

63:6 Uchida, Yoshiko, Miscellany

1942-43

Relocation

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

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

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

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

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

"To you"

If only we were back at home
It'd be the Top O' the Mark, no less
For you at last has come of age
And now is wiser than a sage.

But elegant toasts here are nil
Champagne toasts even more still.

But do not fret my dear
your friends have gathered here
And what counts more, here or there
Than a host of friends who really care.

your 21st to celebrate
we're here wishes each to state

May future years be bright & gay
and come real soon a better day!

Kay-

Exodus:

Chin up you sons of OME.

" " + look

For there you'll see
That Christ is watching over us
So guide us thru' this exodus —

For He has strength & He has might

And to be sure He'll help the right

Now pray you sinners

Yes, today — And ask the

Lord for His way.

To Ho

Wom

Billy

Oshima

By.

Billy Oshima

Will Ho

May 1942

EDUCATION AND PUBLICITY

September 17, 1943

Dear Miss Uchida:

It was fine to have you with us and we all miss you. We shall include you now as an alumna of our department. That means that you really will always belong to us. And don't forget that you have a luncheon engagement with me when you come back to the city.

Our file cabinet has taken on a new significance since you placed the lovely greens on it. Thank you for your thought of us.

Mabel M. Shibley
(Head of Dept.)

Dear Yo,

The plants are just like you -- spruce and perky. But although they add greatly to the charm of the office they could never take the place of you. Thanks for your sweet thought.

We miss you very much but envy the chest-fulls of sweet-smelling New England air tinged with the smell of burning leaves, that you must now be enjoying. Take a breath for me.

Good luck, — and write —

Eleanor Balmer
Met Holyoke grad '33
Went to dinner at her house once -
awfully nice girl!

Dear Yoshiko -

The first thing I saw when I came into the office after my southern trip was the two vines you gave us; but it did not take those to make me remember you. Just at present my memory is mixed with very sharp jealousy, for I do love New England at any time, and especially in the fall. If you have never experienced a Berkshire Hills October you have something before you that words cannot describe. Do write to us about all that you are doing.

Ever yours,

Constance Hallock
She used to work in Foreign
Missions -

Dear Yoshi:

This office just isn't the same place without you. We feel lucky to have had you with us for even such a short time as two months. Although we hated to give you up, we're glad you're going to have a year at Smith.

The lovely philodendron plants have transformed that corner of the room. It was sweet of you to remember us in such a nice way. We hope that you'll come down soon to see for yourself how much they add to the office. In the meantime, do let us hear all about your new work.

Affectionately,

Martha Moore
another nice girl - from
No. Carolina

Dear Yoshi:

Seems as though I've known you for more than just a day--ever since you left everybody has been commenting on the wonderful work Yoshi did--and how she kept everybody straight! Hope I can do as grand a job as you have done.

And now, you're up on my "stamping grounds." I'm going to miss driving up through 'Hamp, right by Smith campus, on the way up to the Notch--it's so beautiful--hills splashed with color and the air filled with the tang of burning leaves. You will love it, Yoshi! Lots of luck to you!

Most sincerely,

Jean P. Dawnie
she's the girl who took
my place. lives near Holyoke.

Dear Miss Uchida:

Thank you so much for all you did while I was away. Everything is so much easier to find with your good filing system.

I hope that you will come to see us sometime so that I may meet you. However, I feel as though I know you now as I have heard so much about you from the girls.

Sincerely,

Charlotte Fay
she was sick while I worked there
so I didn't meet her - I did all her
work for her.

Dear Yoshi:

Well, here I am, having the last word and echoing the sentiments of the others on your dear helpfulness all summer and how much our love and good wishes will continue. The plants are lovely, and Miss Downie has promised to care for them. You know without you to check up on me at all sides, I would fear for their life. I am sending you two prints of the picture we took last Friday. It's not too good so if you get a picture that does you more justice, let us have it. I'll remember that you want a picture of the Ed. and Pub. Family and when the rare occasion arrives that we are all together at the same time, I'll take it.

Don't forget to write to us nor to visit us especially when the Gift Shop is in business. Don't let your studies nor the beauties of nature distract you from r-m-n-e.

Sincerely,

Hara Ledingham
main secretary -

We have all kinds of callers and visitors and Papa san had to listen both sides & collect their quarrels. One evening ~~two~~ ^{they} stayed till 11:30 and sometimes they had to raised their voice and stay in bad words. The girls were so disgusted that Yoshi went to ~~sleep~~ ^{bed} saying "I hate camp life" and ~~cried~~ ^{cried} to sleep.

Papa san has so many meetings day and night some nights he goes to shower around 12:00 and yet ~~he~~ can't seem to sleep as he read till late.

You know I grow a wart since the War which is growing. It used to look like a tear drop in my cheek and I used to say it's my tear drop dried but it gets big about a size of grain of wheat now, and gets on family's nerve especially Dads. Some one advised me to go to hospital to take it off, but I have no nerve to bother busy doctors. Isn't it funny. It might go away when peace comes.

peace

This is a letter to share tears and laughter with you.

Mrs. Harpaster of my next door neighbour sent me a box full of lavender and in it a card saying -

Dear Folks

Marian Doran our other side neighbour remembered each one of us with gift and in my lavender soap box I read —

We have a nice neighbour here in T^{ong}ay. Father, Mother big sister 14, big brother 12 small sis 9 small bro 7. After they went to ~~bed~~ small sister who hears lately who marry who and who engaged to who says.

"I am not going to get marry when I get a big." would you Shiga? "No, I won't." Would you Kumi? No, never! Would you Yū? Oh! No! Would you Papa? Yes, I am married to your mama." Oh, no that won't do. You have to bring home young girl from other family!

As Mr. U. is quite popular we were asked again to become a go between and we went to bride's ~~room's~~ home and asked her hands formally and there will be a small party on Jan. 1st. ^{Incidentally} It will be our 26th anniversary Jan. 3rd. This is our second job since we came to the Camps.