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Talks and Invitations: Sherman Public Library / Sherman Public Schools

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article re YU from Sherman, Tx, 1984 Feb. 26

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ACTIVITY PACKET
for
YOSHIKO UCHIDA VISIT

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March 27-31, 1984

Yoshiko Uchida's visit to Sherman is scheduled in conjunction with "Images of Japan: Bridging Time and Space," a series of events sponsored by the Sherman Public Schools, Austin College, and the Friends of the Sherman Public Library. The Texas Committee for the Humanities provided funding.

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Yoshiko Uchida

"Basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes."

Award-winning author Yoshiko Uchida will speak to fifth grade students and their parents in Sherman's elementary schools during the last week in March. Miss Uchida will tell about her experiences as a Japanese American during World War II. She will also describe her development as a writer and will detail the writing and publishing processes.

Yoshiko Uchida graduated with honors from the University of California and received a master's degree from Smith College. A Ford Foundation Fellowship enabled her to study and work in Japan.

Miss Uchida is the author of more than twenty published titles for young people. She has also written numerous short stories, articles, and an adult novel.

Her recently published book, *The Best Bad Thing*, received the coveted Notable Book designation of the American Library Association. *People Magazine* (December 19, 1983) and the *School Library Journal* (December, 1983) both praised her depiction of the Japanese and Japanese-American cultures.

Speaking of her own writing, Yoshiko Uchida said,

"All of my books have been about Japan and its children or about Japanese-Americans because I felt I would make the best contribution in this area. I wanted American children to become familiar with the marvelous Japanese folk tales I had heard in my childhood. I wanted them to read about Japanese children, learning to understand and respect differences in customs and cultures, but realizing also that basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes."

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An Invitation

Students and their parents are cordially invited to meet Yoshiko Uchida at an autograph party in the Sherman Public Library from 4:30 - 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, March 29, 1984. Books written by Miss Uchida will be available for purchase from the Friends of the Sherman Public Library.

Yoshiko Uchida

Yoshiko Uchida (pronounced yoh shee koh oo chee dah) is a prominent Japanese American author who has won many awards for her stories which depict the Japanese culture with understanding, honesty, and accuracy. She strives to give young Japanese Americans a sense of their past and, at the same time, dispel the stereotypic image still held by many non-Asians about the Japanese by writing about them as real people. In addition to her original stories, she is well-known for her adaptations of Japanese folk tales.

Miss Uchida's books have been translated into German and Dutch. She speaks Japanese and French. Her special interests include fine arts and folk craft. She has illustrated some of her books herself.

In her own words, here are some reminiscences of Yoshiko Uchida on her life and her writing:

ALTHOUGH I was born in California, a good bit of Japan was inside of me all along, for this was the country from which my parents came. Father was a businessman in San Francisco, and we lived—my parents, my older sister and I—in a small house with a large yard, in Berkeley. Our house seemed always to be filled with guests. Many of them were lonely, homesick students from Japan, with flat wallets and enormous appetites, who came to be consoled, to speak Japanese, and to eat vast quantities of Mother's Japanese cooking. But it was not just the food. There were other Japanese touches in our home too.

On the third of March, for instance, we always celebrated Dolls Festival Day. All of Mother's tiny Japanese dolls would emerge from her trunk for the occasion and

often friends would come to see them and have a cup of tea. Sometimes Mother would wear her kimono for a party and occasionally she dressed my sister and me in ours for special programs at school. Then, of course, there were all the fascinating stories read to us from the books that came from Japan. Some of these went into my first collection of folk tales which I was to write many years later.

In spite of all this, most of the time I felt like any other American child and lived a life somewhat similar to Susan's in *New Friends for Susan*. I had a hammock strung between a peach and an apricot tree where I liked to sit and write stories on sheets of wrapping paper. I liked, always, to draw. I had a collie who plagued me by running away several times a year. Some days I adored school, and some days I didn't; and sometimes I quarreled with my sister.

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

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

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

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

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

A book of mine, published in 1957, was *The Full Circle*, and curiously, my own life seems to have made a circle too, for I am back once more in California where I am doing a number of things, but enjoying writing most of all.

* * *



"All my books have been about Japan and its children or about Japanese-Americans because I felt I could make the best contribution in this area. I wanted American children to become familiar with the marvelous Japanese folk tales I had heard in my childhood. I wanted them to read about Japanese children, learning to understand and respect differences in customs and culture, but realizing also that basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes.

"I have also written of fathers who were potters or artists or carnation growers or landscape gardeners to develop awareness of life and occupations perhaps not as familiar as the usual father 'who comes home from the office.' I try to make periodic trips to Japan to keep abreast of the vast changes in the country and to reflect these in my books."



An Interview with Yoshiko Uchida



Yoshiko Uchida is the author of several children's stories, one of which is "Uncle Kanda's Black Cat." Yoshiko's answers to the interviewer's questions tell much about her love for people and for writing.

INTERVIEWER Many authors began writing when they were children. Is this true of you?

Ms. UCHIDA Yes. I kept a book of "Important Events in My Life." I also wrote stories on brown wrapping paper, which I made into books. I still have some that I wrote when I was about ten years old.

Why did you decide to write for children?

Well, I really wanted to become a teacher, which I did. I always enjoyed young people. I like their honesty, warmth, and spontaneity. Then one day an artist friend asked me to help him with a picture book he was preparing. It made me interested in writing for children. Some years later I had sold three books and received a Ford Foundation Fellowship to write more. By this time I had pretty well decided that I was going to write for a living.

Did you have any favorite authors or books when you were a child?

No. I really didn't have any one favorite. But I liked mysteries. Oh, yes. I remember that I liked Dr. Doolittle and all of Louisa May Alcott's books.

What about the people in the stories you read as a child?

Did you have a favorite?

I guess I would have to say that my favorites were those from the folk tales of Japan. My mother used to read them to my sister and me. I remember one called

UNCLE KANDA'S BLACK CAT

"The Old Man Who Made the Flowers Bloom." The people in these stories seemed very real to me.

The people in your own stories are interesting as well. Which one do you like best?

That is like asking a mother to choose which child is her favorite.

It sounds as though the people in your stories are very real to you. Are they based on 'real-life people?

Often, yes. When I was a child in Berkeley, California, an old man often came to visit my parents. I was frightened of him until I came to understand that he was lonely and had few friends. I always remembered him. Years later he provided the idea for the lonely old Uncle Kanda. The story about Uncle Kanda and his cat did not really happen. But I hope it describes the feelings of real people.

Are the feelings of real people important in all your stories?

Yes, definitely. I try to deal with relationships between people—the kind that are caring, warm, and giving. I think it is important to show the goodness of human beings. Also, I write about the people of Japan. I like to show that people are different in their cultures but the same in their humanity. What I mean is that even though customs may be different, feelings among people are the same the world over.

Do you have advice for young people who want to write?

Two things. First, read as much as possible—good books, fine books. Expose yourself to good writing. Then, start writing. Write journals, stories, anything. And keep at it. Self-discipline is important. Keep trying. And above all, believe in yourself.

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INTERVIEWER: Many authors began writing when they were children. Is this true for you?

Ms. Uchida: Yes, I kept a book of "important things in my life." I also wrote stories on paper scraps and paper which I made into books. I still have some that I wrote when I was about ten years old.

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UNCLE KANDA'S BLACK CAT

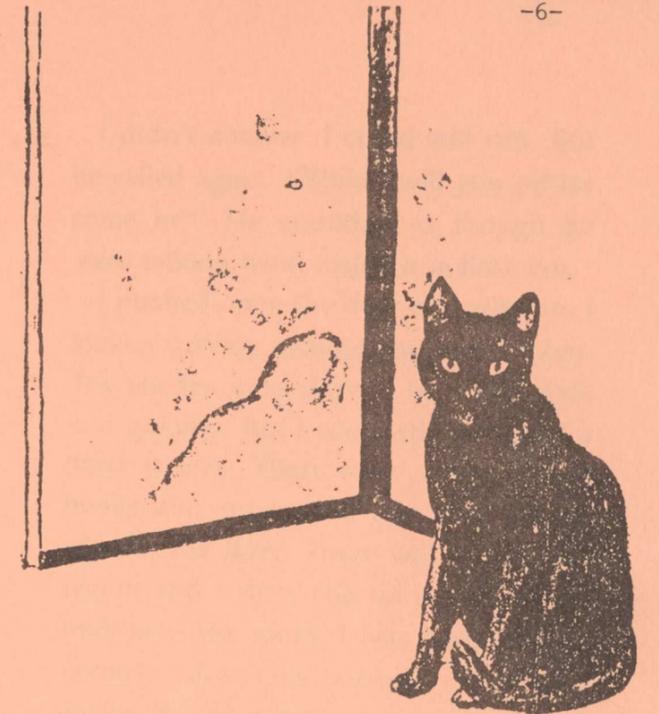
Whenever I see my cat sitting very still, dreaming his quiet cat dreams, I wonder if he is thinking of old Uncle Kanda.

He wasn't really my uncle. He was just a friend of Mama and Papa's. I never talked to Uncle Kanda unless I had to because, like all the other kids, I was sort of scared of him.

He was a tall, bony man who looked as though he had always been old. His face was full of wrinkles, like crumpled up paper. His hair and his shaggy eyebrows were white, and there were milky rims around the pupils of his eyes. I remember that his clothes always seemed worn and wrinkled, as though he'd been wearing them for a long time.

The kids in the neighborhood said he had magic powers and could cast an evil spell on anybody he didn't like. They said he kept lizards and snakes and toads in his room and that he dried them and ground them up to make medicine. Sometimes I wished I could go see his lizards and toads. Maybe he'd give me one for a pet. But on the other hand, I didn't want to risk having him cast an evil spell on me.

The reason I finally did go to see Uncle Kanda one day was because Mama felt sorry for him. She had made a big bowl of vegetables and vinegared rice, which I loved, and she had fixed up a plate for old Uncle Kanda. She made a small mountain of rice on a paper plate and decorated it with strips of egg and dried seaweed and red ginger. Then she wrapped it all in wax paper.



"Will you take some osushi to Uncle Kanda, Rinko?" she asked.

I tried saying, "Why can't Ko take it?" Ko was my little brother and wasn't much use to anybody.

"Because he's too young," Mama answered. "You're older, Rinko. Be a good girl and go, will you?"

And so I went. Uncle Kanda lived a block away from us in a room above an old garage on Carleton Street.

I climbed the creaky steps and reached for the door. As I knocked, a big black shape suddenly leaped from the roof and pounced on me with a yowl. I let out a scream and dropped the osushi. Then I saw that it was only Uncle Kanda's big black cat.

"Scat, you dumb cat!" I said, stamping my foot. I picked up what I could of the osushi and piled it back on the plate. It had a little dirt mixed in with it now, but I explained it was all the cat's fault.

Uncle Kanda sort of smiled then and said a little bit of dirt wouldn't hurt him.



Another time, when Mama made a cake for her Ladies Aid meeting, she cut a big slice and asked me to take it to Uncle Kanda.

"Aw, Mama . . ."

"Please," Mama said. "You know how lonely he is."

I didn't know anything about being lonely. How could anybody be lonely? There were millions and zillions of people in the world. And millions and zillions of books to read. There were hills to climb and movies to see and stores to go to. What was the matter with Uncle Kanda that he was always lonely?

I carried my thoughts with me as I ran to Carleton Street. Maybe, I thought, I'd just knock and leave the cake by his door and run. Then I wouldn't have to talk to him. But today the front door was slightly open. This was strange because Uncle Kanda always kept it locked. His black cat sat guarding the door, looking just like one of those great lions that guard the temple gates in Japan. I glared at the cat, and it glared right back at me. Now I couldn't put the cake by the door because the cat would eat it up.

I knocked on the door, but didn't hear the shuffling of Uncle Kanda's slippers. I was wondering what to do when he called out. "Rinko, is that you?"

I didn't answer. I could still run. But he called again. "Rinko, will you please come in?" He sounded as though he were talking from inside a hollow box.

I pushed open the door and went in. I looked quickly around the small room. The shades were drawn, so it was dark and gloomy. But I could still see what a mess it was. There were stacks of old books and magazines and newspapers all over the floor. There was a gray coffee-pot and a dirty cup on a table in the middle of the room. I was disappointed because I didn't see one toad or lizard or snake. But on a bookcase, I saw a faded photograph of a Japanese lady in a kimono. I was wondering who she was, when Uncle Kanda called me again.

There was a screen in the far corner of the room, facing a small sink and stove. Behind the screen Uncle Kanda was lying in bed, all wrapped up in an old patchwork quilt. He didn't look as though he could cast an evil spell on anybody. He just looked tired and pale and old.

"Rinko," he said quietly. "Go home quickly. Ask your mama to call Dr. Yamata for me."

I knew then that Uncle Kanda was really sick. I forgot I was still holding Mama's cake, and I ran all the way home with it. The funny thing was that Uncle Kanda's black cat came with me, as though he had to make sure I'd do as I was told. After Mama called the doctor, I gave the cat some milk and cold toast. He ate as though he hadn't eaten in weeks.

Dr. Yamata fixed Uncle Kanda up with some medicine. It turned out that his heart wasn't in such good shape. But that wasn't all. Dr. Yamata was just as worried about Uncle Kanda's stomach.

"He just isn't getting enough to eat," the doctor said.

Mama was shocked. "Oh, poor Mr. Kanda," she said. "We'll see that he gets some proper food."

After that, she and Papa went to the corner grocery and bought a bag full of food. They filled Uncle Kanda's cupboard. Then they both spent hours cleaning his room.

When Uncle Kanda got stronger, I was the one who went over almost every day. I took whatever Mama fixed.

Now that I knew Uncle Kanda was just a plain human being who didn't grind up dried lizards and toads, I even began to like him a little bit.

"Stay a while, Rinko," he'd say. "Tell me what you've been doing."

Then I'd tell him about being in the school play, or about how I hated practicing the piano. I even told him about the new dress I got for my birthday.

"Will you wear it for me one day?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered. I was surprised that he was even interested in dresses.

He kept me talking all the time he ate. I could see how it would be more fun than eating all alone, so I stayed until he was finished.





One day I asked him about the lady in the photograph. "Who is she anyway?" I wondered.

Uncle Kanda put down his chopsticks and looked over at the photograph, as though he hadn't seen it there every single day of his life.

"That lady? Why she came over from Japan to marry me."

I was so surprised, I just sat there with my mouth open. It never occurred to me that anyone would even think of marrying Uncle Kanda.

"When was that?" I asked at last.

"A long, long time ago. When I was young and strong. When I used to work for sixteen hours a day, picking fruit in the valleys. When I steamed up to Alaska in the summer to work in the canneries. When I used to wash windows and floors for the rich people who lived up in the Oakland hills."

It was hard to think of Uncle Kanda as a young man.

"And so she came from Japan and married you?"

Uncle Kanda grew very still, as though his body and soul had drifted back to that time long ago.

"No," he whispered. "She died of influenza one month after she arrived, before we could be married."

I felt a shiver go down my back. It was as though the ghost of the lady had suddenly drifted into the room to tell Uncle Kanda how sorry she was that she'd not been able to marry him.

With a small cry, Uncle Kanda's cat suddenly leaped into my lap. I stroked his silky black body and rubbed under his chin and heard him begin to purr.

"Issa likes you," Uncle Kanda said. "He doesn't like most people."

"I know," I said.

It had taken Issa a long time to get to like me. As I rubbed the cat's soft chin, I suddenly began to like him back. I had never had much use for cats until then.

One afternoon not long after that, when I took over some meatloaf for Uncle Kanda, he didn't answer the door. It was locked from the inside, and when I knocked, I didn't hear anything except Issa's mewing on the other side of the door.

Mama looked worried when I came home with the meatloaf. She and Papa went to see what was wrong with Uncle Kanda.

When they came back, they brought Issa with them. I knew something had happened to Uncle Kanda.

"Is he sick again?" I asked.

Mama shook her head. "No, Rinko. Old Uncle Kanda has died."

"But you mustn't feel too sad," Papa said. "We found a letter for you."

Papa handed me a long thin envelope with my name on it. The writing was shaky, like a very old man's handwriting would be. The letter inside was short.

"Dear good friend Rinko," it said. "I want to give you the one thing I love most, my faithful cat Issa. Please be good to him. Uncle Kanda."

So now Issa is my black cat. And when I see him sitting very still, dreaming his own small dreams, I think maybe he is remembering old Uncle Kanda. Then I remember him, too, and wish he were still there at the top of those creaky, old steps, waiting for me to come to see him again.

Yoshiko Uchida

Check Point

1. At the beginning of the story, why didn't Rinko and the other children ever talk to Uncle Kanda?
2. Did Rinko want to take the oshushi to Uncle Kanda? What was her reason?
3. Why did Rinko begin spending more time with Uncle Kanda?
4. How did Rinko's feelings about Uncle Kanda change between the beginning and the end of the story?

Cats can see well in the dark,
but they are color-blind. Cats
see only shades of gray.





This story is taken from The Magic Listening Cap, folktales from Japan retold and illustrated by Yoshiko Uchida. It is a Junior Great Books selection.

The Terrible Leak

One rainy night, long, long ago, a small boy sat with his grandmother and grandfather around a charcoal brazier. Warming their hands over the glowing coals, they told stories and talked of many things. Outside, the wind blew and the rain splattered on the thatched roof of the cottage.

The old man looked up at the ceiling saying, "I surely hope we don't have a leak. Nothing would be so terrible as to have to put up a new thatched roof now when we are so busy in the fields."

The little boy listened to the lonely wail of the wind as it whipped through the bamboo grove. He shivered, and turned to look at his grandfather's face. It was calm and smiling and unafraid.

"Ojii-san," the little boy said suddenly. "Is there anything you're afraid of?"

The old man laughed. "Why, of course, lad," he said. "There are many things a man fears in life."

"Well then," said the little boy, "what are you *most* afraid of in all the world?"

The old man rubbed his bald head, and thought for a moment as he puffed on his pipe.

"Let me see," he said. "Among human beings, I think I fear a thief the most."

Now, at the very moment the old man was saying this, a thief had climbed onto the roof of the cowshed, hoping to steal one of the cows. He happened to hear what the old man said, and he thrust out his chest proudly.

"So!" he thought to himself. "I am the very thing the old man fears most in all the world!" And he laughed to think how frightened the old man and woman would be if they only knew a thief was in their yard this very minute.

"Ojii-san," the little boy went on. "Of all the animals in the world, which one are you most afraid of?"

Again, the old man thought for a moment, and then he said, "Of all the animals, I think I fear the wolf the most."

Just as the old man said this, a wolf was prowling around the cowshed, for he had come to see if there were some chickens he might steal. When he heard what the old man said, he laughed to himself. "Ah-ha!" he said.

"So I am the animal the old man fears the most," and wiggling his nose, he sniffed haughtily.

But inside the house, the little boy went on. "Ojii-san," he said, "even more than a thief or a wolf, what are you the most, most, *most* afraid of?"

The old man sat thinking for a long while, and thoughts of ogres and demons and terrible dragons filled the little boy's head. But the old man was listening to the rain as it splashed and trickled in rivulets of water around the house. He thought again how terrible it would be to have a leak in his roof. He turned to the boy and said, "Well, the one thing I fear most of all right now is a leak! And I'm afraid one may come along any minute!"

Now when the thief and the wolf heard this, they didn't know the old man was talking about a leak in the roof.

"A leak," thought the thief. "What kind of terrible animal could that be? If the old man fears it more than a thief or a wolf, it must be a fearsome thing!"

Down below, the wolf thought the same thing. "A leak must be a dreadful creature if the old man fears it more than me or a thief," he thought. And he peered into the darkness, wondering if a leak might not spring out of the forest, for the old man had said one might come at any moment.

Up on the roof of the cowshed, the thief got so excited he slipped and tumbled down into the darkness. But in-

stead of falling to the ground, he fell right on the back of the wolf.

The wolf gave a frightened yelp. From somewhere above him in the dark night, something had leaped on his back and was clutching his neck. "This must be the terrible leak the old man talked about," thought the wolf, and with his tail between his legs, he ran pell-mell into the woods.

Now the thief did not know he had landed on the back of a wolf. He knew he had fallen on the back of something large and cold and full of fur. What's more, it had given a wild yelp and begun to run. The thief was so frightened he couldn't even call for help. Instead, he clung to the neck of this creature that seemed to be flying through the night into the forest.

"I must be on the back of the terrible leak the old man talked about," he thought fearfully, and closing his eyes tight, he hung on. The harder the thief clung to the wolf's neck, the faster the wolf ran.

As they got deeper and deeper into the forest, branches of trees swung low and scratched the thief's face. Finally, when he felt a big branch sweep past, he caught it and swung himself up into a tree. But the wolf did not know what had happened, and he ran on and on until he came to his cave at the farthest end of the forest. When he

finally stopped, he realized the thing on his back was gone.

"Ah, the leak has dropped off somewhere!" he thought, and he sighed a great sigh of relief.

Early the next morning, the wolf went to see his friend, the tiger.

"Mr. Tiger, Mr. Tiger! What a terrible fright I had last night," he said, panting at the very thought of it. "Do you know what kind of creature a leak is?"

The tiger shook his head. "Why, I don't believe I've ever heard of anything called a leak," he said. "What is it?"

"It is something human beings fear more than anything else in this world," said the wolf. "And do you know, one of those terrible creatures jumped on my back last night? I ran all night through the forest with this leak hanging onto my neck, for it clutched at me and almost choked me to death!"

The tiger grunted sympathetically. "Ah, how terrible that must have been," he said.

The wolf took a deep breath and went on.

"The leak dropped off somewhere after I got into the forest, but I'm sure it must still be here. If we don't capture it, none of us will ever be safe again. Will you help me to find it?"

The tiger nodded. "Certainly, I'll help," he said. "Be-

sides, I'd like to see what a leak looks like. I wonder if it has two heads?"

And so the tiger and the wolf set off to look for the terrible leak. As they prowled through the forest, a monkey sitting in a tree peered through the leaves and saw them below.

"Say, Mr. Tiger! Mr. Wolf!" he called. "Where are you going with such worried frowns on your faces?"

"We are searching for a thing called a leak," they answered. "It is something so terrible that human beings fear it more than a thief or a wolf. It must surely be the most fearsome thing in the whole world, and we cannot live safely in this forest until we capture it."

The monkey listened carefully. "A leak?" he asked. "Why, I've never heard of such a creature. Surely, you must be mistaken."

But the wolf shook his head. "No, no! I am not mistaken, for this very creature clutched at my throat and rode on my back all the way into the forest last night. It dropped off somewhere, and must be hiding near us this very minute!"

Now the monkey had seen the wolf running through the forest the night before, with the thief hanging on to his neck. He suddenly realized that this terrible thing they feared was only a human being, so he said in a loud, bragging voice, "Why, if that is the thing you are search-

ing for, I can tell you where he is. He is sitting on one of the branches of the tree over there. In fact, I shall go and capture him single-handed if you want me to."

The tiger and the wolf looked over at the tree where the monkey pointed. Sure enough, there, on one of the branches, sat a creature looking somewhat like a human being. The tiger growled and bared his long, sharp teeth. The wolf looked up at the sky and howled a long, piercing yowl. The thief heard their cries, and trembling with fear, he fell off the branch and went tumbling into a hole in the trunk of the tree.

As the three animals saw him fall, they ran over to the tree and stood around the hole where the thief was hiding.

"Now, how shall we go about capturing this leak?" they said to one another.

"Whoever captures him will become king of the forest," the tiger said. "For he will surely be the bravest and strongest of all."

"That is an excellent idea," said the monkey. Then, because he knew this leak was only a human being who was frightened himself, he marched right up to the hole in the tree trunk. He thrust his tail inside and flipped it about saying, "Are you in there, Mr. Leak? Are you inside?"

The thief had heard the animals as they talked outside

the tree. "It will never do to let them capture me," he thought. "For if they catch me, they will surely kill me."

He decided he must do something to frighten them away, so he grabbed the monkey's tail and pulled as hard as he could. Then, he growled and shouted fiercely, trying to sound more terrible than the tiger and the wolf put together.

"Help!" shouted the monkey as he felt his tail being pulled.

The thief pulled hard, but the monkey pulled even harder, for he didn't want to be dragged into the hole in front of the tiger and the wolf. They both pulled so hard the monkey's tail broke off with a snap, and the monkey went sprawling onto the ground.

"My tail, my tail! My beautiful tail!" he shrieked, and he ran off into the forest, disappearing into the leaves of a tall cedar tree.

"The leak is certainly a fearful thing," said the wolf, shaking his head, and with a great howl he ran off into the woods after the monkey.

"It is best to leave such fearful things alone," said the tiger in a soft voice, and he went slinking off into the woods after the monkey and the wolf.

When all the animals had gone, the thief crept out of the tree trunk. He looked about carefully to make sure

that nothing was following him, and then he ran as fast as he could out of the forest.

The thief never learned that what he thought was the terrible leak was only a frightened wolf. And the wolf never discovered that what he thought was the most terrible thing in all the world was only a frightened thief.

And the little boy and his grandmother and grandfather didn't have to be afraid of a leak in the roof after all, for in the stillness of the night the rain stopped, the moon came out bright and clear, and the next days were full of the promise of sunshine.



THE JAPANESE INTERNMENT

During World War II, after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, many Japanese-Americans living on the west coast of the United States were taken from their homes and moved to internment camps throughout the desert areas of the United States. Many lost their homes or land or had to sell them at very low prices.

Over 110,000 men, women and children were kept in the camps under guard and in crowded conditions. At least 73% of these people were United States Citizens and many others had lived in this country for many years. They were not imprisoned because they had done anything wrong or illegal, but simply because of their race.

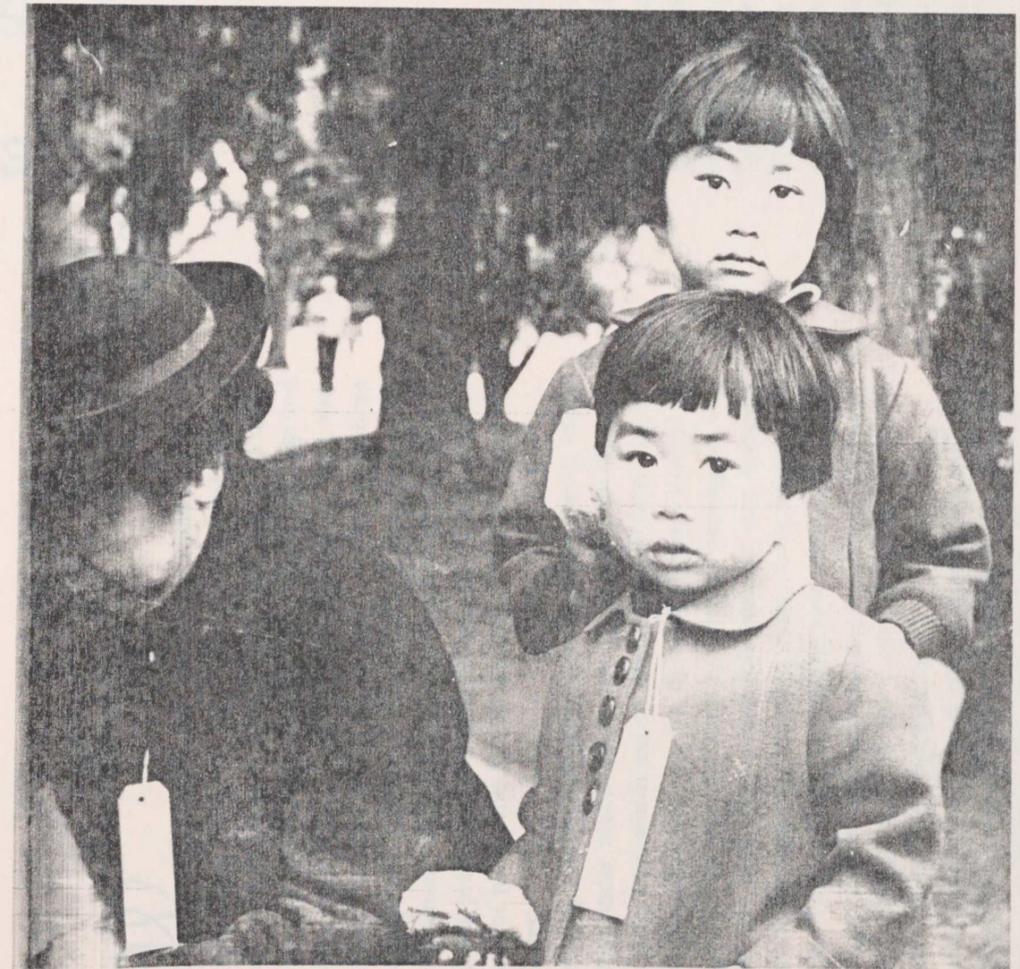
This action was a violation of their constitutional rights which guarantee that we all stand before the law equal in freedom and rights regardless of race, creed, color or sex.

Many Japanese-Americans fought honorably for the United States during the war, and no Japanese-American was ever convicted of spying against the United States.

The story of the internment camps is a sad example of what can happen when people allow their fears, suspicions and anger to control their actions.

Today there is a memorial plaque to the Japanese-Americans who suffered at Relocation Camp Manzanar which reads:

"May the injustice and humiliation suffered here as a result of hysteria, racism and economic exploitation never emerge again."



Most of the 110,000 persons removed for reasons of "national security" were school-age children, infants and young adults not yet of voting age. (National Archives)



Excerpts from:

Journey

A STORY OF THE JAPANESE-
AMERICAN EVACUATION

to

By Yoshiko Uchida

Topaz

Prologue

W

HEN war broke out between the United States and Japan in December 1941, I was one of several thousand Japanese living in California. Almost immediately, our lives were transformed. Our parents, who had come to America from Japan and by law were never permitted to become American citizens, suddenly became "enemy aliens." Those of us who were American citizens of Japanese ancestry were also looked upon with suspicion. Wild rumors, such as those of sabotage by the Japanese in Hawaii (later proved to be completely untrue), helped create an atmosphere of hatred and fear all along the West Coast of the United States.

On February 19, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an executive order which authorized the Secretary of War "to prescribe areas from which any or all persons may be excluded."

This order cleared the way for the indiscriminate removal of 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry, without hearings of any kind, from the entire West Coast. All Japanese were uprooted from their homes and sent to inland camps to be held behind barbed wire. Two-thirds of these people were American citizens, and I was one of them. We went because, at the time, it was the only way in which we could prove our loyalty to the United States, and this we were determined to do.

Journey to Topaz is the story of one Japanese family and what happened to them as a result of the evacuation orders. Although the characters are fictitious, the events are based on actual fact, and much that happened to the Sakane family also happened to my own.

1 Strangers at the Door

IT was only the first week in December, but already Yuki could feel the tingling excitement of Christmas in the air. There was, of course, no sign of snow, for it never snowed in Berkeley except for the winter when she was six and a thin flurry of flakes had surprised them all. Yuki remembered how she had run outside, stretched her arms wide and opened her mouth, thrusting out her tongue so she could feel the snow and taste it and gather it to her in any way she could before the flakes reached the ground and disappeared. Today looked like snow weather for the sky was gray and murky, but only with fog that blew in cold and damp from San Francisco Bay.

Yuki stood close to the fireplace with its burning oak logs and lifted her skirt to feel the warmth as she waited for Mother to fix lunch. On such a cold gloomy Sunday, it felt especially good to be close to a fire and think glowing thoughts about Christmas. It

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wouldn't be long before a tall fir tree with its fresh green forest smell would be standing in the corner of the living room and the kitchen would be filled with the wonderful scent of Mother's butter cookies.

Yuki thought happily of the presents that would soon gather under the tree. She had already decided to get Mother a soft blue chiffon scarf to go with her Sunday church coat, some wool socks for Father and maybe a tie or a record for her older brother, Ken. It was hardest to find something good for Ken. Now that he was going to the university, he seemed to live in a changed world and to be almost a different person. He was eighteen and suddenly it was no longer football and baseball and basketball alone that fascinated him. He liked girls.

"I'm a girl," Yuki reminded him periodically. "Why don't you take me to the movies?"

But Ken only laughed. "I like girls over sixteen," he explained. "You've still got five years to go, and besides that, you're my sister. That makes you an entirely different specimen altogether!"

Yuki sometimes looked at herself in the mirror, wrinkling her nose at the round full face and the straight black hair that fell to her shoulders. She would push aside her bangs and contemplate the possibilities. How would she look when she was sixteen anyway? Not very good, she decided, but she wasn't going to let that bother her, at least for now.

"Yuki Chan!" Mother roused Yuki from her reveries about Christmas and her older brother. "Lunch is ready. Will you go outside and call your father?"

Yuki hurried toward the back door, stopping on the way to

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get some dog biscuits for Pepper. Father was out in the yard tying up the last of the white chrysanthemums and burning old leaves. He hadn't been home from church an hour and already he was hard at work outdoors where he loved to be.

Father went to church each Sunday because he believed it was the proper thing to do. He didn't read the Bible each day as Mother did, and Yuki wasn't even sure he said his prayers every night before going to sleep. In fact, she suspected that if he had his way, he would have preferred working in his garden on Sundays to sitting in the small dark Japanese church in Oakland listening to Reverend Wada, their minister from Japan, and hearing the drone of the reed organ wheezing out the seemingly endless hymns. "You know," he had once said to Mother, "sometimes God seems closer out there in the fresh air with the flowers and trees than in that sanctuary." But when he talked like that, Mother wouldn't even dignify his comment with an answer.

As Yuki went out the back door, Pepper came bounding up the steps to meet her, barking and wagging his tail and running in circles around her. He knew Yuki had some biscuits for him, just as he knew that Mother or Father or Ken would. They all spoiled Pepper terribly, but in return, Pepper gave them every ounce of love that he had stored in his lively black body.

"Down Pepper!" Yuki commanded, and then, still playing with Pepper, she shouted to her father. "Come on in, Papa. Lunch is ready."

Father raised his shears to show that he had heard, but he quickly disappeared again behind the chrysanthemums. Yuki knew she'd have to call him at least two more times before he'd

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even begin to think about coming inside. She took her time, stopping to peer into the fishpond, stirring the water to see if the big gray carp would rise to the surface, his mouth open wide expecting some food. It was a shabby trick, but one that Yuki couldn't resist occasionally just to see if the old carp was alive and alert.

As Yuki studied the murky depths of the fishpond, she heard Mother ringing her small black bell. Mother didn't like shouting to people, so instead she rang her bell and when she did, it meant that everyone should hurry.

Yuki called once more to Father and then ran inside to wash up and set the table with chopsticks, rice bowls, and tea cups. Sunday dinners were usually Japanese meals and Mother would cook a pot of rice in the morning before church and leave it bundled in a quilt on her bed to keep warm. If guests were coming, she would prepare the night before some chicken *teriyaki* and vegetables cooked Japanese style with soy sauce and sugar and ginger. Today, however, there were no guests and Yuki was glad. She wasn't terribly fond of the Japanese students from the seminary who seemed to cluster under Mother's protective wing.

"They're lonely and miss their families in Japan," Mother would explain. But Yuki didn't like the smell of camellia oil that lingered on their thick glossy hair, and she didn't much care for their conversations about the Old Testament or the Sunday sermon. Today, they all had other places to go for Sunday dinner and Ken had gone off to study at the library, so there were only the three of them for dinner.

"Good, no company today," Yuki said cheerfully to her canary, Old Salt. Yuki knew that was not the most appropriate

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name for a canary, but she had given him that name for Mrs. Jamieson's sake.

Mrs. Jamieson was the widow who lived across the street. When her parrot, Old Salt, had died, she had been so disconsolate that Yuki had been moved to name her own new canary after the parrot.

"Why that's a lovely idea, Yuki dear," Mrs. Jamieson had said brightly, and then quickly added, "Now you'll have a Salt and a Pepper," and she laughed so at her own small joke that she got a stitch in her side and had to sit down.

When Father came in from the garden he turned on the radio before sitting down at the table. Then he gave a short quick grace that fit in nicely just before the voice from the radio filled the room.

"This is a repeat of the news bulletin," a newscaster said harshly, his voice trembling with urgency. "Japanese planes have attacked Pearl Harbor . . . The United States Fleet has been heavily damaged . . . Fires are raging over the waterfront . . ."

Father put down his chopsticks and listened intently. Mother brushed away a piece of hair that had strayed from her bun and pinned it back into place. A frown swept across her pleasant face and she didn't even attempt to eat her lunch. Only Yuki had a mouthful of chicken and sat chewing silently, looking first at Father and then at Mother, trying to understand what had happened.

"It's a terrible mistake, of course," Father said at last. "It must be the work of a fanatic. That is, if it really happened."

Mother agreed. "Of course," she said. "It must be a mistake. Why would Japan ever do such a foolish thing?"

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They sat in silence, listening in disbelief as the newscaster continued to tell of the attack. Yuki shuddered. The news was like a burden of darkness suddenly blotting out the light of day.

Father turned from the radio and saw the frightened look on Yuki's face. He saw Mother's hands tremble as she picked up her cup of tea, and rising abruptly, he switched off the radio.

"Maybe it is only a drama," he suggested. "Maybe it is not really news at all. In any case, let's not let it spoil our dinner," he said, trying to smile. And pushing his glasses up on his nose, he turned his attention to the food on the table.

Yuki knew, however, that Father was more than a little upset. He always pushed up his glasses when he was disturbed about something, and she knew by his silence that the program had already spoiled his dinner.

It wasn't long before the telephone rang and Father got up to answer it. It was Mr. Toda, one of the men who lived upstairs in the building behind their Japanese church which served as a bachelors' dormitory. Mr. Toda was a frequent Sunday dinner guest too because Mother said he was old and lonely and needed their friendship. He hadn't come today because he thought he was catching a cold.

Yuki liked Mr. Toda better than the seminary students because he was more open about his feelings. If he liked you, he let you know, and if he didn't, he was equally frank. Yuki liked people like that. She knew that the old man liked her too. They were both fond of dogs and birds and fish, and he always had especially pleasant ways of showing his friendship. Whenever he came, he usually brought her small bags of pastel-colored candy that oozed sweet mouthfuls of fruit-flavored juices. Yuki loved the purple grape flavor best and saved those for the last.

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Father told Mr. Toda the same thing he'd told Yuki and Mother. It had to be a mistake, he said over and over. And yes, he would surely keep him informed if he heard anything further.

As soon as dinner was over, Father went back to his garden and Mother went to the kitchen to bake a cake. Mother usually baked when she was going to have company or when she was too nervous to settle down to do anything else. Yuki didn't care what prompted her to bake as long as she did it. She made the best cream puffs and chocolate cakes of anyone she knew, Mrs. Jamieson included.

When the doorbell rang, Yuki was sure it must be Michelle Nelson who lived next door. Mimi usually came over on Sunday afternoons to see if she and Yuki could find something interesting to do together.

Yuki ran to the door and flung it open only to find three strange men standing on the porch. They were not Japanese and looked as though they might be business associates of Father's from San Francisco. "Is your father home?" one of them asked. He was not unfriendly, but he did not smile.

Yuki nodded. Then she saw two uniformed policemen come up the stairs behind them.

"Just a minute," she said unsteadily, and leaving the screen door latched, she ran to tell Mother and then rushed outside to call her father.

Father hurried inside and let the men in. He spoke quietly to them and then told Yuki to call Mother.

"These gentlemen are from the FBI," he explained calmly. "It seems the news on the radio was true after all. Japan has attacked Pearl Harbor. They would like me to go with them to answer a few questions. They would also like to search . . . to look

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around the house," Father said. His voice was strained and the color had drained from his face.

"But why?" Mother asked nervously. "You have done nothing."

"We have orders to apprehend certain men who work for Japanese firms in this area," one of the men answered briefly. "Your husband, Mr. Sakane, is employed by one of Japan's largest business firms."

"I see," Mother said. She was pale and tense.

Yuki could hear the men opening bureau drawers and closet doors. What in the world were they looking for? What did they think Father had hidden?

Soon the men led Father toward the front door. "I am in my gardening clothes," Father explained. "Permit me to change to my business suit."

The men shook their heads. "There isn't time, Mr. Sakane," they said, and they just gave him time to put on a jacket. Father looked small and frail beside the two large FBI men and one took a firm grip on his arm as they went down the steps.

"I'll be back soon," Father said, trying to sound casual. "Don't worry." And then he was gone.

Two of the FBI men went with Father and the third stayed behind, sitting down beside the telephone. The two policemen stayed too. One stood at the front door and the other at the back door.

"We won't try to leave," Mother assured them.

But the policemen told Mother they weren't worried about that. "We have orders not to let anyone in," he explained.

Although the FBI man and the policemen tried to make polite

STRANGERS AT THE DOOR

conversation with her, Yuki didn't feel the least bit friendly. When they asked her name and how old she was, she replied tersely, "Yuki" and "eleven." They had taken Father off like a common criminal and Yuki didn't like it at all.

"Can I go see Mimi?" Yuki asked, looking at Mother but knowing it was the FBI man who would decide.

"Sorry," he said gently, "but you'll have to stay home awhile."

As things turned out, they not only had to stay home, no one could come in or even talk to them by phone. Yuki looked out the window and saw Mimi standing in front of their house, trying to see inside and waving frantically when she caught a glimpse of Yuki's face. She also saw Mrs. Jamieson standing on her front porch peering anxiously in their direction. The telephone rang several times, but to each caller the FBI men simply answered that the Sakanes were indisposed and could not come to the phone.

It was a strange feeling to be a prisoner in one's own home. Still, Yuki felt no fear, for at the time she had no way of knowing that this was only the beginning of a terrible war and that her small comfortable world would soon be turned upside down.

Yuki and her family did not hear from Father for six days. Then he was sent to an army internment camp in Montana. Later, Yuki, her mother and brother were sent to a temporary camp at Tanforan Race Track while they awaited evacuation to the internment camp at Topaz, Utah. Their family belongings had to be disposed of as they could take only what they could carry.

6
Home
Is a
Horse Stall

CROWDED along the rail around the racetrack, watching for arriving friends, were hundreds of Japanese who had been evacuated earlier from the Bay Area. The first familiar face Yuki saw was Mr. Toda. She waved eagerly and he waved back in an awkward sort of salute. Yuki waved again and again, feeling better just at the sight of someone she knew.

As they got off the bus, they were directed to an area roped off beneath the grandstand where each family registered, filled out forms, and went through a brief medical inspection. The baggage they carried was inspected for contraband and then they were assigned living quarters.

"Barrack 16, Apartment 40," Ken read from the slip handed to him.

"Golly," Yuki said impressed, "we get an apartment!" She

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had never lived in an apartment and found the prospect intriguing. She moved eagerly now, keeping close to Ken.

"Hey, Ken!" It was Ken's classmate Jim Hirai.

"Hey, Jim!" Ken shouted back, and they pounded each other on the back as though they hadn't seen each other for ten years.

"I'll help you find your quarters," Jim offered.

But now Mother was surrounded by her church friends who had arrived two days earlier. She was bowing and greeting them as though they were meeting on the sunny walk outside their church in Oakland. They quickly exchanged barrack numbers and Mr. Toda and the minister promised to come visit them later.

"I am in the Bachelors' Quarters here," Mr. Toda said rather dismally. "I must share a room with five other men. It is a strange new life," he added, and he did not look happy.

Yuki was anxious to see where they would be living. "Come on, Mama," she urged, and they quickly followed Ken and Jim down the racetrack.

It had rained the night before and the track was muddy and pocked with puddles. Yuki's new saddle shoes were soon covered with mud and Mother's blue kid shoes were oozing with it. "I'm glad I packed rubber boots for us," she remarked, and she held on to Yuki's arm to keep from slipping.

As they walked along, Yuki saw that wherever there was room tar-papered army barracks had been put up for the eight thousand Japanese who would soon be living there. Barrack 16, however, was not among them. Now Ken and Jim were leaving the northern end of the track and disappearing beyond a cluster

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of eucalyptus trees. When Yuki and Mother caught up with them, they were going up the wide ramp of a stable that stood about a foot above the ground. There was a sign tacked to a corner of the stable that read "Barrack 16."

"This isn't a barrack at all," Yuki said, disappointed. "It's just a dirty old stable."

They followed Ken and Jim along the narrow walk that took them past a dozen stalls, each marked with a number, and then stopped in front of the one marked "40."

"Well, this is it," Jim said, nudging the door open.

The stall was narrow and dark, with two small windows high up on either side of the door. It measured about ten by twenty feet and was empty except for three army cots that lay folded on the floor. There were no mattresses or bedding of any kind. Dust and dirt and woodshavings still littered the linoleum that had been hastily laid over the manure-covered floor, and Ken sniffed at the lingering odor left by the former occupants.

"Boy," he said wrinkling his nose. "There's no mistaking who lived here before us."

Yuki looked around the stall feeling as though she'd been handed an empty ice cream cone. "This is an apartment?" she asked, dismayed.

"That, my dear child, is what is known as a euphemism," Jim said to her. "You'll get used to things like that here."

Yuki didn't know what Jim meant, but she didn't want to show her ignorance. She grinned at him and went to inspect the rear half of the stall which was separated from the front by a dutch door worn down with teeth marks. The walls had been

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whitewashed so hurriedly that insects hadn't had time to escape, and their small white corpses still clung to the walls along with cobwebs and horseshoes and rusty nails.

Even Mother, who usually found something cheerful to say about most difficulties, seemed at a loss for words. "Well," she said at last, "the first thing we need to do is sweep out this place. Can you help us find a broom, Jim?"

In the two days he had been in camp, Jim had quickly learned where to find things. "Sure," he said, "and you'll need some mattresses too. Come on, Ken, let's go."

The boys set up the cots before they left, putting up two in the inner half of the stall for Yuki and Mother and one up in front for Ken. Yuki blew off the dust from the springs and Mother brushed away what she could with her handkerchief. Then she sat down, took off her hat and gloves and put them down on the cot beside her.

"Oh, Mama," Yuki said, laughing, "you sure didn't need a hat and gloves to come live in a horse stall!"

Mother never went anywhere without a hat and gloves, not even to the corner to mail a letter. It was a habit she had acquired when she first arrived in America, and she had never changed since. She was a perfect lady, and Yuki supposed she always would be.

She smiled now at Yuki and brushed the dust from her hands. "You're right, Yuki Chan," she said, wistfully. "I guess I will hardly be needing a hat when I go out here."

Everyone who had been at Tanforan for more than a day seemed to be dressed in slacks and sweaters, wearing a bandana

HOME IS A HORSE STALL

because of the dust and wind. Mother didn't even own a pair of slacks, and Yuki had never seen her put anything but a hat on her head.

"I'll lend you one of my scarves," she offered, and then she left Mother to rest on the cot and went out to investigate the surrounding area.

The latrines and washroom for their section were about a hundred feet away, and when Yuki saw those, she knew that Mother would have much more to worry about than not having slacks or a scarf. None of the toilet cubicles had doors and neither did the showers. There were no wash basins, but only a long tin trough that seemed more appropriate for horses.

Yuki hurried back to their stall and shouted as she burst inside. "Golly, Mama, you should see the latrines!" She stopped when she saw Jim. "Oh," she murmured, embarrassed.

But Jim just kept right on sweeping and Ken said, "That's OK, Yuki. We know what they're like. No doors." Apparently Jim had already told Ken all about the inadequacies of camp life.

Yuki flopped down on one of the cots and bounced tentatively on the mattress the boys had just brought back. It rustled noisily and scratched her legs.

"It's stuffed with straw!" she shouted. "This must've been left over from the horses."

But Jim quickly told her she was lucky to have any mattress at all. "We got the last three they had," he explained.

"*Mab*," Mother sighed. Already she was worried for the people who would come later and discover that there were no mattresses for them.

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As Yuki sat squirming on the prickly straw mattress, she suddenly realized that she was famished. "No wonder," she mused aloud. "We didn't have any lunch."

"That's right," Ken said wearily. "I thought I was beginning to grow weak." It was probably the first time in Ken's life that he'd gone for more than four hours without food of some kind.

"Well, supper's at five o'clock and you'd better get to the mess hall early," Jim warned them. "The lines are long and it takes forever to get inside." Then, glancing at his watch he hurried to his own quarters to take a shower before supper.

By the time Yuki, Ken, and Mother got to the mess hall in the grandstand, people were streaming toward it from all parts of the hundred-acre camp. Already several long lines had formed and those who had received their baggage were holding the plates and utensils they'd been instructed to bring. They stood silently and patiently, waiting for the lines to move.

The sun was going down now and the wind whipped through the open stretches of the racetrack sending swirls of dust in everyone's face. Yuki shivered and turned her back to the wind, huddling close to Mother to try to keep warm.

It was almost an hour before they got inside the gloomy mess hall and to the serving table. A white-aproned man was using his fingers to put two canned sausages on each person's plate from a dishpan piled high with sausages. Another man gave each of them one boiled potato and a piece of bread.

"Is this all?" Ken asked.

The men nodded silently. At home Ken would have considered this only an appetizer.

The enormous room was filled with wooden picnic tables, but with five thousand people milling about, it was hard to find a va-

HOME IS A HORSE STALL

cant table. At last they found one they could share with an old man and a young family with two crying babies. When they sat down, however, Yuki no longer felt like eating. The sight of the sausages heaped high in the dishpan hadn't helped. Mother must have felt the same, for Yuki saw her quietly slip her sausages on Ken's plate and take only a few bites of her potato.

They left as soon as Ken finished eating, walking carefully along the dark muddy track. Tanforan wasn't equipped for nighttime use and there were few lights to help them find their way.

Their small stall now looked more bleak than ever, and the single electric bulb that dangled from the ceiling made only a forlorn effort to brighten the darkness. Their stall faced north and the cold wind that blew in from the crevices around the windows and door made the light bulb sway and cast eerie shadows on the wall.

Yuki pulled her coat tightly around her and sat hunched on Ken's cot. "I'm beginning to hate this place already," she murmured.

In the next stall live Emi and her grandparents. She and Yuki become friends and move with them when the camp is shipped to the new site at Topaz.

11
A Home
in the
Desert

THEY rode all night and through the next day and still another night before they reached Utah. Yuki had never spent two more miserable nights in all her life. The train was hot and stuffy, the water ran out, and the seats grew harder every minute. Yuki squirmed and wriggled and yawned and stretched and finally poked Mother to see if she was still up too.

The only span of relief had come in the second morning when the train pulled to a stop in the middle of a barren Nevada desert and everyone was permitted to get off to stretch and breathe some fresh air for a few minutes. Even in the midst of the desert, however, they were guarded by a row of armed soldiers as though they were prisoners who might try to escape.

When at last they arrived at Delta, Utah, Yuki was so stiff she could scarcely walk to the buses that were lined up waiting to take them on the last leg of the journey to Topaz.

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Everyone was hot and tired and sleepless, and even Emi's grandmother seemed to have lost her energy. Yuki noticed how pale Emi looked and how quiet she had grown during the journey. She hadn't even wanted to play cards with her and Yuki had finally wheedled Ken into a game of Hearts.

When they were seated in the buses and saw the surrounding countryside, however, there was a general lifting of spirits.

"Topaz is such a beautiful golden name," Mother said hopefully, "it surely can't be too bad a place. And look," she added cheerfully, "everything looks so fresh and green."

There were houses with flowering gardens and leafy shade trees and fields full of growing things. Yuki began to feel better. If Topaz was going to be like this, it might be a wonderful place.

"Didn't I tell you Utah might be nice?" she asked Ken. But he was saving his opinion for later.

"We're not in Topaz yet," he observed.

The buses moved quickly through the small town, passed a few farms, and then entered the Sevier Desert. Gradually the trees and the grass and the flowers began to disappear. Soon there was no vegetation at all and they were surrounded by a vast gray-white desert where nothing grew except dry clumps of greasewood.

The eager hopeful voices on the bus died down and soon stopped altogether. Mother said nothing more and Yuki herself grew silent. At the western rim of the desert they could see a tall range of mountains, but long before they reached their sheltering shadows the buses made a sharp left turn, and there in the midst of the desert, they came upon rows and rows of squat tar-papered barracks sitting in a pool of white dust that had once been the

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bottom of a lake. They had arrived at Topaz, the Central Utah War Relocation Center, which would be their new home.

Ken turned to look at Yuki. "Well, here we are," he said dryly. "This is beautiful Topaz."

The minute Yuki stepped off the bus, she felt the white powdery dust of the desert engulf her like a smothering blanket. The Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corp had come out to welcome the incoming buses, but now they looked like flour-dusted cookies that had escaped from a bakery.

Yuki coughed while one of the team of doctors inspected her throat and then she ran quickly to talk to Emi while Ken finished registering the family.

"We've been assigned to Block 7, Barrack 2, Apartment C," she informed her. "Try to get the room next door."

Emi nodded. "OK, I'll tell Grandma," she said, for they both knew that if anybody could manage such an arrangement, Grandma could.

A boy about Ken's age offered to take them out to their new quarters. He had come in one of the earlier contingents and already knew his way around the big, sprawling barrack city.

"It's a mile square," he explained as they started toward Block 7, and like a guide on a tour he told them all he knew about Topaz.

"There're forty-two blocks and each block has twelve barracks with a mess hall and a latrine-washroom in the center," he pointed out. "When the barracks are all finished and occupied, we'll be the fifth largest city in Utah."

"Imagine!" Mother said.

It sounded impressive, but Yuki thought she had never seen

A HOME IN THE DESERT

more dreary place in all her life. There wasn't a single tree or a blade of grass to break the monotony of the sun-bleached desert. It was like the carcass of a chicken stripped clean of any meat and left all dry, brittle bone. The newly constructed road was still soft with churned up dust and they sank into it with each step as though they were plowing through a snow bank.

"Whoever built this camp wasn't very bright," Ken observed as they struggled along.

"Why?" Yuki asked, although she could think of several reasons herself. For one thing, she certainly wouldn't have covered all the barracks with black tarpaper. It made the camp look so bleak and uninviting. She would have painted the barracks all different colors. Maybe one block would be pink and lavender with rose-colored chimneys and roofs, and another block would be blue and green with some sunny yellow roofs. "Why?" she asked Ken again.

"If they'd left some of the greasewood growing, the roots would have held down some of the dust," he explained. "As it is, they've churned up this whole camp site like one big sack of loose flour."

"You're right," their guide agreed. "You should see one of our dust storms. You'll wish you'd never heard of Topaz when you've been in one of those."

Yuki shuddered. It sounded horrible. It was bad enough even without the wind, for the dust just hung in the air, sifting into her eyes and into her nose and mouth with each breath.

Mother was holding a handkerchief over her nose and mouth so Yuki could see only her eyes, her lashes fringed with dust. The sun blazed down on them making Yuki feel dry and parched

JOURNEY TO TOPAZ

deep down inside. Her heart felt shriveled and her lungs seemed to be drying up. Her head felt light, as though it were floating on somebody else's body, and when the guide said something about the altitude, his voice sounded far away.

"Well, here we are," he said at last. "Your room is in the center of the barrack. The center rooms are for smaller families, the end rooms for couples and the ones in between are for big families."

Yuki was glad to see that their new room was bigger than the horse stall, measuring about eighteen by twenty, but it was just as bleak. There was nothing in the room except three army cots. The inner sheetrock walls hadn't yet been installed, so dust had filtered into the room from every crack in the siding and around the windows. It covered the floor, gathered in drifts in the corners, and hung in the air so that Yuki could taste it in her mouth.

Their guide pointed to the small black pot-bellied stoves that stood outside their door, warning, "Don't touch those stoves until the crews come to install them, and don't put up any shelves yet because you'll just have to take them down when they put in the sheetrock walls and ceiling. OK?"

Ken nodded. "OK. Thanks."

"Well, good luck," the young boy said, and he left quickly as though he didn't want to be around when they began to feel discouraged.

Mother sat down carefully on the dust-covered springs of one of the cots and looked around. "I suppose we should look for a broom," she said wearily, but she didn't seem to have the heart to start cleaning.

A HOME IN THE DESERT

Yuki flopped down on another of the cots and glanced through the instruction sheet that was given to them when they registered.

"Listen," she said, reading aloud, "'You are now in Topaz, Utah. Here we say dining hall, not mess hall; Safety Council, not Internal Police; residents, not evacuees, and last but not least, mental climate, not morale.'"

Ken groaned. "Never mind," he objected. "I don't want to hear any more of that junk."

But Yuki went on reading to Mother that there would eventually be four bathtubs installed in each block. "Emi's grandmother will be glad," she said with a grin, "and listen, it says there'll be individual basins too. No more tin troughs!"

Yuki felt cheered enough to do some investigating. "I'll go see if it's as good as they say," she said, hurrying off to make an inspection. She discovered, however, that the facilities were still far from complete. There were no seats on the toilets, no hot water in the laundry, and no lights anywhere. And while Yuki was splashing cold water on her face, the water became a weak dribble and then stopped completely. Their water supply was coming from nearby artesian wells and already it was strained from overuse.

Yuki went back to their barrack and reported her findings. "You know something, Mama," she said bleakly, "my 'mental climate' is lousy."

"Well, Topaz isn't exactly a summer resort, Yuki," Ken answered, and he went off to look for some mattresses and a broom.

It took several days for them to get used to the heat and altitude of Topaz. The doctors gave out salt tablets, but they only

JOURNEY TO TOPAZ

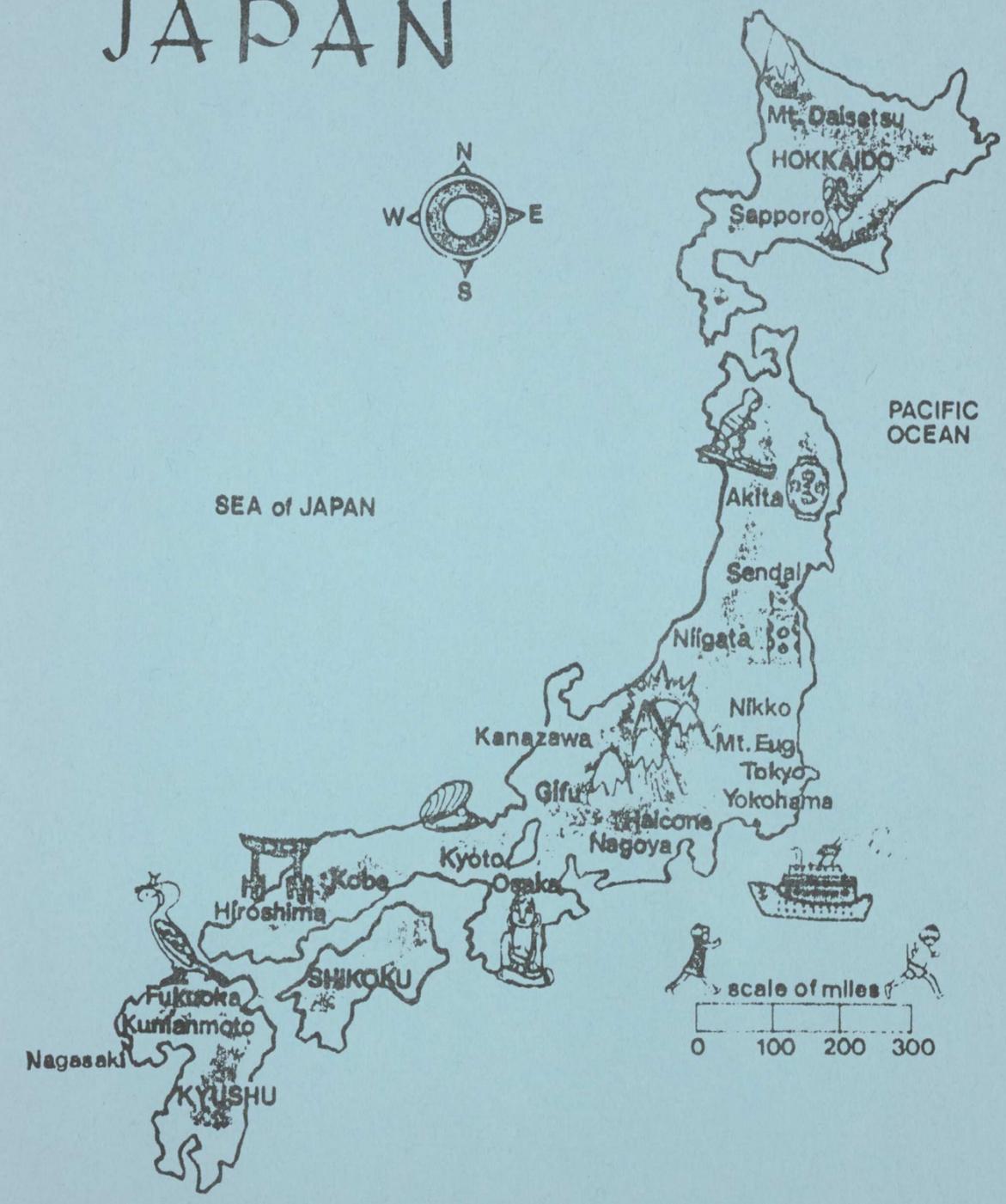
made Yuki feel worse, and she stopped eating altogether when the refrigerators broke and the entire block came down with food poisoning.

It was so cold in the mornings that Yuki wore her heaviest slacks and sweater, but by afternoon even her summer shorts felt hot. It was as though summer and winter had gotten mixed up and arrived together here in the desert to confuse and confound them. The time Yuki liked best was just after sunset when the air was still and the sky became a roaring blaze of color. The desert sky, uncluttered by city smoke, was the most beautiful sight Yuki had ever seen. She loved the night sky too when the stars danced across the vast blackness and seemed almost to rush toward her in their dazzling brilliance. The stars seemed much closer than in Berkeley and the moon was an enormous yellow-orange ball that looked like a nighttime sun. Yuki felt sure there must be some poetry in the desert sky, but the right words didn't seem to come even to Mother.

Journey to Topaz has both happy and tragic moments. Emi developed tuberculosis and spent many months recovering in the camp hospital. Her grandfather, engrossed in searching for arrow heads in the desert sand, wandered to close to the fence and was shot by the guard.

On Christmas Eve, after an entire year of being separated, Father was sent from Montana to join his family in Utah. In the spring, a sponsor was found for Yuki's family and they were allowed to move to Salt Lake City. Her brother enlisted in the U.S. Army. Most Japanese-Americans, knowing no one outside of California to sponsor them, remained in the internment camps.

JAPAN



日
本

"THE SOURCE OF THE SUN"

The Japanese derive the name of their country from a Chinese phrase meaning "the source of the sun," the characters for which are at left. The phrase describes the country's geographical position east of China. The word "Japan" came from Marco Polo's attempt to render the Chinese pronunciation of the phrase in Italian after his return from China in the 13th Century. The Japanese themselves, however, usually give the characters a sound that is rendered in English as "Nihon." The top character means "sun," the bottom one "source." Originally the Japanese built up a written language by taking Chinese characters and adapting them to their own radically different spoken language. To these characters—like the two shown here—they later added a kind of alphabet of their own, making the two written languages also different.

YOU CAN SING A JAPANESE SONG

CHERRY BLOOMS
(Sakura)

Moderato

Sa - ku - ra, sa - ku - ra, Ya - yo - i no
 Cher - ry blooms, cher - ry blooms, They fill the
 so - ra wa Mi - wa - ta - su ka - gi - ri! Ka - su - mi ka
 March — sky. We see them — ev-'ry - where! Like a mist or
 ku - mo ka, Ni - o - i zo i - zu - ru! I - za - ya,
 cloud. — Their — fra-grance fills the — air. Come see!
 i - za - ya; Mi - ni — yu - kan.
 Come — see! Let us — all go see!

Reading from right to left,
and from top to bottom:

Dear friends in America, hello!

ア
メ
リ
カ
の

お
友
だ
ち

今
日
は

HOW JAPANESE IS PRONOUNCED

Japanese vowels are pronounced as in Italian, consonants as in English (except that "g" is always hard). For most purposes it is best to give each syllable the same weight. A long mark over a vowel means not that it should be accented, but that it should be pronounced twice as long as it usually is, as if it occurred two times in a row. The pronunciation of various words found in this book is shown below.

- FUJIWARA: Foo-jee-wah-rah
- MINAMOTO: Mee-nah-mo-to
- GENJI: Ghen-jee
- ISE: Ee-seh
- SUMŌ: Soo-mo-o
- GEISHA: Gay-sha
- HAIKU: High-ku

YOU CAN SPEAK JAPANESE

Here are some useful sayings:

- ohayo* good morning
- dozo* please
- konnichi wa* hello
- arigato* thank you
- sayonara* goodbye

YOU CAN COUNT IN JAPANESE

- ichi* one
- roku* six
- ni* two
- shichi* seven
- san* three
- hachi* eight
- shi* four
- ku* nine
- go* five
- ju* ten

SOME JAPANESE WORDS AND PHRASES

I do not understand	Wakari masen (<i>wah-KAH-ree mah-SEN</i>)
Please speak slowly	Yukkuri hanashite kudasai (<i>yoo-KOO-ree hah-NAH-shi'teh koo-dah-SAH-ee</i>)
Please help me	Tasukete kudasai (<i>tah-SKET-eh koo-dah-SAH-ee</i>)
Help!	Tasukete! (<i>tah-SKET-eh</i>)
I am lost	Michini mayotta (<i>mee-chee-NEE mah-YOHT-tah</i>)
Please show me	Oshiete kudasai (<i>oh-shie-eh-TEH koo-dah-SAH-ee</i>)
Thank you	Arigato (<i>ah-REE-gah-toh</i>)
You're welcome	Doitashimashite (<i>DOH-ee-tah-shee-mah-shee-teh</i>)
Please	Dozo (<i>DOH-zoh</i>)
Excuse me	Shitsurei (<i>SH'TSOO-reh-ee</i>)
How are you?	Ikaga desu ka? (<i>ee-KAH-gah DEHS kah</i>)
I am well	Genki desu (<i>GHEN-kee DEHS</i>)
I am hungry	Onaka-ga sukimashita (<i>oh-nah-kah-GAH soo-kec-MAH-shee-tah</i>)
I am thirsty	Nodo-ga kawakimashita (<i>noh-doh-GAH kah-wah-kec-MAH-shee-tah</i>)
Where is a hotel?	Yadoya wa doko desu ka? (Japanese style) (<i>yah-doh-YAH wah doh-koh DEHS kah</i>)
	Hoteru wa doko desu ka? (European style) (<i>hoh-teh-roo wah doh-koh DEHS kah</i>)
Where is a restaurant?	Shokudo wa doko desu ka? (<i>shoh-koo-DOH wah doh-koh DEHS kah</i>)
How can I get there?	Dosureba sokoe yukare masu ka? (<i>DOH-soo-reh-bah soh-koh-EH yoo-kah-REH MAHS kah</i>)
I want to buy..... o kaitai no desu (<i>oh kah-ee-TAH-ee noh dehs</i>)
I would like ga hoshii no desu (<i>gah hoh-SHEE-ee noh dehs</i>)

FOOD AND DRINK

Food	tabemono (<i>tah-beh-moh-NOH</i>)
Water (drinking)	nomimizu (<i>noh-MEE-mee-zoo</i>)
Tea	ocha (<i>oh-CHAH</i>)
Coffee	kohi (<i>koh-HEE</i>)
Soup	suimono (<i>soo-ee-moh-NOH</i>)
Rice (cooked)	gohan (<i>GOH-hahn</i>)
Meat	niku (<i>nee-KOO</i>)
Pork	butaniku (<i>boo-TAH-nee-koo</i>)
Chicken	toriniku (<i>toh-REE-nee-koo</i>)
Eggs	tamago (<i>tah-MAH-goh</i>)
Fish	sakana (<i>sah-kah-NAH</i>)

MONEY

Yen	
Sen	100 sen to the yen

MORE JAPANESE WORDS

bento -	a packed lunch of rice, fish and vegetables
bonsai -	miniature trained trees
furoshiki -	a square cloth used to wrap and carry things
geta -	wooden sandals with strips of wood to raise the foot off the ground
haiki -	seventeen-syllable Japanese poem
hibachi -	a pot with glowing charcoal used for heating
ikebana -	Japanese flower arrangement
jima -	island
kawa -	river
kimono -	a Japanese dress
machi -	town
mah, mah -	expression, such as "my, my."
mandarin -	like a tangerine
mochi -	cakes made of pounded rice
mura -	village
Nippon or Nihon -	Japan
Obaa-san	grandmother or old woman
obi -	wide belt used to fasten the kimono
oi -	exclamation, such as "hey."
ojii-san -	grandfather or old man
sakura -	cherry tree
samurai -	warrior and highest-ranking class of feudal period. The samurai often helped govern the lord's fief.
san -	added to a person's name, it is a polite form of address, as in Koichi-san
shi -	city
shogun -	military ruler of Japan during the feudal period
sukiyaki -	a dish of meat and vegetables cooked on a brazier on the table
tatami -	thick rush mat laid over the floor
yama -	mountain
zashiki -	the main room of the house
zaybuton -	a flat cushion used to kneel or sit on

JAPANESE HAIKU



I must go begging
for water . . . morning glories
have captured my well.

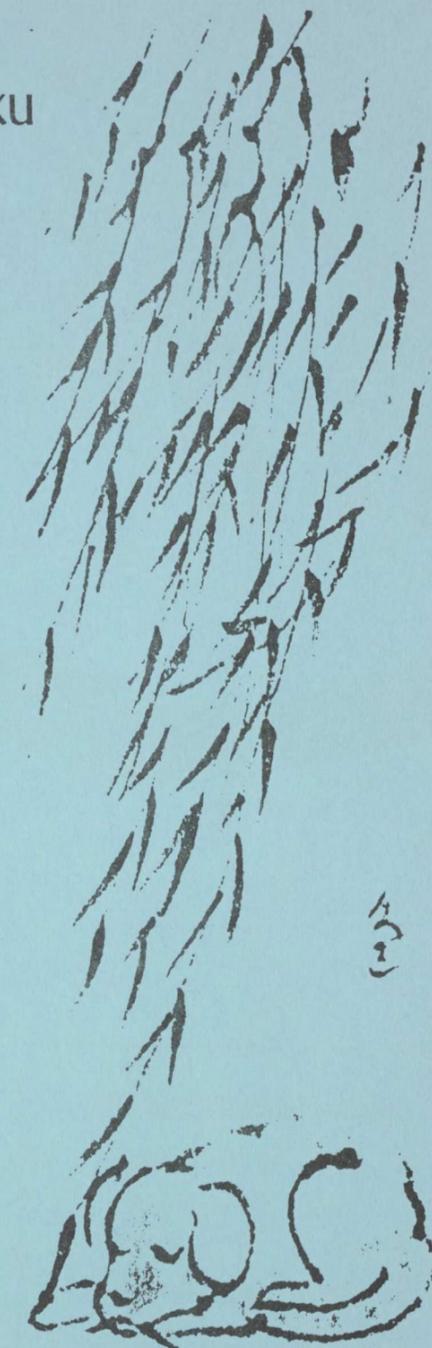
CHIYO

How cool cut hay smells
when carried through the farm gate
as the sun comes up!

BONCHO

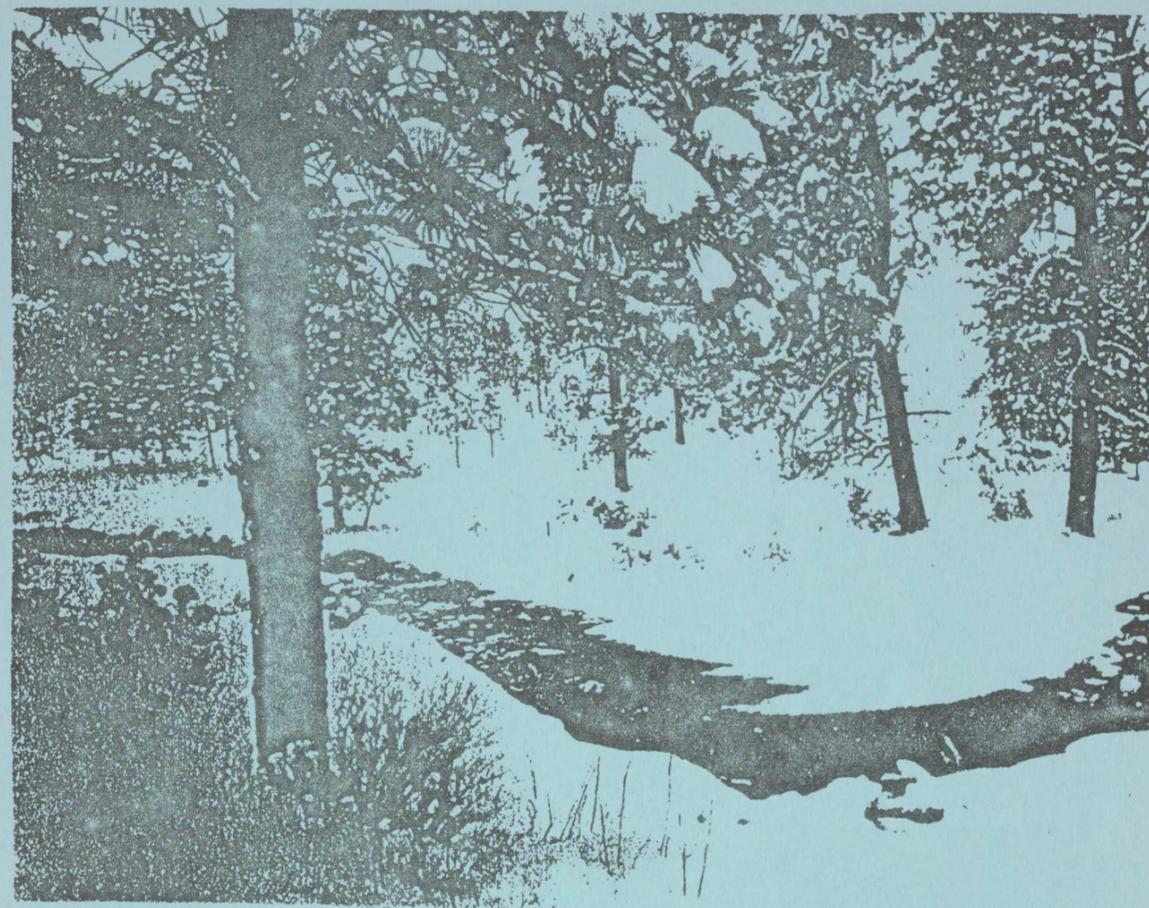
What a wonderful
day! No one in the village
doing anything.

SHIKI



Under the willow
With a leaf stuck in his mouth
The puppy sleeps.

ISSA



JAPANESE HAIKU

The snow thaws—
And suddenly the whole village
Is full of children!

ISSA

A mountain village
deep in snow . . . under the drifts
a sound of water.

SHIKI

THE 17-SYLLABLE HAIKU

*A·ma·ga·e·ru
Ba·shō ni no·ri·te,
So·yo·gi ke·ri.*

*A little frog
Riding on a banana leaf,
Trembling.*

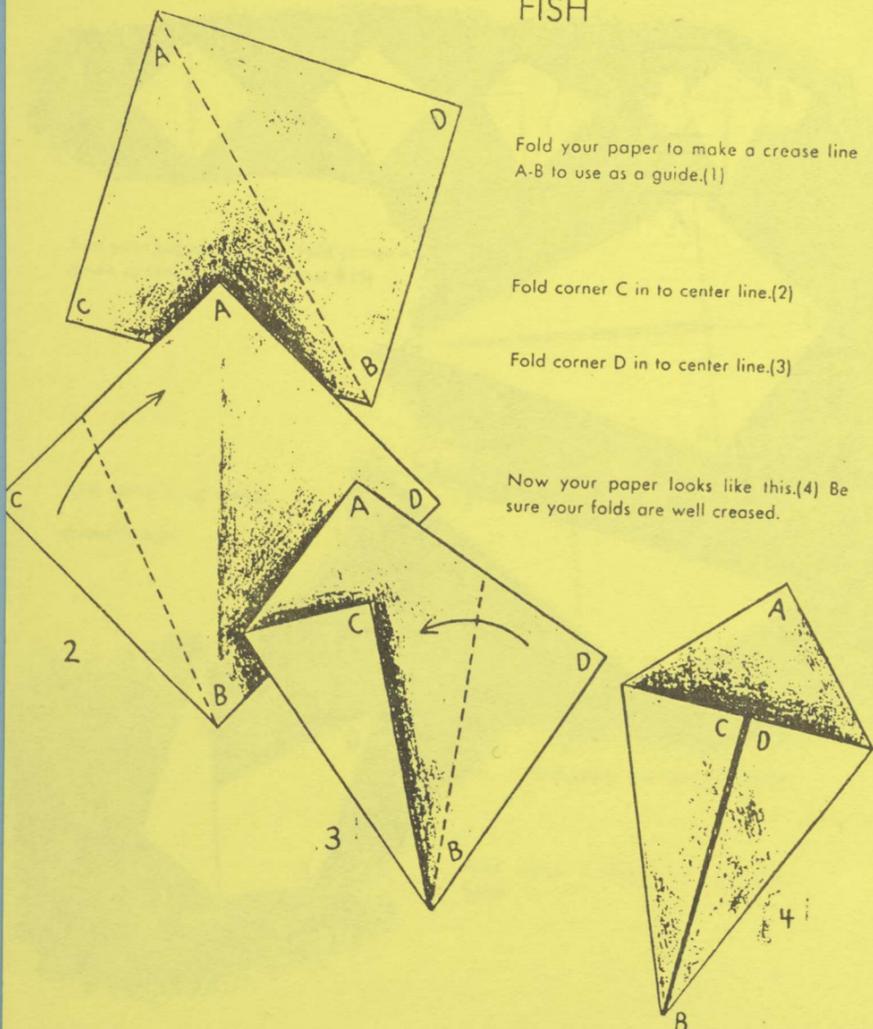
SHORTEST FORM in poetry, the *haiku* usually has 17 syllables (*top*). The "ō" in *Bashō* (banana plant) counts twice.

ORIGAMI

Origami is the Japanese art of paper folding. No one knows when it began. But today, people all over the world enjoy doing origami.

In origami, paper is folded to make a shape. You can make people, animals, fish, and many other shapes.

FISH



Fold your paper to make a crease line A-B to use as a guide.(1)

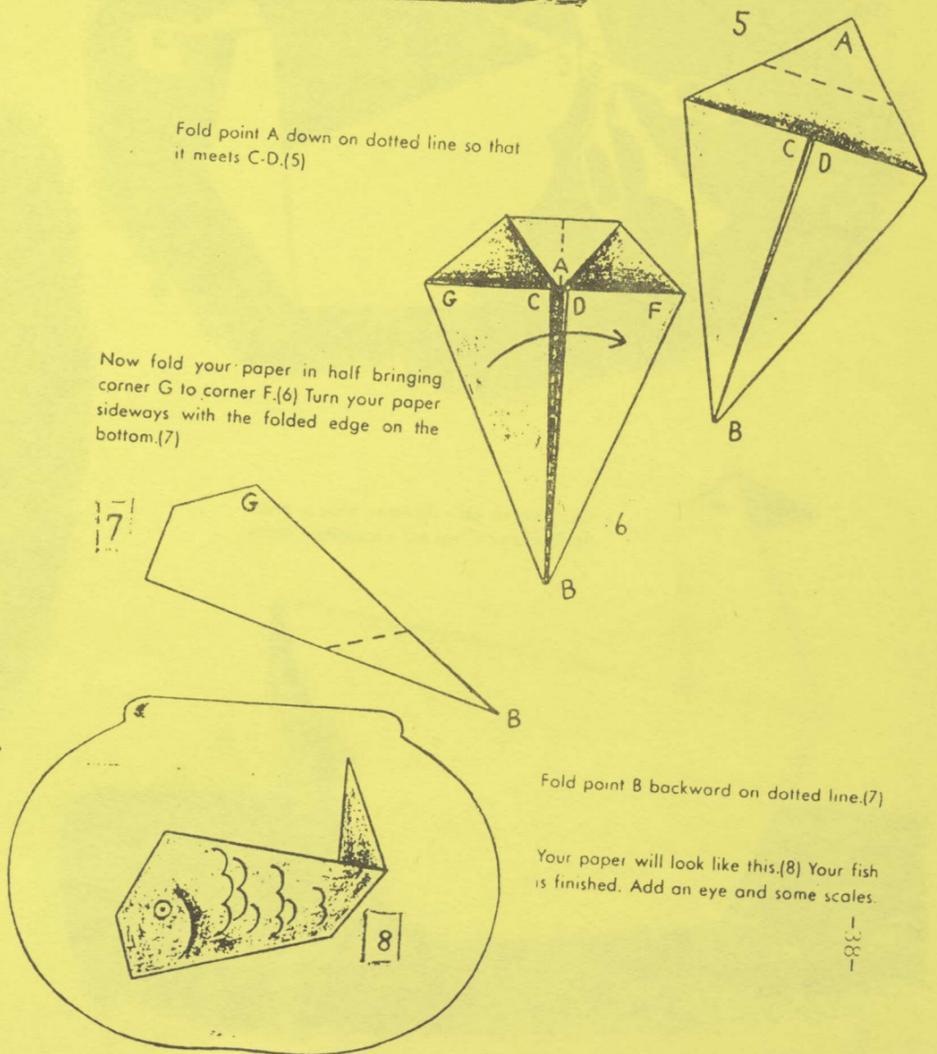
Fold corner C in to center line.(2)

Fold corner D in to center line.(3)

Now your paper looks like this.(4) Be sure your folds are well creased.

Fold point A down on dotted line so that it meets C-D.(5)

Now fold your paper in half bringing corner G to corner F.(6) Turn your paper sideways with the folded edge on the bottom.(7)

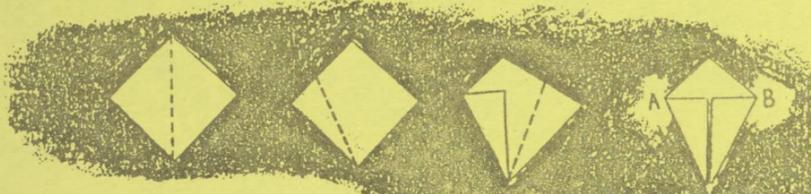


Fold point B backward on dotted line.(7)

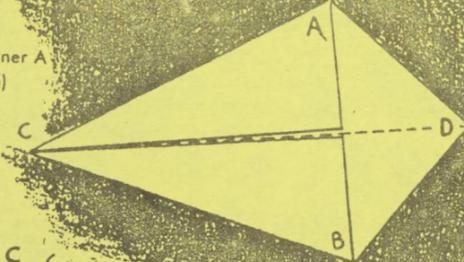
Your paper will look like this.(8) Your fish is finished. Add an eye and some scales.

SWAN

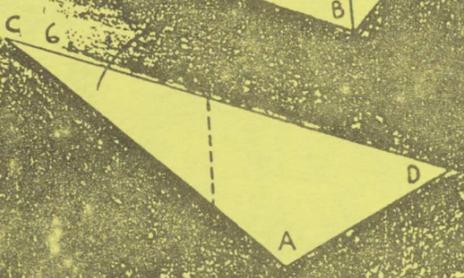
The first four steps in making the swan fold are the same as the first four steps in folding the fish.



Turn your paper sideways. Fold corner A down so that it rests on corner B.(5)

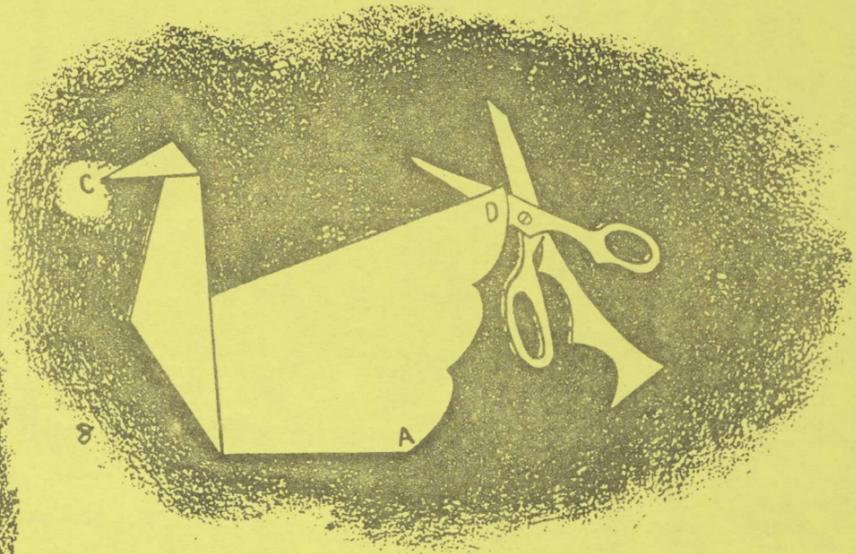
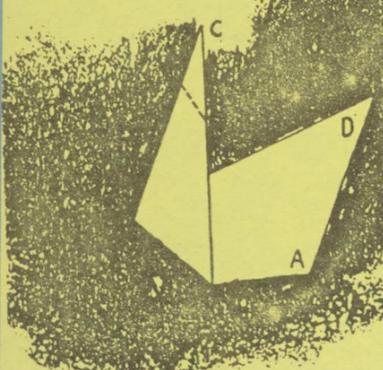


Fold corner C up along dotted line.(6)

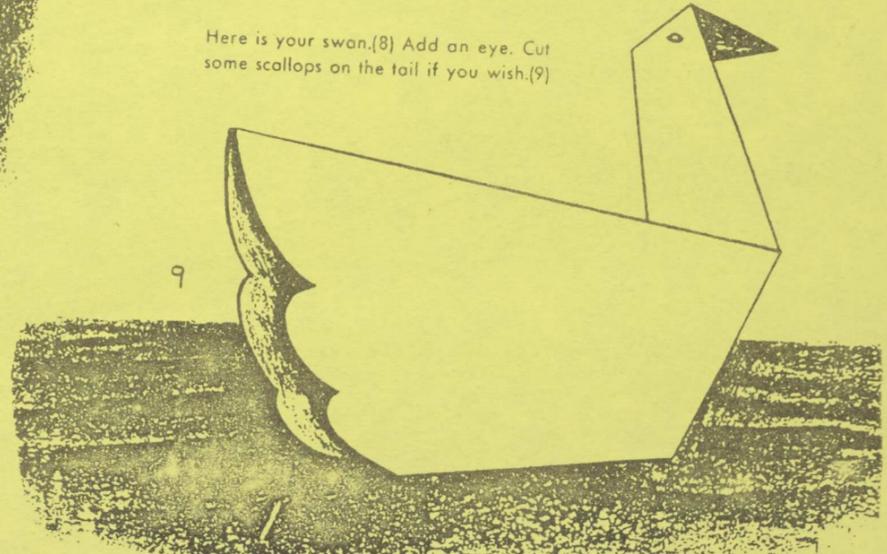


Your paper will look like this.(7)

Fold corner C downward to make a head.



Here is your swan.(8) Add an eye. Cut some scallops on the tail if you wish.(9)



MARCH



Sherman Public Schools

MARCH

Perrin fourth graders Ashley Aleman and Terry O'Bar drew this month's cover. Georgiana Goff is their art teacher.

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

				<p>1</p> <p>4 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV & Varsity at Greenville 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. Pottsboro, Here 5 pm - Soccer, SHS JV & Varsity at Lewisville</p>	<p>2</p> <p>8 am - Tennis, SHS Varsity to Duncanville Tournament 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. Denison, Here Golf SHS Varsity to Paris Regional Swim Meet in Ft. Worth</p>	<p>3</p> <p>1 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. White JV, Here Track, SHS Boys & Girls Varsities at Denison Track Meet SHS Choir Members to UIL Solo/Ensemble Contest</p>
<p>4</p> <p>Texas Public Schools Week Perrin Parent-Teacher-Student Involvement Week. Goal: To have at least one parent of every Perrin student visit school during the week</p>	<p>5</p> <p>9 am - District Spelling Bee, Board Room 10 am - Perrin, All-grades Spelling Bee 4 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV & Varsity vs. Greenville, Here 5 pm - Soccer, SHS JV & Varsity vs. Berkner, Here</p>	<p>6</p> <p>1 pm - Perrin, Dr. Lyle Froese presents "How Computers Are Used" 3:30 pm - Tennis, SHS Varsity vs. Greenville, Here 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. Bells, Here 7:30 pm - Crutchfield PTA</p>	<p>7</p> <p>10:40 am - Perrin, Georgiana Goff presents "Assertive Discipline for Parents" Noon - Community Education Brown Bag Luncheon at the Sherman Public Library, "The Shogun Age: The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty," a slide show from the Dallas Museum of Art 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV at Plano Clark SHS Band to UIL Concert & Sight-reading Contest</p>	<p>8</p> <p>9 am - 4 pm and - Perrin Science Fair 6:30-8 pm - Perrin Science Fair 3:15 pm - Tennis, Dillingham vs. Greenville, Here 4 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV at Pottsboro 6:30-8:30 pm - Identi-a-child at Jefferson 7:00 pm - Jefferson PTA, Filmstrip & Panel Discussion on "Mothers Who Work Outside the Home" 7:30 pm - Choir Contest Concert, SHS Little Theater Golf, SHS Varsity to Denton</p>	<p>9</p> <p>8 am - Tennis, SHS Varsity to Irving Tournament 10 am - Perrin Math Contest SHS Cheerleader & Student Body Officer Elections Track, SHS Girls Varsity to Ft. Worth Track Meet</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Track, SHS Boys Varsity to W.T. White Track Meet</p>
<p>11</p>	<p>12</p> <p>4 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV & Varsity vs. Gainesville, Here Spring Vacation</p>	<p>13</p> <p>6 pm - Baseball, SHS Varsity vs. McKinney, Here Spring Vacation</p>	<p>14</p> <p>Noon - Community Education Brown Bag Luncheon at the Sherman Public Library, "Guilty by Reason of Race," a film about the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II 2 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV & Varsity at Gainesville Spring Vacation</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Baseball, SHS Varsity to Ardmore Tournament Spring Vacation</p>	<p>16</p> <p>Baseball, SHS Varsity to McKinney Tournament Spring Vacation</p>	<p>17</p>
<p>18</p>	<p>19</p> <p>5 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV vs. Savoy, Here</p>	<p>20</p> <p>3 pm - Tennis, SHS Varsity at Denison 4 pm & 6 pm - Baseball, SHS Varsity vs. Paris, Here 7 pm - Wakefield PTA, Bob Moore speaks on "Testing"</p>	<p>21</p> <p>Noon - Community Education Brown Bag Luncheon at the Sherman Public Library, Hiroe Morisawa & Faith Daniel, "Japanese & American Rotary Exchange Students Exchange Views" 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV at Denison</p>	<p>22</p> <p>4:30 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV & Varsity vs. Ft. Worth Eastern Hills, Here</p>	<p>23</p> <p>8 am - Tennis, SHS Varsity to L. D. Bell Tennis Festival 4:30 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV & Varsity at Ft. Worth Eastern Hills</p>	<p>24</p> <p>1 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV vs. Plano Clark, Here 3 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. Plano Clark, Here Track, SHS Boys & Girls Varsities to Gainesville Track Meet</p>
<p>25</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Fairview EPO Book Fair 5 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV at Savoy</p>	<p>27</p> <p>Fairview EPO Book Fair Author Yoshiko Uchida speaks to fifth graders and parents at six elementary schools 3:30 pm - Tennis, SHS Varsity vs. Durant, Here 4 pm - Baseball, SHS Varsity at Wichita Falls 7:30 pm - Dillingham Band Concert SHS Choir Clinic</p>	<p>28</p> <p>Fairview EPO Book Fair Noon - Community Education Brown Bag Luncheon at the Sherman Public Library, Dr. Mark Wilkinson of Austin College speaks on "American Perceptions of Japan Before the Internment"</p>	<p>29</p> <p>Fairview EPO Book Fair 3:30 pm - Tennis, SHS Varsity at Lewisville 4 pm - Baseball, SHS White JV vs. Bells, Here 4:30 pm - Autograph Party for author Yoshiko Uchida at the Sherman Public Library 7 pm - Piner Choir, UIL Music Concert 7:30 pm - Dillingham PTA & Spring Choral Concert</p>	<p>30</p> <p>Fairview EPO Book Fair 8 am - Tennis, SHS Varsity to Wichita Falls Tournament 5 pm - Baseball, SHS Varsity vs. Denton, Here</p>	<p>31</p> <p>ACT Noon - Author Yoshiko Uchida speaks on "Listening to the Past" at Book-and-Author Luncheon at Austin College. Call 893-3108 for reservations. 1 pm - Baseball, SHS Varsity at Lewisville 1 pm - Baseball, SHS Maroon JV vs. Lewisville, Here Track, SHS Girls Varsity to Bonham Track Meet</p>



Yoshiko Uchida

"Basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes."

Award-winning author Yoshiko Uchida will speak to fifth grade students and their parents in Sherman's elementary schools during the last week in March. Miss Uchida will tell about her experiences as a Japanese American during World War II. She will also describe her development as a writer and will detail the writing and publishing processes.

Yoshiko Uchida graduated with honors from the University of California and received a master's degree from Smith College. A Ford Foundation Fellowship enabled her to study and work in Japan.

Miss Uchida is the author of more than twenty published titles for young people. She has also written numerous short stories, articles, and an adult novel.

Her recently published book, *The Best Bad Thing*, received the coveted Notable Book designation of the American Library Association. *People Magazine* (December 19, 1983) and the *School Library Journal* (December, 1983) both praised her depiction of the Japanese and Japanese-American cultures.

Speaking of her own writing, Yoshiko Uchida said,

"All of my books have been about Japan and its children or about Japanese-Americans because I felt I would make the best contribution in this area. I wanted American children to become familiar with the marvelous Japanese folk tales I had heard in my childhood. I wanted them to read about Japanese children, learning to understand and respect differences in customs and cultures, but realizing also that basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes."

Yoshiko Uchida's visit to Sherman is scheduled in conjunction with "Images of Japan: Bridging Time and Space," a series of events sponsored by the Sherman Public Schools, Austin College, and the Friends of the Sherman Public Library. The Texas Committee for the Humanities provided funding.

An Invitation

Students and their parents are cordially invited to meet Yoshiko Uchida at an autograph party in the Sherman Public Library from 4:30 - 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, March 29, 1984. Books written by Miss Uchida will be available for purchase from the Friends of the Sherman Public Library.

April 15, 1984

To the 5th Graders of the
Sherman Public Schools

Dear Boys and Girls:

It was wonderful to visit you in Sherman, and I want
to thank you, your principals, teachers and parents
for the warm Texas welcome you gave me.

I loved all the posters and signs in your halls, and
the letters and pictures you have sent me. But most
of all, I enjoyed getting to know all of you.

I hope you will all keep reading and enjoying good
books.

All the best,

Yoko Kashiwagi
田田 友子

P.S. I look forward to receiving the
promo material I left behind. I've
given away those I bro't with me &
need some for Athenium.

Do hope your comps went well. I was
sending positive thoughts your way!
Will you please duplicate and dis-
tribute the enclosed letters to the
schools as we discussed? Many thanks
for your help.

Greetings to Bonnie, Nana & especi-
ally to Ralph.

Hastily,

Dear Nancy:

4-15-84

April 15, 1984

To my friends at Crutchfield
Elementary School

A very special thank you for that delightful
tasting party you held for me when I visited
your school. It was a very special event
during my visit, and I appreciated the time
and effort of all those who participated.

Thank you, too, for your lovely pictures
and letters. I enjoyed them all.

Sincerely,

A very special thank you for the beautiful
gifts which you gave me when I visited your
school. I loved reading the Legends of the
Bluebonnet and the wonderful poems which
were inside the great Texas map. Your work
has been much admired by all my friends and
the arrangement of bluebonnets is on my
living room table. I think of you every
time I look at them. Domo arigato! (Thank
you very much!)

To my friends at Washington
Elementary School

April 15, 1984

**FRIENDS OF THE
SHERMAN PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**BOOK AND AUTHOR LUNCHEON
YOSHIKO UCHIDA SPEAKS ON
LISTENING TO THE PAST**

**MARCH 31, 1984
12:00 P.M.**

**MOSELEY ROOM—AUSTIN COLLEGE
\$4.50 PER PERSON**

**Mail your check to Mrs. James Francis,
1419 Hillcrest, Sherman, Texas 75090,
by March 29, 1984, or leave with the
Sherman Public Library Secretary.**

**A community education event sponsored by
The Sherman Public Library • Austin College**

**The Friends of the Sherman Library
Supported By
A Grant From The Texas Committee For The Humanities**

Japanese-American author to address 5th graders here

Award-winning author Yoshiko Uchida will speak to fifth grade students and parents in Sherman's elementary schools this week.

Miss Uchida, who was interned with her family during World War II in concentration camps, will tell about her experi-

ences as a Japanese-American during World War II.

Her Sherman visit is scheduled in conjunction with "Images of Japan: Bridging Time and Space," sponsored by the Sherman Public Schools, Austin College, and the Friends of the Sherman Public Library.

She also will describe her development as a writer and will detail the writing and publishing processes. Miss Uchida began writing when she was 10 years old.

The author graduated with honors from the University of California and received a master's degree from Smith College. A Ford Foundation Fellowship enabled her to work and study in Japan. Miss Uchida, a former elementary school teacher, has written numerous short stories, articles and an adult novel.

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Of her own writing, she said, "I wanted American children to become familiar with the marvelous Japanese folk tales I had heard in my childhood. I wanted them to read about Japanese children, learning to understand and respect differences in customs and cultures, but realizing also that basically human beings are alike the world over, with similar joys and hopes."

Students and parents are invited to meet Miss Uchida at an autograph party from 4:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Thursday at Sherman Public Library.

She will speak Tuesday at 9 a.m. at Perrin Elementary School; at 1:30 p.m. Tuesday at Crutchfield Elementary; at 9 a.m. Wednesday at Washington Elementary; at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday at Wakefield Elementary; at 9 a.m. Thursday at Jefferson Elementary; at 10:45 a.m. Thursday at Fairview Elementary and at noon Saturday in the Moseley Room of Austin College.



YOSHIKO UCHIDA, to tell of wartime years.

Sherman Democrat
3-25-84

*Japanese-American author
describes wartime ordeal*

Please see Page B1

*Dallas nurse-dispatcher
says she obeyed orders*

Please see Page A2

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THURSDAY

March 29, 1984

Sherman Democrat

105th Year of Service—No. 196

Sherman, Texas 75090

Price 25 Cents

Japanese-American tells of wartime ordeal

by CATHERINE CHRISS
Staff Writer

During World War II, Yoshiko Uchida and her Japanese-American family lived six months in a smelly horse stall at a race track. Her home, if it could be called that, was surrounded by armed guards and 8,000 other Japanese-Americans.

She says she'll never forget that experience, or the second internment that followed. Mrs. Uchida, a popular author of children's books and lecturer, wants today's generation to know what happened to Japanese Americans after Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

"There were 120,000 Japanese-Americans put behind bars without a trial, without a hearing. What happened to the Constitution? What happened to the Fourth and Fifth Amendments?" she asked Wakefield Elementary School fifth graders here Wednesday. "I want you boys and girls to read books like this so that you'll see that this never happens again."

During a five-day visit here, Mrs. Uchida is talking to fifth graders about her life as an author and about her experiences during the war.

When she was growing up in Berkeley, Calif., Mrs. Uchida was ashamed of her dark hair and Oriental features, she said. She and her older sister talked to Caucasians only after they spoke first, for fear of rejection, she said. And her family, because of their heritage, was allowed to live

only in certain parts of town.

There were difficulties imposed on her life that she said she hopes no one will ever have repeated.

"Today we learn to appreciate our differences. In those days we used to think the white American was the best one," she told the audience.

A diminutive woman who likes to communicate, Mrs. Uchida walked among the students while she talked, showing illustrations from her books.

She urged the fifth graders,

Women due honor

AUSTIN, Texas (AP) — Governor Mark White will inaugurate 10 outstanding women into the state's first Texas Women's Hall of Fame on Sept. 13 during a "Women in Texas Today Week" celebration in Austin, the governor's office announced Wednesday.

White, members of the Governor's Commission for Women and a group of citizens will select one winning nominee from each of 10 areas of achievement: arts and humanities, business and finance, communications, community leadership, civic and volunteer involvement, education, health professions, law, public service and science and technology.

most of whom had read some of her books, to read and write as much as possible. She said she wrote her first story "Jimmy Chipmunk and His Friends" when she was 10.

Since then, she's written 23 children's books and one adult book. One book, *The Best Bad Thing*, received the Notable Book designation of the American Library Association. Through a Ford Foundation Fellowship, she spent two years in Japan after receiving a master's degree from Smith College.

"If you read good books, no matter what you're going to be, it's always going to be something that will enrich your lives," she said.

She's now working on a sequel to *The Best Bad Thing*. And the Public Broadcasting System is considering televising *Journey Home*, she said.

The fifth graders, asking numerous questions, were clearly intrigued and impressed by Mrs. Uchida. They asked her why Japanese-Americans were treated so poorly, how often she wrote books, which book she enjoyed most (which she compared to asking a parent which of their children is the favorite), how she became

interested in writing...

"It really and truly turns them on. To know that they (authors) are real people makes a difference," said Jean Ables, Wakefield reading specialist. "I'm not surprised that the kids responded so well."

Students and teachers have been preparing for her visit, scheduled in conjunction with *Images of Japan: Bridging Time and Space* since early February.

They've sung Japanese songs, studied Japanese characters, written Haikus and done some origami. The Texas Committee for the Humanities funded the project, that was sponsored by Sherman public schools, Austin College and the Friends of the Sherman Public Library.

Fifth graders presented Mrs. Uchida with a bowl of Texas bluebonnets and a book in the shape of Texas, among many welcome signs during the author's first trip to Texas.

Mrs. Uchida came here partially through an invitation of Dr. Harry E. Smith, Austin College president. The two met when they both were involved in the United Student Christian Council in New York City 30 years ago. Since then, they've stayed in touch.



Staff Photo by David Arndt

Author Yoshiko Uchida addresses fifth graders at Wakefield

Sheriff to hear Southmayd grievance

by MARK STUTZ
Staff Writer

SOUTHMAYD — Residents here angered about what they claim is a threat to their safety will meet at 7 p.m. tonight with Grayson County Sheriff L.E. "Jack" Driscoll.

More than 50 residents gathered Monday night at the Southmayd City Hall to meet with William French of the sheriff's office. They wanted to discuss a traffic accident that occurred Sunday afternoon outside the woman's home.

Officers from the Texas Depart-

riding a motorcycle in the area.

The witnesses claim that the woman sat in her car for at least a half an hour with the engine running, and then pulled out as Nicholas, a resident of Southmayd, drove past on the motorcycle.

No charges have been filed

9.97% INTEREST

For All Texas Veterans
Call Tom Willis

Voters Of Justice Precinct 15-16-17

and

The City of Pottsboro

A VOTE AGAINST

Images of Japan:



日本

Bridging Time and Space

A celebration of Japan's cultural heritage and of the experiences
and contributions of Japanese Americans

Calendar of Events



Tuesday, March 27
through
Thursday, March 29

Author Yoshiko Uchida speaks to fifth graders and their parents at Sherman's six elementary schools

Thursday, March 29

Friends of the Sherman Public Library host an autograph party for Yoshiko Uchida from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. at the Sherman Public Library. Everyone is cordially invited. Books by Miss Uchida will be available for purchase.

Friday, March 30

Author Yoshiko Uchida meets with Austin College and Sherman High School students. Luncheon sponsored by the Austin College Chapel.



Saturday, March 31

Book and Author Luncheon at noon in the Moseley Room at Austin College. Yoshiko Uchida speaks on "Listening to the Past." Sponsored by the Friends of the Sherman Public Library. \$4.50 per person. Make reservations by March 29. Mail check to Mrs. James Francis, 1419 Hillcrest, Sherman, Texas, 75090.



Tuesday, April 3

Private tour of "The Shogun Age: The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty" at the new Dallas Museum of Art. A Japanese lunch at the Benihana Restaurant follows the 10 a.m. tour. \$12.00 per person includes tour and lunch. Call Community Education, 892-9115.



Brown Bag Programs

Wednesdays at noon in the Community Room of the Sherman Public Library

March 7

"The Shogun Age: The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty"

A slide show describing the first major travelling exhibition to be presented in the new Dallas Museum of Art

March 14

"Guilty by Reason of Race"

A documentary account of the Japanese who were interned during World War II

March 21

"Rotary International Exchange Students"

Faith Daniel and Hiroe Morisawa share their impressions of Japan and America

March 28

"American Perceptions of Japan Before the Internment"

A talk by Mark Wilkinson, Ph.D., East Asian specialist in the Austin College History Department

a community education event sponsored by

The Sherman Public Schools • Austin College • The Friends of the Sherman Public Library

supported by

A grant from the Texas Committee for the Humanities



In Sherman . . .

Yoshiko Uchida

"I write to celebrate our common humanity, for I feel the basic elements of humanity are present in all our strivings."

YOSHIKO UCHIDA was born in Alameda, California, and grew up in Berkeley, where she is now living. She was graduated with honors from the University of California with a BA in English, Philosophy and History and has a Masters in Education from Smith College, where she was awarded a graduate fellowship.

Like the child in her book, *A Jar of Dreams* (winner of the Commonwealth Club of California Juvenile Book Award Medal), Yoshiko Uchida experienced the alienation and rejection felt by many Japanese Americans in an often hostile society, and during World War II she and her family were among thousands of Japanese uprooted from their homes and incarcerated by the government. They were sent first to live in a horse stall at Tantoran Race Track and then to Topaz, a bleak concentration camp in a Utah desert. She has written of this experience in two books for young people, *Journey to Topaz* (an ALA Notable Book) and *Journey Home*, as well as in a short story entitled, "The Bracelet." Her first adult book on the subject, *Desert Exile*, was published in April, 1982, by the University of Washington Press, and an excerpt from the book that appeared in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* won its best general interest article award for 1980. Her latest book, *The Best Bad Thing* (an ALA Notable Book), received a favorable review in the December 19, 1983, issue of *People Magazine*.

Her interest in writing began early, and when she was ten years old, she was writing short stories in books she had made of brown wrapping paper. She is now the author of over twenty published titles. Her first published book, *The Dancing Kettle*, was a collection of the favorite Japanese folk tales she had heard as a child. Later a Ford Foundation Foreign Study and Research Fellowship to Japan enabled her to collect additional folk tales for *The Magic Listening Cap* (a Herald Tribune Honor Book), one of two books she has illustrated herself. *The Sea of Gold* was her third collection of Japanese folk tales.

While in Japan she wrote a series of feature articles about craftsmen for the *Nippon Times*, as well as a booklet about one of Japan's major potters for the Folk Art Movement. On her return to the United States, she served as West Coast



correspondent and wrote many articles for *Craft Horizons* magazine, and her continued interest in handcraft led her to study some weaving, pottery and jewelry-making herself.

In addition to articles, Ms. Uchida has written several adult short stories and a recently published adult novel. Her short stories for young people have appeared in several anthologies, and she recently wrote an Asian-oriented church school curriculum for fifth and sixth graders.

Although many of her earlier books dealt with the young people of Japan, with *Journey to Topaz* and *Samurai of Gold Hill* (winner of the Commonwealth Club of California Juvenile Book Award Medal), she turned to writing about the Japanese experience in the United States.

Of her recent work she says, "I hope to give young Asians a sense of their past and to reinforce their self-esteem and self-knowledge. At the same time, I want to dispel the stereotypic image still held by many non-Asians about the Japanese and write about them as real people. I hope to convey as well the strength of spirit and the sense of hope and purpose I have observed in many of the first generation Japanese. Beyond that," she adds, "I write to celebrate our common humanity, for I feel the basic elements of humanity are present in all our strivings."

Among the honors she has received is the University of Oregon's Distinguished Service Award in 1981 for "having made a significant contribution to the cultural development of society . . . and . . . helped to bring about a greater understanding of the Japanese American culture."

Although at one time she was a secretary in New York City and taught elementary school for a short time in Philadelphia, Yoshiko Uchida is now a full-time writer. She works near a window where she can see the flowers and *bonsai* on her patio, as well as the sky, trees and a variety of birds. "The view," she says, "is also nice for day-dreaming."

When she isn't working or speaking to children, she enjoys meeting friends for lunch, or going with them to the theater, museums and art exhibits. "Anything that isn't writing, I consider play," she says, concluding, "I seem to manage to play quite a lot!"

In Dallas . . .

What a show is Shogun!

"The Shogun Age: The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty"

March 18 - May 27, 1984

The first major travelling exhibition to be presented in the new Dallas Museum of Art

The Shogun Age Exhibition is being held in hopes of imparting a better understanding of Japanese history and traditional culture to the American people.

The family of the Tokugawa shoguns exerted its authority in every aspect of Japan's pre-modern period as the supreme power in the land. In particular, the culture developed by the shogunal family was revered by the common people as the ideal culture of that time, and has been regarded as the source of traditional Japanese art.

This exhibition is mainly composed of articles used by the



daimyo (such as swords, armor, household effects, and tea ceremony utensils), which have been handed down from generation to generation for more than three hundred years within the Tokugawa family -- the family that played a significant role in the pre-modern history of Japan.

Approximately three hundred items have been carefully selected from the collection of The Tokugawa Art Museum in Nagoya for exhibition. Most of these valuable items have never been allowed out of Japan before.

Dates

The Shogun Age will be on exhibit at the DMA from Sunday, March 18, until Sunday, May 27. The exhibition will be closed April 9, 10, 11 and May 2, 3, 4.

Hours

Daily except Thursday: 11 a.m.-6 p.m.
Thursday: 11 a.m.-10 p.m.
Last public admission to the exhibit will be one hour prior to closing.

Admission Fee

DMA Members FREE
Adults \$4
Children \$2

Information



Priority Admission

Museum members will be admitted to the exhibition free of charge. Museum members must present their Museum membership card plus one additional piece of identification at the ticket box office.

Tickets

As of January 1, advance reserved time tickets for public admission may be purchased through any Ticketron outlet. There will be an \$.85 charge per ticket purchased at any outlet except the Museum box office. There will be no extra service charge on tickets purchased at the Museum. Mail order for tickets may be sent to: Ticketron, *The Shogun Age*, P.O. Box 5243, Arlington, Texas 76011. There will be a \$1.00 per ticket service charge for mail orders. For people living in the Dallas/Fort Worth metropolitan area, tickets may also be purchased by calling 265-0789. If calling from outside the metropolitan area, (817) 265-0789 should be used. There will be a \$1.00 per ticket charge for telephone orders. Reserved time tickets may also be purchased at the Dallas Museum of Art.

H. P.C.
5/23/84

→ for
lovely ltrs on
kind words & my
writ. checks. I
apprec. all.

I still recall
→ pl. my writ
to summer & happy
for ~~Q~~ call of
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hit 9 - paths
coming soon -

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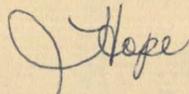
Dear Yo:

Please accept our apologies for the delay in payment to you of the additional \$6.00. It is enclosed.

We are still of the opinion that this has been our most successful project. To a great extent, you are the reason why it was so well received. Your visit to Sherman will not be forgotten.

We look forward to seeing you again.

Sincerely yours,



Hope Waller
Library Director
Sherman Public Library

HW/sdr

Enclosures

SHERMAN



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

April 13, 1984

Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Ave. No. 102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707

Dear Yoshiko:

To have you in Sherman for a week was indeed a rare privilege. You possess a gift of warm communication ability with adults and children.

Those of us who have been involved all agree that this has been our most successful author visit. These positive results are primarily attributed to you. Furthermore, our husbands were very impressed and enjoyed very much the opportunity to visit with you.

There were 84 books sold. This is the breakdown:

Desert Exile	29
Journey Home	16
Jar of Dreams	16
Best Bad Thing	23

We are enclosing a check for \$457.56. I will submit the additional \$6.00 charge and send it to you soon.

Once again, I consider it an honor to have made your acquaintance. Thanks so much!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Hope Waller', written in a cursive style.

Hope Waller
Library Director
Sherman Public Library

HW/sdr

April 6, 1984

Dear Hope:

That was such a wonderful week in Sherman! I enjoyed every minute of my visit and thank you for all you did to make it such a pleasant one. It was one of the best school visits I've had, and I thought the book signing at your beautiful library was a great success, thanks to you and your staff.

I know that you and Bonnie, Nancy & Nana spent a great deal of time and effort in preparing for my visit and think your community should be proud of the wonderful job you all did.

The dinner at Tanglewood was a high point of my visit, and I enjoyed so much meeting all the "men folk." My thanks to you and A.W. for your warm hospitality and please tell A.W. how pleased I was to have him come to the Saturday luncheon.

Please also convey my thanks to the Friends of the Public Library for hosting such a lovely luncheon and for inviting the Smiths and the Deschners as guests. It meant a great deal to me to have them there.

I had a wonderful visit in Dallas and we all thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful new museum and the Shogun Exhibit. I appreciated your securing tickets not only for me, but for the Deschners as well.

I'm enclosing two more receipts, Hope. John Deschner and I both left Dallas on Monday morning so we took the Limo out to the Dallas Airport (\$6.), and the Airport Limo from Oakland to my home was \$24.

I know you've been away at the TRA, so there's no hurry with the above. I hope you were able to meet Maureen Hayes and Neal Porter. They're both nice people!

One more request: When you've time, ^{and if it's not too much trouble.} will you let me know the number of each book sold? I got the totals for the Library signing, but didn't get the count for the Fri. and Sat. lunches.

Thanks again for everything and I hope we'll meet again!

Affectionately,

Encl:

UM

YORK, N.Y. 10047

pc 4/6/87

Born N, N

On my route I got a letter
 12 yrs, I forgot to tell
 - Dallas or elsewhere
 we loved & beautiful Has + C
 Oregon exhibit. It was
 good us to get tickets, all 3 as
 I also appreciated Denham
 invited as guests for Sab. luncheon.
 It meant a great deal to me to have them
 you were kind to include
 in all my activities, Mary Paul,
 I did remember mention all
 - my etc to Hope. Truly.

Mary Paul
 Mary

April 5, 1984

Dear Bonnie, Nancy and Nana:

This is my "official" letter which I hope you won't mind sharing (I'm writing separately to Hope who I know is away now at the TRA), since I want to tell all of you how very much I enjoyed my wonderful week in Sherman. You all seem like good friends now and I miss seeing each of you.

That was such a glorious week. I have never been more warmly welcomed by schools nor had better preparation, publicity and promotion for my talks, and I know this is a result of the time, care and effort each of you put into planning for my visit. As I said at the lunch, Sherman is lucky to have such committed, caring and talented people working for their community and schools.

I truly enjoyed every minute of my stay, from the moment I saw your smiling faces at the airport, Bonnie and Nana, to my daily "travels" with Nancy, and on through all the activities of the week to the lovely luncheon at Austin College. Please convey my thanks to the Friends of the Library for sponsoring such a pleasant occasion on my final day.

I appreciated so much your warm friendship and will always remember my visit to Sherman as a very special time in my life. I hope our paths will cross again some day.

Affectionately,

P.S. Nancy, if by any chance you haven't sent my material on to me yet, could you include a few more copies of "Images..." and the Feb. 26th "Focus". Many thanks.

DMA EDUCATION SERVICES

Reserved Guided Tours

SCHOOL GROUPS: (free) ADULT GROUPS: (\$6 a person)
9:00 am to 9:40 am 9:50 am to 10:40 am
Monday-Friday Monday-Friday
10:00 am to 10:40 am
Saturday

For additional tour and reservation information,
please call (214) 922-0220, ext. 239

Weekend Artist Demonstrations and Public Art Activities:

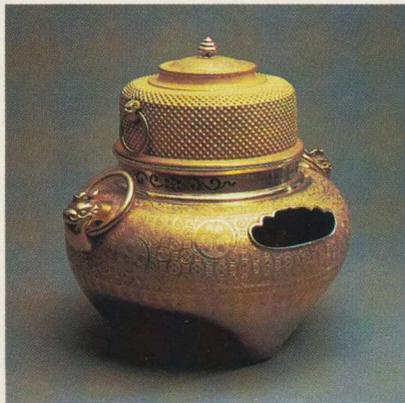
On weekends during the exhibition, various artist demonstrations and on-going public art activities are available in conjunction with *The Shogun Age*. They will take place in the Museum's new education wing, the Gateway Gallery.

Artist Demonstrations: Sundays – 1:30 to 3:30 pm
Public Art Activities: Saturdays – 10:00 to 4:30 pm

Special Children's Classes:

These classes will relate to the exhibition and will be available through the Gateway Gallery on a fee paid, enrollment basis.

For information on program schedules, call the Dallas Museum of Art Gateway Gallery at (214) 922-0220, ext. 250.



Exhibition Contents:

Paintings and scrolls
Calligraphy
Furnishings
Musical instruments
Noh masks and Noh costumes
Armor, swords, and weapons

Symposium

An educational symposium with renowned Japanese scholars participating will be offered free to the public on April 6 & 7 from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.

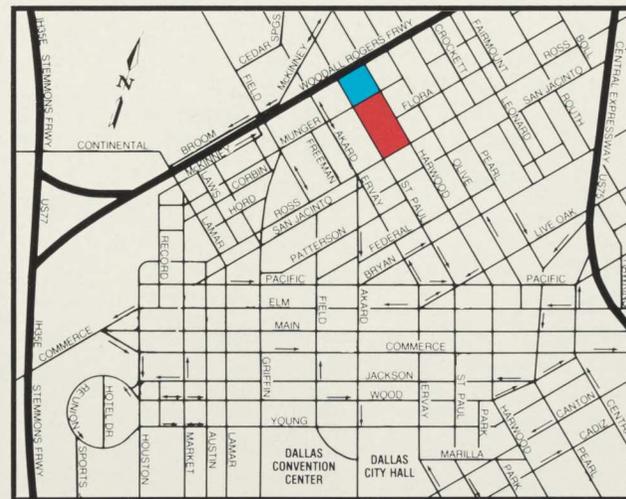
Friday, April 6

History and Culture of The Shogun Age

Saturday, April 7

The Arts in Tokugawa Japan

For more information, please contact the DMA Education Department at (214) 922-0220, ext. 229.

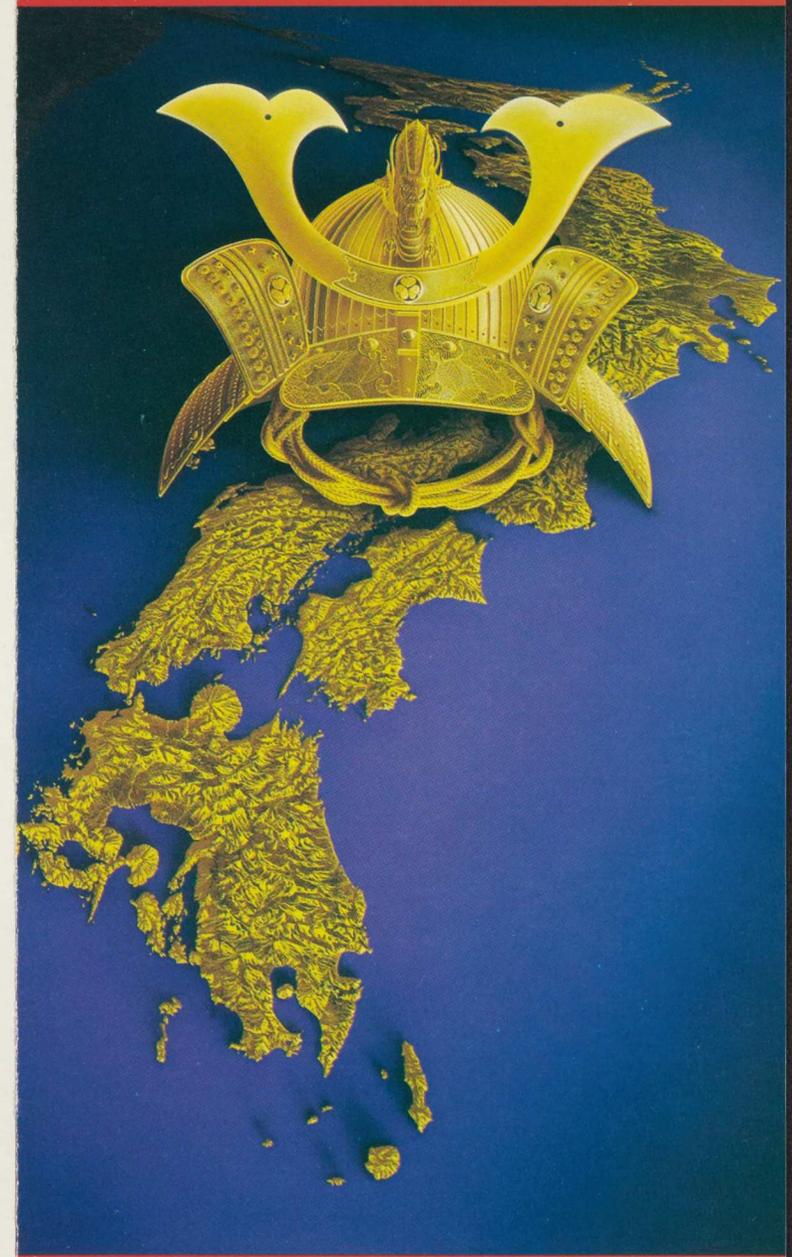


■ Dallas Museum of Art ■ Museum Parking

SHOGUN

THE SHOGUN AGE EXHIBITION

From THE TOKUGAWA ART MUSEUM Japan



DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART

MARCH 18, 1984-MAY 27, 1984

1717 NORTH HARWOOD DALLAS TEXAS 75201

The Shogun Age

The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty
March 18-May 27, 1984

The first major travelling exhibition to be presented in the new Dallas Museum of Art will be *The Shogun Age*, organized by an Exhibition Executive Committee from the Tokugawa Art Museum and sponsored by Minolta Camera Company, Ltd., Japan. Additional support for educational programming includes a generous grant from the Texas Commission for the Humanities. Only two American cities, Los Angeles and Dallas, will host the international exhibition before it travels overseas to Paris and Munich.

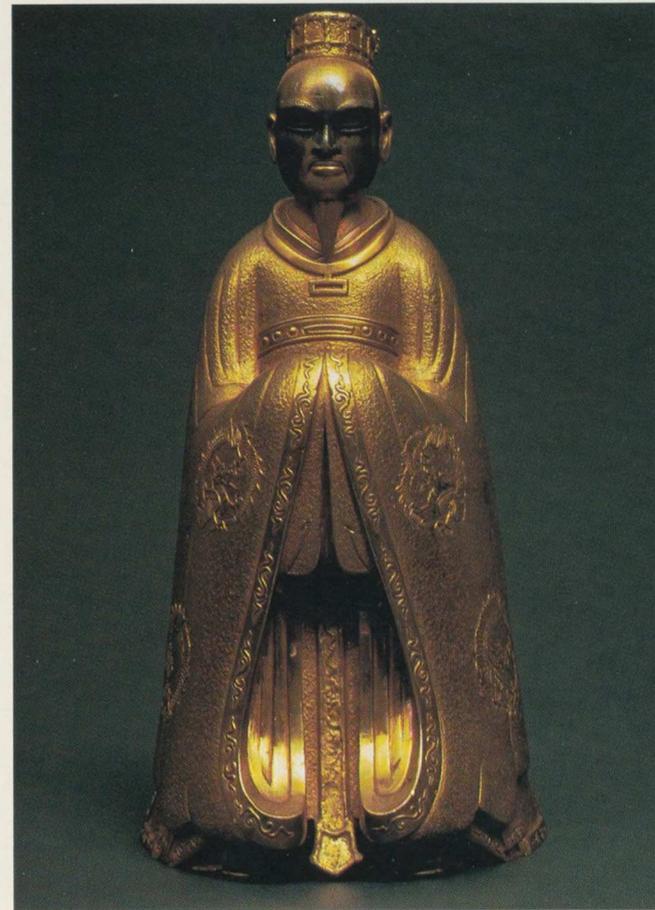
The Tokugawa Art Museum is the source of the exhibition and the repository of the Tokugawa family treasures which embody the culture and life style of the feudal aristocracy that ruled Japan for twenty generations. Describing the new Dallas Museum as "a most beautiful and sophisticated facility," Mr. Yoshinobu Tokugawa, the Executive Committee's honorary chairman, has said that "the opportunity to exhibit Tokugawa artifacts at such a prestigious art museum is a great honor and joy for us."

The Tokugawa Art Museum is the source of the exhibition's 300 objects which date from a two and one-half century time span that is universally regarded as one of the golden ages of Japanese culture.

The rare exhibition is intended to enhance Western understanding of Japanese art and craftsmanship and focuses on the life style of the Shogun Court during the Edo era, also known as the Tokugawa period, which began in the early 17th century and lasted until 1867. The practice of designating a "Shogun," or leader of a military government, was introduced and established by the *samurai* warrior class at the end of the 12th century. The works in the exhibit represent the personal collection of the Tokugawa Shoguns. Also included among the exhibition objects are *daimyo* (feudal lord) possessions that date back to the mid-14th century Muromachi era. The exhibition will be installed in such a way as to vividly and accurately illustrate the manner in which the diverse objects were actually used.

Priority Admission

Museum members will be admitted to the exhibition free of charge. Museum members must present their Museum membership card plus one additional piece of identification at the ticket box office.



Information

Dates

Sunday, March 18, until Sunday, May 27. The exhibition will be closed April 9, 10, 11 and May 2, 3, 4.

Hours

Daily except Thursday: 11 a.m.-6 p.m.

Thursday: 11 a.m.-10 p.m.

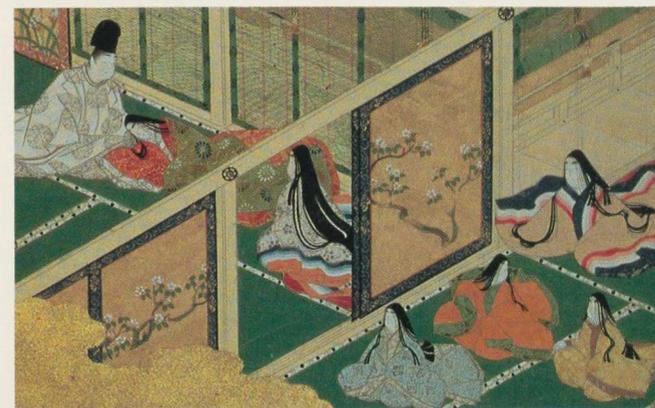
Last public admission to the exhibit will be one half hour prior to closing.

Admission Fee

DMA Members	FREE
Adults	\$4
Children under 12	\$2

Tickets

Advance reserved time tickets for public admission may be purchased through any Ticketron outlet. There will be an \$.85 charge per ticket purchased at any outlet except the Museum box office. For people living in the Dallas/Fort Worth metropolitan area, tickets may be purchased by calling 265-0789. If calling from outside the metropolitan area, (817) 265-0789 should be used. There will be a \$1.00 per ticket charge for telephone orders.



The Shogun Age Exhibition
From The Tokugawa Art Museum
This exhibition is supported by a grant from
Minolta Camera Company, Ltd., Japan

COVER

Conceptual illustration for *The Shogun Age* exhibition. Produced by Shusei Nagaoka. The image illustrates the Japanese archipelago and expresses the idea that beginning in the 14th century Japan was viewed as a "golden kingdom floating on the eastern edge of the ocean." The helmet symbolizes "The Shogun Age."

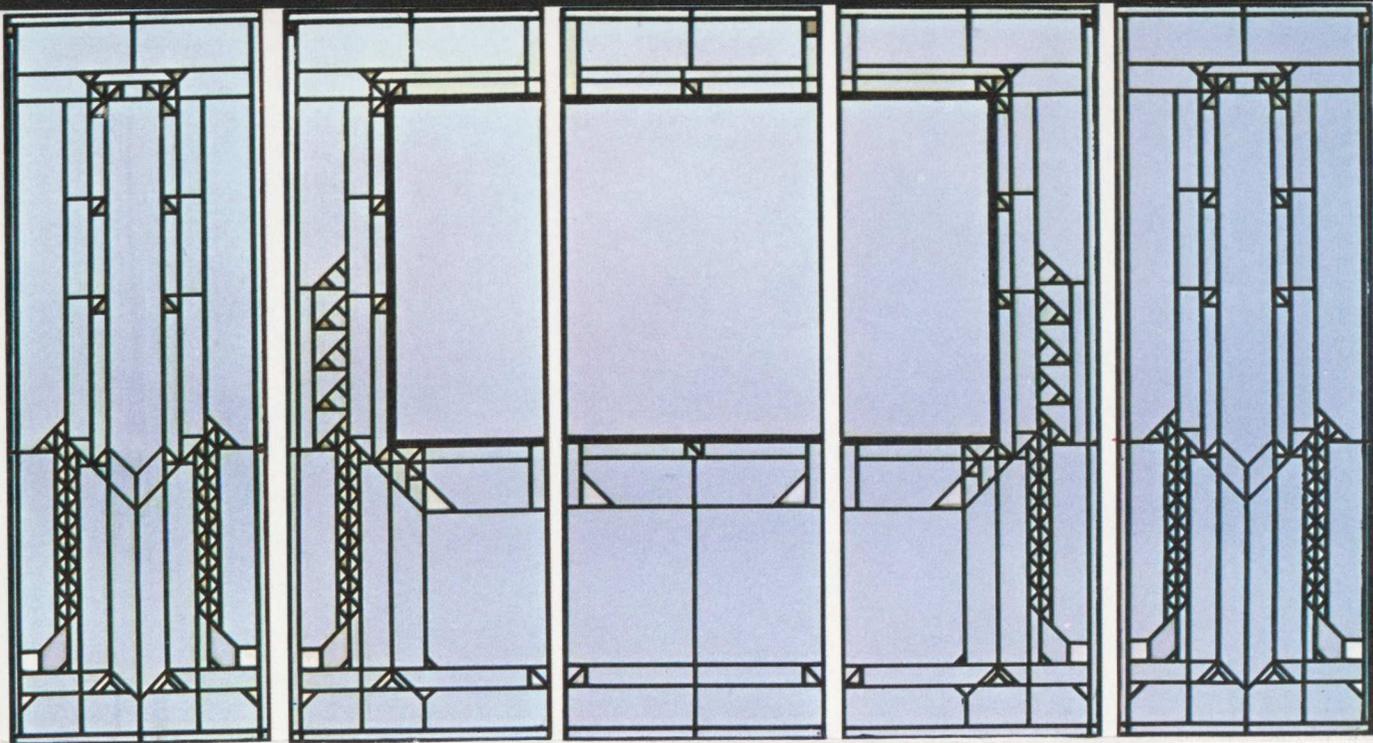
Wednesday

Dear Yo,

you probably thought I had dropped off the face of the earth. It seems impossible that a month has passed since your trip to Texas. I finally made it to the darkroom to print these photos and hope they will bring back happy memories of Sherman.

Your visit here was a huge success. Everyone is still talking about it, as they will be for a long time to come.

Thank you so much for the lovely letters you have written to all of us. I'm glad that you enjoyed the new art museum in



Dallas and the Shogun exhibit. It was a great pleasure for us to meet the Deschners. We were thrilled that you were able to have a reunion with them and the Smiths.

Perhaps we'll be in California before too many years go by, and we'll be able to see you again. Speaking of California, in Berkeley, did you feel the earthquake yesterday?

If you would like extra prints of any of the photos, just let me know. The spot on your jacket in the "food picture" is from a water mark on the negative.

We will always treasure memories of the week you spent with us.

Love always,
Bonnie

April 5, 1984

Dear Nancy and Ralph:

I can't tell you what a great joy it was for me to meet you both during my visit in Sherman!

Nancy, you were so sweet and thoughtful about taking care of my every need, and I really don't know what I would have done without you. There are not many Library Coordinators I felt so at home with that I could ask to borrow her curlers! Also, many thanks for the shopping bag which enabled me to get my Texas bluebonnets home safely.

I was so impressed with the tremendous amount of preparation ~~you had~~ ~~my~~ ~~visit~~. I'm not sure if I told you I showed ~~everything~~ to the Smiths and they thought the blue booklet was so professional they thought my publishers had printed it!

The marvelous evening at Tanglewood was truly one of the highlights of my visit, and Ralph, I want to thank you for being such a gracious host. The beautiful sunset over Lake Texoma, the delicious and elegant dinner, and the delightful company were like an oasis of serenity and joy in a rather hectic week. Thank you so much for your gracious hospitality and for showing me that Texas isn't all flat and dry!

Having the men come to the Saturday lunch was also a great joy for me, and now that you've read one children's book, Ralph, I hope you'll read many more.

Good luck on your Comps, Nancy. I'll keep my fingers crossed for you. And Ralph, I'll think of you every time I see the name Oscar Meyer!

Have a glorious time in Spain and I hope our paths will cross again some day.

Affectionately,

↓
Bonnie +
Steve

April 5, 1984

Dear Bonnie and Steve:

I can't tell you what a great joy it was for me to meet you both during my visit in Sherman! After our many phone calls, Bonnie, I felt as though you were an old friend, and you were every bit as charming and lovely as I'd pictured you to be!

I felt so fortunate to be under your loving and thoughtful care, and do thank you for being so considerate of my every need - even providing me with a bag lunch when I needed it like a good mother!

As I wrote in my "official letter", I have never had a better coordinated or publicized visit, and I know you were the center from which all that energy and care flowed out. The Smiths, too, were very impressed with everything as I shared it with them.

The evening at Tanglewood was truly a highlight of my visit - the beautiful sunset over the lake, the elegant & delicious dinner, the delightful company, and dessert in your beautiful home, were such a special treat. It was like an oasis of serenity and joy in a busy week of talks, and I do thank you both for your gracious hospitality. I also enjoyed meeting your lovely daughter and it's good to be able to picture all of you in your home with bits of Japan from Masaharu Jones and his family!

I also appreciated the men taking time from their busy Saturdays to come to the luncheon, and Steve, now that you've read one children's book, I hope you will read many more.

Incidentally, a friend of mine knows Bill & Phyllis Draughn of Commerce (one of whom teaches spec. ed. at West Texas College). Wouldn't it be a coincidence if you knew them!

Thank you again for everything, and I hope our paths will cross again some day.

Affectionately,

↓
Karey
Ralph

- A personal story recalls a sordid episode in American history endured with fortitude and hope

DESERT EXILE

By YASHIKO UCHIDA

REVIEWED BY KYOJI BUMA

U.S. Sen. Daniel K. Inouye, D-Hawaii, wrote of this book that "It is not a history of the decisions that were made during this period (1942 and following years), but, rather, it is the story of the human lives touched and molded by those decisions. As such it is infinitely more important and infinitely more precious." Sen. Inouye is absolutely right in his appraisal.

Readers of *Desert Exile** may wonder, what would I do and what would my family do if we were suddenly uprooted for no reason other than having specific ancestral ethnicity—say, Chinese Americans, Afro-Americans, Polish-Americans or, for that matter, even Scottish-Americans? A normal life is suddenly interrupted, not by natural disaster, but by ill-advised decisions of certain powerful people, without charge and without trial. You are forced to abandon all you possess, or sell it at a throw-away price; and then you are herded into a place which no decent human society would call livable.

In 1942, nearly 120,000 American citizens of Japanese descent and Japanese residents of the United States were forced into this type of situation. The Uchidas, the author, her parents and Keiko, the author's older sister, were one of those families. From the stucco bungalow with "the sunny yard in back with

**Desert Exile*: University of Washington Press, Seattle. 1982. 154 pp. \$13.98

the peach and apricot and fig trees" on Grove Street in Berkeley, Calif., the Uchidas — minus Papa — were forced to convene at the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, which was designated as the Civil Control Station. Papa Uchida, a prominent Christian gentleman and businessman, had been taken earlier by the FBI along with the other Japanese men and sent to Montana on suspicion of espionage — without charge or trial.

From Berkeley, with bayonet-holding armed guards standing by, the Uchidas were transported by buses to Tanforan, a racetrack stadium across the Bay. The Uchidas' new living quarters were in a horse stall in the compound, surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards. This was their home for four months.

The life there, with 8,000 men, women and small children, was absolutely unbearable and "everything was erratic and [in] short supply."

In this chaos, however, the people began to organize themselves. They established a school system, began a co-op canteen and set up various committees and councils to govern themselves.

They were then ordered to move further into the interior from the West Coast. They were again accompanied by military police on the train, which was "an old model, undoubtedly released from storage," with shades lowered and lights out. They reached a new home after riding three days and two nights.

Their new home was unfinished barracks, hurriedly put together in the middle of the desert, called Topaz, Utah.

Topaz was the Uchidas' home — and that of 8,000 other Japanese Americans — for more than 2½ years. Despite all sorts of people among them, once again, the Uchidas showed their endurance and creativity to face day-to-day living in the one-square-mile camp. The most — and probably the only — happy moment was when Papa was returned to the family from the camp in Montana. At least the family of four was now together.

Yoshiko Uchida kept a diary from which *Desert Exile* is reconstructed. She recorded not only the daily events of their lives at Topaz, but also the emotions, questions and discussions which prevailed among the people there. She speaks particularly of the Niseis (second-generation Japanese Americans). A striking comment describes the agony of the Niseis who were denied the opportunity to serve their own country.

We admit today that the incarceration of the Japanese Americans without charge and without trials was unconstitutional; but Yoshiko brings up a crucial right and obligation of citizens of a nation: the right to serve one's country. She pays tribute to those Nisei volunteers in combat duties — fellow internees at Tanforan and at Topaz who joined the 422nd Battalion and never returned to their country.

The book's epilogue is particularly poignant. She writes, "Perhaps I survived the uprooting and incarceration because my Issei parents taught me to endure," and then, "looking back now, I think the survival of the Japanese through those tragic and heartbreaking days was a triumph of the human spirit."

THE PRESBYTERIAN OUTLOOK

YASHIKO UCHIDA WILL BE IN THE MOSELEY ROOM, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, AT NOON - EVERYONE IS INVITED TO COME AND HAVE LUNCH WITH HER.

This was submitted to Commentary for publication

THE PARADOX OF "SCIENTIFIC CREATIONISM"

By John Lomanaco

Since its proposal over one hundred years ago, the theory of evolution has been the subject of a debate in which the ideas of Creationism have been set forth in opposition to it. This "conflict" has left little room for a reconciliation of ideas, and has often ended in a total refutation of one doctrine at the expense of the other. It is the nature of this "conflict" which I wish to discuss further.

The areas which both ideas concern themselves with deal, in part, with the origin and progression of life on this planet. Both science and theology have justifiable "claims" in this area. Science necessarily deals with cause and effect relationships; a mechanism to account for the "first cause" is obviously important. Theology, in turn, must address the questions of individual origin and personal identity. Although both fields have an interest in the same area, and offer their own internally consistent explanations, this should not automatically imply a debate. If we examine the differences in approach of science and theology, this becomes obvious. The methods of inquiry are entirely different. Essentially, science relies on pragmatic reasoning, whereas religious beliefs are based intrinsically on faith. This does not imply in any way that faith and reason are incompatible; they are simply different modes of thought characteristic to the two fields. It is because of these differences, though, that we cannot discuss creationism within a scientific framework. "Scientific Creationism" therefore becomes a paradox of terms. Evolution and creationism are incomparable as a result, and a debate between the ideas becomes meaningless. Several arguments support this.

Creation would have been a single act by a divine Creator. It cannot be repeated, and is therefore inaccessible to the scientific method. The current theory of evolution, though, is testable, since evolution (as scientists currently define it) is occurring now. The act of Creation is revealed through the Bible, and details are given in scripture. Darwinian evolution, though like any theory, is simply a tentative explanation for what we see. It can, and has, been modified. It could also be refuted, if appropriate experimental evidence were presented. The "tentative explanation" model obviously does not apply to the Bible, but most biology students will agree: a two-year old genetics book soon becomes scientifically archaic.

Creationism must also be excluded from the bounds of science because of its reliance on a supernatural, directive force. Since science must only be involved with the observable and testable, there can be no provision for such a force. Finally, the Christian model of creation is one of the many creation models in the world; if it were treated in absolute terms, as the "one mechanism," it would become scientifically dogmatic. Should not other explanations also be sought?

In light of the above arguments, the different approaches of science and theology should be clear. The applicability of both modes of thought are indisputable, if kept within their boundaries. Creationism suits its purpose in just this way. The question of origins cannot currently be answered by science; no adequate experimental evidence can account for "order" arising from "chaos." Experiments in molecular evolution, and the like, may eventually fill these gaps in understanding. The creation theory, however, has no gaps. Through scriptural revelation and faith, one may achieve understanding and personal fulfillment.

Claude Monet (French, 1840-1926)
WATER LILIES, 1908
oil on canvas; dia: 31 1/2 in.
Gift of the Meadows Foundation, Incorporated
1981.128
Dallas Museum of Art



Wish you could be here
today and see the beautiful
blubbonnets!

Dear Yoshiko,

We still feel the glow
of your visit with us!
Thanks again for coming
and sharing so generously
your knowledge and your
life experience with our
children. It was a good,
positive learning experience
for them.

Yours truly,
Nana Rylander

TO: Dr. Mackey

FROM: Bonnie, Nancy, and Nana

RE: Yoshiko Uchida's visit

We would like to send Yoshiko Uchida's Sherman schedule to the elementary principals for their approval. How does this sound?

Tuesday

March 27

9:00 a.m. - Perrin

1:30 p.m. - Crutchfield

Wednesday

March 28

9:00 a.m. - Washington

1:30 p.m. - Wakefield

Thursday

March 29

9:00 a.m. - Jefferson

10:45 a.m. - Fairview

Also, The Austin College Chapel is sponsoring an informal lunch for Yoshiko on Friday, March 30, at noon in the Moseley Room. Carol Felch would like to take several high school students who are interested in writing.

March 10, 1984

Dear Bonnie:

Thanks so much for your publicity material which looks absolutely marvelous! I think you did a wonderful job with everything. Will you save me some extra copies of Focus... and Images... for my files, my publisher, sister, etc..?

Sorry to be raising more questions, but I thought my morning sessions were going to start later, and wonder if my Tues. and Wed. morning sessions could be moved up to about 10:45 or so (as at Fairview). My presentation, including questions, takes only about an hour, and if I began at 9:00 I would have two extra hours to fill until lunchtime. (Unless I could return to the Smiths until the aft. session.)

I'm just getting over another 2 week spell of fatigue & low energy and am afraid 9:00 to 2:30 or 3:00 will be too long a day for me. Unfortunately, I find it tiring just being with people - especially when I am meeting new friends each day. I do hope everyone will understand if I don't spend those two extra hours at the schools as I want to be careful to have enough energy for the Saturday talk & booksigning.

On Friday, I assume the college and H.S. students are going to ask questions at the lunch and I'm not preparing any presentation for them.

I'll just wait for your call the week of the 19th for your replies to the above, unless you need to discuss the changes with me before then.

If the Deschners haven't contacted you re the lunch before I arrive, I'll check with them when I see them, as I see reservations can be made up to 3/29.

Thank you so much for all you are doing to prepare for my visit. I know it is taking a lot of your time and energy.

Looking forward to seeing you very soon!

Hastily,

MEMO

FROM

BONNIE AVARD



SHERMAN

INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT

Sherman, Texas 75090

Dear Yoshiko,

We're getting very excited about your coming visit to Sherman. I'm enclosing some of the publicity materials that have been printed. I hope everything looks OK to you.

Did the Smiths write to you about having dinner with them on Wednesday with your friends from Dallas?

I've not heard from the Deschners
about coming to the luncheon.

We have ordered your tickets for
the Shogun exhibit.

Several of us will meet you at
the plane. Why don't I call you
the week before your trip to
make any final arrangements?

Again, we looking forward to your
visit to Texas and hope you're
having a good spring. Sincerely,

Bonnie

2-6-84

Dear Bonnie:

Maureen Hayes, Mgr. Library Services of Atheneum Pub., just called me wondering about the number of books that had been ordered for my visit.

She thought the number ordered (I believe a total of 31 copies of each title) for 6 schools + the luncheon signing seemed rather low and wondered if you understood that any unsold copies can be returned.

We've found that it's always better to have more copies on hand than not enough, so you may want to reconsider. In fact, by the time you get this, Maureen may have called you, as I gave her your phone no.

It just occurred to me that maybe children would like to purchase my books at each school immediately after I've talked to them. If you'd like to arrange that, that might be easier for the children than having to come to a separate signing.

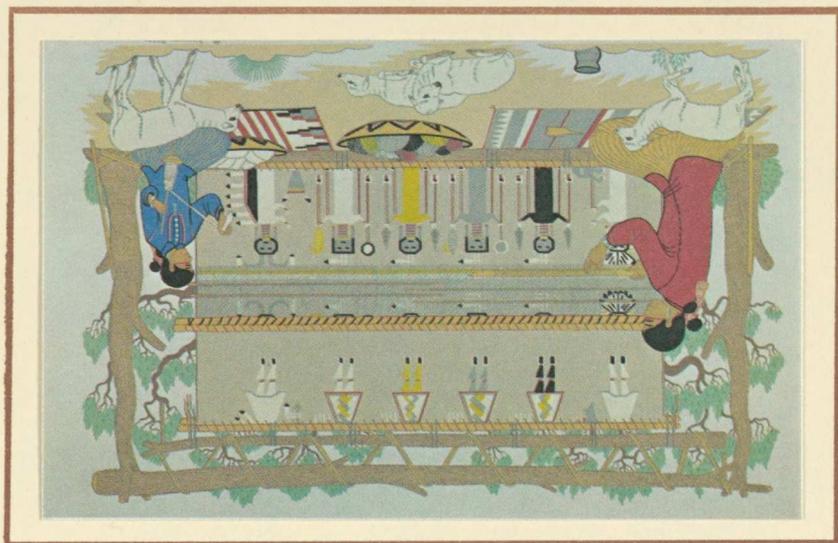
Please **JUST** do whatever is best for you. If you'd like to call Maureen, her number is (202) 486-2669.

Hastily,

Dear Yo!

Dallas, Jan. 31, 84

Such great news: you are finally coming! First ~~we~~^{we} heard thru Harry Smith who already invited us for a reunion dinner. And then came your own affirmation. When you are sure of your dates, please, keep us in mind. We have a guest room (where the boys leftover messes are hidden behind curtains) and two warm hearts



to welcome you. If our running to
 give lectures etc. does not irritate you,
 stick around long enough so we can
 catch up with you. We don't demand
 anything just want you to know
 that we would love to spend some

HARRISON BEGAY, NAVAJO ARTIST

Mr. Begay is one of America's most outstanding Indian artists. A fine feel for line, gentleness and low key color schemes characterize his work.

Harrison was born in 1917 on the Navajo Reservation and studied in Santa Fe from 1934 to 1940. Then he served in the Army from 1942 to 1945 and in 1951 helped found Tewa Enterprises to help promote Indian painting.

Copyright Tewa Enterprises, Santa Fe, New Mexico

private time with you also. In case
 your schedule permits. Love,
 (John is lecturing in Austin) Mas

SHERMAN



LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

January 10, 1984

Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Ave. #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

We are very excited about your visit to Sherman in the spring of this year. It will certainly be an honor. This project is funded with a grant from the Texas Committee for the Humanities. It is a cooperative effort between the Sherman Public Schools, the Sherman Public Library, and Austin College. An agenda of the anticipated events is attached.

This will confirm our financial arrangements. There is an allocation of \$500.00 for your travel and related expenses while you are in Sherman. For each presentation which you make to the schools there will be \$100.00. The honorarium for the author luncheon on Saturday, March 31, 1984, is \$300.00. Please contact me if you have any questions about the arrangements.

It is my understanding that you will be a house guest of Dr. Harry Smith, President of Austin College and his wife, Anne.

Once again, we appreciate your participation in this project.

Sincerely,

Hope Waller

Hope Waller
Library Director
Sherman Public Library

HW/sdr

CC: Dr. Bonnie Avard, Director of Community Education,
Sherman Public Schools
Anne Smith, Lay Citizen and friend of the author

Enclosure: Agenda of Scheduled Events

Could receive tickets

no rush

Answer Japan Budget time - Jan 11

Booker / Mark

February 5, 1984

Dear Masi and John:

How wonderful it was to talk to you! Now I'm more eager than ever to see you!

In the euphoria of our phone reunion, I wasn't clear whether John was free on Saturday 3/31 or not, but I'd love to have you both come to the lunch. (At Sherman College in Austin, Texas, right???)

In fact, I've written Bonnie Avard (Dir. of Community Educ'n, Sherman School District, P.O. Box 1156, Sherman, Tex. 75090), who is coordinating my visit, that I'd invited you both to be there. Please drop her a note or call (214) 892-9115, to let her know if you can be there and I've asked her to send you tickets and details re time and place upon hearing from you.

Then after lunch and the booksigning, we could all return to Dallas together, and I'll wait to collapse until after we get to your place. I think you did say you'd come to get me that day. Or was I mixed up on that too! I'm not used to 3-way phone conversations, especially with two eminent professors!

I dug out Bonnie's letter to me of July 1983 and here is the official info, so Masi will have everything straight: My invitation is from the Sherman Public Schools, the Sherman Public Library and Austin Austin Austin College, based on a grant from the Texas Committee on Humanities. Evidently Sherman is holding a series of community ~~activities~~ in conjunction with the Shogun Exhibit at the new Dallas Museum of Art.

Oh yes, I also asked Bonnie to secure 3 tickets for us for the exhibit for Sun. 4/1.

I'll be staying with Harry and Anne during my week in Sherman, so you can reach me there if you need to.

I guess that covers everything for now. I can hardly wait to see you!

Love,

February 5, 1984

Bonnie Avard
Sherman Public Schools
Sherman, Texas 75090

Dear Bonnie:

I've made my reservations for March and am getting very excited about my Texas trip! I'll arrive on Monday, March 26 via American Airlines #464, which leaves Oakland at 8:56AM and arrives Dallas at 2:05PM. I believe you said someone would meet me and I'd appreciate knowing who to look for later on.

On Saturday, March 31, my friends from Dallas, Prof. & Mrs. John Deschner (also good friends of the Smiths), said they could pick me up. Would it be possible to invite both of them to the lunch, as Mrs. Deschner especially expressed interest in hearing my talk? I'll ask them to drop you a note if they can make it, and I'd appreciate your sending them tickets and details as to time and place.

They also said they'd be glad to take me to the Shogun Exhibit on Sunday, so I wonder if I might impose on you and accept your kind offer to secure tickets for me. We'll need three for Sunday, April 1, and if they are distributed by time segments as our big exhibits are, I think early afternoon would be the 1st choice, and maybe morning if nothing else is available.

In case you'd like to contact them directly here is their address and phone number: 3211 Drexel Dr., Dallas 75205, (214)528-6898. They both teach at SMU.

Please let me know if there is anything further I should know about my schedule in Sherman ~~apart~~ from what we discussed by phone.

And my deepest thanks to you for all you are doing to coordinate my visit. I'm so looking forward to meeting you.

All the best,

P.S. Do please thank Hope Waller for her kind letter and ask her to forgive me for not acknowledging it. I'm swamped and trying to cut down on letter writing where I can.

Enc. Addendum to Pub Works Cert

February 5, 1984

Dear Anne and Harry:

Just a quick note to let you know I've made my reservations and am getting very excited about my trip to Texas! I'll arrive in Dallas at 2:05 PM on Monday, March 26th and Bonnie Avard is arranging for someone to meet me. So I think I should be in Sherman about 3:30 or 4:00 PM.

Perhaps Bonnie has already told you about my schedule, but very briefly - I speak at 2 elementary schools on Tues. and Wed. (1 am and 1 early aft.); 2 schools Thursday morning, with a booksigning in late afternoon. Friday, I'm meeting informally with some HS students and maybe with some students on campus(?) She mentioned that she had talked with you about the latter, and I think I can manage as long as I just answer questions and don't have to give a presentation. Saturday will be the luncheon talk and booksigning.

John and Masi thought they could come pick me up on Saturday, and Masi mentioned wanting to hear my talk, so I've written Bonnie to ask if we could invite them both to the lunch. Would it be nice to have them there? Then I'll ride back to Dallas with them that afternoon and spend Sat. and Sun. night with them, leaving early on the morning of 4/2.

I can hardly wait to see all of you! What a glorious reunion we'll have!

By the way, I'd like to take the two of you to dinner one night (any day except Thursday which is my heaviest day), so will you save an evening for me?

Well, I think this is all the news for now. If you need any further details re my schedule, please check with Bonnie as she is making all the arrangement.

See you before long!

Fondly,

IMAGES OF JAPAN: BRIDGING SPACE AND TIME
AGENDA

1/29/84 Call from Bonnie A

- March 7 Film
- March 14 Film
- March 21 Experiences of Japanese and American exchange students (High school Rotary students will discuss their experiences.)
- March 28 American Perceptions of Japan before the Internment (Dr. Mark Wilkinson will lead a discussion concerning this topic.)
- March 31 Author Luncheon with Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
- Week of March 25 Presentation to parents and students by Yoshiko Uchida concerning her books and Japanese culture and history.
- Week of March 28 Public Exhibit and slide show for public viewing at Sherman Public Library
- April 2 Autograph Party; Ms. Yoshiko Uchida will autograph her books at the Sherman Public Library.
- April 2 Tour of Shogun Display at Dallas Museum of Art. This would be a group (tentative) tour from Sherman to the Shogun exhibit.

about Bk

* Better skip A.S.

Tentative

Mon arr 3/26

* will someone meet me? yes

2 classes in 25

PK. in 60 ch 5:30-6:00

* mid-morning lunch break early off.

the + that

* Full re Ala not able Bk

Tue 3/27 - 2 schools

Wed 3/28 - 2 schools

mom in - A.S. start informal just answer

11:00 A - 1A

pub - Austin Colos streets Pub Inter

2 schools a.m. auto 4:30-5:30

Thu 3/29

* maybe Bk signing here? 4:30-5:30

* who's at lunch - * How long lunch - 25

Fri 3/30

2 schools

Sat 3/31

noon lunch * add'l Bk signing? yes

Sun 4/1 - To Dallas (maybe leave?)

* Can someone take me? about Bk signing

December 28, 1983

Bonnie Avard
Sherman Public Schools
P.O. Box 1156
Sherman, Texas 75090

Dear Bonnie:

Have you had any news yet re the grant?

I'm sure nothing can happen during the holidays, but it would be most helpful if I could have word one way or the other as soon as possible. I've promised to reply to some invitations for this spring by early January and need to know what my plans for March will be. Also won't the schools need at least 3 months so the children can start reading my books?

I'd appreciate a call when you have definite word. (415)524-1152.

Hope you had a good holiday, and best wishes for the new year.

All the best,

c 1/3/83 -

- grant approved.

- I gave her Maureen - kids -) Bks - JA, Jan, BBT
few Dec & Ex. simple children

- 3 days talks - 6 school.
from mid morning + 1 early aft.

- try to see Dallas Exhibit

- I make flete notes. they'll receive.

- I reg'd letter confirming fees. - from 2
Hope Wallis, Pub Lib.

January 6, 1984

Dear Anne and Harry:

I just had word from Bonnie Avard this week that they received their grant. So I'm coming! I'm coming! It will be wonderful to visit you and to see Masi & John as well. I do appreciate so much your gracious invitation to stay with you.

I'm scheduled to be in Sherman the last week of March with 3 days of talks at 6 elementary schools (2 talks per day is all I can manage), a talk and a book signing at a luncheon on Sat. 3/31 (at your college, I think.) And I've decided I'd better not try to do any more as I still have to be careful not to over-extend myself and to get plenty of rest.

I'll be planning a definite schedule before long, but tentatively, I'll probably arrive on 3/26 and leave Dallas on 4/1 or 4/2, and go on to NYC and Conn. Bonnie thought I should try to see the Shogun Exhibit in Dallas, so am hoping I can work that in sometime. ^{if}

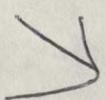
This means I might be staying with you a whole week and this seems like a very long visit for a house guest! I know you must be very busy with your college activities, so do please let me know if this isn't convenient. I mentioned this to Bonnie and she said she could make other arrangements for me if necessary. So please don't hesitate to let me know.

In any case, I'm sure your March calendar is already filled, so please don't worry about me. I'm very content to stay home and go to bed early these days! Had a physical yesterday & some blood tests today & we'll see if the Dr. can help me get my energy level up before spring. I think it's just that I have too much to do.

Anyway, I'm so looking forward to seeing you, and thank you again for making this visit possible.

Affectôpnately,

*p.s. I'll write again when my plane reservations
& schedule are firm.*



January 6, 1984

Dear Masi and John:

Here I am with very belated greetings for the new year! It was good to hear from you and Frances last year, John, and this is a quick note to tell you that I hope finally to be able to see both Deschners in March.

The Sherman Public Schools and Library had invited me to come ~~Sept~~ July (thanks to Anne and Harry), but I didn't know until this week whether they got the grant that would enable me to come. I was waiting till I knew things were definite before letting you know.

I'll be speaking at 6 elementary schools over 3 days and at an author's lunch and booksigning on 3/31. My plans are still tentative, but I'll probably be in Texas from about 3/26 - 4/1 or 2. My visit is timed to coincide with the big Shogun Exhibit, which I hope to see if possible.

But my biggest joy will be in seeing you two and Harry & Anne. Imagine, this is my first trip to your state!

I've had problems with low energy all last year, inbetween a frenzy of acitivity, but I'm hoping I'll be more fit by March.

SEE YOU SOON! I certainly hope you'll both be in town when I come!

Fondly,

Joyous Christmas

Joyeux Noël

Feliz Navidad

С рождеством Христовым

恭祝聖誕

Thony and Anne

We enjoyed your book and look forward to having you as our house guest when you come to Sheran this Spring. We want to invite John & Mari up for a dinner party when we learn your schedule!



★ Nativity • Anonymous Mola, Panama. Illustration from the book "Molas, Folk Art of the Cuna Indians" by Ann Parker and Avon Neal. Design contributed to benefit the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF). ★ Nativité • Mola, anonyme, Panama. Illustration du livre "Molas, Folk Art of the Cuna Indians" par Ann Parker et Avon Neal. Composition offerte au Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance (UNICEF). ★ Natividad • Mola, anónima, Panamá. Ilustración del libro "Molas, Folk Art of the Cuna Indians" por Ann Parker y Avon Neal. Contribución al Fondo de las Naciones Unidas para la Infancia (UNICEF). ★ Рождество • Апликация из ткани неизвестного художника (Мола), Панама, из книги «Мола, народное искусство индейцев куна», Энн Паркер и Эйвон Нил. Работа передана Детскому фонду Организации Объединенных Наций (ЮНИСЕФ) в благотворительных целях. ★ 基督诞生图。缝饰，佚名，巴拿马，取自安·帕克和阿旺·内尔著《古那印地安人民间艺术，缝饰》一书。图案赠给联合国儿童基金会。



Bonnie Avar
Director of Community Education
Sherman Public Schools
P.O. Box 1156
Sherman, TX 75090

Write Marjorie

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
Nov. 7, 1983

Bonnie Avar
Sherman Public Schools
P.O. Box 1156
Sherman, Texas 75090

Dear Bonnie:

I'm having to make a decision next week about a commitment for early May 1984, and this will depend on whether I visit you the week of March 26th-27th as we had tentatively discussed, or whether it will be in April. The reason being, I hope to go east from Texas, and need to leave some time to rest up after I return to Calif.

I know you can't make firm plans or commitments until you know about the funding, but if it comes through, may I assume the dates will be in March?

In order to clarify things I wonder if you'd be good enough to call me upon receipt of this letter. (415)524-1152.

The group inviting me for May must get its publicity out in mid-November since many schools and children are participating in a reading program which will culminate with my visit in May. Hence they are pressuring me for a response, and I just need the date confirmation from you. I do understand the dates will be cancelled if there is no funding.

Hastily,

Yoshiko Uchida

Bonnie c 11/10/83

Res reserved at Colfax for 3/31

Plan on last week - March

arr 3/25 or so

Leave 4/1

*Could be loose re other dates
It's her depends on my health.*

*12/28/83
Inquiry
in book's
folder.*

Spring '84

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
August 11, 1983

Ms. Bonnie Avard
Director of Community Educ'n
Sherman Public Schools
P.O. Box 1156
Sherman, TX 75090

Dear Bonnie:

Thank you so much for your lovely letter inviting me to Sherman next spring if funding is approved. I would be totally delighted to visit Sherman, not only to meet you and to visit my good friends, Ann and Harry Smith, but also to see the Japanese Art Exhibit at Dallas which should be fascinating.

I must tell you, however, that because I have problems with low energy (the result of recurring mononucleosis symptoms), I must be very careful not to over-extend myself. So ordinarily, I don't do more than two school talks a day. These are one hour sessions in which I speak for about 25 minutes and I answer questions for 25-30 minutes. And I prefer speaking to elementary school children since my current books are for grades approximately 4-6. I've found it best not to have the groups too large, so I can show galleys, manuscripts, sketches etc.

If I were to visit your six elementary schools, I'd probably have to do it over three days, if that would be convenient. And if you wanted me to speak at an Author's Luncheon, that would have to be on a separate day.

About finances: I would appreciate receiving RT airfare, lodging and meals for my visit. And recent fees I've received have been \$100 for an hour session at a school and about \$300-400 as principal speaker at a luncheon or meeting.

Having written the above, I want you to know that I realize it is important for you to submit an application with realistic goals likely to be approved, so please feel free to discuss the financial arrangements further with me if necessary. If you'd care to call, my number is (415) 524-1152, and no one will answer if I am out.

If you'd like to work in a book-signing some time, this might be a way to add to your budget as Atheneum gives a 40% discount (minus shipping costs), to groups sponsoring an author visit. Unfortunately, many of my books are now out of print, but my 3 Atheneum titles, 1 folk tale collection and DESERT EXILE (my adult book) would be available, if you're interested. And Atheneum would provide bios and other publicity

material you might need.

I'm enclosing today a copy of my bio and a list of published works which I thought might be useful when you submit your application for the grant.

I'll look forward to hearing from you again, and will keep a good thought in hopes I'll be able to visit Texas next spring.

Do give my warmest greetings to Ann and Harry Smith.

All the best,

Encl:

Yoshiko Uchida

Sherman Independent School District

July 29, 1983

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue
Apartment 102
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida,

I am writing to you at the suggestion of Ann and Harry Smith of Austin College here in Sherman. The Sherman Public Library, in cooperation with the Sherman Public Schools, is preparing to submit a grant application to the Texas Committee on the Humanities. We will ask for funding to hold activities in our community in conjunction with the exhibit to be held next spring in the new Dallas Museum of Art (Sherman is 60 miles north of Dallas). The exhibit is "The Shogun Age: The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty." Enclosed please find newspaper articles about it.

Let me tell you also that last spring the Sherman Public Schools brought children's writer/illustrator Brinton Turkle to Sherman to speak at our six elementary schools. By now you can probably see where this is leading. We are hoping that you might consider coming to Sherman next spring, probably late April. The Smiths would be delighted to have you stay with them. Hopefully, the grant will be approved and will pay your fee, transportation, and other expenses.

Please write and let us know your daily and weekly fees and if you would consider coming to Sherman, Texas in the spring of 1984.

Everything, of course, is very tentative at this point, but possible activities here would be programs at elementary schools, perhaps at the two middle schools and the high school also and an Author Luncheon at Austin College would be wonderful.

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida

2

July 29, 1983

I wish I could give you more definite details, but I know you understand our situation. We are looking forward to hearing from you and hope that before long you will be our guest here in Sherman.

Sincerely,

Bonnie Avard

Bonnie Avard
Director of Community Education

ks

enclosure

Japanese art tour to include Dallas

By Janet Kutner
Art Critic of The News

THE FIRST MAJOR traveling show in the new Dallas Museum of Art will be 300 treasures representing the golden age of Japanese culture, director Harry S. Parker announced this week. Opening on March 17, will be "The Shogun Age, The Source of Japanese Traditional Beauty," an international show organized by The Shogun Age Executive Committee in cooperation with The Tokugawa Reimeikai Foundation.

The museum will officially open its new facility downtown in late January with a permanent collection which will contain many recent additions not yet seen by the public.

"The Shogun Age" will contain artifacts dating from the 14th through 19th centuries, including samurai weapons, paintings, historical documents, Noh robes, musical instruments and household items. The exhibition will make its American debut Dec. 20 at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. After closing in Dallas in late May, the show moves to Paris and Munich.

Sponsored by Minolta Camera Co. Ltd., the exhibition is intended to enhance Western understanding of Japan's traditional art and culture. It focuses on the lifestyle of Shogun families during the Edo era, also known as the Tokugawa Shogunate, which began in the early 17th century and lasted until 1867. But among the exhibit's rare artifacts are pieces dating back to the mid-14th-century Muromachi era.

The Japanese practice of designating as *shogun* the leader of a military government was introduced at the end of the 12th century. During the 260 years of Tokugawa rule, a succession of 15 shoguns unified Japan and stabilized its governing system. As a result of this leadership, matched by extensive cultural patronage, Japan underwent virtually no social or political change for more than two centuries. Almost all of modern Japan's customs and many aspects of its cultural heritage, including painting and literature, were spawned by the Shogun age.

All of the items featured in the Shogun exhibit are drawn from the Tokogawa Art Museum in Tokyo, the only museum in existence housing the entire family collection of a *daimoyo* (feudal lord). The collection has been maintained and increased for 350 years, since the time of the first Lord of Owari Province, Yoshinao Tokugawa, the ninth son of the first shogun, Ieyasu Tokugawa.

Parker credits Dallas patrons Liener and Karla Temerlin with "opening the door which led to this unique and historically significant exhibition coming to Dallas next year." Temerlin is chairman of Bozell & Jacobs, an advertising agency that represents Minolta Camera.

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LETTERS

ners. Martha could have felt even more the love and caring from her good friend and Ms. Madison would have had less anguish over not knowing how to help.

*Caroline Sperling
Washington, D.C.*

Thank you for the article, "Journey Through My Friend's Death." As both a cancer patient and friend to cancer patients, I found it refreshing to see an article that portrays life more the way it usually is than some of those "highly inspirational" pieces in other religious publications.

Not every Christian woman finds the power to be honestly cheerful, accepting and courageous under such circumstances. One should not have to feel that she has failed somehow if she is not always a model of faith and courage. I want neither to have to pretend for the sake of others nor to feel guilty when faith, acceptance and serenity are not evident.

*Sandra E. Lasswell
Zelienpole, Pennsylvania*

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REAGAN HELPS NEEDED

In reflecting on your otherwise excellent editorial in March A.D. ("The Bible in Our Future"), there is one portion that I must challenge—your statement that President Reagan overlooks concern for the poor. Mr. Reagan has expressed repeatedly and demonstrated his concern and determination to provide help for the truly needy.

Why not focus some attention on the manipulations of politicians and labor leaders who hide behind a facade of anxiety for the poor and downtrodden, while primarily looking after their own interests? Why not weigh more carefully the merits of our entitlement programs and eliminate those unworthy of our support?

Furthermore, I do not appreciate your cartoons, with their leftist implications. I deeply resent questionnaires sponsored by the media, pitting bread against bullets and then happily announcing that polls are in favor of a nuclear freeze. These problems are far too serious to be dealt with simplistically.

*Leona E. Taylor
Dodge City, Kansas*

LETTERS

A FOCUS ON ORLANDO

Sarah Cunningham's news analysis, "The Dilemma of Orlando" (Focus, April *A.D.*), struck me as being very much on target. For a president to identify himself too closely with a certain religious viewpoint in order to exploit it for political gain must result in the loss of perspective. A decent tolerance for all sincerely held religious convictions requires a detachment attained only by distancing oneself politically from any one persuasion. If we get to the point where the White House promotes a certain religious viewpoint—and through political clout seeks to promote its bias—then we have opened the door to dictatorship.

*T. Howard Akland
Lehigh Acres, Florida*

The dilemma is not and was not in Orlando, but in the minds of Christians like myself, trying to assess the "real" objectives of *A.D.* and our denominational leaders who support such positions.

Ms. Cunningham, left-handedly, criticized President Reagan for supporting school prayer and for opposing abortion. She criticized him further by using someone else's quote comparing him with Adolf Hitler. Later, she quoted a seminary president who admonished Reagan "not to identify a democracy with God."

We need to rethink our objectives. On what basis do we deny recognition of God in our government and in our democracy? On what basis do we compare our president with Hitler and, at the same time, endorse abortion and the killing of millions of babies? On what basis do we use four pages in *A.D.* to sell the idea that "the church is alive" in the Soviet Union (April *A.D.*) when we all know it is persecuted?

A.D. is not only out-of-focus, it is out of touch with its constituency. The loss of credibility is becoming incredible.

*Richard Taylor
Greencastle, Indiana*

HAIL AN ELEGANT FRUGALITY

"Elegant Frugality"—this significant phrase in the title of an article by Richard Austin in March *A.D.* struck a very responsive note for me, expressing

neatly what I have been feeling for some time. . . .

Austin points out, for instance, that Disney's dream, Epcot, was conceived before the energy crisis. I find it interesting that my 15-year-old granddaughter was bored by it during her visit there at Christmastime. As Austin implies, and as my granddaughter found it, Epcot was already out of date.

Austin believes, as do I, that simplifying our lives can enrich them truly. Let us do away with over-stimulation and clutter. Let us invoke closer contact with the rest of the living world and develop an "elegant frugality."

*Caroline B. Smith
Bristol, Connecticut*

COUNSELING CANCER PATIENTS

As a recovered terminal cancer patient (never victim) and the director of the Cancer Counseling Institute in Washington, D.C., I wish that Nancy Madison had known about cancer counselors in order to include them in her list of experts to call for helping her friend and herself ("Journey Through My Friend's Death," March *A.D.*). Cancer counselors are professional psychotherapists who are trained to help cancer patients move out of the helpless, hopeless condition that Martha experienced. Patients learn to take charge of their lives and to mobilize the defenses of the body against the disease in order to allow the medical treatment to do its best work. At minimum, patients can learn to be aware of their emotional needs and get them met, thus putting some pleasure in each day that is lived. Martha could have learned that it was not necessary to "be strong for the family," thus giving all of them an opportunity to help each other while there was life and to say goodbye with appropriate grief and less guilt and frustration when the time came. Trained counselors have the skills needed to teach this.

Ms. Madison spoke of holding Martha "briefly." I wish that she had held Martha much, much more—to fulfill their bonding needs, helping each other to be physically close and emotionally open. The sharing of such bonding is one of the greatest pleasures and a contribution to the well-being of both part-

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