

Berkeley, Calif. First Presbyterian Church: Material relating to registration and evacuation of Japanese and Japanese Americans, April 1942.

Assembled by Shirley D. Henderson,
and including transcripts of interviews
with pastor Vere V. Loper (with notes
made by him at the time), Eleanor Brent
(with transcript of her diary), Mrs. Chiura
Obata and others. With these, copies of
letters to Dr. Loper re the use of the
church for the registration.

Gift of the church, Aug. 20, 1982

83/36:1

Tanforan Assembly Center
Barracks 8#34
San Bruno, Calif

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Dr. Vere V. Loper
First Congreg. Church
Dana, Channing and Durant
Berkeley, Calif.

May 1st, 1942

Dear Dr. Loper,

To miss classes has been unusual for me, especially in CA 1. I have been receiving so much valuable information and practical advice that I wanted to stay until the very last day, but couldn't because of the orders. With the facilities of your church opened to us and with so many charming ladies serving to make our last hour in Berkeley, so pleasant, I hated to leave in a way. I left with no resentment because of the humane and very considerate treatment. Thank you kindly for your share.

We arrived at three Wed, and had rooms assigned in apartments formerly occupied by quadruped thoroughbreds. We have a very unusual reputation to live up to because of our predecessors. Each family has a stall to itself. It is

a two-room affair with new beds and mats. We had to make our own furniture like tables, stools and shelves. We are comfortable + cheerful yet. The food is mostly rice + beans, coffee, plain bread + no spread, but sufficient M. Wakai.

Each family is trying to make itself comfortable with little house-hold needs. It is like going to a new land + settling in a long summer camp.

3-6-E
Togaz, Utah

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Dr. Vere V. Loper
First Congregational Church
Dumont - Channing
Berkeley, Calif.

Dec 5, 1942

Dear Dr. Loper,

Thank you for your
brief note some time
ago. I'm quite
sorry that I do
not have enough
information in regard
to Dr. Gillett's work
for the evacuees.

He has sent me a
questionnaire in regard
to our financial
conditions as ministers.
The Home Missions
might help us.
Camp life is slowing
becoming settled, but
things aren't as good
as we like, but we
are still preaching the
gospel. Sincerely,
Jas Wakai

Tanforan Assembly Center
Bldg 8 # 34
San Bruno, Calif.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Vine V. Loper

2345 Channing Way
Berkeley
Calif.



Dear Dr. Lopez,

May 23, 1942

You have taught us many things in your class, but one important factor was humility & apologizing when we think we were in the wrong. I had to do it to one of my newly acquired friends because of my arrogant ways & felt bad afterwards. By frankly admitting my wrong & humbly apologizing, I have won the goodwill of this young man. Human contact & relationships are interesting as well as trying, but I enjoy this life out here. Through my Housing Dept & as an assist. field foreman, I make my rounds & seek the people; hear their complaints & requests & treat them with dignity. I have a whole of a time out here & hope to do more when I am ordained in Camp & do more Ch. work. Will teach the Life of Paul & His Epistles to College Students this Sun. May I have the use of a Cong. manual to prepare for my examination?

Sincerely,
Mac Wakai

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF BERKELEY

PILGRIM HALL, CIVILIAN CONTROL STATION APRIL 1942

REGISTRATION AND EVACUATION OF JAPANESE and JAPANESE-AMERICANS

This paper tries to reconstruct an episode in this parish that is dimmed by the thirty-three year interval. A few photographs, memos, letters and postcards from that time have been augmented by interviews, some study, and a little bit of luck.

It was a unique event. I believe it was important. It changed us in good ways.

Shirley Q. Henderson

February 1975

We Americans would like to justify or forget the oppression of the persons of Japanese ancestry during World War II. It happened, the mass evacuation and detention of American citizens and their elders who, because they were "Japs", were victims of the irrational, racist reaction to the bombing of Pearl Harbor as an act of war by Japan. Few paid much notice other than tacit approval of President Franklin Roosevelt's order of March 18, 1942 that established the War Relocation Authority. For a great many who had been well convinced by the media that they were treasonous, locking them away was a relief that the distrusted minority was to be rendered harmless. Gearing ourselves for the war effort occupied our energies.

Not all of us were so callous. Those who did notice with urgent grief were those who knew those who were to suffer. Some were members of this congregation. Two who made a difference were Dr. Galen Fisher and Mrs. Ruth Kingman. In her Oral History of the Fair Play Committee (Bancroft Library) Mrs. Kingman says, "I think the history of the Fair Play Committee is a monument to his (Dr. Fisher's) life and work." Dr. Fisher, a former missionary in Japan, was then a faculty member of the Pacific School of Religion. He had argued since 1939 that Americans should differentiate between the actions of the Japanese government and those of Japanese ancestry in this country who were concentrated here on the Pacific coast. When evacuation and detention were accomplished facts Dr. Fisher influenced Dr. David Barrows, vigorous former president of the University of California. Dr. Barrows is credited with the notion to organizing a counter-pressure group of big-name, influential Californians whose collective protest could not be ignored by public opinion nor constituted authorities. The resultant membership in the Fair Play Committee included the elite in politics, business, labor, education, and religious bodies. Significantly, known pacifists were excluded. The government was supported in its war effort. At issue were the civil rights of U. S.

citizens and a need to humanize the situation until it could be invalidated and rescinded. The Fair Play Committee concentrated on making an outcry. Welfare activism was left to others though some played both roles. Mrs. Kingman was a prime mover. Her husband, Harry Kingman, directed Stiles Hall, the University YMCA of the Berkeley campus. Via the YMCA, the YWCA, UC faculty friends the Kingmans knew many Japanese-Americans as friends.

On March 2, 1942 those particular friends were excluded from designated areas. Alameda was the site of a Naval base, so its Japanese community had to leave. Hurriedly, Mrs. Kingman enlisted her Berkeley friends to find housing and storage space for the non-English speaking parents of Robert Chomatsu who worked at Stiles Hall. The project expanded as the needs became known. The voluntary exclusion such as that of the Chomatsus ended March 29. Only a few had chosen to leave the warmth of the frightened minority that waited for the unknown. April 17 brought the announcement that they were to be evacuated from the West coast which was termed a war zone.

Executive Order 9066 provided that Japanese and Japanese-Americans were to be evacuated from their homes by May 31 to be held by the Army in temporary assembly centers until relocation centers inland were constructed. Within twenty-eight days the Army Corps of Engineers managed shelter for 100,000. Berkeley folk were bused to Tanforan Racetrack in San Bruno where they remained until early fall when they were taken by train to Topaz, Utah. Most remained there until Dec. 17, 1944 bore the fruits of the Fair Play Committee with the announcement that the camps were to be phased out by Dec. 1945. Long since had any fear of Japanese attack evaporated.

Berkeley was scheduled early to be evacuated. Mrs. Kingman learned that the site for registration and departure would be a vacant auto agency on Shattuck Avenue, a place with no comforts nor privacy. In haste, for the deadline

for registration was but one week away, she contacted Marjorie Walker at the U.S. Employment Service, the local agency cooperating with the Army. She suggested that Pilgrim Hall at the First Congregational Church of Berkeley would be more suitable. As a First Presbyterian neighbor Marjorie Walker agreed. Mrs. Kingman checked with Dr. Vere Loper who was still fairly new in this pastorate. He agreed. The Army hesitated because Pilgrim Hall might have too many doors to guard. Mrs. Kingman invited the Army to come look, and Dr. Loper set about to get approval from the Church Council and the Board of Trustees. The minutes of the special meeting of the Church Council on April 20 say little. There was a small attendance. The motion that Pilgrim Hall be offered to the Army passed with one vote dissenting. The dissenter thought the church should not cooperate in the dirty business. It was voted without dissent "that we see that some courtesies are extended to the evacuees." Dr. Loper was to invite other Berkeley churches to share in the project via the Ministers' Association. The Board of Trustees approved the use of Pilgrim Hall during its regular meeting on April 21.

Dr. Loper wrote a letter to be given to each of the evacuees. It was rewritten to go out with the signature of the president of the Berkeley Fellowship of Churches as well as his as minister of the host church. It was sent off to the printer after being checked out with Galen Fisher, Mrs. Kingman, and Kim Obata, President of the Japanese-American Association of Berkeley (Dr. Loper had officiated at Kim Obata's wedding in our sanctuary a few months before. Large weddings and other events requiring room had used our facilities before.)

Alterations to Pilgrim Hall started on Tuesday, April 21. A switchboard for eight phones was installed by the stage in the Large Assembly. On Thursday five Army privates were quartered in the Nursery which was downstairs under the kitchen then. Harrison Bullock remembers that an effort was made to appoint the waiting area graciously with Oriental rugs, nice furniture, and

a silver tea service. Mrs. Chiura Obata remembers it too, so it must have mattered.

The congregation read about it in the newspapers. The Berkeley Daily Gazette of Saturday, April 25 headed the front page coverage with "Japs register for Evacuation." The opening line, "Resigned relief rather than rebellion..." The letter to the evacuees was quoted at length. Also, Dr. Loper was quoted, "We're doing this for the government and for citizens and residents alike. If there be any criticism, let us bear it. The government asked us to undertake this. Had we not, the only place available would have been an abandoned automobile agency on Shattuck Avenue where they would have been obliged to line up in the open, subject to insult that irresponsible persons might hurl." Back on the church page of that issue the featured article was headed, "Pilgrim Hall used as CCC (Civil Control) Station." It continued with a listing of the unusual locations for the Sunday activities: "200 church school meet in main auditorium, young people's comparative religion in Tower Room, Kindergarten in the pingpong room of Plymouth House, College of Life adult group as usual in Plymouth House with Galen Fishers speaking to the title 'Hard Nuts to Crack in the Postwar World', Winthrop League meeting with Plymouth Church in Oakland, Plymouth House as usual, YBPG (Young Business and Professional Group) at the Lopers' home, 1620 LeRoy to see Marjorie Sellander's pictures of Japan, Young Marrieds....home of....music and records. The evening service usually held in Pilgrim Hall....main auditorium, Dr. Raoul Auernheimer, 'Hitler, Today's Napoleon.' Broadcast KRE." Monday's Gazette headlined, "Local J To Get Orders Tomorrow." The article quoted Marjorie Walker to the effect that the evacuees had to report on Tuesday rather than Wednesday "as previously instructed." Three hundredfour heads of families had registered eleven hundred eighty seven persons.

Registration went faster than expected. Only two days were required instead of the expected three or four. Evacuation did take four. Teams of women 4

from various churches in town acted as hostesses. Mrs. Kingman and Dr. Loper must have been omnipresent. As the project drew to its conclusion Dr. Loper asked Miss Eleanor Breed, the church secretary, to prepare a resume outlining the steps of development and involvement for Mrs. Kingman. Quoting Mrs. Kingman, "It was not a bad scene." Her experience with all the other input became the model for her to go to Fresno to help there and to spearhead for other communities.

This is not an exhaustive study. Hopefully it fixes some highlights of an event important to the history of this congregation. The temptation to recount anecdotes has been put down. The materials that document the happening are eloquent. Initially, I could find only a slim folder of letters, scraps of notes, Dr. Loper's jottings from the notebook he carried in his coat pocket, and copies of the letter printed for the evacuees.

Records of the Church Council and the Board of Trustees were disappointingly barren. Acquiring the copy of Eleanor Breed's War Comes to the Church Door from Bancroft Library as well as her address breathed life into the folder material. Miss Breed told me to search for photos which were found. The metropolitan newspapers were researched. Inasmuch as a great deal has been written to evaluate the unprecedented internment, I did a goodly amount of reading. Some longterm church members were asked for their recollections. A few cautious interviews with returned evacuees were made.

Bancroft Library enthusiastically accepted my offer of some of the printed letters prepared for the evacuees. I was startled that they asked for forty, but fortunately the file contained plenty.

I did not interview Mrs. Kingman in the usual sense. When I phoned her, she directed me to Bancroft Library which had just completed her oral history. She said she thought it was all there. It wasn't, because the emphasis of her oral history is on the Fair Play Committee. There was enough however not to bother her again, especially because War Comes to the Church Door is ap-

pended to the oral history.

I must emphasize that many casual comments were made to me while I was occupying my mind with this matter. Universally they were ones of sadness. "I was full of my own concern for my son who enlisted and was about to leave." "We weren't sure about them." "I was trying to decide in which service to enlist." "My daughter was getting married, my husband was getting into war work, so much was scarce....I didn't pay much attention." "I was amazed when the U.S. citizens were interned with the alien Japanese, but it was over so fast." "Terrible, terrible thing. How could America do such a thing?" "The Dies Committee was the forerunner of the McCarthyites." "Even Earl Warren told us they were dangerous." "I couldn't face my gardener, I was so ashamed."

I was attending a Japanese language class at Laney anticipating a trip to Japan. The class was almost entirely Japanese-Americans. The teacher was a native Japanese. She mentioned to the class that I was writing this paper. Had the earth swallowed me up, I would have been more comfortable. The anger and bitterness of young Japanese-Americans who were not yet born in 1942 is our legacy.

What follows are a series of interviews. Deliberately omitted is one with Miss Eleanor Breed. This remarkably able woman has been so busy through the intervening years that she forgot writing War Comes to the Church Door, which I consider the soul of this paper. She enjoyed getting a copy.

In 1942 she was active at International House. Appended please take time to read some correspondence of hers with internees. This material was found in the church vault after my conversation with her. Perhaps these letters properly belong elsewhere, but they enrich the evacuation story by telling of the subsequent internment. Possession is nine.....

Dr. Vere V. Loper, Minister Emeritus, March 1974

Before visiting Dr. Loper, I prepared questions derived from the letters, scraps, etc. that were in the folder in the church vault. He was surprised to see them. The busy years intervening made recollection difficult, but he was all cooperation.

Who was Dr. Gillette?

A retired missionary to Japan.

Did the Army requisition Pilgrim Hall?

Not at all. The initiative came from the church. The formalities were observed, though, so the Army requested.

Who wrote California Welcomes the Nisei?

I don't recognize it.

Did the use of Pilgrim Hall for this purpose have a liberalizing effect on the parish?

It sure did on me (hearty laugh.)

He elaborated. When Mrs. Kingman came to him with the obvious opportunity to act on Christian ideals, he was sure the parish should do it. He wasn't sure what the parish sentiment would be. He hoped he knew his congregation, but he was still new in Berkeley. Probably some would oppose, but if they did he didn't hear about it. The pacifism of Dr. Stanley Hunter, a fellow minister in Berkeley, had disturbed him at the time. In retrospect, "He was probably right." Dr. Hunter had vigorously opposed the evacuation as well as the war. Dr. Loper, a veteran of the first World War, had supported the war, though he deplored the injustice and persecution of the Japanese, particularly students of his at Pacific School of Religion. Both pastors visited Tanforan to ease the hurts as they could.

What is War Comes to the Church Door?

I can't help you. You had better contact Ruth Kingman and Eleanor Breed.

Dr. Loper spoke of going to Tanforan to conduct worship. He did not mention his role in the ordination of the Pacific School of Religion students who had not been permitted to complete their senior semester. Mas Wakai and George Aki both wrote correspondence found in the folder.

He loaned to me the recordings of the Wheeler Award ceremony in 1947.

His leadership in Berkeley during April 1942 was not alluded to by the

presentation speaker, Dr. Monroe Deutsch. Dean Deutsch emphasized the character that was evident in service above self. He termed Dr. Loper an "All-American." Perhaps that phrase, or, simply that in his own mind his courage to oppose the majority sentiment during the evacuation had been momentous to him and shared with Dr. Deutsch. Perhaps from that time on he had ^{been} more confidently and effectively a leader not only in his parish but in the city.

In the folder material were handwritten notes Dr. Loper made during those busy April days. Dr. Loper asked for a copy. Instead I had them duplicated. His originals were returned to him. His notes are similar to, but not identical with the account and anecdotes in Eleanor Breed's War Comes to the Church Door. I would not disparage Miss Breed's delightful and poignant diary, but it is a carefully composed work. Dr. Loper's jottings have a freshness that border on excruciating.

April 22nd

The evacuation of the Japanese is taking place thru our church. Some snapshots.

A boy brings me the ashes of his father to keep in the church.

A Buddhist wants to make a contribution to the church in appreciation of what we are doing.

Each denomination has a day to serve and everyone has been gone except one Baptist preacher who seemed to want to take over for everyone including the government.

Mr. Katakahara and wife getting on bus. He planned the gardens at Treasure Island. She has tears in her eyes. He is silent.

Mr. Sato gives us a dwarf tree and precious plant ^{worth \$500} & laughs even when tears came into his eyes. Mrs. Sato speaks of God's help.

Japanese pastors are loyally
present as every bus goes.

Kim and Mrs. Oates,
one of the loveliest couples
I have married in this
church get on the bus
and I almost have to run
for cover.

A dignified old man stands
in corner as last bus
leaves with warning. He
raises his hat in dignified
tribute and I wish I had
a hat to bot.

A Japanese gardener comes
to a member of our church
and says, "I can not work
today - I must go down
to the Congregational Church
and register. They are serving
in beer and it's the only
church in California which
does."

Most of the people smile
and laugh but what
goes on beneath the surface?
For the children it
seems to be a lark.

I ask a B.H.S. boy with his
red "B" for basketball, when he
graduated. "I have not
graduated", he answers.

An army colonel is the
only one who disregards
the signs - "no smoking".

Japanese girl collect
around a soldier, asking
him what camp he will
be in, so they can go
there.

The soldiers at the church
go out to lunch with
some of the Japanese
boys. It's again regulations.

Dean Reutach of U of C
writes me "Allow me to
express my own appreciation
for the attitude which
you and your church have
taken. Your action has been
one that is proper and will
impress these people with
the fact that the ideals
which we profess we try
to put into practice. If
any criticize you for it, my
only thought would be that they
are not truly Americans or Christians."

All government and army people seem to be doing their utmost to see that everything is done as kindly as possible.

Mr. Sato writes to the mayor "as a letter of my appreciation of the privilege of having lived in Berkeley and of the protection my family and myself have enjoyed, I would like to present you with a dwarf maple tree, which I have nurtured and cherished for more than thirty years."

Prof. Abata gives his painting to be sold with proceeds going to a student who has suffered on account of the war.

A Colonel inquires for the toilet and a private on duty says - "Follow me, sir."

an a Japanese note in San Francisco - "at this time of evacuation, when the innocent suffer with the bad, we bid you, dear friends of ours,

with the words of beloved
Shakespeare, "Parting is such
sweet sorrow"

A mother carrying her
twelve day old baby
gets on the bus.

A lieutenant directing
evacuation - complimented
for the fine way army
handles Japanese - replies
"we do have to train some
^{of} boys from the Middle
West that these people are
Americans. He is a former
California teacher.

Frank Horner Smith -
Methodist representative for
Japanese work on the coast -
comes back from wide
traveling among Japanese on
coast. He comments "a great
work you are doing -
your church would be
burned down in some
communities for doing this."

Miss Eleanor Breed

Miss Breed and I corresponded and talked together, but her words written contemporarily with the events are more eloquent than any condensed version of her reminiscences. Never could I capture her delicious wit.

In the folder in the church vault was the attached scrap of paper. Tracking her to Southern California, she sent me back to the vault to find her photographs. Finding her War Comes To The Church Door in the Bancroft Library was an exciting moment. After this paper was written I found another folder in the church vault. It contained letters sent Miss Breed in reply to a mailing of hers to evacuated Japanese-American alumni from International House. Though they may not belong here, I append them, because they follow her continuing involvement. She demonstrates the interaction at that time of this church with other institutions in Berkeley, namely the Pacific School of Religion, the University of California and its satellites, International House, the University YM and YWCA.

"War Comes to the Church Door" sent to

Ruth W. Kingman
2287 Telegraph
Room 215
Berkeley 4

March 12, 1945

Eleanor D. Broad
2345 Channing Way
Berkeley, Calif.

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APPENDIX A

WAR COMES TO THE CHURCH DOOR

Diary of a Church Secretary in Berkeley, California, April 20 to May 1, 1942

Monday, April 20. This was a day I hoped to give almost completely to China Relief, but little jobs at the church kept me there till eleven, when I turned things over to a substitute and hurried away. A luncheon of the China Relief Committee, where everyone was pleased to know we have received in the first week \$6,500 of Berkeley's \$10,000 quota. Someone suggested we send out another 3,000 letters to a district not covered in our first 11,000 letters, so that devolved on me as secretary. Off I hustled to printer to order more copies of letter, pledge card and return envelope, to addressograph office to arrange for envelopes to be addressed, and back to my own office at the church to round up volunteers to handle the mailing job.

Army officers were looking over the parish house when I returned, making plans for use of the building as a control center for the registering and evacuating of Japanese from the Berkeley area. Dr. Loper, the minister, and I welcome the use of the church by the government, but wonder what some of the old-timers will say when the word gets around.

Tonight at 7:30 a special meeting of the Church Council was held, for presentation of this project. The Board of Trustees had already given their consent, but the Council had to discuss mechanics of how to get along, with fifteen organizations or more scheduled to use the building over the week-end. There was consideration of where the choir would rehearse, how they would reach the choir loft without going through Pilgrim Hall, what the Boy Scouts could do, where the lively Winthrop Leaguers, high school age, could meet. And when these issues had been settled Dr. Loper went on with another project: should the church extend hospitality

in some form to the Japanese being evacuated? He outlined his thought that through a committee of the Woman's Association arrangements could be made to have flowers in the various rooms, to open the church parlors and the kindergarten room, to have cots available for people to rest, to serve tea and fruit and sandwiches and have hosts and hostesses on hand to give the evacuees friendliness. When he asked for discussion no dissenting opinion was evident, though I suspected that here and there in the group enthusiasm was a bit thin. He suggested having a letter go out over his signature, expressing the church people's interest and sympathy toward the evacuees. Everything was approved, and as the meeting broke up into little groups Mrs. Fulmer remarked, "I wouldn't have missed this meeting for anything!" and Mrs. Brock said, "I'm proud of my church for initiating this!" Home at 10:45. Long day.

Tuesday, April 21. Dr. Loper drew up a first draft of the letter to be given the Japanese evacuees, and I phoned ministers of leading churches to be sure they would meet him at the Berkeley Fellowship luncheon this noon, to discuss it. I tried to get a head start on my church calendar for the printer, but couldn't catch Dr. Loper long enough to get information from him for it. He had two funerals and a death today, poor man. I've suggested that he not preach next Sunday on "Has Science Outmoded Religion?" as announced -- that when history, in the form of government evacuation of Berkeley citizens, comes to our doorstep he shouldn't ignore it. "Yes, yes," he says, on the fly, "but I can't think now. Maybe tomorrow I'll have a bright idea."

Mrs. Hadden phoned in to say that she had heard of the church's program for the Japanese and was so proud she wanted to weep, and Dr. Hadden wanted to be called on for duty as host on Saturday, if he could be of service.

Dr. Loper came back from luncheon with the Berkeley ministers and said his draft of the letter to evacuees would have to be done over, that their feeling was that all churches should have a share and not just the First Congregational

do it all. So Dr. Loper retired into his study to labor over a new version, to go out over two signatures, his and that of the Berkeley Fellowship of Churches. After he labored over it a while he read it, over the phone, to Kim Obata, president of the Japanese-American Association and son of Professor Obata of the University, and to Galen Fisher and Mrs. Kingman of the Fair Play Committee, to be sure everything is said in such a way no one can take offense. Then he brought it in to my desk and plunked it down. "Now you give it a final working-over and send it off to the printer. See if we can get it back tomorrow." The printer groaned. "Miss Breed! What kind of miracles do you expect of us?" ~~Don't expect miracles of us?~~
~~Don't expect miracles of us?~~

~~Chinese Relief letters, and went vigorously to work in the Small Assembly while I dashed in and out, answering questions for the government people preparing the Large Assembly for the Japanese evacuation. Let not your right hand know, etc. We finished the whole 3000 letters at noon, and Julian Arnold took the three big cartons full down to the Post Office. It was one of my days for commandeering all who dropped by. I caught Ruth Stage and put her to addressing envelopes, grabbed Dayton~~

The government officials ~~arrived~~ began getting the Large Assembly ready for use as the Civil Control Station. A switchboard was installed at the far end, by the stage, with some eight telephones around the room. The dining tables, end to end, made a counter across part of the space. I couldn't get on with my church calendar and publicity -- they kept calling me to ask where this turned on and whether we had thumbtacks. I put an assistant to work making signs, long arrows saying "Public Telephone", "Lounge", "Women's Rest Room", "Kindergarten", etc.

The Gazette came out this evening with a long story on the evacuation order and the fact that the Civil Control Station is to be in Pilgrim Hall, with the registration to start Saturday and Sunday. Now everyone knows -- and we don't have to be mum about our military secrets.

Wednesday, April 22: Fifteen people turned up to help on my China Relief letters, and went vigorously to work in the Small Assembly while I dashed in and out, answering questions for the government people preparing the Large Assembly for the Japanese evacuation. Let not your right hand know, etc. We finished the whole 3000 letters at noon, and Julian Arnold took the three big cartons full down to the Post Office. It was one of my days for commandeering all who dropped by. I caught Ruth Stage and put her to addressing envelopes, grabbed Dayton

He gave a demonstration of his brush work, and ended with a brief announcement that he hoped to come back from his absence from Berkeley with a series of paintings of the desert. The sale of his pictures (\$3 to \$15) brought in some \$450, which will be used at the University as the Obata Scholarship, to be given to the student most in need because of war, regardless of race or creed. Madame Obata was not there -- probably at home, packing. Berkeley is going to miss her classes in Flower Arrangement, so popular up to December 7.

~~xxxx~~ Marion Rosen, ~~xxxxxxx at xxxxxxxxxx~~ and I walked up the hill together. "It was such a lovely exhibit," she said in that gentle voice of hers with the merest hint of accent. "Everybody was so kind. I feel so sorry for the Japanese." And she would -- a refugee from Hitler herself, her own family scattered over the world, parents in England, sister in Sweden, brothers in Switzerland, and now suddenly even here in America she has become an enemy alien who must be careful to be in her room every night at curfew time.

My little house is beautifully dressed in new blue Chinese rugs which by a happy accident match the blue of my Hundred Babies tapestry bought years ago in Peking. The rugs are a loan, for the duration, from the Kajiwara's in San Francisco, and much as I admire them I have a guilty feeling of being a war profiteer.

Friday, April 24: Ran about the building sticking up signs, labeling the North Room "Lounge" and the parlor "Berkeley Church Hospitality Committee", etc. The Government officials had a long afternoon conference on procedure, beginning tomorrow. They have their room divided off and their own signs up: "Federal Security", "Federal Reserve Bank", "Employment Service" and the like. Many Japanese come to my door, and I wave them on to the door that says "Civil Control Station". The letter to the evacuees is ready now for distribution. Miss Ruth Price, busy teacher at Berkeley High School, phoned in to ask if she could work at the church as hostess tomorrow. "So many of the Japanese young people have been my students, you know," she said, "and I want to do anything I can to help." Dr. Raoul Auernheimer, who is to speak Sunday evening, called ~~to inquire about where he should go~~. Very appropriate to have a refugee from Naziism speaking at

a time when our own refugees are lining up in queues for evacuation. He said he liked the title I'd given him, "Hitler -- Today's Napoleon."

At the end of a long day of many interruptions, when I was in my late-afternoon sag, came a telephone call: "Is this the Congregational Church? Well, will you answer one question for me? Why do we have to be so nice to the Japs, feed them lunch, give them tea and hospitality? They aren't treating our boys that way." I drew a long breath and rose to the challenge, hinting that of course we with our higher (we think) standards wouldn't want to imitate what Japan was doing anyway, reminded her that someone once had said "Love your enemy," went on to describe the hectic week this had been with government plans changing from day to day and ours having to change as fast to keep up, told of various good and gentle Japanese who were as sensitive and humiliated by this experience as we would be, etc. "I know," the voice went on. "There are good ones and bad ones, I guess. I get all mixed up." "So do I," I admitted, and she laughed and I laughed, and she thanked me very nicely and hung up. Never did tell me her name.

The Berkeley Gazette came out tonight with an article saying "China Relief Drive needs about \$2000" and a paragraph about the various committee members and their help in boosting the cause along. "Miss Eleanor Breed, Secretary of the Committee, has helped considerably in her spare time." Spare time!

Saturday, April 25: Down to the church at 7:45 a.m., and it was something of a shock to find one soldier with gun stationed at the curb, and two at the door, with another inside at the door to the Control Station office. A big crowd of stenographers and government officers were all at their desks. Mrs. Kingman of the Fair Play Committee was receptionist, directing people hither and yon. The soldiers and their lieutenant were very considerate of the Japanese, I noticed, treating them like human beings. Good old America!

Dr. Loper was streaking here and there, greeting Japanese ministers, seeing that all the church hosts and hostesses were on their jobs and yet were out from under governmental feet. I had to haul one of our dear old men -- who considers his white hair a badge of special privilege -- out of the Large Assembly and explain

A telephone call: "Will there be church tomorrow? Oh, I thought maybe the Japanese were taking over."

The Berkeley Gazette this evening has a long full front-page story of the use of Pilgrim Hall for evacuation, telling of the army being quartered in the Nursery and ending with a long quote from our much-labored-over letter to the evacuees. There is also a long article I sent them about the changes in the Sunday program for the various church groups. And there is a congratulatory editorial on the China Relief Drive, which reached its quota of \$10,000 today. Good old Berkeley!

Sunday, April 26 -- Down to the church by 8, and Pilgrim Hall crowded, with people two-deep waiting in the Reception Room, and Mrs. Kingman standing at the doorway to the government office like the head waiter at a popular restaurant, giving out pink tickets with numbers on. Soldiers are still on guard at the doors, which must be startling to parents in the habit of unloading children there each Sunday morning. I stationed one of the men there to direct people around Pilgrim Hall and into the main church for services.

Dr. Loper's sermon on "Fraying the Fiddler" was pretty good, considering that he hasn't had time all week to collect his thoughts. He hinted that I had nagged him into changing his subject at the last moment -- but he would have anyway. He spoke on how this evacuation that was going on behind the doors of Pilgrim Hall was the result of a stream poisoned at its source, saying that you couldn't name patly what was the particular cause any more than you could tell who crucified Jesus. Was it the Jews? the money-changers? Pilate? He spoke of some of the problems we are trying to meet, mentioning that one was to find people to take the much-beloved pets of the children who were having to depart and who didn't want their cats and dogs to be killed. One of the deaconesses met me at the close of the service. "I'd be glad to take a Japanese cat," she said, "if it will get along all right with my American cat."

Home from church late -- waited to see the wedding of a soldier and his bride, both new here from Minnesota.

Monday, April 27. Rainy and cold, and the soldiers at the door stand inside for shelter. "No Parking on this Street Today" signs along Durant and Channing, with exceptions for the army jeep. Everything was very quiet today. All 1100 Japanese were registered in the first two days, and this was the lull before the beginning of the actual evacuation. Today was assigned to the Quakers for hospitality, and they came very eager to be of help, and I had to tell them there were no Japanese today.

A miscellany of questions: "Are there any dogs left? I'll be glad to take one, only I don't want a good dog. I just want a mutt puppy."

"Do you have Chinese members of this church? My Japanese servant has had to leave, and I thought maybe you could find a Chinese for me. I just don't know what I'm going to do."

"Got any more dogs? I'd like one. I live in a trailer and work at Richmond shipping yard. And by the way, do you know where my wife and I should go to adopt a baby?"

One of the soldiers on guard mentioned that he'd been over to Miss Chandler's for strawberry shortcake, that she'd sent out word that all the soldiers at the church were invited. Little Miss Chandler has an unconquerable spirit. The deaconesses have tried for years to get her to go to a rest home, but she won't give up her independence and her modest little apartment next door to Pilgrim Hall. Deaf, crippled so she can't sit -- she can only lie down or hobble about on a crutch -- she reads avidly, ~~and~~ crochets bedspreads for an assortment of nieces, and occasionally shuffles into my office for a chat. Usually she catches me at a time when I'm too busy to shout into her ear phones, poor dear, and then she beams brightly and shuffles back out.

I decided Miss Chandler couldn't get the best of me, so I invited three of the soldiers up to dinner. Hurried to grocery and home to start things off, then got panicky about what would I do to entertain three young men all evening, so phoned Gertrude Jacobs at International House, and up she came. Three friends dropped in during the evening, and we had a lively game of skittles and much fun. The soldiers were from North Dakota and Arkansas and Oregon -- very nice lads.

I don't know whether it was this trio or some of the other soldiers, but a group ~~some~~ of them went down town with some of the Japanese boys the other night for dinner. That's a secret we aren't supposed to tell the Lieutenant.

Tuesday, April 28, the beginning of the evacuation. The pioneer group of evacuees was waiting at the church this morning, including lovely Ann Saito of the staff of International House, who had a secretarial job at Tanforan waiting for her; so she went ~~out~~ on the first bus. The Control Office has lists posted around its walls saying who is to go when, and many Japanese come to read. Among the first group was a pair of newlyweds, arm in arm, the bride with a collegiate bandana around her head and a flower in her pompadour, and a big American flag in brilliants on her lapel. There were two babies in baskets, a three-week-old little girl, and a six-months-old boy. And everyone, young, middling and old, wore a tag around his neck or hanging from his lapel, with name printed on and a number, for his family group. One pert little college girl in slacks had her name tag around her neck tied to a chain from which dangled her Phi Beta Kappa key. The preliminary group today is a small one. Their duffle bags were loaded into the big bus, and the evacuees went aboard, waving merrily and cracking jokes with their friends who were to follow in the next few days. But as the bus pulled out Ann Saito was crying.

This is the Baptists' turn at hospitality, and they've sent over a nice group of women but also a retired minister who is just too godly. He bustles in everywhere and goes around shaking hands with the evacuees and saying a hearty, "God bless you!" I caught Ann and Michi looking at each other with a twinkle he missed. Dr. Loper is embarrassed. That sort of thing is just what he wanted to avoid -- yet how to deal with a fellow minister?

Wednesday, April 29: When I arrived at the church at 8 I found a long line of baggage down the block from Channing to Durant, with duffle bags, suit cases, folding chairs, ironing boards, cartons, bundles, blankets, card tables, cribs. Noted one good looking suitcase with stickers saying "Rome", "Paris", and one

that caught me up short: "Hotel Metropole, Beyr^eouth". The street was blocked off, with policemen at each end permitting only Japanese unloading more bundles to go through. Pretty soon along came a big moving van and trailer, and the call went forth for young men to help. In a jiffy the Japanese lads had organized a sort of old-fashioned fire brigade and were swinging the bundles and duffle bags along a line and into the truck, joking and laughing as they did so, perhaps glad to have activity instead of the monotony of waiting. I note that they take pains not to speak Japanese.

Pilgrim Hall when I went in was already a-bustle -- people reading the announcement boards, learning their assignments to Groups 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, finding the location for their groups and settling down with admirable patience to wait. Dr Loper was busy organizing hospitality, pulling tables into place, working out a system to speed up the serving, and soon tea and sandwiches were going the rounds. This is the Methodists' day, and they're going at it vigorously, feeding not only their multitude of Japanese but offering luncheon for the government workers and coffee and sandwiches for the soldiers and the bus drivers. They have even made so many sandwiches they have some left over, for the Presbyterians to inherit tomorrow.

I am continually on a trot -- now out in front to see off a bus load of evacuees, now back to hunt up the janitor and get him to refill the t.p. and towels in the rest rooms, now upstairs to look for Dr. Loper, now back to my office because the switchboard is buzzing, then off again for the janitor to get him to turn off the heat. Lucky I got my calendar off to the printer last night.

Dean Deutsch of the University, out of a clear sky, wrote us today:

"Allow me to express my own appreciation for the attitude which you and your church have taken with reference to the Japanese and the American Japanese who are being evacuated. Your action has been one that is proper and will impress these people with the fact that the ideals which we profess we try to put into practice. If any criticize you for it, my only thought would be that they are not truly Americans or Christians.

"People fail to recall that these people who are being evacuated have had no charges against them individually; they are not guilty of misconduct. They are being removed because of fear, which is gripping the hearts of some people. Personally, I feel that our country will someday feel ashamed of its conduct in this entire matter. In the meantime, however, it is good to know of actions such as you and the members of your church have taken." Good old Deutsch. I'm including that first paragraph on the calendar -- though so far if anyone in the church disapproves of this project I haven't been able to smoke him out.

Thursday, April 30 . Down to the church by 8 again, and again the long high line of duffle bags and miscellany along Dana Street, with soldiers on guard. The first groups of evacuees were already in their places, and hordes of Presbyterian women were flying around in the kitchen and up and down the hall. I saw one sentimental old lady sympathizing so warmly with one family that the little girl, aged ten or so, was sobbing her heart out. I caught Mrs. Stanley Hunter, ^{Presbyterian} minister's wife, pointed out the old lady, and told her to scold the daylights out of her.

A Japanese young man came to the office and said, "Would you mind if I left the church a small donation? We appreciate very much what you are doing."

"Goodness," I said, "what we are doing is only a small thing -- we'd like to do lots more. But we'd be happier if you would save your donation for some play equipment for the children when you get to camp."

The man smiled and bowed. "We do appreciate what your church has done," he said again, adding as an afterthought, "I'm a Buddhist."

This morning the Sato and Obata families left. I'll always remember the wedding of Kimio Obata and his bride, Masa Sato, both graduates of the University, which was held in our big church last fall because their little Japanese Congregational Church was too small for their many friends. Madame Obata arranged the flowers, and the autumn coloring of the giant chrysanthemums was reflected in the gold dresses of the six bridesmaids. The pastor of their own church gave the benediction in Japanese, and the groom didn't kiss the bride, but otherwise it was a thoroughly American wedding, even to a big extravagant reception and dinner at the Claremont Hotel afterward, ~~with many flashlights~~ with many flashlight

photographs being taken. Today I took snapshots of Kim and his bride before the church where they were married, this time with a background of miscellaneous luggage, and with identification tags in their lapels. They have been good sports about accepting their setbacks. Their Oakland shop closed promptly after December 7 -- it had been a wedding gift -- and they have been working day and night to clear up the Berkeley Obata Studio where their parents have been for so long. Professor Obata, the father, is taking the evacuation well. He has a small notebook in which he is sketching the process -- a silhouette of a soldier at the door, a picture of the evacuees getting on the buses with the church tower high above. Mr. Sato, father of the bride, is a deacon in the Japanese Congregational Church. He sent a dwarf maple tree from his garden to Mayor Gaines with a letter asking him to accept it "in appreciation of the privilege of having lived in Berkeley and of the protection my family and myself have enjoyed," and he gave a dwarf pine to Dr. Loper. I tried to tell him I was sorry this war had to come along and dislodge him and his family from their home, and he smiled with tears in his eyes and said in his broken English, "It is because the people forget God. Back there in Japan -- the people forget God."

Today on the same bus went the Takahashi family, long residents of Berkeley, Quakers, all graduates of the University. The elder Takahashi planned the gardens three years ago for Treasure Island.

Our soldiers quartered in the church Nursery are bemoaning the fact that soon they will pull out of here. They've liked this job, they tell us, with its coffee and sandwiches in the afternoon and the Boy Scout room to lounge in, and people inviting them out to dinner. One of the soldiers who comes up from Tanforan ^{around a tree} ~~in~~ with the buses played hide-and-seek/this morning with a Japanese lad of five, and drew quite a gallery. A group of Japanese high school girls stood about chatting with one of the soldiers on guard, and I heard one of them say coyly, "We hope you'll be stationed at our camp so we'll see you some more."

Friday, May 1 -- Down to the office earlier than ever -- 7:30 a.m., as the first bus was to leave at 8. Ambulances were sent around to the homes to collect eight cases of mumps and ten of measles, today, to be taken to the hospital in San Bruno until

recovery. There were more of the lame and halt among the evacuees coming into Pilgrim Hall today, it seemed. One paralyzed old man was carried in on the back of his son; one old lady had to be lifted up the steps of the bus. Dislocation from their homes and familiar surroundings is going to be hard on people as frail as these.

Today's babies were particularly enchanting. One, wrapped in blue blankets, was a mite ten days old. I stopped by a basket holding a baby somewhat older, wrapped in pink. "What's his name?" I asked.

"Ronald," his mother said. "He's third-generation American, so of course he has an American name."

My pet was Fatty Yoshida, aged eight months, dressed in a knitted pink jumper suit that set off her chubby red-apple cheeks. Her pretty young mother agreed readily to my wish to take snapshots of her, but alas, they will be in black-and-white, and Fatty, to do her justice, should have color film.

Another of the International House staff, Marii Kyogoku, left today with her family, and many from the House came down to say good-bye, including Lo Jung-pang of Peking, graduate of Yenching University, who has been studying for his Ph.D. here. Marii was in Group 5, which was assigned the North Room upstairs for assembling, ~~and when we got up there~~^{but} there didn't seem to be enough helpers to pass plates of sandwiches and tea, so Mr. Lo helped. Another picture to remember: the young Chinese serving the Japanese evacuees as they have to leave their American homes. Good old China!

And hooray -- Julean Arnold called this afternoon to say that in the final mopping up of the United China Relief drive Berkeley had turned in \$14,000, and he was going to wire the news to Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Dr. Loper had me outline for Mrs. Kingman of the Fair Play Committee the steps of development in our work here with the evacuees, in the hope that other churches may want to do something along the same line. Mrs. Kingman feels that even the little we have done has been helpful in changing the attitude of some who were most bitter, citing one Japanese who was a veteran of the first World War and who now is removed from his successful shop in Chinatown and sent into camp

as if he were a suspect. "The fact that he came here to an American church and was given friendly treatment," she says, "helped a lot to soften his hurt and disillusionment. 'I know now there are Americans who don't hate us,' he told me, 'and that makes a world of difference -- just to have friends.'"

A Methodist minister who has been working in Montana among the Japanese in internment camps commented to Dr. Loper today, "Your church is doing a fine job - but if it were in some areas it would be burned to the ground." He cited horror tales of hysteria such as we have feared, but have not found, in our area. It came over me suddenly, and with shock, that the soldiers who have been on guard have been here not to protect us from the Japanese so much as to protect the Japanese against us.

The last bus left just at noon, and it was a lovely sunny day. 'I'd hate to leave Berkeley when it looks so beautiful!

And then as the government workers dwindled away came the business of collecting signs again, replacing ~~church~~ posters, clearing up debris, shrinking back into the business of being a church again. The old office seems unearthly quiet, and I'm not sure I'm going to like it.

Anonymous by request, March 1974

Kay Riddell (Mrs. Robert) suggested I interview the husband of a friend. I telephoned this Japanese-American gentleman. With reluctance he agreed to come to the phone. However, he spoke more candidly than most of those who spoke with me face-to-face. He lives in Berkeley and works as a bridge toll taker.

In 1942 he was fifteen attending Berkeley High School. Born in Berkeley he lived at home with his parents, an older sister, and two older brothers. He had a paper route delivering a Japanese local paper to seventy families.. He had friends among the other Japanese-Americans and also among classmates at school. One friend in particular was Converse Hunter, son of Dr. Stanley Hunter, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian and an ardent pacifist.

He recalled that there were fifty to sixty Nisei students at Berkeley High who left school together to walk the several blocks to the church to join their families for evacuation by bus to Tanforan. They arrived a bit late for the eleven a. m. date. He fondly recalls the great support they felt from their teachers, especially his counselor, Miss Harwood who visited at Topaz. He was sure she also visited Manzanar and Tule Lake.

While voluntary exclusion was possible friends of his mother offered to receive his whole family into their home in the Sacramento Valley. His mother felt to go would be futile, because there were military installations close by there too. Also she preferred to remain with the local J-A community who shared their predicament.

En route to Tanforan by bus his mother told her family they might never return home to Berkeley. Perhaps they would be deported to Japan. The burden of being suspected disloyal was very heavy.

Converse Hunter visited him at Tanforan and corresponded with him all the while he was at Topaz as did two other Berkeley High friends. He finish- 9

ed high school at Topaz. When he reached the age of eighteen an Army recruiter tried to get him to enlist. He enjoyed baiting the recruiter with, "Sure, if you get my parents out from behind barbed wire." "No control." was the answer. He was subject to the draft, but was tested 4F. He was able to leave Topaz to work in the East. His sister had left a year earlier for New York where she married and has stayed. His two older brothers and his parents remained in camp. The loyalty questionnaire had angered them, but his mother had cautioned inaction in order not to get a bad name and be sent to Tule Lake. It was better to keep still and remain with their friends. They returned to Berkeley late in 1945.

He considers Berkeley a friendly city, then and now. He recalled that Easterners were friendly to him, but had no understanding of how the Japanese-Americans had been uprooted, suffered financially, been degraded by detention. His bitterness has remained. He accepts the indifference with "Few knew us."

My questions were answered, but he did not volunteer much as if he has no axe to grind.

Gertrude Lesnini (Mrs. Guido) April 1974

In 1942 was a church member and a Public Health Nurse in Berkeley. She participated in the preevacuation health examinations, immunizations, and other services related to medical care.

In her official capacity she recalls that only two Japanese-American men were truly hostile. They are indignant and fearful that adequate medical treatment might not be forthcoming at Tanforan. They demanded permission to leave custody for treatment. It took some wrangling during a very hectic time to work through channels to get approval. Also, there was an unanticipated emergency during the evacuation. Persons with communicable diseases needed separate transportation to Tanforan, but none had been provided. Army ambulances were sent hastily, but bad feelings had been fostered needlessly.

She attended the special Church Council meeting that Dr. Loper called to get permission for the use of Pilgrim Hall. She remembers the sympathetic temper of the group which one member carried to the extreme by disapproving giving any help to the Army. The majority agreed that the kindest action towards the evacuees was to make them as comfortable as possible.

Mrs. Lesnini made a friend while a student in the Univ. of California School of Nursing who became an evacuee along with her husband and their two daughters. Their friendship has endured. Gertrude visited at Tanforan and did errands typical for the time. She made possible an interview for me with these friends, Barbara and Henry Takahashi.

A poignant, amusing recollection: Nurses who graduated from Univ. of Calif. School of Nursing wore distinctive caps, superstarched little mortar boards. Only one laundry, the Starlight Laundry in San Francisco, serviced the caps no matter where the nurses worked. When the business closed because the owners were interned, no one else would attempt to do them. Many

tried to wash their own with dismal results, and all devised methods by which to extend the usable term of a cap.

At this time (1974) Mrs. Lesnini volunteers with the Creative Living group sponsored by the Red Cross that meets in Durant Assembly twice weekly. The group is comprised of emotionally disturbed persons. Two regular attenders are Japanese-American women who suffered much at Topaz when a death in the family further disoriented them from reality. Both were patients at the Napa State Hospital for seventeen years. The language barrier there was insurmountable. Much has been written of the shocked state many of the Japanese suffered. Many were unable to cope and refused to believe the realities of the stables of Tanforan, the Utah desert, the rifle-bearing soldiers, the war itself. Luckier ones who had Caucasian friends were able to endure. Is it not appropriate that these two particular women find such friends here in this place?

Dr. Henry and Barbara Takahashi, April 1974

This couple exemplify the popular image of Nisei (second generation removed from Japan and therefore U.S. citizens by birthright.) Both are vigorous, early retirement age. Their house is elegant in a fashionable neighborhood in Berkeley. The atmosphere they create quietly denotes successful achievement and cultivated tastes. Gertrude Lesnini suggested and arranged our meeting.

After tea in the formal living room, I was shown family photos in their bedroom and then ushered downstairs to the more casual family room where we all relaxed among the trophies, etc. won by two high achievers.

Mrs. Takahashi helped ease into their story by starting with her early friendship with Gertrude. She was ahead of Gertrude in the University of California School of Nursing. When she graduated she was unable to get a nursing job because of her Japaneseness. She reared her two daughters. The forced internment enabled her to have a nursing career after all. She headed the public health nursing at Topaz. Her experience was not unique. For many the homogenous camps made opportunities for leadership previously denied minorities. Both Takahashis emphasized this point as the outstanding positive value of their relocation. All the usual school activities needed leadership and participation, so school children played on teams, edited, were class officers for the first time. It changed attitudes.

When they returned to Berkeley, Mrs. Takahashi applied to Dr. Nelson, the Superintendent of Schools in Berkeley for a job as a school nurse. His response was that it was impossible; as a Japanese-American she would need a bodyguard. She persisted. Twenty years later she retired from her school job. There had been no incidents.

Dr. Takahashi was born in Berkeley of immigrant parents who reared

eleven children. Ten of them graduated from the University of California. When Henry graduated with honors in 1926 as an optometrist, no one in his home town would rent office space to him. Until the evacuation his office was in San Francisco's Japantown though his home was in Berkeley. I asked whether he was a leader in the Japanese community in 1942. Barbara responded, "He was the leader."

Why, I asked, had the J-A been so cooperative? Why hadn't they howled for their civil liberties? Cooperation was thought to be the means to prove their loyalty and to support the war. Some did object, in a respectful way, but it was hoped that the camps would be more autonomously Japanese if the authorities were aware and sympathetic with their lifestyle.

The Takahashis could have voluntarily ^{gone} to the inland and avoided internment, but chose to accompany the elder Takahashis. Henry's father had come from Japan in the late nineteenth century. He remained independent which was typical. He learned gardening to meet the needs of Berkeleyans who were building stylish large houses. His wife was a woman arranged for him by his parents. She journeyed across the Pacific Ocean to a strange land to marry a stranger. She became an accomplished translator which was unusual. For most Issei the closeness of the integrated Japanese community discouraged fluency in English.

The Takahashis voiced impatience with those who remain bitter about the internment. Not only because they believe there resulted a break with the past that had insulated the minority, but simply because they are the kind of hopeful persons who cannot be bothered to dwell on what cannot be undone. As intellectuals they read current J-A sociology. They loaned me Henry Kitano's Japanese-Americans, Evolution of a Subculture.

Returning to Berkeley was easier for them than for some, but easy it was not. The home they owned had been neglected by the renters. That was painful and there was no money for repairs. Nor was there money to resume

professional practice which requires capitalization. For a time Henry's hobby of photography was their livelihood. In time he opened an office in the Dwight Way-Shattuck business area and, not only became successful, but became a civic leader. Though unsuccessful in his candidacy for Berkeley City Council, he had a very good showing.

Mrs. Tae Oda, April 1974

Mrs. Oda is a Berkeley resident. In 1942 she was nineteen and a student majoring in English at the University of California. Her home was in the San Joaquin Valley on her family's farm. She recalled there were five hundred Japanese-Americans students on the Berkeley campus. If there was an organization for them, she did not participate. Like many young women her age, she was in love and disinterested in college affairs other than her studies. She was a bride of three months when she was evacuated.

This interview ends with that. She talked with me on the phone with apparent friendliness. Something interrupted us and we agreed to talk again, but we never did. Somehow a wall was built between us. The mutual acquaintance, a Nisei woman I met in a Japanese class at Laney, shrugged and said, "You can't do it right with us. I can't either. I'm an Uncle Tom." After this incident it was difficult for me to impose myself on the Japanese-Americans.

Mrs. Chiura Obata, April 1974

Using the friendship of Doris Bergman who has studied Ikebana with Mrs. Obata, I phoned asking for an interview. Consequently, I visited her and Professor Obata in their home. She was smilingly gracious to me, but I was a stranger. What we discussed never will be easy for her. Also, I was ill at ease after Mrs. Oda's closeoff.

Mrs. Obata made the comment, "It was for our protection." She seemed to really mean it. When I repeated her comment to young adult Sansei (third generation from Japan) I knew at Laney College, they hooted with derision. Mrs. Obata explained her fear before the evacuation and why she has never changed her mind despite pressure from the radical young, if such a term can be assigned Sansei. She spoke of the night their house was shot at. Of course, they called the police who were sympathetic but suggested they keep their shades pulled down. When a curfew from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. was imposed on the Japanese and Japanese-Americans, it was a relief. It curtailed their sons Gyo's activities and they felt him safer.

Mrs. Obata emphasized the hasty time element. When evacuation was imminent, the Berkeley Japanese expected that San Francisco would come first as it did in everything else. The general order for evacuation was issued April 17. On April 24 Civil Exclusion Order 19 that affected Berkeley was posted. Registration took place on the 25th and 26th. The buses carried them away May 1.

Mrs. Obata was a housewife with two children at home still. Her married son Kim was busy with his duties as president of the Japanese-American Association. Packing what they would take with them was relatively easy. They could take only what they could carry which was so little. Luckier than many her most valued possessions were stored with the Robert Sprouls at the President's House on the University campus. The rest went at forced sale prices. She gestured ruefully at her flower containers as if to say

They do not compare with those she had prewar. It hurt to lose their car with its four new and scarce tires. The stuff she had reared her family with was suddenly gone at a fraction of its worth. Her husband's brush paintings were sold to benefit a student affected by the war too, but she did not mention it. Professor Obata listened quietly, but did not join in due to infirmity following a stroke. His presence inhibited her a bit, I think.

They had come to Berkeley in 1930. They were both notables. Her flower arranging classes and programs were and are popular, but her pride is in her husband's career as an Art professor. Friendship with Dr. Washburn in the Art department at the University resulted in Gyo going to Washington University in St. Louis. He went there before finishing high school in order to avoid evacuation. Because of the curfew his family could not see him off on the train. Mrs. Ruth Kingman took Gyo to the station. At Washington University he studied Architecture and has become internationally renowned.

I asked about the evacuation itself. She said she was so weary, heart-sick, and dazed by the speed of events that she recalls very little other than being served "breakfast" by the church ladies. She had had none, so the simple refreshments of fruit, cookies and tea were a welcome meal. She skipped over Tanforan to Topaz recalling how very cold it was in early October. They remained only until May 1943. She did not mention it, but in my reading I learned that Prof. Obata was beaten in camp by angry Nisei. As their sensei (person honored for educational achievement) he should have resisted the authorities his persecutors thought after the fact. When the evacuation idea started Japanese-Americans thought only aliens would be affected. When events happened quickly, leaders were eager to cooperate to show loyalty. Issei leaders were replaced by inexperienced Nisei who were

reluctant to go counter to their elders. They not only cooperated, they participated in the whole internment program. Doubtless the whole benefited, but there were those who would rather have defied the authorities.

When the Obatas left Topaz they joined Gyo in St. Louis.

She said they were the first Japanese to return to Berkeley in 1945. The University wanted Professor Obata back as soon as possible. Housing was very short. They stayed with friends living in the Claremont district. They have lived on Oregon Street a bit above Telegraph Avenue since 1950. Their married daughter lives a few blocks away on Hillegass. Mrs. Obata is pleased that her grandchildren are learning some Japanese in a class within the J-A community. From my limited exposure to Sansei at Laney, she will be disappointed. Sansei study a little Japanese to please their elders, but it hasn't much vitality for them.

At the Oakland Museum the History Gallery displays a painting Prof. Obata did of First Congregational Church of Berkeley in use as Civil Control Station. Also on display is a vase made from Mountain Juniper from Topaz days.

Mrs. Grace Buckham, May 1974

Mrs. Buckham was a teacher in 1942. She recalls the evacuation buses parked along Dana Street. The sight gave her heart a twinge, and she was glad her church was doing what little it could. As a teacher she taught J-A pupils and affirms the stereotype of the model bright and achieving student.

Before the war the Buckham and Takahashi families were quite close. So much so, the Takahashis named a son Keith. She commented on the unintentional slight that hurt William Takahashi, who was then a member of this church. Soon after Pearl Harbor she did not notice him on the street downtown. He took it as a snub, and there was no making amends. After the war William and his wife Rose returned to Berkeley where William was an Art professor. They did not return to the church.

Her brother-in-law lived on the Peninsula at that time. It was he that was referred to in the folder material. He and others at the San Mateo church helped at Tanforan.

Like many others who were in Berkeley at that time, Mrs. Buckham admits that there was doubt about the loyalty of the Japanese. "We just wondered." They were self-protective and unknowable. Their evasiveness engendered distrust. Mrs. Buckham had had the experience of trying to get answers to the census questionnaire in Isleton for the 1930 census. Because land ownership was denied alien Japanese, and no Japanese immigrants were able to be naturalized, land titles were placed in the names of their children who were born with U.S. citizenship. The questions were evaded due to fear that the government was trying to take their land. The suspicion reinforced itself.

"Wartime did terrible things to us."

EXCERPTS FROM CHURCH RECORDS

Only three mentions of Japanese-Japanese-American evacuation are to be found in the Sunday bulletins of 1942:

April 26. "The War Comes to Our Door" headlines a box that continues, "In response to the request of the Western Defense Command for the use of Pilgrim Hall as a Civil Control Station for evacuation of Japanese and Japanese-Americans, the Board of Trustees unanimously granted its use by the government. The Church Council, at a special meeting last Monday, gave unanimous consent to a program later approved and sponsored by the Berkeley Fellowship of Churches, offering evacuees courtesy and hospitality--day nursery service for children, rooms in which to rest and wait, while others complete their business with the officials, refreshments, etc.. We are doing this as a service to our country and as gesture of friendship to loyal Japanese Americans, proud that we have been given this opportunity to serve in the spirit of Him who said, "One is your Master.... and ye all are brethren."

May 3. "Among the many letters received this week in connection with the evacuation services was one from Dean Deutsch of the University, and excerpt from which reads, "Dear Dr. Loper: Allow me to express my own appreciation for the attitude which you and your church have taken with reference to the Japanese and the American Japanese who are being evacuated. Your action has been one that is proper and will impress these people with the fact that the ideals which we profess we try to put into practice. If they criticize you for it, my only thought would be that they are not truly Americans or Christians."

July 26. Available at the Literature Table, "...the magazine SOCIAL ACTION, and, recently published and timely, "A Touchstone of Democracy, the Japanese in America" (10¢) with articles by Galen Fisher, John C. Bennett, Clarence Gillett, Charles Iglehart, and Joseph Conrad.

This statement comes to you with two signatures. One is given under the instruction of the Church Council of the First Congregational Church, which includes representatives of every Board, Committee and Organization of the church. The other was authorized by the unanimous vote of the Protestant clergy of Berkeley meeting as the Berkeley Fellowship of Churches, the ministers in so far as they may act for their parishes, believing that every Berkeley Protestant Church

The Reception Room of the Church, marked BERKELEY CHURCH HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE, will be open for your comfort and convenience, with hosts and hostesses present who will extend any courtesy which will be of value to you. The KINDERGARTEN ROOM in the basement will serve as a day nursery where your small children may be left while you are busy with the government officials. We hope to have Japanese friends among those on duty, to make all the children feel at home. On the second floor is the LOUNGE, where those who are waiting for others of their family may rest, with chairs provided and refreshments (no charge) at all hours. Cots are available for those who need or desire them. The hostesses in the Lounge will direct you to them.

ent denominational group being in charge each day.

would enthusiastically approve this statement if there were time to meet and take action.

We have a deep and profound love for the United States, which we are eager to express in this opportunity to work along with the government. Our program has been projected with the knowledge and approval of government authorities, but it is offered entirely through the initiative and under the direction of the Berkeley churches. The church people must of necessity strictly separate themselves from governmental procedure, but we hope we can offer something of value to you in Christian hospitality. Our efforts will be a way for your Berkeley friends to say at least that *we believe in you*. We hope they may increase your love for your community and the United States.

"May God bless you and keep you . . . both on your going out and on your coming in"

BERKELEY FELLOWSHIP OF CHURCHES
U. S. MITCHELL, *President*
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF
BERKELEY
VERE V. LOPER, *Minister*

April 24, 1942.

The Protestant Churches of Berkeley, during this period, will extend hospitality to you, a different

longer than the duration. facing the possible loss of their sons, for much facing it in the same spirit in which others are homes. We rejoice to know that many of you are America is the loss, for the duration, of your standing. The service which you now render to stances, and we want you to know of our under- which you have maintained under difficult circumstances, and we want you to know of our under- move from our community. It has been a loyalty the United States of many of you who must now Many of us personally know of the loyalty to assist by giving our facilities without charge.

of our government, and feel privileged to be able you. We rejoice in this consideration on the part to make the burdens of this trying time easier for ing that it offered the best possible opportunity authorities requested the use of this building, feeling that it offered the best possible opportunity happy to render this patriotic service. The Federal facilities of its parish house for your convenience, these days of evacuation. The church proffers the of Berkeley extend their hospitality to you in offers its building, and the Protestant Churches The First Congregational Church of Berkeley

A STATEMENT



Berkeley Fellowship of Churches
and

The First Congregational Church
of Berkeley

to

Japanese Friends and Fellow
Americans

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tures. One is given under the instruction of the
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BERKELEY FELLOWSHIP OF CHURCHES
U. S. MITCHELL, *President*
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF
BERKELEY
VERE V. LOPER, *Minister*

April 24, 1942.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley
offers its building, and the Protestant Churches
of Berkeley extend their hospitality to you in
these days of evacuation. The church proffers the
facilities of its parish house for your convenience,
happy to render this patriotic service. The Federal
authorities requested the use of this building, feel-
ing that it offered the best possible opportunity
to make the burdens of this trying time easier for
you. We rejoice in this consideration on the part
of our government, and feel privileged to be able
to assist by giving our facilities without charge.
Many of us personally know of the loyalty to
the United States of many of you who must now
move from our community. It has been a loyalty
which you have maintained under difficult circum-
stances, and we want you to know of our under-
standing. The service which you now render to
America is the loss, for the duration, of your
homes. We rejoice to know that many of you are
facing the possible loss of their sons, for much
longer than the duration.
The Protestant Churches of Berkeley, during
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A STATEMENT



Berkeley Fellowship of Churches
and
The First Congregational Church
of Berkeley

to

Japanese Friends and Fellow
Americans

Berkeley Demography

1940 Total population 85,547

93% white

44% black

1.5% Japanese ancestry, 1319

682 males

637 females

460 immigrants ineligible for U.S. citizenship

859 Nisei, U.S. citizens

This minority was inconspicuous, because it was insular. It had been discriminated against ever since the first Japanese came to this country soon after Admiral Perry opened Japan in 1854. They inherited the prevailing hate endured by the Chinese. Legal limitations against Asians included ineligibility for naturalized citizenship, land ownership, employment by any governmental agency or private corporation. They were forced into small business and farming. They were ghettoized by restrictive covenants written into real property deeds. In Berkeley they were limited to the southwest area bounded by Dwight Way and Grove Street. They worked mainly as gardeners, florists, nurserymen, and domestics. A very few had already entered the professions. Often entire families worked together. Issei men were the leaders of the patriarchal society.

The dominant whites knew little of them. The Issei control enforced conformity to traditional values and behavior. As a result they were modestly quiet, mannerly, achieving. Their self-discipline was admired. Few guessed that Issei were educated, because most could not read, write or speak English fluently. Universal compulsory education for males prevailed in Japan. Scholarship is a prime good to any Japanese. It was in the schools rather than in proximity of neighborhood or job situations that most Berkeleyans made contact with them. Librarians and teachers spoke appreciatively of their obedient, industrious students. Classmates found them tough competitors. However, extra-curricular activities were informally closed to them or to any other minority.

Discrimination in Berkeley was less oppressive than elsewhere, because Berkeley was largely a white-collar and blue-collar town. The Japanese did not compete economically as they did very successfully in agricultural communities. The cosmopolitanism of the university academic community tempered open hostility. The YMCA and YWCA served as a non-school meeting ground for ethnic disparities.

1970 Total population 117,000

67% white

23.5% black
3% Japanese ancestry (3417)
19.5% other

Still an insular minority, the Japanese-Americans continue in small business, but many have entered the professions. Substantial numbers have taken advantage of non-discriminatory hiring practices of governmental agencies. Only a few are as yet employed by corporations. Housing limitations have been struck down, but a geographic community endures, though it has shifted to the north. Traditional values are still strong. Japanese customs and arts are now offered to the city at their festival times. If anything, there has been a revival of Japanese culture. The difference is that those outside are appreciative. Sansei seem thoroughly Americanized. Perhaps their counterparts in Japan would judge them a bit old-fashioned. Marriage to one outside the community is still difficult but no longer unthinkable. Many are tourists to Japan. Of course, they are justifiably proud of their ancestral homeland.

Not all evacuees chose to return to their home communities after the war. Some returned only long enough to grow old enough to strike out on their own. Nationwide those who live and work outside a Japanese community achieve higher status and income. An ethnic community is restrictive. Those outside fail to meet them as individuals. Those inside remain timid. From the comfort of the in-group comes the same lament as in April 1942, "Shikataganai (It cannot be helped.)"

SIGN ON A STORE ON GRANT AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO:

March 26th
1942

Dear San Franciscans and Friend Customers:

Time has come for us to say Au Revoir after faithfully created the world renown Chinatown by serving with quality merchandise for forty-three years.

To you, San Franciscans and Friend Customers, the members of the firm of T. Z. SHIOTA wish to acknowledge each and every one of you for your past patronage and cooperation.

At this time of evacuation, when the innocent suffer with the bad, we bid you, dear friends of ours, with the words of beloved Shakespeare, "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Till we meet again,

T. Z. SHIOTA

sent via airmail
per [unclear]

1624 Parker St.
Berkeley, Cal.

Hon. Frank Gaines
Mayor of Berkeley
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Mr. Gaines:

As a token of my appreciation of the privilege of having lived in Berkeley and of the protection my family and myself have enjoyed, I would like to present you with a dwarf maple tree, which I have nurtured and cherished for more than thirty years.

If you would accept the tree, kindly let me know where I should deliver it. The tree is in a china pot that measures about eight inches in diameter.

Sincerely yours,

TEIZO SATO

Ang. Albato

1624 Parker St.
Berkeley, Cal.

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Sincerely yours,

TEIZO SATO

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
City of Berkeley

April 13, 1942

Mr. Teizo Sato
1624 Parker Street
Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. Sato:

I am deeply touched by your courteous note of 6th April in which you kindly offer me, as a token of your appreciation of the City which has afforded you and your family safe sanctuary, a dwarfed maple tree which you have nurtured and cherished for thirty years.

I am happy to accept this token but not as a permanent gift. Instead, I shall have pleasure in serving as custodian of it until such time as you may find yourself in position to repossess it.

If convenient, I shall be grateful if you will deliver it to my secretary, Miss Lindstrom, at the City Hall. Otherwise, if you will let Miss Lindstrom know, I shall arrange to send a messenger to your home for it.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK S. GAINES
Mayor

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
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April 13, 1942

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Sincerely yours,

FRANK S. GAINES
Mayor

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL
OF THE
CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

297 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JAMES MYERS
INDUSTRIAL SECRETARY

Dear Dr. Fisher —

I was sorry not to have
opportunity to speak to you personally
at the Minister's meeting since
I recall pleasantly our early
acquaintance in coal strike days
in Denver.

Mitchell gave me a copy of the
Statement + Hospitality Program
you people put on for the Japanese
evacuees. I wish you would mail
2 or 3 copies to Rowell Barnes.

I want you to know of my
warm admiration of you and your staff. Within the
limits allowed by "the system" — you were
and are doing the will of God. I suspect
that not all your church members
want you to do the will of God — but
we must rejoice + be exceedingly glad in a
new fellowship of suffering with Christ. In
this + through this will come the ultimate
victory.

always yours

James Myers

Berkeley, Calif.
April 25 '42.
Dr. Vere V. Loper
Berkeley

Dear Sir,

This message is the natural result of "obeying that impulse" as certain ~~odd~~ urge us to do. The occasion is the gesture you and your congregation are making in connection with the evacuation of the local Japanese. To the writer it can be summed up in three words; to-wit: "Christianity in Action." The Japanese would be a most "unhuman" race, indeed, if the courtesy which is being extended to them at Pilgrim Hall - does not strike a responsive chord in their beings and I earnestly hope and pray that the kindly seed being sown will bear its fruit in the weeks and months

to come as they reflect upon
these things ~~and~~ ^{during} their enforced
isolation! "Inasmuch as ye
have done it unto one of the
least of these," says the
Good Book. God bless you
for your Christian leadership
in our community.

Very sincerely

(Mrs.) E. Hamilton

My dear Dr Saper;

Permit me to say how
very considerate I think
it was for you to open
your church for the registra-
tion of the Japanese.

It is heartening to
know that the church
is expressing in this
very practical way,
the spirit of Christ.

Sincerely

Martha Buck,

Letter from Clara: "I'm getting very interesting letters from the children from Santa Anita. One high school girl writes, "Bitter feelings do not enter my head because I know we were sent here for our own protection. I am grateful to the government for gathering us in such a nice place. If I am helping the government by staying here, I am glad. I want so much to be of some use to the government."

April 27, 1942

First Congregational Church of Berkeley
2345 Channing Way
Berkeley, California

Gentlemen:

May we express a warm heartfelt appreciation for the friendly hospitality shown us by your church during the days of registration for evacuation.

The facilities of your beautiful church and the kindly spirit of those who welcomed and helped us while we waited to be registered shall not soon be forgotten.

We, the young people, have often visited the Berkeley Congregational Church at the Plymouth House and have known the cordial relationships that have existed with the pastor and congregation.

We shall leave our homes and the city we have loved with a fond memory of our good friends and all they have done for us.

Very sincerely yours,

Euichi Tsuchida

President,
Young People's Christian Society
Japanese Free Methodist Church
of Berkeley

C O P Y

April 27, 1942

Berkeley Women's Committee
Care of Mrs. Harry Kingman
535 San Luis Road
Berkeley, California

Members of the Berkeley Women's Committee:

We of the Young People's Christian Society of the Berkeley Free Methodist Church should like to express our appreciation for the opportunity afforded us through the efforts of your organization for the typhoid immunization injections given at the Berkeley General Hospital. Many of us took advantage of one of the important protective measures in preparation for the evacuation.

Through the years the people and the governmental policies of the City of Berkeley have made our living here happy and useful. And now, more than ever in times of stress, the helpful, friendly spirit of our many known and unknown friends has been of invaluable encouragement to us in coping with the situation which has beset us.

May you know that we shall leave Berkeley, which has been our home for 10 these many years, with a fervent hope for the realization of the spirit of brotherly love for all the peoples of the world.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Eiichi Tsuchida

President,
Young People's Christian Society
Japanese Free Methodist Church
of Berkeley

*Berkeley Women's Committee - Church women did protesting in teams
by denominations*

P.O.Box 424
Walnut Grove,
California

Dr. Vere V. Loper
First Congregational Church
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Loper:

Now that the actual evacuation has come we of the Berkeley Fellowship find it necessary to disband. We would like to express our gratitude to you for helping us in the past, and for having faith and confidence in us during these times. It is indeed gratifying to have someone who believes in us when we say that we are Americans and that we too believe in our ideals of democracy and freedom. We are going to our camps with faith and courage, part of which we are sure, you have developed within us by your help and extension of Christian brotherhood. Again may we express our gratitude, Dr. Loper, for everything you have done for us.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Arimoto

President of Berkeley Fellowship

Berkeley Fellowship - a social club

Franklin C. Smith

April 29, 1942.

Dr. Dwight Bradley,
Council for Social Action,
289 Fourth Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Dwight:

Our committee met yesterday to hear Bob Inglis' report and I think that we pushed things ahead a little though we came to no definite conclusion. Inglis will send you a report of his trip and that in itself should help to guide you in any decisions that you may come to in New York. His trip was very well planned and he was able to see the key people everywhere he went. The pattern varies in different states but we received the strong impression that in many places there is sufficient openness to make the general plan that we have been working on very much worth trying. The situation in Kansas is bad. Kansans seem to be strangely vicious about the Japanese or they have a special fear of invasion. But the prospects are good in Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri and Wisconsin. So far as students are concerned the problem is chiefly financial. Colleges and Universities in that whole area (except Kansas) are willing to take students if they can be financed.

Our committee, in view of this report, thinks that the major task before all of us is the influencing of public opinion in the middle west and in the east. Probably there will have to be six months of concentration upon this task before much can be done about resettling Japanese (apart from students). In view of this we have three suggestions so far as our denomination is concerned. (1) Dr. Gill is writing to the editor of The Missionary Herald asking that an article be included in the June issue even if this means extra pages. He is suggesting that Mr. Gillett write the article. (2) We believe that there should be an issue of Social Action but recommend strongly that this be a supplement to the June number rather than an extra number in July. At least we hope that it can be published before the meeting of the General Council. (We did not discuss it but it occurs to me as I write that it might be ready before the General Council for distribution there and yet be sent out in July.) Our suggestion is that this pamphlet contain the following: (a) An article by Galen Fisher on the long range problems involved together with some statement of what has happened; (b) An article by Joseph Conard, the representative of the Friends Service Committee in this area who is doing a fine job in coordinating all that is being done here about students; (c) An introduction by a national leader of the denomination who will point out how important this problem is as a case of Christian responsibility and for the preservation of American institutions. I think that it is our general view out here that the kind of attack upon the government that characterized Leiper's editorial in Christianity and Crisis is not fair and it is not good policy. From now on we must assume evacuation

April 29, 1942

from the coastal area and insist that this should not mean that the people are to be prisoners of war for the duration. (3) A third suggestion about which we were less sure is that a letter should go out from Douglas Horton to our ministers calling attention to this problem. We felt that this might wait until after a definite project is begun that requires cooperation.

Beyond this matter of reaching public opinion, we have two main ideas but we have no concrete recommendation. The first is that a dozen or more hostels be established for Japanese people to which families could come to a community before they can be given a job or permanent location. This idea came out of a practical suggestion made to Inglis in Denver. These American Japanese are in many cases most attractive and they inspire confidence, but most people don't realize that. It may be necessary for them to see some Japanese first. Of course it would be necessary to choose communities that have people in them who are sympathetic. The other idea is the one that we have already suggested, that we put a man in the field to find churches and communities which are willing to make a place for Japanese families. I think that the chief reason for not recommending this at the moment is that there will be some months before the Japanese are allowed to move out of the government centers. There is a difficulty here. They will not be allowed to move out of those centers or colonies until we can prove that in a given place there is a favorable public opinion, but one of the best ways of creating such a favorable public opinion is to have the right man working on a particular project of this kind. We are afraid of getting a lot of people excited about receiving Japanese families long before they are available. Perhaps you will have an answer to that problem.

Six months from now, this will be quite as much your problem in the east as it is ours. So far as the influencing of public opinion is concerned, it is your problem now. I think that you and others in New York and Chicago should put your own minds on the next steps. I think that we have established three things which it is important for you to know, but now it will all have to be dealt with on a national scale. Those three things are: (1) A considerable number of the Japanese, especially among the Nisei, want to be in normal American communities. (2) There is an openness in parts of the middle west to cooperation. Especially in the larger communities there is no final barrier though everywhere there will be difficulties. (3) The government, through its Relocation Authority (this our committee learns from Galen Fisher and others in direct touch with the government) has accepted the principle that the American Japanese are to be allowed to go freely to American communities where a welcome can be assured. This point will have to be investigated again because the government does change its mind. But here the principle of not keeping these people as prisoners is something on which all the Churches and liberal groups should take a firm stand, if the government wavers. In the light of those three points, why don't you explore with the leaders of other denominations and with the Federal Council next steps and keep in touch with us? Sherwood Eddy and Reinhold Niebuhr are both much interested in finding the right point at which to take hold. There is an interdenominational committee on the coast, of which Dr. Frank Herron Smith is chairman, through which we should constantly clear on matters that affect action here, especially when we deal with the government agencies here. It is important that there be only the one Protestant group that negotiates with the government here. But on general policies of education or on the approach to communities in the middle west and the east, the leadership will have to come more and more from the east. Excuse these long letters but they are more reports than letters.

JCB/B

Sincerely yours,

FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY
SOCIAL SECURITY BOARD
UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

OFFICE OF THE
DIRECTOR FOR CALIFORNIA

2461 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, California
May 5, 1942

Dr. Vere V. Loper
First Congregational Church
2345 Channing Way
Berkeley, California

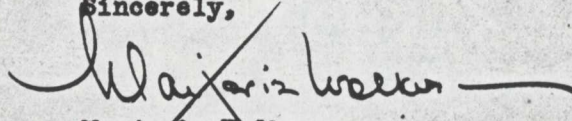
Dear Dr. Loper:

As you know our job of evacuating the Japanese from Berkeley has been completed. The Civil Control Station is closed and most of the records are filed away. Although some of us are back doing our day to day work, I am sure that all of us will look back on our evacuation program with the realization that it was a job that had to be done, and that it was done with a minimum of difficulty for all concerned.

Many commendations came our way, and because each of us had a part to play and played it well, I want to once again say "thank you".

I shall appreciate your conveying to your Board of Trustees, to Miss Breed, to Mr. Bailey and to the members of the other churches who worked so magnificently, my sincere appreciation.

Sincerely,



Marjorie Walker
Local Manager

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

COMMITTEE FOR CHURCH AND COMMUNITY COOPERATION

DR. WILLSIE MARTIN

CHAIRMAN

RABBI MORTON A. BAUMAN

DR. ARTHUR BRADEN

DR. FRANK FAGERBURG

DR. E. C. FARNHAM

DR. JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

RABBI EDGAR F. MAGNIN

DR. GLENN W. MOORE

RT. REV. MSGR. THOS. J. O'DWYER

RT. REV. W. BERTRAND STEVENS

REV. CLARANCE H. PARLOUR

RECORDING SECRETARY

139 NORTH BROADWAY

MUTUAL 9211 EXT. 3171

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

DR. GEORGE GLEASON,

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

May 7, 1942.

Dr. Vere V. Loper,
First Congregational Church
of Berkeley,
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Doctor Loper:

Through you, I wish to thank somebody in your church for sending me a check for Five Dollars for speaking to your College of Life group on Sunday morning, April 27th. I think I gained more than I gave. However, I shall put this in a literature fund which is down about Two Hundred Dollars at present. Every little bit helps!

Galen Fisher handed me your statement, "To Japanese Friends and Fellow Americans". On the last page, I find a sentence which seems to me to indicate a fundamental misunderstanding of the purpose and relationship of the Church: "The church people must of necessity strictly separate themselves from Government procedure". I have shown this to several friends and can discover no interpretation of that sentence which is true to what I consider the function of the Church.

I am employed by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County as Church and Community Coordinator. My work is to connect church people and churches with Government employees and with Government procedure. I want to see Government workers and Government activities impregnated with the spirit of the Church.

Dr. Vere V. Lopez -- #2

This Japanese evacuation is testing the relationship of Church and Government. I confess, I am not in sympathy with the hypercritical attitude taken by some church people towards those who are desperately struggling to meet a very grave problem. *in the government*

You may think that I am making a mountain out of a mole hill, but I shall take every opportunity during this crisis to help the Church, to which I am loyal, to play its part wisely and aggressively.

Cordially yours,

George Gleason
George Gleason

GG:S

MISS MARTHA M. NORRIS
Director of Religious Education

MRS. BERTHA H. CHENAULT
Church Secretary

Calvary Baptist Church

HENRY G. SMITH, Pastor

Downing Street at East Sixteenth Avenue

Denver, Colorado

May 14, 1942

Dr. Vere Loper
2345 Channing Way
Berkeley, California

Dear Vere:

Thanks so much for the little folder which so aptly brings your challenge to your Japanese friends and fellow Americans. I was especially helped by the little phrase that you use in which you bid the challenge of patience on the basis of being the losers of their homes for a time in comparison with the loss of sons and fathers on the part of their family, which will not be for the duration alone, but for all time.

Yes, Lt. David Bungler is, as you say, a fine chap. He and his good wife, Ruth, and baby, make a mighty fine family and am hoping that you may have the happy experience of meeting them as well as David.

Miss you in this neighborhood tremendously, but your successor, Waser, has quickly established himself in the life of his church and community, and was the other morning elected President of the Denver Ministerial Alliance.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,


Pastor

HGS/jl

May 17, 1942.

Dear Mr. Loper

Greetings and salutations from
Sanford where good "horses" about
8500 strong exercise and go through the
motions of thoroughbreds day after day -
17 days for me now. It has taken me just
about that much time to readjust
myself. At first I didn't ^{quite} I could even be
contented here - contented in the sense of
making the best of a bad situation. However,
time seems to be the most efficient doctor.
Seeing everyone around about me go about
their lives with vigor and energy has
battered my once dissatisfied nature. I am
sharing my previous experiences in
recreational guidance, for some unknown
reason I have been made the supervisor
of Sunday Schools for the whole camp,
and also I'm assisting in the realization
of an educational program at the
earliest possible time. Already we have
managed to get a Mr. Kilpatrick from
the Oakland Educational system to

superior our efforts. However, it is needless to say many of the activities are disorganized requiring more efficient handling and management. Already we have jokes of politics among our own people hiring and firing people, getting good jobs, trying to run the camp, etc. It is shameful but perhaps time again will be the good healer.

After 17 days the food has improved many fold. Our only complaint is it is yet inadequate. Our keepings do not as yet fill the depths of our enlarged tummies. We ate at what they call the main mess hall along with 700 other people for two weeks. Under such a condition it is understandable how difficult food preparation, cleanliness, adequate diet etc. are to maintain. It was during this particular period that I thought the bottom of my life dropped out. Perhaps if such conditions prevailed much longer as for as I was concerned I might have been whipped. Fortunately our sectional

②

unit mess hall opened which feeds only 400 in any particular section. The cook is a former caterer from San Francisco. Just recently he was released from Missoula Montana along with Mr. H. T. Uchida. Therefore the cook, Mr. Kerners, appreciates the value of good food in camp. He does surprisingly well with the ingredients he is given to prepare. Our unit kitchen is classed as the best and tastiest among the seven other units scattered about the 117 acres. Unfortunately some units are not ready to open which makes it necessary for some 400 to eat together in the main mess hall where poor food, poor sanitary conditions, poor service prevails. I am certain in time this too will be improved.

Among our vital statistics there have been two births here in camp that I know of - it is rumored there are five in all. There have ^{been} two deaths about which I know.

Epidemics of German measles, mumps have been going around since camp opened. The few doctors here are overtaxed with cases. As yet the hospital

facilities are inadequate but rapidly
taking on the appearance of a well equipped
hospital. This a barrack is being used
for the patients.

The first day I arrived my family and
I were taken to 25-4 which is room for four
in a five room barrack. The rooms are
20' x 20'. There are five of us in this room
and we were given two five cots and five
big tick mattresses. Since then we have
built 2 desks (my bedside and my own), a
head case, a series of shelves for our clothing,
a closet for our suits, coats, etc. Three
benches. The lack of good wood prevents me
from further building at the time. I devoted
my surplus in carpenter work for about two
weeks along with my other activities. Now
I can boast of my accomplishments.

Incidentally, I am very grateful that we landed
in a barrack rather than a horse stall. Perhaps
you already know all about them so I will
will not write further about them. Suffice it to
say the government made a big mistake sending
swallows here before work was completed.

Mr. Lopez, I want you and your staff members to
know that this letter is written to you by one with a
very thankful heart for all you have done for all of us.
Thank you very much for caring for dad's ashes. Truly,
Hilda Matamoros

Barrick 14 Apartment 26
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California

Dr. Veo Loper
First Congregational Church
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Loper,

May I thank you for what you and your church have
done for us in time of our evacuation. You certainly
made us feel you were our friends and fellow citizens.
Your good neighborliness will be rembered as long as we live.
Kindly extend or ~~our~~ good wishes and gratitudes to those
all who worked with you, ministers and members of the
churches in Berkeley.

Hopping to ~~see~~ you tomarrow when you come
to examine George Akin and Mas Wakai,

Sincerely yours,

Norio Ozaki

*Norio Ozaki was an ordained clergyman. See The Pacific Mar 18942 for
10 suggestions for the Christian church to help the evacuees.*

Japanese Evacuation --

H. Katayama -- notation in safe --

ashes of father and the twin daughters
left with Dr. Loper at evacuation time,
sent to Chapel of the Chimes until
evacuees return, or until further
decision is made by family (now at Topaz, Utah)

10/30/42

Dear Mr. Loper: 9/26/43.

We are leaving for Topaz,
Utah this evening at 5 p.m.

Please expect a lengthy letter
after I'm settled.

However, in this hasty manner
I wish to express my gratitude and
thanks for all you have done for me and
my people. Tho' it is good bye for some
time, we can never be isolated in Christ.

Please extend our thanks to your congregation
for all they have done to extend the hand of friendship. H. Katayama

CHAPEL OF THE CHIMES

CALIFORNIA CREMATORIUM, 4499 Piedmont Ave., Oakland, Calif.

October 31, 1942

193

Record

Received the incinerate remains of
~~XXXXXX~~

Taraji Katayama, Taiko Katayama, Baby Katayama

to

CALIFORNIA CREMATORIUM

LAWRENCE F. MOORE, MGR.

Signed

First Cong. Church,
Berkeley,
California.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a receipt for the cremated
remains of the following:

Taraji Katayama
Taiko Katayama
Baby Katayama

Sincerely yours,

CHAPEL OF THE CHIMES

J. Blanton

CALIFORNIA CREMATORIUM

ALFRED J. ANDERSON PRESIDENT
JUDGE LINCOLN S. CHURCH . . VICE-PRESIDENT
CHARLES WADE PANGBURN TREASURER
LAWRENCE F. MOORE SECRETARY-MANAGER

Topaz Relocation Center
34 - 6 - A
Topaz, Utah.
Nov. 18, 1942.

Dear Dr. Loper,

Thank you very kindly for your nice letter. I was not able to answer your letter sooner for we were in the process of moving from one camp to the other.

Yes, we had snow again and it was very beautiful to see everything so white and clean. It was too bad that we had no trees in between the barracks, but it was the first time that many of us actually saw snow fall and actually pack on the ground.

I will be disappointing in regards to your inquiry about Mr. Clarence Gillett, for I really do not know where he is or what he is doing. The last I heard was that he was at Iowa at a convention of Congregational Young People to discuss about the Resettlement of the Japanese after the War. That is about all that I know. I'm sure Mr. Galen Fisher, who went to the same convention, would be able to give you more information about him.

Yes, we were very happy to see Mr. Fisher when he visited Topaz. He had a very busy time during his brief stay here since he has so many friends here.

My wife and I hope to move to Jerome Relocation Center in the near future since there are too many ministers at this Center (14 Protestant ministers here) and there are fewer of them at Arkansas. But we think that we will be here for at least a month or so.

Thanking you again for your friendly letter.

Sincerely yours,

George Aki

Geo. Aki was senior at PSR when evacuated. He and Mas Wakai were ordained at Tanforan.

CALIFORNIA WELCOMES THE NISEI

3-29-45
To Mr. John R. Scaife
287-44 Ave.
N.Y. 10

Did I say "California"? I hasten to add that I am referring only to the University of California at Berkeley. The story would be different if I were to describe the situation in many rural areas where a complexity of factors have led to the only scenes of violence associated with the return of the Japanese to this State. I should, if my picture seems too rosy, frankly admit that several Nisei have told me that Berkeley is considered a bright spot by the second generation Japanese.

On that night when the San Francisco area first heard the shriek of air warning signals and the lights went out around the Bay, there were 500 Nisei among the 18,000 students on the Berkeley campus. They tarried with us for some months and then were sent to evacuation camps. Now they can enter Sather Gate to the "Cal" campus once more. Only 21 have returned. I asked several of them what they wished me to say on their behalf to the Congregationalists of the United States. The answer ^{has} always been something like this, "Tell them everyone has been very kind to us and we are very grateful".

The students of the University of California reached many second generation Japanese young people while they were still at the Topaz Evacuation Center. Eight students, representing the Christian Associations on the campus, went to Utah. They did not urge the Nisei to return and, frankly, cautioned them as to difficulties which they might expect. They stated the conviction shared by most groups working for the welfare of the Americans of Japanese ancestry that a happy adjustment both for the individual and the group might best be made if the Nisei were widely dispersed over the country. But the Nisei were assured that those desiring to enroll at the University would find a ~~cordial~~ welcome if they came to Berkeley. The student delegation was armed with official information to answer all questions about necessary procedure for entrance into the University. In cordial friendship, these Christian students ministered to their fellow American behind the barbed wire.

While the Christian Associations have taken the lead in welcoming the Nisei, the University in all of its departments has been gracious. The Associated Students of the University, the agency of the student body, felt its way carefully at the ^{first} beginning by

projecting one of their customary polls to test student sentiment. A group of 523 California men and women, representing a cross section of the student body, including service men and returned veterans were interviewed. A number of questions were asked. 65.7 per cent of the students said that they would welcome returning Nisei as fully participating members of the groups or would actively aid in their campus orientation. Only 8 per cent said that they would do nothing to aid the campus orientation of the Nisei. 3 per cent were willing to join a group in actively opposing the return of the Nisei to the campus.

President Robert Gordon Sproul of the University set the pace for official University procedure with a statement which included these words - "Persons of Japanese ancestry who have been cleared by the War Department ... and who return to California either to resume or begin studies at the University will not be treated differently from other former students or applicants for admission. They will be received by the faculty and student body...in a friendly and cooperative manner...for they will have been certified to have proven themselves free from any blemish of disloyalty even under stress of most discriminatory treatment".

The Associated Students prepared for the return of the Nisei by a resolution which stated on behalf of the student body that "The University of California reasserts its belief in the principle of judging the individual by his merit and its opposition to the doctrine of racism. It extends to relocated students planning to attend this University its assurance of welcome admission to membership in our student body."

The Daily Californian, the student publication, has actively supported the policy in which faculty and students are unified. No ^{attempt} effort has been made to lionize the returning Nisei. They have not been entertained as a group by any campus organization. The effort has been made to receive them as normal students and to encourage them to participate in campus organizations of every type. ~~They have made a beginning of student activity~~ (especially in the Christian Associations. Most of them are ^{of} Protestant Christian background. One is a Roman Catholic and one is a ~~Buddhist~~ Buddhist. Campus churches are actively seeking their participation in church programs, as Protestantism is on record as frowning on the re-establishment of Japanese ancestry churches.

A major difficulty has been encountered in the housing of these students. This is to be expected in ^Awar time University city where students frequently go from door to door seeking rooms in which to stay. Arrangements were consummated for most of the men to be housed in student cooperative houses, where they are readily adjusting themselves to the University situation. The women for the most part have had to go into homes, where they work for their board and room. Women's cooperative houses have long waiting lists. This has meant that the girls have been isolated to some degree and many have been desperately lonesome. They have been discouraged from meeting as a group and their adjustment to the situation is difficult as they shift ^{ed} as rapidly from life in an evacuation camp in intimate contact with their families to scattered residence frequently remote from the campus of a University too large to be friendly in any ^{real} intimate sense of the term.

They will solve their problems, however, and are receiving friendly aid on every hand. The Berkeley Inter-racial Commission has been most helpful to them. They organized the effort to see that Nisei were met at the train when they returned to Berkeley. They secured ^{homes} houses in which they received gracious hospitality until they could find permanent residences. They have stood ready to meet their every need.

I have tried to discover any unpleasantness in the reception of the Nisei, both by talking to ~~them~~ and especially to those who would be most sensitive to any indignity which they might suffer. I have discovered only two slight rebuffs both of which occurred in the community and not at the University. These incidents are to be placed against a host of kindnesses for which the Nisei express the profoundest gratitude. As a matter of fact one Nisei graduate of the University spent several days in the Bay Area as a "human guinea pig" to see what reception would be accorded him and he deliberately sought contact with as many people in as many different situations as possible. One slightly "happy" sailer boisterously greeted him -- "Hey, Chang Kai Shek" but he encountered no unkindness. Whether this ^{Pleasant} happy reception in the Metropolitan area will continue as larger numbers return is a question which few would presume to be able to answer, but no doubt exists on the Campus of the University of California that the cordial welcome which has been extended to the first twenty-one Nisei to enroll at Berkeley has set a pattern which will not be broken.

Jan Barker Matthews
Answered 11/17/78

438 Merida Drive
Santa Barbara, Ca. 93111

May 29th

Dear Shirley,

I feel very badly not to have answered your letter sooner and am now shocked to realize how close this is to your deadline. I wanted to check with my long-time Nisei friend, Tomi Harano Sollen, most of all, and Tomi and her husband were off for awhile on a trip through Mexico. Let me give you what Tomi told me and what I remember hearing from other people or reading about the evacuation. I hope its not too late to be of some help to you.

First, I wasnt in Chicago at the time of the evacuation; I was already working in Wash. DC for the Office for Emergency Management, the holding company for all the main war agencies like OPA, WPB, OCD, LLA, etc. apart from the military agencies themselves. I did know a number of Nisei friends in Berkeley; I knew Tomi Harano and her sister Sumaye in 4th-9th grades and then again in college where we were all in the University YWCA. I knew a number of boys in Stiles Hall too as well as other Nisei girls- I knew Haruko Nakata best but have lost track of her. Hime Tsuchida and her husband Eiichi still live in Berkeley where Eiichi is an optometrist- Hime was office secty for the YW after the war when I worked for the YW. Hime by sheer coincidence was born in Japan while her mother was making a trip to visit her family and hence had alien status all during the war and until a special hardship bill for her was passed through Congress. Hime is fairly bitter about the evacuation and as an alien, by fluke, has reason to feel some special resentment in the somewhat differentiated treatment aliens received. Most aliens were, of course, Isei parents born in Japan and I supposed not many were Hime's (or my) age. I know Hime does not like to talk about evacuation days, and I only broached this topic with Tomi because she's right here in Santa Barbara and I could ask her pretty directly since we have a good many other contacts. I have never known any Nisei who did not resent the evacuation and feel it was unfair and unwarranted and for many persons a considerable personal and family tragedy. I do not think the Japanese agreed that the government knew best in ordering the evacuation. I personally believe, and every Nisei friend I have known, believes it was a tragic and unnecessary dislocation of the lives of many many people. If any of them felt it was protective, I have not met them or read their statements. Tomi feels certain they would not be submissive now. She said the older Nisei felt reticent about fighting, the Japanese American Citizens League was afraid to fight and hoped Japanese people could prove their loyalty by being cooperative. I remember Leila Anderson who was the International-Interracial staff member for the YW at the time being so sorry about all the losses suffered by Nisei families suddenly uprooted. Only those families who had good, solid, loyal Caucasian friends able to help were able to save very much of anything- no time to sell homes, property, businesses, no place to store household goods, treasures, furniture, etc. It was a disaster for many; some never recovered emotionally or financially; some were able to start again later and rebuild their lives; many never returned to the West Coast.

Tomi feels no Japanese agreed with the relocation necessity promoted by the government. She said the heaviest discrimination came in the central valley where the farmers were in economic competition with Caucasian farmers. It is here where most reports of harassment by the FBI came from. I don't know what to say about Berkeley except that Caucasians who knew Nisei helped their friends by storing and shipping things, people with business ability helped their Nisei friends by trying to get more deserving values from the sale of property and businesses. Mrs. Robert Vickery who still lives in Berkeley and was on the YW Board then and active in St Marks Episcopal church might remember more of what went on along these lines. I'm sure Leila Anderson would remember, but she is retired and living in Macon, Georgia now. Many of the people on the Y Board who could have given you information are no longer living; Bill Davis of Stiles Hall could have, too, but he died a year ago January. I don't know if Harry or Ruth Kingman are in Berkeley now; if so, they would know. I don't think an awful lot of Berkeley church people knew many Nisei though I'm sure they tried to help ease the pain through their churches. The Quakers helped too and I seem to remember Leila saying in her gentle way that this was one time she thought they were trying to take all the credit, not their usual way of working.

You might be interested in Tomi's story. Tomi was at UCB in her Senior year and married to Tom Shibutani, another Nisei. After Pearl Harbor a lot of Nisei didn't register and come back Spring semester. Tom and Tomi did but then were pulled out before the end and before graduation. UCB did what I consider a fair and generous thing and granted those Nisei students registered in the Spring of '42 their AB degrees even though they were not allowed-- no exceptions-- to stay and finish classes and take their finals. Tomi and Tom didn't have a lot of things of their own; Tomi's family who lived on Dwight Way below Fulton stored some in the basement of the house and some they rented with the owner, some they were able to send to camp and a lot they gave away. Tomi says some things eventually reached Neb where her brothers ended up. Berkeley Nisei registered at 1st Congl and were sent to Hanford horse stables in San Bruno and then to Topaz Utah. Tom's parents, her sister and husband ended up in Topaz. Dorot by Thomas from UCB-- a statistician and demographer, started a study at Tule Lake (NE of Klamath Falls) and asked for Tom Shibutani, a promising sociologist, to help with this study. This is how Tom and Tomi went to Tule Lake from May '42 to Apr '43 instead of being sent to Topaz. Frank Miyamoto from Seattle was also sent to Tule Lake by special permission to work of the study. Bob Billigmeier, a UC grad student who now teaches Soc at UCSB and is parttime on Educ Abroad joined as did the Jacobys, now at UOP, then at U of Pa in Sociology. The study concerned rumors before the evacuation and the beginnings of the Tule Lake camp, the second camp set up after Manzanar on E side of Sierra to which many in LA area were sent later if Japanese would not sign a loyalty oath, they were sent to Tule Lake. One of Tomi's brothers from Stockton was sent to an Ark. Camp; another from Hanford to Jerome Ark. camp. Altogether there were 2 in Calif; 2 in Ariz, 2 in Ark, 1 Utah, 1 Idaho, 1 Colorado.

You had to have a job outside of the evacuation area in order to get out of camp. Tom got a job in Chicago studying resettlement of Japanese there and so they lived there until he was drafted in 1944. They returned after the war and Tom got his Phd and has become an eminent sociologist. We have his book "Improvised News", a sociological study of rumor. Tom describes the study as beginning with records of rumors among the bewildered Japanese in the SFBay area who suddenly found themselves suspected of being enemy agents, and goes on from there. I've just located it-(we're having all kinds of painting and papering done and whole walls of bookshelves are emptied and stored temporarily in cartons) Tomi and Tom were divorced a few years ago, and Tomi has remarried but still living in SB

As far as Tomi can remember, there should be a lot of Material on the evacuation and relocation at UC, Bancroft Library, possibly in a special place. Particularly should be all this Tule Lake material. She said Barnhart has written 2 books, and Dorothy Thomas, Prof Tembroek, Floyd Matson, and Morton Godzin 3 others. From a sociological standpoint, may not be too good books, but a lot of material.

Tomi also remembers the Quakers helped Nisei resettle, find places and jobs. She also added that Tule Lake received N. from E. Oregon, Wash, N. Sacramento, and all who wouldn't sign loyalty oaths.

We have another interesting book which turned up in the search for Tom's-"Wear it Proudly" by Richi Tsudchidas brother Will-who received the combat Infantryman's badge although a medical aid man with the 71st inf in Europe- these are letters home as it says "reveal the feelings of a Japanese American who is homesick without a home and who is fighting for his country without knowing what wartime relocation may do to him or to his family?" Prof MacKenzie or UCB urged him to have them printed.

One other thing, Tomi said Nisei could drive to Denver just before evacuation and one her friends, Nole Higashi did this and worked on a sugar beet farm, a fairly grim time of it.

About your other questions- any Nisei friends I had also had other Caucasian friends in Berkeley closer to help. The Natl Student YWCA asked me to travel to colleges and universities up and down the East Coast to tell about Japanese Americans and the disagreement many people felt about the wisdom of evacuation not to mention the fairness. My supervisor in Wash was very sympathetic, but none of us could easily be granted leave- they wanted me to be gone 2 weeks and I'd only been working less than 6 mos. so couldn't go. The whole student Christian movement was very interested in the problem and had had a national conference in Dec '42 the week after Xmas and just after Pearl Harbor, and everyone worried about what was going to happen. Interestingly enough Hawaii escaped this hysteria. I wish I could have gone and met with a lot of students from a lot of colleges far removed from the West Coast, but all I can say is there was a lot of interest and concern at the age level of college students and particularly in politically more "liberal" segments of the adult population whom I ran up against. I also had some really frightening documents about location of Japanese farms and power plants, water supplies, etc in the big Valley and conclusion that

*Spent
4 weeks
strongly
encourage to
pay for this
trip)*

Don't know
what happened
to these
documents
(WAPRELOCATION
AUTHORITY)

a gigantic conspiracy existed to wreck up the West Coast- a lot of fairly paranoid sounding conclusions. Did you see the photograph exhibit of Japanese Americans that was at the De Young Museum last year I think- I did on one trip north and it was a very saddening and moving exhibit of children and tired old people waiting for an unknown fate, existing in God-forsaken tar paper camps, etc. I also had that book but cant turn it up I did see Tomi and Tom during the war when they came through Wash DC and have kept in touch then and now mostly through mutual YWCA friends (and YMCA). I also wondered if you saw the SF Chronicle article about the Japanese family who had taken care of the Japanese garden in Golden Gate Park and made their home there and run the tea house coming back for some special commemoration- the mldest family member now living came from Oregon where he had moved- a sad story about being thrown out of the park job where family had lived and worked for years and years- whatever the honor was, coming many years past any meaning sounded pretty hollow. It was one of the sad glimpses of the changes wrought by the evacuation on many many fine loyal Japanese American families.

Oh, Shit! the typing is terrible, the information is disorganized, and worst of all its LATE. I could have done so much better by phone if it werent so costly. I am so sorry we wont be able to come to the reunion and celebration because of the timing. We have Georges first nephew getting married in Portland this weekend and in two weeks have to drive up to Davis to collect Janie and all her years accumulation. I need to make a trip up but I just cant come the weekend of the 9th much to my sorrow. I'll be thinking of all of you and hoping many many old friends get together. Do stop by if you are ever on your way through Santa Barbara and have time to say hello, have a bite to eat, etc. Judy and Jim can tell you how to find us.

Best wishes,
Jean Matthaei

Bombs have not yet fallen on San Diego, but the war has touched us just the same. It is not only that half of San Diego works for Consolidated Aircraft and the other half for the navy, or that a good many of the children who use our library have fathers who were on Wake or Bataan. On April 7th, four months to the day from Pearl Harbor, our 2500 Japanese residents were evacuated.

In fourteen years of children's library work in one community, you make close friendships, and watch seven-year-old boys grow up to twenty-one and five-year-old girls become nineteen, and you take an undeserved personal pride in their strength and youth and courage. December 7th was a blow to everyone, but to the young Japanese-Americans "it was as if the world fell about our ears". A Japanese missionary who had travelled to Tijuana and Ensenada for years to conduct Sunday school classes was arrested as she tried to cross the border on her way home. Fishermen returning to port were arrested as they stepped ashore and told the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor. An old man who had suffered a stroke the Friday before was refused a bed in a rest home; as an alien, his bank account was frozen, and the rest home was afraid it would not be paid. Suddenly Japanese restaurants and stores were empty of customers, vegetable markets were deserted, gardeners were told that their services were no longer needed, a fruit market was stormed and wrecked by hoodlums.

There were instances of friendship too. On December 8th at the Grantville School a Mexican girl named Juliette Buelna chose an assistant to help in the salute to the flag - Ayako Yamada. She said later that she had done it on purpose because the war was not Ayako's fault. The Chinese children however broke out in a rash of buttons and printed signs which dangled ostentaciously from their shoulders reading, "I am Chinese".

The Japanese mothers spent the next few days after Pearl Harbor in tears, replying to anyone who expressed sympathy, "We are so sorry, we are so sorry!" They formed Red Cross classes and contributed far more than they could afford to the Red Cross war chest, because that seemed the only way they could make amends and ease a little their deep humiliation. Day after day more and more fathers were arrested by the F.B.I. and sent east within forty-eight hours, so that there was hardly time for a hurried shopping expedition for warm sweaters and woolen socks against the Montana cold. (Arrests so far as I have been able to discover were systematic and thorough, and included everyone who had knowledge of the waterfront and coastline or who had made regular trips to Japan or had been a member of a Japanese society. Although they were swift, they were also just.) Meanwhile the young Japanese Americans collected money for the destitute families, acted as interpreters for the F.B.I. and the immigration authorities, and helped in the alien registration, meanwhile assuring their frightened elders that this is America and not Germany, and they could expect fair treatment. That some of their elders were not reassured or comforted was shown in the suicides - after all they had lived through the Japanese Exclusion Act and saw ahead of them only suspicion, distrust, discrimination.

The children continued to come to the library, some of the older girls more than ever because they were kept at home evenings for fear they might be humiliated or harmed on the streets at night, and they had nothing to do but read. Our library is close to the Oriental district, and could be reached without passing through ~~dangerous~~ ^{unfriendly} territory. Little Jack Watanabe, always full of merriment, now became solemn, and some of the other young children came to the library only in groups as if there were greater safety in numbers. One woman who had two daughters, one in college in Berkeley, was sick with worry because she could not get any word from ^{the one} ~~her-ether-daughter~~ who worked for a Japanese bank in New York City. The reason was understandable: the mother could read ^{and write} only Japanese, so all letters between the two had been held up until they could be read by an interpreter and shown to be harmless. Margaret Arakawa told us that she meant to stop college in February. Her father who had sold supplies to fishermen had had no business since December, but she hoped that if she could get a job, a younger brother and sister could finish their senior year in high school. Were there any jobs in the library? Yes, she thought her ^{brother} ~~her~~ and sister might once have wished to go to college, but it would do them no good now. Perhaps some day she could finish her college course.

As the implications of the war became clearer, a large number of the members of the Japanese American Citizen's League began to ask for evacuation - by families, not just evacuation of aliens. (First generation Japanese are all aliens, second and third generation all citizens by right of birth.) Scouts were sent east to find good farm land, perhaps land where no one had worked hard enough to develop it or to transport water to it, but land where by hard work they could

be self-supporting. (Colorado was at first friendly, but soon announced it had absorbed all the Japanese it could. Utah remembering its Mormon days was sympathetic, even Arizona seemed a possibility, but in Nevada every Japanese attempting to cross the state was clapped into jail, delayed on his quest, and finally released with stern warnings never to return.) The San Diego group had magnificent plans for a cooperative, absolutely self-supporting, asking nothing of the government or as little as possible, asking only to be allowed to rent land. The young men sat up nights, talking and talking, arguing, dreaming, planning. Then came the curfew law and the scouts rushed home so that they would not be separated from their families and friends when the law became effective. They had found no land.

defenders of civil liberties
A small number of Japanese were urged by college professors to stand on their constitutional rights, to protest being forced into concentration camps. General DeWitt's reply that "MacArthur and his men were not standing on their constitutional rights", that the country's security depended on their cooperation, that this was the sacrifice America asked of them - to give up their liberty for the duration, this reply swept this group off their feet, united them all behind the evacuation policy. They settled down to wait, and to settle their affairs so that they would be ready. One boy told of selling his furniture for far less than it was worth, saying gayly, "I couldn't sell it for a song and a dance, so I thought I might as well sell it for a song." Another said, "It wouldn't be so bad if Americans bought our things for a fraction of their worth, if only they didn't act as if they were doing us such a favor!" Even that was not said in a tone of complaint, but in cool commentary

on the way of human beings behave. Indeed I have not discovered in any American-born Japanese, and they are the ones I know, any tendency to blame anyone - not even the government officials who have given them wrong information or no information at all, or the ones who advised them to keep their cards because they would be useful in evacuation. They recognize that the war is big, and evacuation only one of the problems that confront the government, and some bungling inevitable. They believe in America and they believe in democracy, and they intend to prove their loyalty to the doubters.

Fusa Tsumagari came in to the library one day to offer me her dolls, because she knew I had a doll collection. I remembered the year she had spent in Japan a long time ago, and how thankfully she had returned to the United States again, but I knew too that her dolls were rare treasures, brought out annually for the Doll Festival. It was a joy to see her relief when I told her I did not want her dolls but I would keep them for her until she came back or sent for them. Her boxes were only the beginning of a collection of miscellaneous objects that I am storing for friends, including six fantail goldfish!

The last few days before evacuation the children came in one by one to return their books and surrender their library cards. Jack Watanabe said, "Well, I guess we're moving pretty soon." "We'll miss you. What will we ever do without you?" I asked. "We've got to," he explained ~~quite~~ patiently, "because there's a war on, you know." Katherine Tasaki put it almost the same way, "We're moving - all Japs, you know." To every one we gave ^{child} a ^{stamped} postal card already stamped, and said ~~to us~~ to them, "Write to us. We'll want to know where you are and how you are getting along. And we'll send

you some books to read."

"O K", they answered, with a brief brightening of sober little faces, or, "Oh boy!" It is my review copies that I mean to send them, to tide them over until some kind of library service can be established for them. There are no children anywhere who love to read so much and who will miss books so ^{keenly} deeply if they are deprived of them.

On Tuesday, April 7th, all the Japanese were ordered to be at the station ^{at 5:30 PM} with such baggage as they could carry themselves. I went down to say goodbye and to distribute more postal cards to children I had missed at the library. The station was packed, the platform overflowing. Many of the families had been there since 3:00 or earlier, but there was no confusion, not a baby cried, not a child whined, not a voice was lifted in anger or complaint. An American woman who had brought her two children down to see the crowd said to me, "They all look happy, as if they didn't mind a bit." That was true if you didn't look below the surface or probe too deep. The Japanese do not dramatize emotion. But grief was there, not less genuine because it was hidden. It was home they were leaving, and while the young people in their boots and plaid shirts and dungarees pretended that going to Manzanar was a great adventure, it is not easy to surrender one's liberty. The soldiers, who seemed to have been chosen for their height, towered above the crowd and while their authority was courteous and considerate, it was there just the same. The general attitude was what is expressed in the Japanese word "Sayonara", which ^{one} Lindbergh says "of all the goodbyes I have heard is the most beautiful... Sayonara says neither too much nor too little. It is a simple acceptance of fact. All understanding of life lies in its limits. All emotion, smoldering, is banked up behind it." Literally translated it means "Since it must be so".

My favorite story however is about five-year-old Sandra, whose father is in command of a bombing squadron somewhere in the Pacific. When her father first left to "fight the Japs", Sandra was disturbed, because the only Japanese she knew were the gardener and his children. She was somewhat reassured to learn that these were not the Japs her father was going to fight, and that he did not expect to drop bombs on women and children anyway. When she learned that her playmates were to move away, she insisted on buying them presents, marbles and a doll, and was invited to have a farewell meal at their house. They brought her home again just before they left for the train, in a car piled high with boxes and luggage, and drove away waving. Sandra sat on the curb, incapable of waving back, weeping inconsolably, and sobbing, "They don't know the evil, and they're my friends."