children." I try to stress the positive aspects of life that I want children to value and cherish. I hope they can be caring human beings who don't think in terms of labels—foreigners or Asians or whatever—but think of people as human beings. If that comes across, then I've accomplished my purpose." [Catherine E. Studier Chang, "Profile: Yoshiko Uchida," Language Arts, Volume 61, number 2, February, 1984.²]

1981. Received the University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award for "a significant contribution to the cultural development of society."

Uchida has written numerous children's books, including collections of Japanese folktales, stories of Japanese children living in Japan or the United States, and historical fiction about Japanese American children in America during the 1930s and 1940s. "Today as a writer of books for young people, I often speak at schools about my experiences as a Japanese American. I want the children to perceive me not as a foreigner, as some still do, or as the stereotypic Asian they often see on film and television, but as a human being. I tell them of my pride in being a Japanese American today, but I also tell them I celebrate our common humanity, for I feel we must never lose our sense of connection with the human race. I tell them how it was to grow up as ^a Japanese American in California. I tell them about the Issei who persevered in a land that denied them so much. I tell them how our own country incarcerated us—its citizens—during World War II, causing us to lose that most precious of all possessions, our freedom.

Enclosed pp 6 & 7 of ALA Cult. Div. talk. 6/87
 You apt to incorporate / underlined that somewhere"

"The children ask me many questions, most of them about my wartime experiences. 'I never knew we had concentration camps in America,' one child told me in astonishment. 'I thought they were only in Germany and Russia.'

"And so the story of the wartime incarceration of the Japanese Americans, as painful as it may be to hear, needs to be told and retold and never forgotten by succeeding generations of Americans.

"I always ask the children why they think I wrote Journey to Topaz and Journey Home, in which I tell of the wartime experiences of the Japanese Americans. 'To tell about the camps?' they ask. 'To tell how you felt? To tell what happened to the Japanese people?'

"'Yes,' I answer, but I continue the discussion until finally one of them will say, 'You wrote those books so it won't ever happen again.'"¹

⁵
1986. Wrote the award-winning children's book, The Happiest Ending.

Uchida's books have been translated into German and Dutch, Japanese and Afrikaans.

1987. First novel for adults, Picture Bride, published by Northland Press. This novel tells of the strength & courage of the early Jap. women immigrants.

"I...feel very lucky to be a writer, doing what I love best. I love the freedom of being able to structure my own days—to work or play or to see my friends or to travel when I please. I think that kind of freedom is a luxury to be cherished."

When she is not writing, Uchida enjoys the theater and visiting museums.

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Bay Area Book Reviewers Award
1986

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role.

She also enjoys walking and has developed a new interest in writing poetry.

"Anything that isn't writing, I consider play. I seem to manage to play quite a lot!"

already stated in p. 23 Uchida's books have been translated into German and Dutch. *James, H. H. H. H. H.* Her works are

included in the Kerlan Collection at the University of Minnesota and her

manuscript collection ^(prior to 1981) is at the University of Oregon Library ⁱⁿ Eugene. *Later handwritten papers all published material*

are at the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

HOBBIES AND OTHER INTERESTS: Fine arts, folk crafts.

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE: Muriel Fuller, editor, More Junior Authors, H.W.

Wilson, 1963; Young Readers' Review, January, 1967; Children's Book World,

November 5, 1967; Martha E. Ward and Dorothy A. Marquardt, Authors of Books

for Young People, 2nd edition, Scarecrow Press, 1971; D. L. Kirkpatrick,

Twentieth-Century Children's Writers, St. Martin's Press, 1978, 2nd

edition, 1983; Catherine E. Studier Chang, "Profile: Yoshiko Uchida,"

Language Arts, February, 1984.

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Please reply to
Helga P. McCue, Associate Editor
SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR
81R Oswegatchie Road
Waterford, CT 06385
Phone: 203-444-2586

November 7, 1988

Dear Yoshiko Uchida,

Enclosed are two copies of your sketch as it appeared in
SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR, Volume 53. — *used 4 times a year —*

Again, many thanks with your assistance in making your sketch *Is a diff. publication*
complete. *from SAAS-autobiog.*

Sincerely,

Eunice Petrini

Eunice Petrini
Assistant Editor

*altho all work under
Gale Research.*

*C- 11/14/88
Talked to Helga McCue
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30, 1983; *Montana Standard* (Butte), July 31, 1983; *Centre Daily News* (San Francisco, Calif.), August 1, 1983, August 13, 1983; *San Francisco Journal*, August 14, 1983; *Publishers Weekly*, August 19, 1983; *San Francisco Chronicle*, September 21, 1983, December 11, 1983; "Pie-Biter Gives Kids History, Entertainment," *Asian Week*, October 14, 1983.

THOMPSON, Harlan (Howard) 1894-1987 (Stephen Holt)

OBITUARY NOTICE—See sketch in *SATA* Volume 10: Born December 25, 1894, in Brewster, Kan.; died October 9, 1987, in Pasadena, Calif. Rancher and author. Thompson, who was raised on a ranch in Canada, turned to writing after an injury forced him to abandon his strenuous life-style. He wrote a number of books for children based on his experiences as a rancher, many of which were published under the pseudonym Stephen Holt. His works include *Wild Palimino*, *Phantom Roan*, *Stormy*, *Prairie Colt*, which was awarded a Boys' Club of America gold medal in 1948, and *Spook, the Mustang*, which received a Commonwealth Club juvenile silver medal in 1957. Thompson's novel *Silent Running* was adapted for film in 1972.

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE: *Contemporary Authors, Permanent Series*, Volume 1, Gale, 1978; *Who's Who in the West*, 18th edition, Marquis, 1982. Obituaries: *Los Angeles Times*, October 14, 1987.

UCHIDA, Yoshiko 1921-

PERSONAL: Surname is pronounced "Oo-chee-dah"; born November 24, 1921, in Alameda, Calif.; daughter of Dwight Takashi (a businessman) and Iku (a poet; maiden name, Ume-gaki) Uchida. **Education:** University of California, Berkeley, A.B. (cum laude), 1942; Smith College, M.Ed., 1944. **Politics:** Democrat. **Religion:** Protestant. **Residence:** Berkeley, Calif.



YOSHIKO UCHIDA

CAREER: Elementary school teacher in Japanese relocation center in Utah, 1942-43; Frankford Friends' School, Philadelphia, Pa., teacher, 1944-45; Institute of Pacific Relations, New York City, membership secretary, 1946-47; United Student Christian Council, New York City, secretary, 1947-52; full-time writer, 1952-57, 1962—; University of California, Berkeley, secretary, 1957-62. **Exhibitions:** Oakland Museum, 1972.

AWARDS, HONORS: Ford Foundation Foreign Study and Research Fellowship to Japan, 1952; *New York Herald Tribune's* Children's Spring Book Festival Honor Book, 1955, for *The Magic Listening Cap*; Silver Medal for Best Juvenile Book by a California Author from the Commonwealth Club of California, 1972, for *Samurai of Gold Hill* and 1982, for *A Jar of Dreams*; Award of Merit from the California Association of Teachers of English, 1973, for her body of work; citation from the Contra Costa Chapter of Japanese American Citizens League, 1976, for outstanding contribution to the cultural development of society; *Journey Home* was selected one of International Reading Association's Children's Choices, 1979, and *The Happiest Ending*, 1985; *Journey Home* was selected as a Notable Children's Trade Book in the Field of Social Studies by the National Council for Social Studies and the Children's Book Council, 1979, *A Jar of Dreams*, 1982, and *The Happiest Ending*, 1985.

Morris S. Rosenblatt Award from the Utah State Historical Society, 1981, for article, "Topaz, City of Dust"; University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award, 1981, for "a significant contribution to the cultural development of society"; *The Best Bad Thing* was selected as one of *School Library Journal's* Best Books of the Year, and one of New York Public Library's Children's Books, both 1983; Award from the Berkeley Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League, 1983, for "her many books which have done so much to better the understanding of Japanese culture and Japanese American experiences in America"; *The Happiest Ending* was chosen one of Child Study Association of America's Children's Books of the Year, 1985; Young Authors' Hall of Fame Award from the San Mateo and San Francisco Reading Associations, 1985; Bay Area Book Reviewers Association Book Award for Children's Literature, 1986, for *The Happiest Ending*; Friends of Children and Literature Award, 1987, for *A Jar of Dreams*.

WRITINGS—For young people, except as noted: *The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folk Tales* (illustrated by Richard C. Jones), Harcourt, 1949, new edition, Creative Arts, 1986; *New Friends for Susan* (illustrated by Henry Sugimoto), Scribner, 1951; *We Do Not Work Alone: The Thoughts of Kanjiro Kawai* (adult nonfiction), Folk Art Society (Japan), 1953; *The Magic Listening Cap: More Folk Tales from Japan* (self-illustrated), Harcourt, 1955, new edition, Creative Arts, 1987; *The Full Circle* (self-illustrated; junior high school study book), Friendship Press, 1957; *Takao and Grandfather's Sword* (illustrated by William M. Hutchinson), Harcourt, 1958; *The Promised Year* (illustrated by W. M. Hutchinson), Harcourt, 1959.

Milk and the Prowler (illustrated by W. M. Hutchinson), Harcourt, 1960; (translator of English portions) Soetsu Yanagi, editor, *Shoji Hamada* (adult), Asahi Shimbun, 1961; *Rokubei and the Thousand Rice Bowls* (illustrated by Kazue Mizumura), Scribner, 1962; *The Forever Christmas Tree* (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1963; *Sumi's Prize* (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1964; *The Sea of Gold and Other Tales from Japan* (illustrated by Marianne Yamaguchi), Scribner, 1965, new edition, Creative Arts, 1988; *Sumi's Special Happening* (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1966;

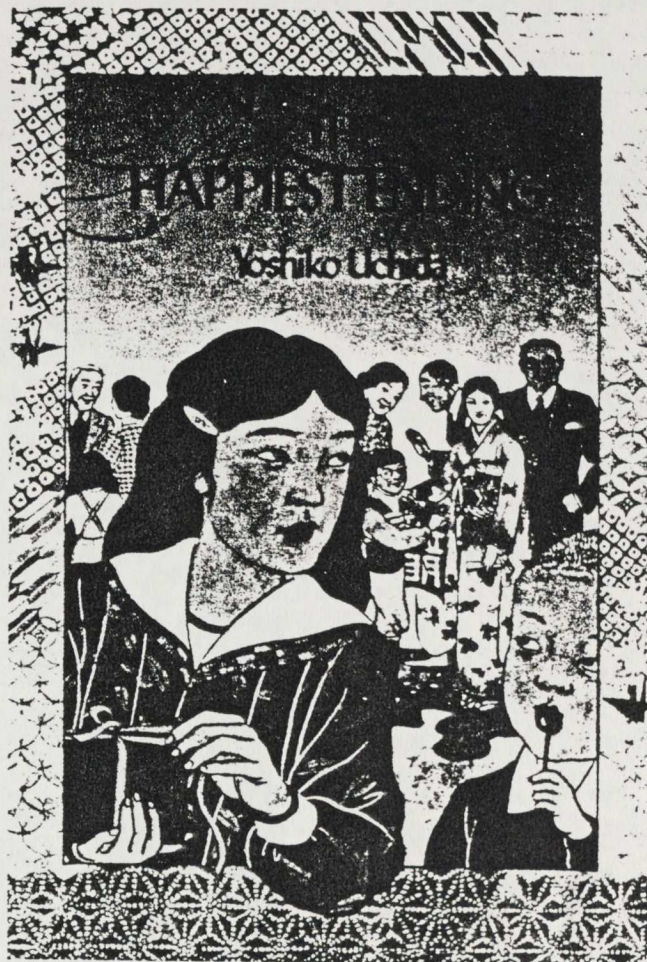
In-Between Miya (illustrated by Susan Bennett), Scribner, 1967; *Hisako's Mysteries* (illustrated by S. Bennett), Scribner, 1969; *Sumi and the Goat and the Tokyo Express* (illustrated by K. Mizumura), Scribner, 1969.

Makoto, the Smallest Boy: A Story of Japan (illustrated by Akihito Shirakawa), Crowell, 1970; *Journey to Topaz: A Story of the Japanese-American Evacuation* (ALA Notable Book; illustrated by Donald Carrick), Scribner, 1971, revised edition, Creative Arts, 1985; *Samurai of Gold Hill* (illustrated by Ati Forberg), Scribner, 1972, new edition, Creative Arts, 1985; *The History of Sycamore Church* (adult nonfiction), privately printed, 1974; *The Birthday Visitor* (illustrated by Charles Robinson), Scribner, 1975; *The Rooster Who Understood Japanese* (illustrated by C. Robinson), Scribner, 1976; *Journey Home* (sequel to *Journey to Topaz*; Junior Literary Guild selection; illustrated by C. Robinson), McElderry Books, 1978.

A Jar of Dreams (Junior Literary Guild selection), McElderry Books, 1981; *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of a Japanese American Family* (adult nonfiction), University of Washington Press, 1982; *The Best Bad Thing* (sequel to *A Jar of Dreams*; ALA Notable Book; Junior Literary Guild selection), McElderry Books, 1983; *Tabi: Journey through Time, Stories of the Japanese in America*, United Methodist Publishing House, 1984; *The Happiest Ending* (sequel to *The Best Bad Thing*; ALA Notable Book; Junior Literary Guild selection), McElderry Books, 1985; (reteller) *The Two Foolish Cats* (Junior



I never thought one small lady from Japan could make such a big difference in my life, but she did. ■
(Jacket illustration by Kinuko Craft from *A Jar of Dreams* by Yoshiko Uchida.)



How did I ever let Mama talk me into this. . . . ■
(Jacket illustration by Kinuko Craft from *The Happiest Ending* by Yoshiko Uchida.) ■

Literary Guild selection; illustrated by Margot Zemach), McElderry Books, 1987; *Picture Bride* (adult novel), Northland, 1987.

Contributor of juvenile short stories: *Flight Near and Far*, Holt, 1970; *Scribner Anthology for Young People*, Scribner, 1976; *Arbuthnot Anthology of Children's Literature*, 4th edition, Scott, Foresman, 1976; *Courage to Adventure*, Crowell, 1976; *Sense*, Scott, Foresman, 1977; *Sharing Literature with Children*, D. McKay, 1977; *Image*, Scott, Foresman, 1977; *Clues and Clocks*, Harper, 1977; *Echoes of Time: A World History*, McGraw, 1977; *The Secret Life of Mr. Mugs*, Ginn, 1978; *With the Works*, Scott, Foresman, 1978; *Riding Rainbows*, Allyn & Bacon, 1978; *Handstands*, Allyn & Bacon, 1978; *The Big Ones 2*, Allyn & Bacon, 1978; *Standing Strong*, Allyn & Bacon, 1978; *Literature and Life*, Scott, Foresman, 1979; *Changing Scenes*, Harcourt, 1979; *And Everywhere Children*, Greenwillow, 1979; *Many Voices*, Harcourt, 1979; *Tell Me How the Sun Rose*, Ginn, 1979; *Question and Form in Literature*, Scott, Foresman, 1979; *Japan: Change and Continuity*, Rigby, 1980; *Full Circle*, Macmillan, 1980; *Fairy Tales of the Sea*, Harper, 1981; *Here and There*, Holt, 1981; *Spinners*, Houghton, 1981; *Banners*, Houghton, 1981; *The Abracadabras*, Addison-Wesley, 1981; *Wingspan*, Allyn & Bacon, 1981; *Another Earth, Another Sky*, Harcourt, 1982; *Understanding Literature*, Macmillan, 1983; *Anthology of Children's Literature*, Scott, Foresman, 1984; *Strategies for Reading*, Harcourt, 1984; *Exploration*, Houghton, 1986.

Contributor to exhibit catalogue, *Margaret da Patta*, of Oakland Museum, 1976. Contributor of adult stories and articles to newspapers and periodicals, including *Woman's Day*, *Gourmet*, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, *Far East*, *Craft Horizons*, *Nippon Times* (Tokyo), *Motive*, and *California Monthly*.

ADAPTATIONS: "The Old Man with the Bump" (cassette; based on a story from *The Dancing Kettle*), Houghton, 1973; "The Two Foolish Cats" (filmstrip with cassette; based on a story from *The Sea of Gold*), Encyclopedia Britannica Educational, 1977; "The Fox and the Bear" (cassette; based on a story from *The Magic Listening Cap*), Science Research Associates, 1979.

WORK IN PROGRESS: A poetry collection; a picture book interpretation of a Japanese folk tale.

SIDELIGHTS: November 24, 1921. Born in Alameda, California. "Whenever I am in the neighborhood, I find myself drawn back to Stuart Street [Berkeley], to drive once more past the stucco bungalow just above Grove, where my older sister Keiko, and I grew up.

"I remember the sunny yard in back with the peach and apricot and fig trees. I remember the sweetpeas that grew higher than my head, and the enormous chrysanthemums that measured seventeen inches around. . . . I remember my father in his gardening clothes, raking the yard and filling the dusky evening air with the wonderful smell of burning leaves, and my mother standing at the back porch, wearing her big apron, ringing a small black bell because she didn't like calling out to bring us in for supper.

"It was a sunny, pleasant three-bedroom house we rented, and there was nothing particularly unusual about our living there except that we were Japanese Americans. And in those days before the Second World War, few Japanese families in Berkeley, California, lived above Grove Street with the exception of some early settlers. . . .

"Because my father was a salaried man at Mitsui, our lives were more secure and somewhat different from many of our Japanese friends, especially those whom we knew at the small Japanese church we attended. For them life in the 1930s was a dark desperate struggle for survival in a country where they could neither become citizens nor own land. Many spoke little English. Some of the mothers took in sewing or did work in white homes. . . . Most of the fathers struggled to keep open such small businesses as dry cleaners, laundries, groceries, or shoe repair shops, and they sometimes came to ask my father for advice and help.

"My father understood their struggles well, for he too had grown up in poverty in Japan. His father, a former samurai turned teacher, had died when he was ten. His mother, married at sixteen and widowed at thirty, sent her five children to live with various relatives, and my father never forgot the sadness of those long snow-covered roads he walked to reach the home of the uncle who took him in.

"My father worked his way through Doshisha University by delivering milk in the mornings, working as a telephone operator at night, and later serving as a clerk in a bank.

"Because both my parents had learned to be frugal in their youth and had worked hard for a living, they were never wasteful or self-indulgent even when they had the means. They also felt much compassion for anyone in need. When one of our neighbors on Stuart Street lost his job during the Depression,

and his wife sold homemade bread, my mother not only bought her bread, but arranged to learn French from her as well, to give her the additional income. . . .

"My parents also provided solace and frequent meals to lonely homesick students from Japan who were studying at the University of California or the Pacific School of Religion. These students seemed to come to our home in an unending procession, much to the dismay of my sister and I who found them inordinately dull. . . . They crowded around our table on most holidays, on frequent Sundays, and they often dropped in uninvited for a cup of tea." [Yoshiko Uchida, *Desert Exile: The Uprooting of Japanese American Family*, University of Washington Press, 1982.]

"But now these people who were so dull and annoying to me as a child, provide wonderful material for my writing, and I remember them not only with fascination, but with some guilt for the shabby way I treated them. I also remember the laughter, the wonderful smell of *sukiyaki* cooking at the table, and the after-dinner singing around our piano, and realize that in spite of ourselves, Keiko and I often had good times at these gatherings."

"These students were only part of the deluge from Japan. There were also visiting ministers, countless alumni from Doshisha University, and sometimes the president of the university himself. I felt as though our house was the unofficial



The barn was filled with huge, bright-colored kites. ■
(Jacket illustration by Kinuko Craft from *The Best Bad Thing* by Yoshiko Uchida.) •

alumni headquarters for Doshisha and I one of its most reluctant members.

"My mother was a giving and deeply caring person. 'Don't ever be indifferent,' she used to say to us. 'Indifference is the worst fault of all.' And she herself was never indifferent. She cared and felt deeply about everything around her. She could find joy in a drive to the park, a rainbow in the sky, a slim new moon, or an interesting weed appearing among the irises. . . ."

"The written word was always important in our family, and my mother often wrote poetry—the thirty-one-syllable Japanese *tanka*. Like most women of her day, however, she focused her attention on her family, and her creativity existed on the fringes of her life. She wrote her poems on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes, and they were published by a friend in a small Japanese newsletter.

"My mother also loved books, and our house was filled with them. Although she didn't find time to read much for herself, she often read Japanese stories to Keiko and me. Many of these were the Japanese folktales which I later included in my first published book, *The Dancing Kettle*.

"It seems to me I've been interested in books and writing for as long as I can remember. I was writing stories when I was ten, and being the child of frugal immigrant parents, I wrote them on brown wrapping paper which I cut up and bound into

booklets, and because I am such a saver, I still have them. The first is titled, 'Jimmy Chipmonk and His Friends: A Short Story for Small Children.'

"I not only wrote stories, I also kept a journal of important events which I began the day I graduated from elementary school. Of course my saver self kept that journal as well, and even today I can read of the special events of my young life, such as the times my parents took us to an opera or concert in San Francisco, or the day I got my first dog, or the sad day it died, when I drew a tombstone for him in my journal and decorated it with floral wreaths.

"By putting these special happenings into words and writing them down, I was trying to hold on to and somehow preserve the magic as well as the joy and sadness of certain moments in my life, and I guess that's really what books and writing are all about."

1931. Throughout her childhood, Uchida longed to be accepted as an American. Although her family gave her much love and security, she felt intimidated by the outside community. "Our lives—my sister's and mine—were quite thoroughly infused with the customs, traditions, and values of our Japanese parents, whose own lives had been structured by the samurai code of loyalty, honor, self-discipline, and filial piety. Their lives also reflected a blend of Buddhist philosophy dominated by Christian faith. So it was that we grew up with a strong dose of the Protestant ethic coupled with a feeling of respect for



Uchida (left) about three years old with sister.



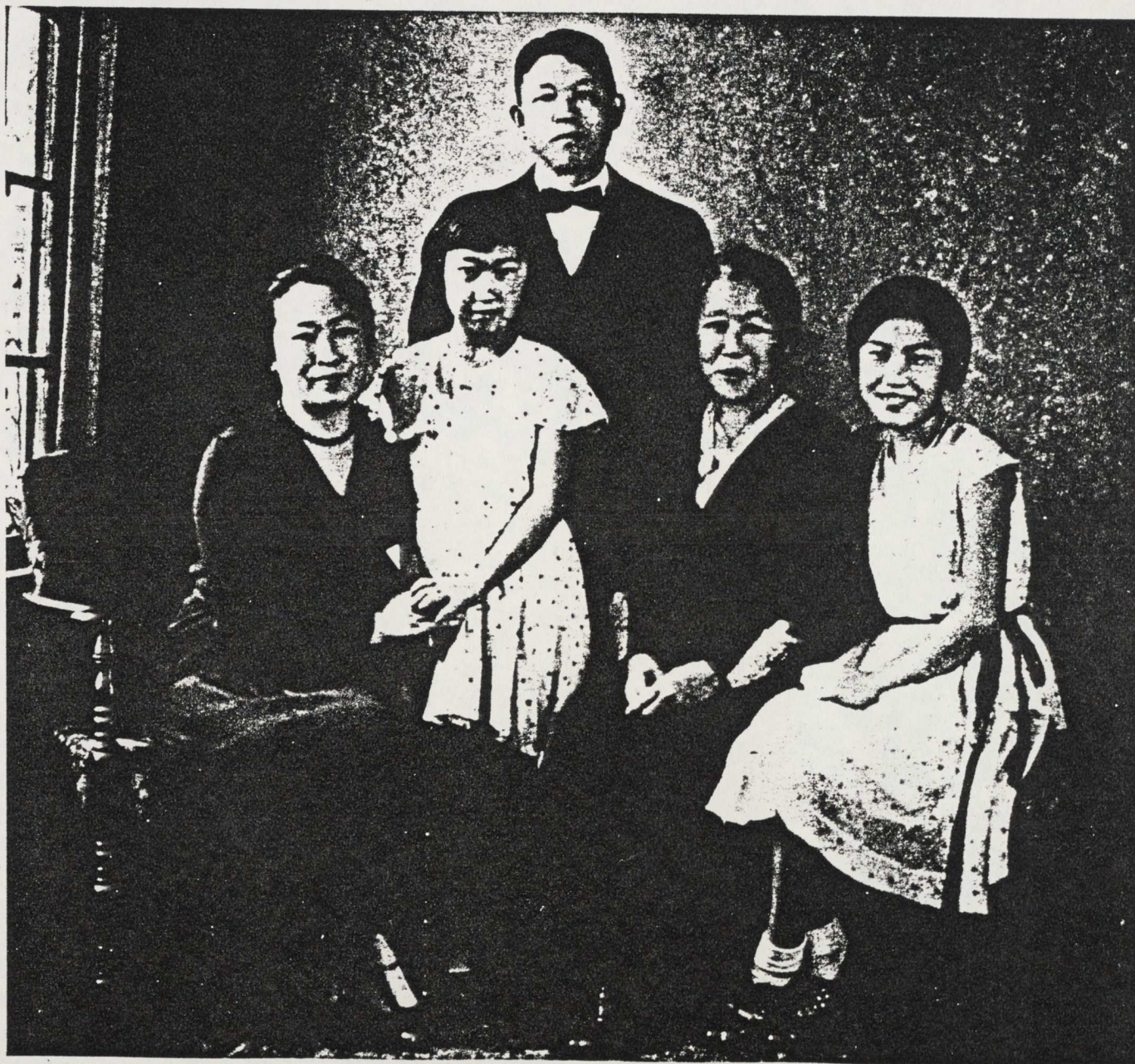
He just went right on, weighing and munching, weighing and munching, until at last he had eaten up both rice cakes. ■ (From *The Two Foolish Cats* by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Margot Zémach.)

our teachers and superiors; a high regard for such qualities as frugality, hard work, patience, diligence, courtesy, and loyalty; and a sense of responsibility and love, not only for our parents and family, but for our fellow man.

"My parents' Japaneseness was never nationalistic in nature. They held the Imperial family in affectionate and respectful regard, as did all Japanese of their generation. But their first loyalty was always to their Christian God, not the Emperor of Japan. And their loyalty and devotion to their adopted country was vigorous and strong. My father cherished copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitution of the United States, and on national holidays he hung, with great pride, an enormous American flag on our front porch, even though at the time, this country declared the first generation Japanese immigrants to be 'aliens ineligible for citizenship.'"

When she was ten, Uchida's family took a trip to Connecticut, and the impression of being perceived as a foreigner remained with her throughout her lifetime. "We visited several eastern cities, but most important to my mother was a special trip we made to the small village of Cornwall, Connecticut, to visit one of her former Doshisha instructors . . . and to meet for the first time two white women pen pals with whom she had corresponded since college. Both my mother and father were great letter writers and kept up a voluminous correspondence. They cherished their many friends and I don't believe either of them ever lost one for neglect on their part.

"We were probably the first Asians ever to visit Cornwall and one of its residents, an elderly white woman, patted me on the head and said, 'My, but you speak English so beautifully.' She had looked at my Japanese face and addressed only my outer person, and although she had meant to compliment me, I was thoroughly abashed to be perceived as a foreigner. . . ."



Family portrait, with Yoshiko Uchida second from left.

1934. "As I approached adolescence, I wanted more than anything to be accepted as any other white American. Imbued with the melting pot mentality, I saw integration into white American society as the only way to overcome the sense of rejection I had experienced in so many areas of my life. The insolence of a clerk or a waiter, the petty arrogance of a bureaucrat, discrimination and denial at many establishments, exclusion from the social activities of my white classmates—all of these affected my sense of personal worth. They reinforced my feelings of inferiority and the self-effacement I had absorbed from the Japanese ways of my parents and made me reticent and cautious.

"When I was in junior high school, I was the only Japanese American to join the Girl Reserve unit at our school and was accepted within the group as an equal. On one occasion, however, we were to be photographed by the local newspaper, and I was among the girls to be included. The photographer casually tried to ease me out of the picture, but one of my white friends just as stubbornly insisted on keeping me in. I think I was finally included, but the realization of what the photographer was trying to do hurt me more than I ever admitted to anyone.

"In high school, being different was an even greater hardship than in my younger years. In elementary school one of my teachers had singled out the Japanese American children in class to point to our uniformly high scholastic achievement. (I always worked hard to get A's.) But in high school, we were singled out by our white peers, not for praise, but for total exclusion from their social functions. . . .

"Unhappy in high school, I couldn't wait to get out. I increased my class load, graduated in two and a half years, and entered the University of California in Berkeley when I was sixteen, immature and naive. There I found the alienation of the Nisei [second generation Japanese] from the world of the white students even greater than in high school. Asians were not invited to join the sororities or fraternities, which at the time were a vital part of the campus structure. Most of the Nisei avoided general campus social events and joined instead the two Japanese American social clubs—the Japanese Women's Student Club and the Japanese Men's Student Club. We had our own dances, picnics, open houses, and special events in great abundance. These activities comprised my only social outlet and I had a wonderful time at them.

"For many years I never spoke to a white person unless he or she spoke to me first. At one of my freshman classes at the university, I found myself sitting next to a white student I had known slightly at high school. I sat silent and tense, not even turning to look at her because I didn't want to speak first and be rebuffed. Finally, she turned to me and said, 'Yoshi, aren't you going to speak to me?'

"Only then did I dare smile, acknowledge her presence, and become the friendly self I wanted to be. Now, my closest friend for the past twenty years has been a white person, but if I had met him in college, I might never have spoken to him, and I probably would not have gone out with him."

December 7, 1941. Uchida was busy studying for her final exams at the University of California when war between Japan and the United States was declared. When she returned home from the library, her father had been seized by the FBI and taken to the San Francisco Immigration Headquarters. "Executives of Japanese business firms, shipping lines, and banks, men active in local Japanese associations, teachers of Japanese language schools, virtually every leader of the Japanese Amer-

ican community along the West Coast had been seized almost immediately.

"Actually the FBI had come to our house twice, once in the absence of my parents and sister who, still not realizing the serious nature of the attack, had gone out to visit friends. Their absence, I suppose, had been cause for suspicion and the FBI or police had broken in to search our house without a warrant. On returning, my father, believing that we had been burglarized, immediately called the police. Two policemen appeared promptly with three FBI men and suggested that my father check to see if his valuables were missing. They were, of course, undisturbed, but their location was thereby revealed. Two of the FBI men requested that my father accompany them 'for a short while' to be questioned, and my father went willingly. The other FBI man remained with my mother and sister to intercept all phone calls and to inform anyone who called that they were indisposed.

"One policeman stationed himself at the front door and the other at the rear. When two of our white friends came to see how we were, they were not permitted to enter or speak to my mother and sister, who, for all practical purposes, were prisoners in our home.

"By the time I came home, only one FBI man remained but I was alarmed at the startling turn of events during my absence. In spite of her own anxiety, Mama in her usual thoughtful way was serving tea to the FBI agent. He tried to be friendly and courteous, reassuring me that my father would return safely in due time. But I couldn't share my mother's gracious attitude toward him. Papa was gone, and his abrupt custody into the hands of the FBI seemed an ominous portent of worse things to come. I had no inclination to have tea with one of its agents, and went abruptly to my room, slamming the door shut."

February 19, 1942. President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an Executive Order imprisoning Japanese Americans in "relocation camps." Uchida's father was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Missoula, Montana. "Upon reaching Montana, my father wrote immediately, his major concern being whether we would have enough money for our daily needs. He and my mother were now classified as 'enemy aliens' and his bank account had been blocked immediately. For weeks there was total confusion regarding the amount that could be withdrawn from such blocked accounts for living expenses, and early reports indicated it would be only \$100 a month.

"Both the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution providing for 'due process of law' and 'equal protection under the law for all citizens,' were flagrantly ignored in the name of military expediency, and the forced eviction was carried out purely on the basis of race.

"Stunned by this unprecedented act of our government, we Nisei were faced with the anguishing dilemma of contesting our government's orders and risking imprisonment (as a few courageous Nisei did) or of complying with the government edict.

"Because the FBI had interned most of the Issei [first generation Japanese] leaders of the community, effectively decimating Issei organizations, the vacuum in leadership was filled by the Japanese American Citizens League, then led by a group of relatively young Nisei. The JACL met in emergency session attempting to arrive at the best possible solution to an intolerable situation. Perceiving that a compromise with the government was impossible, and rejecting a strategy of total opposition, because it might lead to violence and bloodshed, the

JACL leaders decided the only choice was to cooperate 'under protest' with the government.

"My sister and I were angry that our country could deprive us of our civil rights in so cavalier a manner, but we had been raised to respect and to trust those in authority. To us resistance or confrontation, such as we know them today was unthinkable and of course would have had no support from the American public. We naively believed at the time that cooperating with the government edict was the best way to help our country."

"The world then was, of course, totally different from the one we know today. In 1942 the voice of Martin Luther King had not yet been heard and ethnic pride was yet unborn. There was no awareness in the land of civil rights, and there had yet been no freedom marches or demonstrations of protest. Most Americans, supporting their country in a war they considered just, did nothing to protest our forced removal, and might well have considered it treasonous had we tried to resist or protest.

"Told to demonstrate our loyalty by doing as our country asked, we had no choice but to trust our government leaders. We did not know then, as we do now, that they had acceded to political and economic pressure groups and imprisoned us with full knowledge that their action was not only unconstitutional, but totally unnecessary." [Yoshiko Uchida, *Journey to Topaz: A Story of the Japanese-American Evacuation*, revised edition, Creative Arts, 1985. Amended by the author.]"

April 21, 1942. Removal orders were issued for Uchida's family, as well as the other Japanese American families living in the area. . . . These families had ten days to dispose of their homes and personal possessions. "During the last few weeks on campus, my friends and I became sentimental and took pictures of each other at favorite campus sites. The war had jolted us into a crisis whose impact was too enormous for us to fully comprehend, and we needed these small remembrances of happier times to take with us as we went our separate ways to various government camps throughout California."

May 1, 1942. Incarcerated in the Tanforan Race Track, which housed eight thousand uprooted Japanese Americans in its stables and barracks. The family lived for the next five months in a horse stall and the entire camp was surrounded by barbed wire. "When we reached stall number 40, we pushed open the narrow door and looked uneasily into the vacant darkness. The stall was about ten by twenty feet and empty except for three folded Army cots lying on the floor. Dust, dirt, and wood shavings covered the linoleum that had been laid over manure-covered boards, the smell of horses hung in the air, and the whitened corpses of many insects still clung to the hastily white-washed walls.

"High on either side of the entrance were two small windows which were our only source of daylight. The stall was divided into two sections by Dutch doors worn down by teeth marks, and each stall in the stable was separated from the adjoining one only by rough partitions that stopped a foot short of the sloping roof. That space, while perhaps a good source of ventilation for the horses, deprived us of all but visual privacy, and we couldn't even be sure of that because of the crevices and knotholes in the dividing walls.

"Our stable consisted of twenty-five stalls facing north which were back to back with an equal number facing south, so we were surrounded on three sides. Living in our stable were an assortment of people—mostly small family units—that in-

cluded an artist, my father's barber and his wife, a dentist and his wife, an elderly retired couple, a group of Kibei bachelors (Japanese born in the United States but educated in Japan), an insurance salesman and his wife, and a widow with two daughters. . . ."

The "prisoners" quickly organized schools, churches, and recreation centers. Uchida taught second grade. "I loved teaching and decided I would like to work for a teaching credential, for I now had received my degree from the university. My classmates and I had missed commencement by two weeks and my diploma, rolled in a cardboard container, had been handed to me in my horse stall by the Tanforan mailman.

"After three months of communal living, the lack of privacy began to grate on my nerves. There was no place I could go to be completely alone—not in the washroom, the latrine, the shower, or my stall. I couldn't walk down the track without seeing someone I knew. I couldn't avoid the people I didn't like or choose those I wished to be near. There was no place to cry and no place to hide. It was impossible to escape from the constant noise and human presence. I felt stifled and suffocated and sometimes wanted to scream. But in my family we didn't scream or cry or fight or even have a major argument, because we knew the neighbors were always only inches away. . . ."

September, 1942. Sent to Topaz, a concentration camp located in the Utah desert. "In its frantic haste to construct this barrack city, the Army had removed every growing thing, and what had once been a peaceful lake bed was now churned up into one great mass of loose flour-like sand. With each step we sank two to three inches deep, sending up swirls of dust that crept into our eyes and mouths, noses and lungs. After two long sleepless nights on the train, this sudden encounter with the sun, the glaring white sand, and the altitude made me feel weak and light-headed. We were all worried about my mother, and I thought I might collapse myself, when we finally reached Block 7.

"Each barrack was one hundred feet in length, and divided into six rooms for families of varying sizes. We were assigned to a room in the center, about twenty by eighteen feet, designed for occupancy by four people. When we stepped into our room it contained nothing but four army cots without mattresses. No inner sheetrock walls or ceilings had yet been installed, nor had the black pot-bellied stove that stood outside our door. Cracks were visible everywhere in the siding and around the windows, and although our friends had swept out our room before we arrived, the dust was already seeping into it again from all sides."

Dust continued to be a constant problem and the severe dust storms were particularly terrifying. "One day about noon, I saw gray-brown clouds massing in the sky, and a hot sultry wind seemed to signal the coming of another storm. I waited for word that schools would be closed for the afternoon, but none was forthcoming.

"I dreaded the long seven-block walk to school, but shortly after lunch, I set out with a scarf wrapped around my head so it covered my nose and mouth as well. By the time I was half way to Block 41, the wind grew so intense, I felt as though I were caught in the eye of a dust hurricane. Feeling panicky, I thought of running home, but realized I was as far from my own barrack now as I was from school, and it was possible some children might be at the school.

"Soon barracks only a few feet away were completely obscured by walls of dust and I was terrified the wind would

knock me off my feet. Every few yards, I stopped to lean against a barrack to catch my breath, then lowering my head against the wind, I plodded on. When I got to school, I discovered many children had braved the storm as well and were waiting for me in the dust-filled classroom.

"I was touched, as always, to see their eagerness to learn despite the desolation of their surroundings, the meager tools for learning, and, in this case, the physical dangers they encountered just to reach school. At the time their cheerful resiliency encouraged me, but I've wondered since if the bewildering trauma of the forced removal from their homes inflicted permanent damage to their young psyches.

"Although I made an attempt to teach, so much dust was pouring into the room from all sides as well as the hole in the roof that it soon became impossible, and I decided to send the children home before the storm grew worse. 'Be very careful and run home as fast as you can,' I cautioned, and the other teachers of Block 41 dismissed their classes as well.

"That night the wind still hadn't subsided, but my father went out to a meeting he felt he shouldn't miss. As my mother, sister, and I waited out the storm in our room, the wind reached such force we thought our barrack would be torn from its feeble foundations. Pebbles and rocks rained against the walls, and the newspapers we stuffed into the cracks in the siding came flying back into the room. The air was so thick with the smoke-like dust, my mouth was gritty with it and my lungs seemed penetrated by it. For hours the wind shrieked around our shuddering barrack, and I realized how frightened my mother was when I saw her get down on her knees to pray at her cot. I had never seen her do that before." But the barrack held.

"None of us felt well during our incarceration in Topaz. We all caught frequent colds during the harsh winter months and had frequent stomach upsets. Illness was a nuisance, especially after we began to work, for memos from a doctor were required to obtain sick leave. Much of our energy simply went into keeping our room dusted, swept, and mopped to be rid of the constant accumulation of dust, and in trying to do a laundry when the water was running."

May, 1943. With the help of the Student Relocation Committee (administered by the American Friends Service Committee), Uchida was able to leave Topaz by obtaining a fellowship to do graduate work at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. "... I had passed up an earlier opportunity to go to Smith College from Tanforan because I felt I should stay with my fellow internees and make some positive contribution to our situation. Now, however, I longed to get out of this dreary camp, return to civilization, and continue my education. I applied for enrollment in the Education Department at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, but discovered the earlier opening there was no longer available. I also discovered that the process for obtaining a leave clearance was long and tedious. One did not decide to leave and simply walk out the gates. I waited impatiently and with increasing frustration as the weeks passed.

"Students were among the first internees to leave the camps, and others followed to midwestern and eastern cities where previously few Japanese Americans had lived. ... The National Japanese American Student Relocation Council eventually assisted some three thousand students to leave the camps and enter over five hundred institutions of higher learning throughout the country.

"I left Topaz determined to work hard and prove I was as loyal as any other American. I felt a tremendous sense of

responsibility to make good, not just for myself, but for all Japanese Americans. I felt I was representing all the Nisei, and it was sometimes an awesome burden to bear.

"When the war was over, the brilliant record of the highly decorated Nisei combat teams, and favorable comments of the GIs returning from Japan, helped alleviate to some degree the hatred directed against the Japanese Americans during the war. Although racism had by no means been eliminated, new fields of employment, previously closed, gradually opened up for many Nisei. In time they were also able to purchase and rent homes without being restricted to ghetto areas as the Issei had been."

"Today we know, in spite of the government claim at the time, that there was no military necessity for our imprisonment. Today we know this gross violation of our Constitution caused one of the most shameful episodes in our country's history. Our leaders betrayed not only the Japanese Americans, but all Americans, for by denying the Constitution, they damaged the very essence of our democratic beliefs.

"In 1976 President Gerald R. Ford stated, 'Not only was that evacuation wrong, but Japanese Americans were and are loyal Americans'. ... In 1983 a Commission of Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians established by the United States Congress concluded that a grave injustice was done to Japanese Americans and that the causes of the uprooting were race prejudice, war hysteria and a failure of leadership."

Uchida taught school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for a year and worked as a secretary in New York City for six years. In 1952 she was awarded a fellowship to study in Japan. "I spent two years in Japan as a Ford Foundation Foreign Area Fellow and became acquainted with the relatives and friends who until then had been only strangers to me. ... I climbed to remote wooded temple cemeteries to pour water on the tombstones of my grandfathers and maternal grandmother 'to refresh their spirits,' and I traveled the countryside, finding it incredibly beautiful.

"Although I went primarily as a writer to collect more folktales, I became equally immersed in the magnificent arts and crafts of Japan. The strength and honesty of its folk art especially appealed to me, and I felt an immediate kinship with the Japanese craftsmen I met. I was privileged to become acquainted with the three founders of the Mingei (folk art) movement in Japan—the philosopher-writer Soetsu Yanagi, and the noted potters Shoji Hamada and Kanjiro Kawai. Their Zen-oriented philosophy, their wholeness of spirit, and their totality as human beings enriched me immeasurably and made a lasting impact on my thought and writing.

"My experience in Japan was as positive and restorative as the uprooting and imprisonment had been negative and depleting. I came home aware of a new dimension to myself as a Japanese American and with new respect and admiration for the culture that had made my parents what they were. The circle was complete. I feel grateful today for the Japanese values and traditions they instilled in me and kept alive in our home, and unlike the days of my youth, I am proud to be a Japanese American and am secure in that knowledge of myself."

While in Japan, Uchida wrote articles on handcrafts and folk artists for the *Nippon Times*. Upon her return to the United States, she continued to write articles for *Craft Horizons* magazine, and studied weaving, pottery, and jewelry-making herself.



A man was shouting in angry and agitated tones. ■
(From *Journey to Topaz* by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Donald Carrick.)

1972. Awarded a silver medal for best juvenile book from the Commonwealth Club of California for *Samurai of Gold Hill*. Although Uchida's early books dealt with the children of Japan, she turned to writing about the Japanese American experience in the late 1960s. "I saw the need to reinforce the self-knowledge and pride of young Japanese Americans, to give them a remembrance of their culture and their own particular history."

"I feel that children need the sense of continuity that comes through knowing about the past. All of us must understand our own past in order to move ahead into the future. I feel it's so important for Japanese American—and all Asian American—children to be aware of their history and culture, and to understand some of the traditions, hopes, and values of the early immigrants. At the same time, I write for *all* children, and I try to write about values and feelings that are universal."

"I try to stress the positive aspects of life that I want children to value and cherish. I hope they can be caring human beings who don't think in terms of labels—foreigners or Asians or whatever—but think of people as human beings. If that comes across, then I've accomplished my purpose." [Catherine E. Studier Chang, "Profile: Yoshiko Uchida," *Language Arts*, February, 1984. Amended by the author.]

1981. Received the University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award for "a significant contribution to the cultural de-

velopment of society." "In *Desert Exile*, my non-fiction account for adults, I emphasized the dignity and strength with which most of the first generation Japanese endured that tragedy, for I felt this was truly a triumph of the human spirit. That same strength and spirit I hoped to evoke in my trilogy—*A Jar of Dreams*, *The Best Bad Thing*, and *The Happiest Ending*."

"Most of all, I wanted to convey in my trilogy the *values* that gave those early immigrant families their strength, and to convey the strong sense of family that sustained them. I always try to give young readers a sense of hope and affirmation and purpose in life, and the courage to dream big dreams."

"Although all my books have been about the Japanese people, my hope is that they will enlarge and enrich the reader's understanding, not only of the Japanese and the Japanese Americans, but of the *human condition*. I think it's important for each of us to take pride in our special heritage, but we must never lose our sense of connection with the community of man. And I hope our young people will, through the enriching diversity of the books they read, learn to celebrate our common humanity and the universality of the human spirit."

Uchida has written numerous children's books, including collections of Japanese folktales, stories of Japanese children living in Japan or the United States, and historical fiction about Japanese American children in America during the 1930s and 1940s. "Today as a writer of books for young people, I often speak at schools about my experiences as a Japanese American. I want the children to perceive me not as a foreigner, as some still do, or as the stereotypic Asian they often see on film and television, but as a human being. I tell them of my pride in being a Japanese American today, but I also tell them I celebrate our common humanity, for I feel we must never lose our sense of connection with the human race."

"The children ask me many questions, most of them about my wartime experiences. 'I never knew we had concentration camps in America,' one child told me in astonishment. 'I thought they were only in Germany and Russia.'"

"And so the story of the wartime incarceration of the Japanese Americans, as painful as it may be to hear, needs to be told and retold and never forgotten by succeeding generations of Americans."

"I always ask the children why they think I wrote *Journey to Topaz* and *Journey Home*, in which I tell of the wartime experiences of the Japanese Americans. 'To tell about the camps?' they ask. 'To tell how you felt? To tell what happened to the Japanese people?'"

"'Yes,' I answer, but I continue the discussion until finally one of them will say, 'You wrote those books so it won't ever happen again.'"

1985. Wrote the award-winning children's book, *The Happiest Ending*. Uchida's books have been translated into German, Dutch, Japanese and Afrikaans.

1987. First novel for adults, *Picture Bride*, published. "This novel tells of the strength and courage of the early Japanese women immigrants and of one early Japanese American community in which they played a vital role."

"I . . . feel very lucky to be a writer, doing what I love best. I love the freedom of being able to structure my own days—to work or play or to see my friends or to travel when I please. I think that kind of freedom is a luxury to be cherished."



How can I pack our whole life into boxes and cartons in just ten days? ■ (From *Journey Home* by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Charles Robinson.)

When she is not writing, Uchida enjoys fine arts, folk crafts, the theater and visiting museums. She also enjoys walking and has developed a new interest in writing poetry. "Anything that isn't writing, I consider play. I seem to manage to play quite a lot!"

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE: Muriel Fuller, editor, *More Junior Authors*, H. W. Wilson, 1963; *Young Readers' Review*, January, 1967; *Children's Book World*, November 5, 1967; Martha E. Ward and Dorothy A. Marquardt, *Authors of Books for Young People*, 2nd edition, Scarecrow Press, 1971; D. L. Kirkpatrick, *Twentieth-Century Children's Writers*, St. Martin's Press, 1978, 2nd edition, 1983; Catherine E. Studier Chang, "Profile: Yoshiko Uchida," *Language Arts*, February, 1984; *New York Times Book Review*, February 9, 1986.

Filmstrip: "What Makes a Story" (filmstrip and cassette), Filmmedia, 1978.

Collections: Kerlan Collection at the University of Minnesota; University of Oregon Library, Eugene (manuscript collection prior to 1981); Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley (manuscripts, papers and all published materials since 1981).

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.
—Thomas Carlyle

ULMER, Louise 1943-

PERSONAL: Born January 11, 1943, in Fayetteville, Ark.; daughter of Virginia (a retired businesswoman; maiden name, Webb) Bradshaw; married Charles Alvin Ulmer, Jr., July 3, 1964; children: Jeffrey Todd, David, Dan. **Education:** Attended Johnson Bible College and North Arkansas Community College; Norwich University, Vermont College, B.A., 1987. **Politics:** Republican. **Religion:** Christian. **Home and office:** 803 Diamond, Williamsport, Penn., 17701. **Agent:** Elizabeth Burke, 10 Waterside Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10010.

CAREER: Writer. Ozark Bible College, Joplin, Mo., secretary to Academic Dean, 1972-74; worked as parent for teenage boys in Christian youth homes in Elizabethton, Tenn., 1974-77, and Fortville, Ind., 1977-79; secretary at Salem Lutheran Church, 1979-84; Williamsport Area Community College, Williamsport, Penn., adult education instructor (writing, word processing, and art history), 1985—; Institute of Children's Literature, Redding Ridge, Conn., instructor, 1987—. Drama coach for arts festival at Kentucky Christian College, 1983. Actress affiliated with Arts Center of the Ozarks, 1983. **Member:** Society of Children's Book Writers.

WRITINGS: (With Ruthild Kronberg and Lynn Rubright) *For the Bible Tells Me So: Bible Story-Plays with Puppets* (illustrated by Art Kirchoff), Concordia, 1979; *Teacher's Guide to Arch Books with Children* (illustrated by George Ibero), Concordia, 1982; *Bringing Bible People to Life*, CSS of Ohio, 1982; *The Bible That Wouldn't Burn: How the Tyndale English Version of the New Testament Came About*, Concordia, 1983;



LOUISE ULMER