

Box 6:2 Scott, Foresman and Company

1981 - 1994

Folder 2 of 2

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
BULLETIN OF THE CENTER FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1100 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

312-753-3450

Reply To: Sylvia J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, IL 60038

July 17, 1981

M. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear M. Uchida:

Myra Cohn Livingston and I are preparing a collection tentatively entitled THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE for publication by Scott, Foresman and Company in the fall of 1982. The Anthology is designed for college classes in children's literature, primarily for use in basic introductory courses offered in English, education, and library science.

Among the selections in this Work, we would like to include the following:

"The Secret Plan," (text only), pages 1-8, from
SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL by Yoshiko Uchida.

A copy of the material is enclosed for your edification. Appropriate credit will be given on the acknowledgment page of the Work.

The Anthology will be published in hardcover, both in a text edition and a trade edition. The text edition will consist of approximately 960 pages with a first printing of 20,000 copies. Selling price will be approximately \$18.95.

The trade edition will consist of approximately 640 pages with a first printing of 10,000 copies. Selling price will be approximately \$13.95. Please submit a separate fee quotation for each edition.

Non-exclusive World rights in the English language are requested. It is requested also that your grant include nonprofit, special editions for the handicapped.

Your cooperation is appreciated. We look forward to receipt of your early reply.

All correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. Sylvia J. Rosenstein
Permissions Consultant
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, Illinois 60035

Sincerely,

Zena Sutherland
Zena Sutherland

s—Enc

THE SECRET PLAN

It was the fourth month of the Year of the Serpent, 1869, and a fine spring rain fell softly over the town of Wakamatsu deep in the Bandai-Azuma mountains of Japan.

In a farmhouse at the edge of town, Koichi peered out at the rainy evening wondering why his father was so late. Taking a paper umbrella and a lantern, he slipped into his straw sandals and went to look down the dark road. Suppose something had happened to Father. Koichi felt once more the cold weight of fear that had overwhelmed him so often since the terrible battle for the castle last fall.

He rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and pulled his homespun kimono close around him. Then, almost without thinking, he looked toward the great black shadow that was the castle of Lord Matsudaira who had ruled over their town. In the darkness he could not see the bullet marks on the white plaster walls or the charred timbers of the massive gates, but he knew that the castle that had soared over their town like a beautiful gold-crested eagle was no longer the proud fort that once protected them. Like the rest of the town it had been badly battered by the southern clans, but at least it still stood.

Koichi thought of the cluster of samurai homes just beyond

the granite base and moat of the castle. They were now only charred piles of rubble and Koichi's home was among them. Koichi shuddered as he remembered the futile battle when, for seven terrible days, the castle and the Aizu Clan had lain in siege. They had been bombarded night and day by the artillery of the southern clans, who, after many years of rule by the Shogunate, wanted the Emperor returned to power. They mercilessly attacked those northern clans who believed that it was the Shogun who should continue to rule. Even now, Koichi could smell the death and defeat that had hovered over everything then.

Father had ridden off to that battle, brave and noble, in his armor and helmet, proudly wearing his two samurai swords and carrying a spear bearing the Matsudaira banner. The last thing he had said before he rode off on his black stallion was, "Be very careful, Koichi, and take good care of Grandmother."

Koichi had nodded solemnly, wishing more than anything else that he could ride off to battle with his father as his older brother had done. But if he had, he would not be here now, for his brother and the entire White Tiger Unit of boys not even seventeen had died in battle.

Koichi and his grandmother had escaped to a farmhouse at the edge of town where Father came back to them with a terrible wound in his left arm and a glazed emptiness in his eyes. The southern clans had stripped him of his armor and his weapons and his steed. He was no longer a proud samurai warrior, but only an exhausted, defeated soldier, whose lord and commander had been captured and sentenced to imprisonment. It was a miracle that Father was still alive.

Koichi prayed each morning for the soul of his mother, who had died when he was born, and now he prayed for the soul of his sixteen-year-old brother, who had died in battle. He did not want to have to pray for the soul of his father as well.

Father had gone off early in the morning, saying only that he had some urgent business to attend to and that he was going with Lord Matsudaira's advisor, Herr Schnell. Koichi wasn't sure he could trust the big green-eyed Prussian. He had sold arms to Lord Matsudaira and had even married the daughter of one of the court samurai, but still, even Father seemed to have some doubts about him.

Koichi wondered if the two of them had gone somewhere to plot the recapture of the castle and the rescue of Lord Matsudaira. If ever there was to be another battle for the castle, Koichi thought, he would be there. He was only twelve, but he was strong and as brave as any samurai son. He had been trained at the castle school to fight with sword and spear. He knew how to use a bow and arrow with grace and skill, and could handle a horse as well as his older brother. He had been trained, furthermore, to think and act as a samurai. He would be brave and dignified at all times and, above all, loyal to his lord. If he captured an enemy warrior, he would permit the man to die with honor, by his own sword. If only he could have a chance to show his skill, Koichi thought forlornly.

He was about to turn back to the farmhouse now, when he saw the faint flicker of a lantern coming toward him. He hurried down the road, slippery and soggy from the rain, and waited for the bobbing lantern to approach. Soon he heard the sound of sandals stepping into the sucking mud and the heavy breathing of one who had walked a long way.

"Father?" Koichi called into the darkness.

"Yes. I have returned."

Koichi sighed with relief. "I'm glad you're back," he said. And they hurried toward the farmhouse together.

Grandmother was sitting close to the oil lamp, which lent only a feeble light to the mending she did. Both she and the farmer's wife worked into the night until it was time to get the

quilts from the cupboard and spread them on the floor to sleep. The farmer's wife was weaving hemp and the farmer too was hard at work, twisting strands of rope from rice straw. They all stopped their work when they heard Father's voice at the entrance, and Grandmother hurried to the entrance to help him with his rain-soaked straw cape.

"Mah, mah," she said sympathetically, "you must be weary." And she urged him to come inside quickly.

The farmer's wife stirred the charcoal in the open hearth and heated the black pot that hung over it. Grandmother poured hot water into the pot of fragrant green tea, and the farmer brought Father's tobacco box so he might refresh himself with a smoke.

They were all eager to hear what had happened, for they knew Father had been on an important mission, but first, they attended to his comfort. When Father had eaten two steaming bowls of buckwheat noodles and had some pickled radish with his tea, he began to speak, and they all leaned close to listen.

"Herr Schnell has a plan," he began. "It is a most ambitious plan—one that makes my head swim and my heart anxious."

"Then it is not good?" Koichi asked.

Father thought a moment. "It may hold great good if it is successful," he said carefully, "but for now, we do only what seems best for Lord Matsudaira."

"You have seen him then?" the farmer wondered.

"No, we could not," Father explained, "but Herr Schnell has communicated with him and knows his wishes." Father stopped now, as though not quite sure how much more to tell.

The farmer and his wife lowered their eyes and did not look at Father. He was a samurai, high in Lord Matsudaira's court, while they were only peasants. They did not wish to be unseemly in their curiosity. And Grandmother, although she was of the noble class, did not speak either, for she was only a



woman. As for Koichi, he knew that a child listened and did not question.

They waited for Father to speak when he was ready, and he seemed to be sorting the words in his head before he spoke. Finally, looking at the farmer and his wife he said, "You have been most kind to us since the day of the terrible battle. You took in my mother and son and then myself. You allowed us to share the little you possessed. I shall always be grateful."

Koichi wiggled his toes impatiently. He wished Father would hurry and say what he had to say.

"But now," Father went on, "the time has come for my son and me to leave."

"Leave?" The word burst from Koichi like an explosion in the night.

Grandmother caught her breath and put a hand to her mouth. She had noticed that Father had not included her.

"Koichi and I must go on a long journey," Father continued, and then he spoke gently to Grandmother. "Good Mother, I must ask you to wait here for the time being. The plan entails long days of weariness which I cannot ask you to undertake."

Grandmother nodded. "I understand, my son," she said. "When will you and Koichi leave?"

"Very soon now," Father answered. "There is little time and much to do."

Long after the embers in the hearth had been covered with ash and the lamps blown out, Koichi, like each of the others, lay awake on his quilt. Father had not said where they were going, but he had asked Grandmother to prepare enough food and clothing for a long journey. Could they be going as far as Tokyo, the capital city, where now the Emperor reigned instead of the Shogun? Could it be that they were going to join in another battle?

Koichi had never been outside of Wakamatsu before. His

heart began to pound at the mere thought of such a trip and he was glad to know now. He sat up on his quilts and glanced toward his father, but the only sound coming from his quilts were those of sleep, and Koichi slid back into his own, filled with impatient curiosity.

The next day Father was gone again, and this time when he returned, he had a horse. He also carried a small drawstring leather bag which he immediately put away with great care.

"Is that sad-looking horse taking us on our journey?" Koichi asked. He had never seen a more pitiful creature, but horses were hard to find now, for the southern warriors had taken away most of those that hadn't been killed in battle.

"That is our hope," Father said with a wan smile. "I hope he will be up to it."

"How far will he have to go?" Koichi asked quickly, seeing that it was a good time to find out where they were going.

"To Tokyo," Father answered.

"To ask the Emperor to give the castle back to Lord Matsudaira?"

Koichi asked the question, knowing even as he did, that such a thing was impossible. One would have to be a very great lord and one who had supported the southern clans to even get near the Emperor's court.

Father shook his head quickly. "You can be sure our plan has nothing to do with His Imperial Majesty, Koichi," he said. And then he added, "We will go on from Tokyo to Yokohama."

"To the port city?" Koichi asked. "Why?"

But Father was not ready to tell him anything more, and Koichi was left with an even bigger puzzle than the night before. All he could do now was get ready to leave and that was easily done, for Koichi possessed scarcely more than the clothes on his back.

Grandmother, however, had planned carefully. For many days before the enemy attacked, she had been preparing the things she would take if it became necessary to flee from their house. She had wrapped everything in large heavy silk *furoshiki* bundles. She took one of them out now and removed Father's and Koichi's black silk kimonos bearing their family crest. She also took out a long box that contained Grandfather's samurai swords.

"You are now the only remaining son of the Matsuzaka family, Koichi," she said gravely. "These swords are yours. But for the journey take only one and keep it in remembrance of your grandfather and me."

Koichi knew then that Grandmother must know more than he did, for she spoke as though she might not see him again.

"But we will be back one day, won't we, Grandmother?" Koichi asked.

Grandmother held a thin hand over her mouth, covering the teeth she had carefully blackened, as was the custom, on the day she was married. "Perhaps, my child, perhaps," she said softly, but she said nothing more.

Now she placed the beautiful sheathed sword on top of Koichi's formal kimono, and wrapped them together in a silk *furoshiki*. Then, bowing as she would have done to Father, she slid the packet across the matted floor to Koichi.

"Thank you, Grandmother," Koichi said.

Although he did not know it then, it was to be his Grandmother's last gift to him.

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
August 6, 1981

Mrs. Sylvia J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, Illinois 60035

Dear Mrs. Rosenstein:

I am happy to give permission for the use of Pages 1-8 from ~~SMIAURAI~~ OF GOLD HILL in THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LIBERATURE as requested in Zena Sutherland's letter of July 17th.

Would a fee of \$400 for the text edition and \$300 for the trade edition be feasible? And I would appreciate knowing when this would be payable.

I shall look forward to hearing further from you.

Sincerely,

Yoshiko Uchida

c Powell 8/27-

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
August 31, 1981

Mrs. Syliva J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, Ill. 60035

Dear Mrs. Rosenstein:

the addition from

Thank you for your letter of the 24th.
Re. SAMURAI OF GOLD for The Scott, Foresman
Anthology: Yes, my grant extends to non-
exclusive world rights in the English language.

And would a fee of ²⁵⁰ \$325 for the text
edition and \$225 for the trade edition be
possible for you? 175-

~~250~~ 275
175

I'll look forward to further word
from you.

Sincerely,

275
175

450

Yoshiko Uchida

Improv edition 1976-

phone

Call 9/16 - asked to reduce further

*Asked what they'd offer. Asked if 175 it made 200.
She'd rather me
text to 275*

*Text ~~250~~ 275.
Trade 175 - 175.*

She'll send a letter for me to suggest-

see back
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BULLETIN OF THE CENTER
FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1100 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

312-753-3450

Reply To: **Sylvia J. Rosenstein**
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, IL 60035

August 24, 1981

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

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Thank you for your permission grant of August 6, 1981 covering use of "The Secret Plan" from your volume SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL. The selection is scheduled to be included in THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE by Zena Sutherland and Myra Cohn Livingston.

We assume your grant extends to non-exclusive World rights in the English language. Your fee quotations of \$400. for the text edition and \$300. for the trade edition are somewhat higher than we had anticipated. Can you give us some relief in this area?

I can tell you that permission fees are usually paid on or before publication. I look forward to receipt of your early reply.

Sincerely,

Sylvia J. Rosenstein
Sylvia J. Rosenstein
Permissions Consultant to
Zena Sutherland

s

Samurai - Fall '82
excerpt

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
September 29, 1981

Mrs. Sylvia J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Rd.
Highland Park, Ill. 60035

Dear Mrs. Rosenstein:

When you asked if I'd be willing to sign a letter re the new fees we discussed by phone, I thought you were going to send me a form letter.

Since I haven't heard from you, however, it occurred to me that you might be waiting to hear from me. So this is just to confirm a fee of \$275. for the text edition and \$175 for the trade edition for use of the SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL excerpt in THE SCOTT FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

Sincerely,

Yoshiko Uchida

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BULLETIN OF THE CENTER
FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1100 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS 60637

312-753-3459

Reply To: Sylvia J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Road
Highland Park, IL 60035
(312) 432-5840

October 7, 1981

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue - Apt 102
Berkeley, California 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Please excuse my delay in writing to you to confirm the fees for use of "The Secret Plan" from your SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL. Pressures of business have been great these past weeks.

Your letter of September 29th is sufficient confirmation of the financial arrangement agreed upon of \$275.00 for the text edition and \$175.00 for the trade edition of THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE by Myra Cohn Livingston and Zena Sutherland. It is understood that your grant covers non-exclusive World market rights in the English language.

Thanks much for sending along your letter.

Best wishes,

Sylvia J. Rosenstein

Sylvia J. Rosenstein
Permissions Consultant to
Zena Sutherland

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Blue

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
June 6, 1983

Mrs. Sylvia J. Rosenstein
82 Green Bay Rd.
Highland Park, Ill. 60035'

Dear Mrs. Rosenstein:

I don't have a record of having received payment of \$450. for the excerpt from SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL that was to be included in the text and trade editions of THE SCOTT FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

My understanding from our correspondence in the fall of 1981 was that it was to be published in the fall of 1982 and that payment would be "on or before publication."

I would appreciate receiving ~~prompt pay-~~
~~ment~~ and a complimentary copy of the Anthology if possible.

Sincerely,

Yoshiko Uchida



Scott, Foresman and Company 1900 East Lake Avenue Glenview, Illinois 60025 312/729-3000

June 13, 1983

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

I have just received your letter of June 6 addressed to Sylvia Rosenstein concerning payment for our use of an excerpt from SAMURAI OF GOLD HILL in our THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

I would like to explain that THE SCOTT, FORESMAN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE has been rescheduled for early 1984 publication. Also, we are preparing a text edition only and not text and trade as originally indicated. Therefore, according to your letter of September 29, 1981, the fee for our use is \$275.00.

I have requested that a check be prepared in the amount of \$275.00 and it will arrive shortly under separate cover. A complimentary copy of the Anthology will be sent to you upon publication.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me. We thank you for your contribution to our text.

Sincerely,

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Guy R. Huff
Guy R. Huff
Permissions Department

1984

Rec'd
6/27/83

Rec'd copy
of book
8/7/84



Scott, Foresman and Company

1900 East Lake Avenue

Glenview, Illinois 60025

312/729-3000

August 8, 1983

Agent for Yoshiko Uchida
Curtis Brown Ltd.
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Dear Agent:

Scott, Foresman is preparing for 1984 publication, a revision of the ninth grade literature anthology by Edmund Farrell, Ouida Clapp and Karen Kuehner in our Medallion series. The hardbound text will contain 672 pages and sell for \$13.77.

We request permission, covering world rights in the English language, to reprint, as well as to quote briefly in the accompanying teacher's resource book, the following:

Slight adaptation of Chapter XIV from A JAR OF DREAMS by Yoshiko Uchida (copy enclosed).

Please include rights for special non-profit editions of the text for use by the handicapped.

Thank you for your consideration. We look forward to your reply.

Sincerely yours,

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Beth Wollar

(Mrs.) Beth Wollar
Permissions Department

P. S. Atheneum has already granted U. S. and Canadian rights.

*Ath. doesn't
have world
rights. Since
CB sent the book -
do I have?*

Handwritten notes at bottom left:
...
...

Handwritten notes at bottom center:
25% COTIQA

Handwritten notes at bottom right:
...



Scott, Foresman and Company 1900 East Lake Avenue Glenview, Illinois 60025 312/729-3000

Repl. 9/18

1984 Pub

August 26, 1983

Agent for Yoshiko Uchida
Curtis Brown, Ltd.
575 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10022

I am no longer represented
by them or any other agency
Please correct your records.

Scott, Foresman is preparing for 1984 publication a revision of our eighth grade literature anthology, LITERATURE AND LIFE (title will change) by Ruth Cohen, Nancy Millett and Ray Rodrigues. This edition in our Medallion series will be hardbound, contain 608 pages and sell for \$12.97

We request permission, covering ^{non-exclusive} world rights in the English language, to reprint, as well as to quote briefly in the accompanying teacher's resource book, the following material:

Reuse of "The Bracelet" by Yoshiko Uchida from THE SCRIBNER ANTHOLOGY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. (See enclosed copy plus previous correspondence.)

Please include rights for special non-profit editions of the text for use by the handicapped.

Thank you very much for your consideration. We look forward to your reply.

Sincerely,

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Guy R. Huff

Guy R. Huff
Permissions Department

Permission for above is granted, with usual acknowledgements, Request a fee of \$500, payable on or before publication in 1984, plus a complimentary copy of the anthology. Please contact me if this is not acceptable, excuse this informal method of reply. I'm having ^{health} problems.

address stamp.

Yoshiko Uchida
Sept. 18, 1983

Mama, is it time to go?"

I hadn't planned to cry, but the tears came suddenly, and I wiped them away with the back of my hand. I didn't want my older sister to see me crying.

"It's almost time, Ruri," my mother said gently. Her face was filled with a kind of sadness I had never seen before.

I looked around at my empty room. The clothes that Mama always told me to hang up in the closet, the junk piled on my dresser, the old rag doll I could never bear to part with; they were all gone. There was nothing left in my room, and there was nothing left in the rest of the house. The rugs and furniture were gone, the pictures and drapes were down, and the closets and cupboards were empty. The house was like a gift box after the nice thing inside was gone; just a lot of nothingness.

It was almost time to leave our home, but we weren't moving to a nicer house or to a new town. It was April 21, 1942. The United States and Japan were at war, and every Japanese person on the West Coast was being evacuated by the government to a concentration camp. Mama, my sister Keiko, and I were being sent from our home, and out of Berkeley, and eventually, out of California.

The doorbell rang, and I ran to answer it before my sister could. I thought maybe by some miracle, a messenger from the government might be standing there, tall and proper and buttoned into a uniform, come to tell us it was all a terrible mistake; that we wouldn't have to leave after all. Or maybe the messenger would have a telegram from Papa, who was interned in a prisoner-of-war camp in Montana because he had worked for a Japanese business firm.

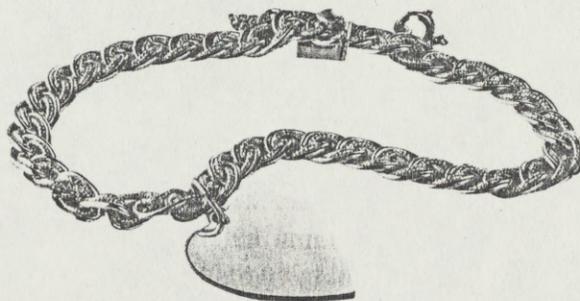
The FBI had come to pick up Papa and hundreds of other Japanese community

See **SYMBOL** Handbook of Literary Terms

The United States and Japan were at war. Ruri, like almost every other Japanese-American on the West Coast, was being sent to an internment camp.

The Bracelet

Yoshiko Uchida



"The Bracelet" by Yoshiko Uchida from *The Scribner Anthology for Young People*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd. Copyright © 1976 by Yoshiko Uchida.
Yoshiko Uchida (yōsh'kō ū chē dā)

leaders on the very day that Japanese planes had bombed Pearl Harbor. The government thought they were dangerous enemy aliens. If it weren't so sad, it would have been funny. Papa could no more be dangerous than the mayor of our city, and he was every bit as loyal to the United States. He had lived here since 1917.

When I opened the door, it wasn't a messenger from anywhere. It was my best friend, Laurie Madison, from next door. She was holding a package wrapped up like a birthday present, but she wasn't wearing her party dress, and her face drooped like a wilted tulip.

"Hi," she said. "I came to say good-bye."

She thrust the present at me and told me it was something to take to camp. "It's a bracelet," she said before I could open the package. "Put it on so you won't have to pack it." She knew I didn't have one inch of space left in my suitcase. We had been instructed to take only what we could carry into camp, and Mama had told us that we could each take only two suitcases.

"Then how are we ever going to pack the dishes and blankets and sheets they've told us to bring with us?" Keiko worried.

"I don't really know," Mama said, and she simply began packing those big impossible things into an enormous duffel bag—along with umbrellas, boots, a kettle, hot plate, and flashlight.

"Who's going to carry that huge sack?" I asked.

But Mama didn't worry about things like that. "Someone will help us," she said. "Don't worry." So I didn't.

Laurie wanted me to open her package and put on the bracelet before she left. It was a thin gold chain with a heart dangling

on it. She helped me put it on, and I told her I'd never take it off, ever.

"Well, good-bye then," Laurie said awkwardly. "Come home soon."

"I will," I said, although I didn't know if I would ever get back to Berkeley again.

I watched Laurie go down the block, her long blond pigtails bouncing as she walked. I wondered who would be sitting in my desk at Lincoln Junior High now that I was gone. Laurie kept turning and waving, even walking backwards for a while, until she got to the corner. I didn't want to watch anymore, and I slammed the door shut.

The next time the doorbell rang, it was Mrs. Simpson, our other neighbor. She was going to drive us to the Congregational church, which was the Civil Control Station where all the Japanese of Berkeley were supposed to report.

It was time to go. "Come on, Ruri. Get your things," my sister called to me.

It was a warm day, but I put on a sweater and my coat so I wouldn't have to carry them, and I picked up my two suitcases. Each one had a tag with my name and our family number on it. Every Japanese family had to register and get a number. We were Family Number 13453.

Mama was taking one last look around our house. She was going from room to room, as though she were trying to take a mental picture of the house she had lived in for fifteen years, so she would never forget it.

I saw her take a long last look at the garden that Papa loved. The irises beside the fish pond were just beginning to bloom. If Papa had been home, he would have cut the first iris blossom and brought it inside to Mama. "This one is for you," he would have said. And Mama would have smiled and

said, "Thank you, Papa San," and put it in her favorite cut-glass vase.

But the garden looked shabby and forsaken now that Papa was gone and Mama was too busy to take care of it. It looked the way I felt, sort of empty and lonely and abandoned.

When Mrs. Simpson took us to the Civil Control Station, I felt even worse. I was scared, and for a minute I thought I was going to lose my breakfast right in front of everybody. There must have been over a thousand Japanese people gathered at the church. Some were old and some were young. Some were talking and laughing, and some were crying. I guess everybody else was scared too. No one knew exactly what was going to happen to us. We just knew we were being taken to the Tanforan Race-tracks, which the army had turned into a camp for the Japanese. There were fourteen other camps like ours along the West Coast.

What scared me most were the soldiers standing at the doorway of the church hall. They were carrying guns with mounted bayonets. I wondered if they thought we would try to run away, and whether they'd shoot us or come after us with their bayonets if we did.

A long line of buses waited to take us to camp. There were trucks, too, for our baggage. And Mama was right; some men were there to help us load our duffel bag. When it was time to board the buses, I sat with Keiko and Mama sat behind us. The bus went down Grove Street and passed the small Japanese food store where Mama used to order her bean-curd cakes and pickled radish. The windows were all boarded up, but there was a sign still hanging on the door that read, "We are loyal Americans."

The crazy thing about the whole evacua-

tion was that we were all loyal Americans. Most of us were citizens because we had been born here. But our parents, who had come from Japan, couldn't become citizens because there was a law that prevented any Asian from becoming a citizen. Now everybody with a Japanese face was being shipped off to concentration camps.

"It's stupid," Keiko muttered as we saw the racetrack looming up beside the highway. "If there were any Japanese spies around, they'd have gone back to Japan long ago."

"I'll say," I agreed. My sister was in high school and she ought to know, I thought.

When the bus turned into Tanforan, there were more armed guards at the gate, and I saw barbed wire strung around the entire grounds. I felt as though I were going into a prison, but I hadn't done anything wrong.

We streamed off the buses and poured into a huge room, where doctors looked down our throats and peeled back our eyelids to see if we had any diseases. Then we were given our housing assignments. The man in charge gave Mama a slip of paper. We were in Barrack 16, Apartment 40.

"Mama!" I said. "We're going to live in an apartment!" The only apartment I had ever seen was the one my piano teacher lived in. It was in an enormous building in San Francisco with an elevator and thick carpeted hallways. I thought how wonderful it would be to have our own elevator. A house was all right, but an apartment seemed elegant and special.

We walked down the racetrack looking for Barrack 16. Mr. Noma, a friend of Papa's, helped us carry our bags. I was so busy looking around, I slipped and almost fell on the muddy track. Army barracks had

been built everywhere, all around the race-track and even in the center oval.

Mr. Noma pointed beyond the track toward the horse stables. "I think your barrack is out there."

He was right. We came to a long stable that had once housed the horses of Tanforan, and we climbed up the wide ramp. Each stall had a number painted on it, and when we got to 40, Mr. Noma pushed open the door.

"Well, here it is," he said, "Apartment 40."

The stall was narrow and empty and dark. There were two small windows on each side of the door. Three folded army cots were on the dust-covered floor and one light bulb dangled from the ceiling. That was all. This was our apartment, and it still smelled of horses.

Mama looked at my sister and then at me. "It won't be so bad when we fix it up," she began. "I'll ask Mrs. Simpson to send me some material for curtains. I could make some cushions too, and . . . well . . ." She stopped. She couldn't think of anything more to say.

Mr. Noma said he'd go get some mattresses for us. "I'd better hurry before they're all gone." He rushed off. I think he wanted to leave so that he wouldn't have to see Mama cry. But he needn't have run off, because Mama didn't cry. She just went out to borrow a broom and began sweeping out the dust and dirt. "Will you girls set up the cots?" she asked.

It was only after we'd put up the last cot that I noticed my bracelet was gone. "I've lost Laurie's bracelet!" I screamed. "My bracelet's gone!"

We looked all over the stall and even down the ramp. I wanted to run back down the track and go over every inch of ground



FSA photo by Russell Lee, courtesy of the Library of Congress



National Archives

we'd walked on, but it was getting dark and Mama wouldn't let me.

I thought of what I'd promised Laurie. I wasn't ever going to take the bracelet off, not even when I went to take a shower. And now I had lost it on my very first day in camp. I wanted to cry.

I kept looking for it all the time we were in Tanforan. I didn't stop looking until the day we were sent to another camp, called Topaz, in the middle of a desert in Utah. And then I gave up.

But Mama told me never mind. She said I didn't need a bracelet to remember Laurie, just as I didn't need anything to remember Papa or our home in Berkeley or all the people and things we loved and had left behind.

"Those are things we can carry in our hearts and take with us no matter where we are sent," she said.

And I guess she was right. I've never forgotten Laurie, even now. □□

Discussion

1. Suppose Ruri and her friend Laurie met again later, after they had both graduated from high school. What do you think they would say to each other? Do you think Ruri would reveal that she lost the bracelet?

2. (a) Describe the bracelet that Laurie gives to Ruri. (b) What does the bracelet symbolize to Ruri? (c) How does she react to the loss of the bracelet?

3. What details in the story help suggest the sense of emptiness, loneliness, and abandonment experienced by Ruri and her family?

4. In spite of humiliation and mistreatment, Ruri's mother remains calm, dignified, and courageous. In what specific ways does she show these qualities?

Extension • Writing

Do one of the following:

1. Suppose that after two years Ruri has returned to Berkeley and enrolled in the same high school that Laurie is attending. On her first day of classes, before the school day actually begins, Ruri sees Laurie standing in the corridor by one of the classrooms. Ruri walks over to Laurie and says . . .

Write a dialogue between Ruri and Laurie showing what you think they would say to each other at their first meeting. Arrange the dialogue in "script" form as shown in the next column. Allow each person at least five speaking turns, though you may allow more speaking turns than that if you need to. If you wish, you may use the beginning lines that follow.

RURI. Laurie . . . Laurie, is that you? I am so glad I found you. I wasn't sure we would ever see each other again!
LAURIE. Ruri! I was looking for you. Keiko told me you were coming. How was it . . . in the camp, I mean?

2. Imagine that you are Ruri writing your first letter to Laurie after you have finally reached Topaz, your final destination in the middle of the Utah desert. Will you tell her about the bracelet? the trip to the internment camp? your mother? your sister Keiko? the new school? your new home? what you are frightened of, what you worry about? Your letter should be at least two paragraphs long. You may wish to read the article on the following page to get some ideas of what actually happened to the Japanese-Americans who were interned.

1685 Solano Ave., #102
Berkeley, Ca. 94707
September 10, 1983

Mrs. Beth Wollar
Scott Foresman & Co.
1900 East Lake Ave.
Glenview, Ill. 60025

Dear Mrs. Wollar:

Your letter of August 8th to Curtis Brown re the use of Chapt. 14 from A JAR OF DREAMS for use in your 9th grade Literature anthology (Medallion Series) was forwarded to me, as I am no longer represented by Curtis Brown or any other agency.

I am enclosing pp 122-123 of your copy from Chapter 14 with a few changes I would like to make in your revision.

This letter will also serve to grant the permission you requested for world rights in the English language for the above material as outlined in your letter of August 8th, and includes rights for the non-profit editions for the handicapped. I trust the usual acknowledgements will be included.

I would like to request a fee of \$175. for the above rights, payable on or before publication in 1984, and a complimentary copy of the anthology.

Please let me know if the above is agreeable to you.

Sincerely,

Encl:

Yoshiko Uchida

I notice Atheneum's permission was for a 6th grade anthology, which seems more likely than 9th grade. In either case, I would grant the permission, but perhaps you can send me a corrected copy of this letter, initialed, if you'd like to make the correction.

I guess Papa was about as pleased as Mama. He stood back and studied me as though he was taking a picture of me.

"I suppose you wouldn't consider going to the hospital to show Uncle Kanda how you look, would you? That would really cheer him up, you know."

"Never in a million years," I said.

So Papa told Joji to get the box camera he got for Christmas and take my picture for Uncle Kanda. Aunt Waka got her camera too. We all trooped outside, and I stood beside the peach tree squinting at the sun.

"Stop squinting, Rinky Dink," Joji said.

"Don't you call me that, Joji Tsujimura," I said. I raised my arm to give him a whack and that's when he took my picture.

"Smile," Aunt Waka said, focusing her camera.

I blinked, and that's when she squeezed the shutter.

Mama wanted a picture with all of us in it, so I went over to get Mrs. Sugar. She looked exactly the way I thought she would when she saw me wearing a kimono. Her mouth made a big O, but no sound came out.

Then she said, "Why, it's my sweet little Japanese Rinko," and she gave me a hug. But it was hard to hug her back being wrapped up like a package in all that stiff brocade.

Mrs. Sugar lined us up in front of Papa's garage

122

new garage and repair shop
repairs
shop & garage 28

who had been hit by
a car

This sounds awkward here. Don't think reader needs to know why he's in hospital. Pat's delete you 9/9/83

and made sure she got his big sign in the picture too.

"There," she said when she'd taken three pictures. "This will be a fine commemoration of your aunt's visit."

She sounded just like the people at church. They are always taking pictures to commemorate Easter or Memorial Day or somebody's baptism or even somebody's funeral.

I could hardly wait to get out of the kimono when we were finished with all the picture-taking. Aunt Waka untied and unwound everything, and I shook my bones loose to get my circulation going again.

"Boy, am I glad to get out of that thing," I said.

Then I remembered the kimono was a present from Aunt Waka, and I tried to think of something nicer to say.

"I'll have Mama put it in her trunk and cover it with mothballs," I said.

I guess that wasn't exactly what Aunt Waka wanted to hear either. I thought she probably would've liked me to say I'd get it out and wear it once in a while.

But she didn't say that. She just smiled and said, "Ah, Rinko, you certainly are a child of America." Then she turned serious and said, "But don't ever forget, a part of you will always be Japanese too, even if you never wear a kimono again."

"I know," I said. "It's the part that makes me feel different and not as good as the others."

123

18

28

my brother

our neighbor

She tried to cheer me up. "Who knows, Rinko," she said. "Maybe someday you'll come to visit me in Japan."

"I could start a 'going to Japan' jar," I said.

"Yes, it could be your 'jar of dreams.'"

I knew I couldn't do it until after I'd filled up my "going to college" jar. Maybe not even until after I'd finished college and become a teacher.

But Aunt Waka clasped her hands together and talked as though I might be coming next year.

"Wouldn't that be wonderful, Rinko?" she said.

"I'll be waiting for you."

Mama stuffed Aunt Waka's willow basket with all kinds of presents for Grandpa and Grandma. She packed boxes of chocolate kisses and cube sugar and tins of coffee and bags of walnuts and a big white table cloth she'd crocheted. It was round and white and looked like a giant snowflake. She'd been working on it every night since before Aunt Waka came, and she finished it just in time for Aunt Waka to take home with her.

"What else can I send home with you?" Mama asked, looking around the house for something more. She probably would've put in a few dozen eggs and one of her sponge cakes if she could.

When the willow basket couldn't hold another thing, Papa tied it up and Aunt Waka packed away her small

Buddhist altar and all her clothes. Then she spent the last two days saying good-bye to everybody.

I went with her to see Uncle Kanda. He'd gone home now and was doing fine and only needed one of the church ladies to come make supper for him. He was sitting in a wicker chair with a blanket wrapped around his knees, and he certainly looked a lot better than when I saw him in the hospital. He told Aunt Waka, "This is one of the nicest summers I've ever had."

"Even if you cracked your head?" I asked.

"Yes, even with that."

"Perhaps you will come to visit your native land someday," Aunt Waka said to him.

Uncle Kanda looked off into the distance, as if maybe he was seeing the green rice fields in his old village.

"Perhaps someday," he said. But he didn't sound like he really meant it, and Aunt Waka didn't say she'd be waiting.

I had a strange feeling they'd probably never see each other again. But I could tell by the way they smiled at each other that they'd always be friends.

Aunt Waka said good-bye to Tami and her mother at church. I guess Aunt Waka never did mind going to church with Mama every Sunday, even if it wasn't a Buddhist temple. She just said faith was faith,

ok
/my friend

20

I could feel the roll of tape spinning on my finger, slowly at first and then faster and faster as the ship moved out to sea.

"So long, Aunt Waka. Come back!" Joji yelled.

He tried to wave, and his yellow streamer snapped and went flying off with the wind.

But I was still connected to Aunt Waka. She was like a kite flying way up in the sky, with only a thin piece of string to keep her linked up with me.

"I'll come see you in Japan!" I yelled as loud as I could.

Now that I couldn't talk to her, I thought of a million things I wanted to say to Aunt Waka. I wanted to tell her that this had been one of the best summers of my entire life, and that from then on I'd think of everything that happened to me as "Before Aunt Waka" or "After Aunt Waka," because *she* was the one who'd made the difference in our lives, ~~not Wilbur Starr.~~ *ok*

I guess Aunt Waka had stirred us up and changed us all so we'd never be quite the same again. I was really beginning to feel better about myself—even the part of me that was Japanese—and I almost looked forward to going back to school to see if maybe things would be different.

But it was too late to tell her. Aunt Waka was gone. All I could do was just stand there straight and tall, hoping Aunt Waka could still see me with my hand stretched up high over my head.

I stood there a long time watching Aunt Waka's ship going further and further away from me, until finally my blue streamer was all unrolled and went flying off into the summer sky.



Scott, Foresman and Company

1900 East Lake Avenue

Glenview, Illinois 60025

312/729-3000

*in Fall 1984: \$175.00 due
Complim. Copy due*

*Rec'd \$175
10/29/84*

September 21, 1983

Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue, #102
Berkeley, California 94707

Dear Yoshiko Uchida:

Thank you for your letter of September 10, 1983 granting us permission to include Chapter XIV from A JAR OF DREAMS in our literature anthology. We would indeed like to include this story in the sixth grade text, not the ninth grade one. The editor has made all the changes you requested be made.

The fee of \$175.00 that you requested is acceptable, and will be paid upon publication. We will of course be happy to send you a complimentary copy of the anthology just as soon as it comes out.

Thank you for your contribution to our text.

Sincerely yours,

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Beth Wollar

(Mrs.) Beth Wollar
Permissions Department

Scott Freeman

Yoshiko Uchida

1685 Solano Ave. #102

Berkeley, CA 94707

500.00

Rec'd
9/28/84

Permissions fee for use of "The Bracelet" by Yoshiko Uchida in:

EXPLORATIONS IN LITERATURE (formerly LITERATURE AND LIFE) by
Ruth Cohen, Nancy Millett and Ray Rodrigues.

G. Huff/1107

Ref: Letter signed 9/18/83

Scott Fairman

Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Avenue #102
Berkeley, CA 94707

175.00

— Rec'd 10/29/84

Permissions fee for use of:

Adapted excerpt from A JAR OF DREAMS by Yoshiko Uchida.

C. Besenjak 1105

In: BEGINNINGS IN LITERATURE, Grade 6 anthology by Philip Connors,
Alan Madsen and Sally Wood.

Ref: Letter of September 21, 1983.

MAILGRAM SERVICE CENTER
MIDDLETOWN, VA. 22645
30AM

Western Union Mailgram



1-015658I090 03/30/84 TLX SCOTFRSMN GLVW OAKA
001 GLENVIEW IL MARCH 30

MS YOSHIKO UCHIDA
1685 SOLANO AVE. #102
BERKELEY, CA 94707

PLEASE PHONE ME COLLECT MONDAY RE PERMISSION TO USE PIEDIE XXXX
PIECE OF CHARLES ROBINSON ART FROM JOURNEY HOME.

WANT IT TO ACCOMPANY A SELECTION OF YOURS IN LITERATURE TEXTBOOK
BEING PREPARED HERE.
URGENT.
DEADLINE.
THANK YOU,

Mrs. ROSEMARY HUNTER
SCOTT, FORESMAN PUBLISHERS
1900 EAST LAKE AVENUE
GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS 60025
(312) 729-3000, EXT. 2522
TLX NBR 724371
SCOTFRSMN GLVW

15:32 EST

MGMCOMP

*Attu - Irene says
They hold rights to
Journey Home -
I (✓) in contacted
about.*

*2nd
Call*

will attach to Curtis Brown

Chapter IV - A Jar of Dreams

a promise is a promise -

only

Put mama put in trunk.

Chas. Robinson



2455
~~21655~~
EAF -
tried calling - no collect call
p.c. - 1/25/91

January 22, 1991

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
Apt. 102
1685 Solano Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

This letter will confirm our phone conversation of Friday,
January 18.

We are going to request permission from your publisher to
use the last chapter in *A Jar of Dreams* and the first 40
pages of *Journey Home* as selections in the reader for sixth
graders that we are currently working on. Our thought
behind these and other selections that will accompany them
is that everyone wants a place to belong, whether that place
is a physical place like a home or a figurative "place"—
family, a group of friends, and/or traditions and roots.

write
permission
the children
about?
Hope my
eye sees

We are asking you to write a short (2 to 3 page) piece for
the student's book, speaking to the student, on how and why
you came to write these two stories. How does a writer get
her ideas? What personal involvement must there be, if
any? I see the article as being anecdotal and giving
students a touch of your philosophy and experience on
writing. Since I understand you lived through many of the
incidents that you have put into these fictional works for
children, I think the sixth graders reading what you would
write in this article would be fascinated by the background
of your literary works.

You indicated on the phone your willingness to write this for
us, and I am deeply appreciative. As I said, we would need
to have this article in hand sometime in February,



preferably earlier in the month than later. Please get in touch with me regarding your fee. I can then have our legal department draw up a contract which we would send you for your approval.

Again, thank you for your willingness to do this. I look forward to hearing from you further.

Sincerely,

John Rhine

John Rhine
Editor, Reading Department

CRAPES
DISTAFF LIPERT

was owned by
Harvey &
Karo

called 1/31/91 ~ 11:45 A

John Chinn

Tried to call Fri, couldn't reach you.

get p.c.?

I think I can do a new piece in ~~it~~ - makes excerpts more meaningful.

~~I remembered~~ I wrote a brief intro for one of S. Freeman's (3rd pr.)
Lit. Anthologies (in good company) in which one of my stories
was excerpted - Chris Kiel in a dept pd me ~~\$500 a word~~
\$500 - for 98 wd #. - or \$5th a word. (in 1987) 3 yrs ago
or \$1250 for a ^{full} page x 3 = 3750.

Go to
check
& supervisor

In 3 pp - which is ~~is~~ ^{writes} more time & work - ^{you want it in pd a few weeks} I think ⁺
since my fees have gone up since then I think ⁺ \$5000 or
would be a fair fee. (500)

I got over \$3000 just for reprint permission - when I don't write anything
new.

One author has me \$3000 from S.F. for ^{reprint} 1 Chapt. - (in 1986)

- If some publishing agreement - I think I may want some
changes made: (c) in my name? - but \$1000 #5.
copy charges & ms of 'clear' & ms.

- Who are you writing to at Macmillan for permissions?

Edith Golub? (Yes)

I think do you request world rights? I feel I own
world rights.

Perm
dept
only
US
division
will
find
out.

- What's direct line # to you for collect call.

(none)

for
edu'l mkt
Scholl.
Canadian

1500 x 3 = 4500

1666 x 3 = 5000

401 mm p. per



January 31, 1991

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
Apt. 102
1685 Solano Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Thank you for trying to get me on the phone and for the follow-up postcard. I'm sorry you couldn't get me the day you tried to. To confirm what I said in our phone conversation today, if you try to call collect again, call collect station-to-station (through the AT&T operator), and if I am not in my office, please let the phone ring until Scott, Foresman's operator comes on the line again so that you can leave a message.

As you and I agreed, I'm enclosing a sample contract form that we are using with other authors who are writing short articles that will accompany selections of theirs that we are using in the reading program we are doing. The third page is where I would have our secretary put specifics about length, compensation, and dates. We are including in the specifics the possibility of a revision being requested. This sample's delivery dates don't show the date for a first draft and the date for the final version, but the contracts we are making include both dates, from what I've seen. If you decide to write the article, we would work out those dates.

Paragraph 2 is the one that implies that you would hold the copyright for the article, because you would be granting Scott, Foresman exclusive educational rights while retaining for yourself the right to have the article in trade use.

I look forward to hearing from you again. I hope you will write the article for us; I think it would really benefit students--some of whom will be emerging authors! Thank you for considering whether or not to do so.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "John Rhine".

John Rhine
Editor, Reading Department

Sample

January 7, 1991

Scott, Foresman and Company
1900 East Lake Avenue
Glenview, IL 60025
Attn: Diana Stonis

Gentlemen:

This will confirm the agreement between the undersigned ("Contributor") and Scott, Foresman and Company ("Publisher"), as follows:

1. Contributor will prepare manuscript of original text ("Contribution") suitable for publication in Publisher's new reading program tentatively entitled *Reading '92* (the "Program") in accordance with the annexed description and schedule in a form satisfactory to Publisher. Contributor will timely revise the Contribution if requested by Publisher.
2. Contributor grants to the Publisher the exclusive right, for the full term of copyright, to print, publish and sell the Contribution in the Program and in other publications, programs and products in the school market only in all languages throughout the world. Publisher may include other works in the same product as the Contribution, and Publisher's exclusive rights shall include the right to publish the Contribution in whole or in part in all pupil editions, teacher's editions and ancillary educational materials, including software, filmstrip, audio, audiovisual and other versions and products of any nature whatsoever intended for use in schools or in connection with instructional programs. All rights not granted to the Publisher are reserved to the Contributor, including the right to license publication in the book and magazine trade. *Contributor shall*
3. If Publisher publishes the Contribution, Publisher shall accord such credit to the Contributor as Publisher shall determine, but such credit shall be substantially similar to the credit accorded other contributors of similar material to the same product.
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** J.R.
to prepare
1 copy for
eventually
of C. Stonis
2 copies
etc.*

*Reviewed by
Diana Stonis*

*whom
to sign*

*Equity
friends
etc. to sign*

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Sample

this?

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minimize protection
change 1 or 2 words -
so not identical*

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8. This agreement (i) constitutes the parties' entire agreement respecting the Contribution; (ii) shall be governed by Illinois law; and (iii) may not be modified or terminated except by a written instrument signed on behalf of the Publisher and Contributor.

Very truly yours,

Contributor
Social Security No.: _____

Address: _____

AGREED:

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

By: _____
Vice President, Editor-in-Chief

*p 3 = ?
2 wnts 2 pp
\$2000.
dates*

400 -

*200 wds/page.
1st draft 2/22
final by 3/8
March 14^m*

p. 3 is the only
page you (editor)
write on. Then the
secretary types in the
items we've discussed with
the author

SCHEDULE

1. Description of Contribution (include grade level):

- A. ^{write and revise a} Retelling of a Southwestern folk tale, grade 2, 6 pages in length.
- B. ^{write and revise} An article on folk tales, grade 2, 4 pages in length.

} Editor gives to mary

2. Delivery Date(s):

February 1, 1991 for Both A. and B. above.

} Editor gives to mary

3. Compensation:

Exactly \$1,000.00 (one thousand dollars and no/100) for both A. and B. above. Contributor may invoice upon satisfactory delivery of the above mentioned Contribution and acceptance by Scott, Foresman and Company.

} Editor gives to mary

Re
Contract + fee

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only asking 2 pp.

\$2000

- sample , contract

- base

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B/W

as a child

or

next few weeks

1987-

Chris Kiel
Reading dept-

Rec'd \$500 for "Invitations to
Reading." In ^{introduction} "In Good Company"
for 11 lines - 98 words = "5¹⁰ p. cad"
Introduction to 3rd state literature anthology.

250 wds p. pass
x 5.00
1250.00

\$5 x 100 wds = 500
5 x 100 = 500
2.50
1250.

1250.00 x 3 = \$3750. 3 years ago -

~~docto my fees) zone up
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\$3800 - ~~3pp = \$4000~~ ^{premium}
where 0) ~~\$500~~ ³⁰⁰⁰ I get 3000) rep
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word.

If some publishing agreement
as '87 - I'd like 2
changes made.

only for it in Feb

I may own world right

get direct line phone #



February 19, 1991

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
Apt. 102
1685 Solano Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

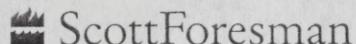
Enclosed is a contract for the article you are writing for us. I'm sorry it has taken so long--it got "stuck" on someone's desk. If you compare it to our standard contract I sent you earlier, you'll note that we revised paragraph 2 to say specifically that you hold the copyright, as you desired, and that paragraph 5 uses the wording "in this form" instead of "in any form," as you suggested. Also, because we didn't get this sent to you when we should have, I've added a week onto each of the delivery dates we had discussed. I will have to expedite our manuscript-reading process here.

If the contract is acceptable to you, please sign both copies, insert your Social Security number, and return them both to Sandra Mangurian, our Vice President, Editor-in-Chief. She will then sign both copies, return one to you for your files, and keep one on file here. Thank you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "John Rhine".

John Rhine
Editor
Reading Department



February 19, 1991

Scott, Foresman and Company
1900 East Lake Avenue
Glenview, IL 60025
Attn: Sandra Mangurian

Dear Ms. Mangurian:

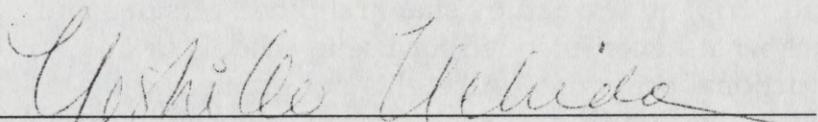
This will confirm the agreement between the undersigned ("Contributor") and Scott, Foresman and Company ("Publisher"), as follows:

1. Contributor will prepare manuscript of original text ("Contribution") suitable for publication in Publisher's new reading program tentatively entitled *Reading '92* (the "Program") in accordance with the annexed description and schedule in a form satisfactory to Publisher. Contributor will timely revise the Contribution if requested by Publisher.
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8. This agreement (i) constitutes the parties' entire agreement respecting the Contribution; (ii) shall be governed by Illinois law; and (iii) may not be modified or terminated except by a written instrument signed on behalf of the Publisher and Contributor.

Very truly yours,



Contributor
Social Security No.: 133-26-7281

Address: Yoshiko Uchida
Apt. 102
1685 Solano Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707

*2-page essay
on the creative process
esp.*

AGREED:

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

By: _____
Vice President, Editor-in-Chief

 Scott Foresman

SCHEDULE

1. Description of Contribution:

Write and revise a two-page essay on the creative process, especially as it applies to *A Jar of Dreams* and/or *Journey Home*, for grade 6 of the Program.

2. Delivery Date(s):

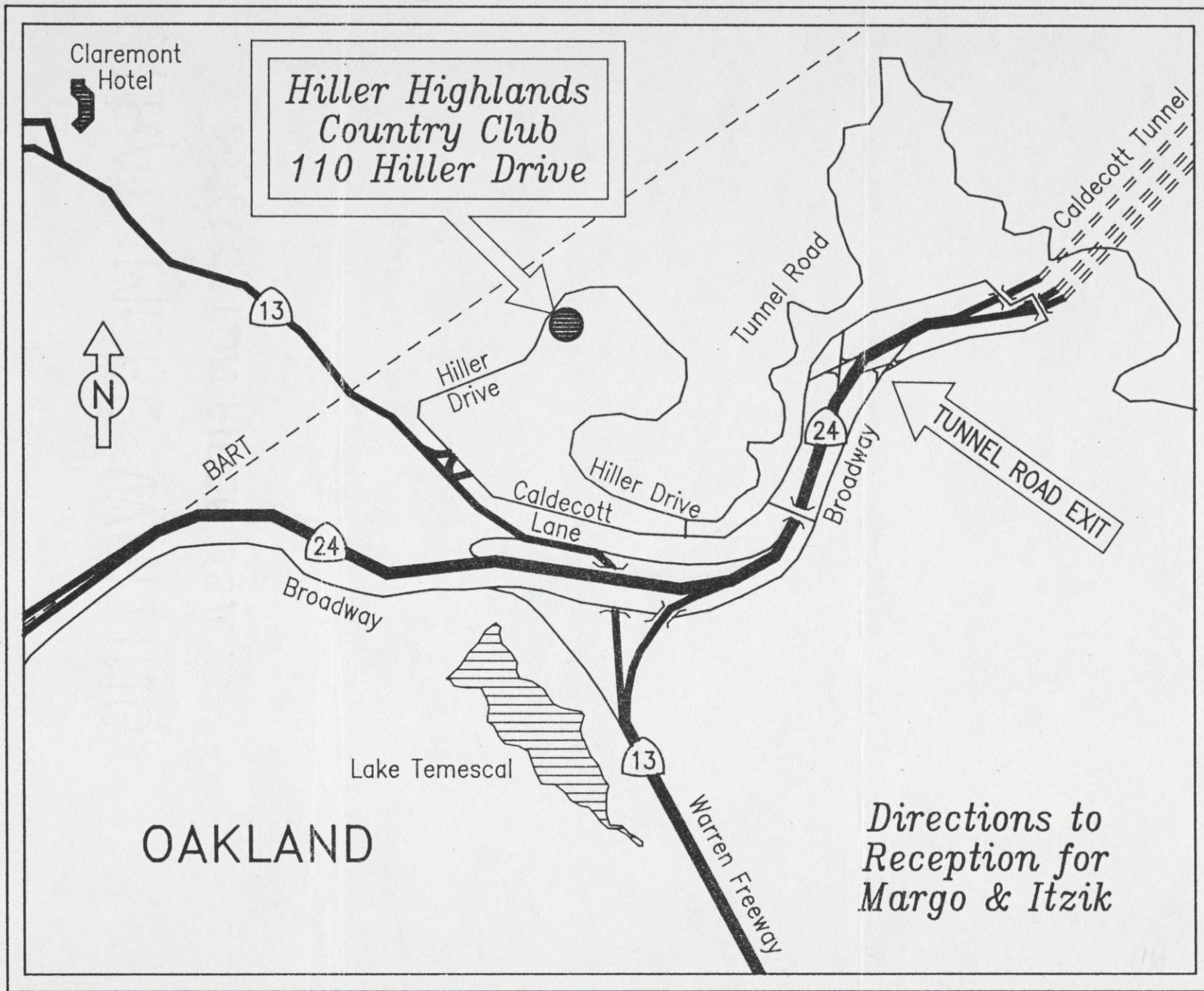
First draft by March 1, 1991; final manuscript by March 15, 1991.

3. Compensation:

Exactly \$2,000.00 (two thousand dollars and no/100). Contributor may invoice upon satisfactory delivery of the above mentioned Contribution and acceptance by Scott, Foresman and Company.

pd

Yoshiko Uchida



February 26, 1991

John Rhine
Scott Foresman
1900 E. Lake Ave.
Glenview, Ill. 60025

Dear John:

I have signed and returned two copies of the contract to Sandra Mangurian and am enclosing today my two-page piece for your Reader. I think it will be a good accompaniment to the two excerpts and I hope you are pleased with it.

It's a final copy from my point of view, although it is longer than 400 words. I've marked three lines for possible deletion and would be happy to discuss any other deletions and/or changes you might suggest.

I'm also enclosing a list of the books that I hope can be included as suggested reading for the students. I spoke to my editor, Emily Easton, at Silver Burdett and she said she would be glad to send you galleys of my autobiography, *THE INVISIBLE THREAD*. It is due for publication this fall.

Although we got off to a late start, I think we're well ahead of your new deadline, and I look forward to hearing from you.

All the best,

Encl:

*PA. I would appreciate receiving two Comp. Copies
of the book on Publications Thanks.
4*

*C-3/26/91
lithed piece
got copy - auth. ms!
requesting \$2000 -
change made.
wants RHT.*

John

(1)

~~Send
Invoice
on acceptance~~

Ready

(2) ~~change~~

Jim
2/18/91

Evelyn Bio

Dist:

- The Invisible Thread
- BBT
- H. Ent

~~Invoice~~

no inv.
acc y.

Yoshiko Uchida

Scott Freeman
6th Gr. Reader.

When I was growing up in Berkeley, California, the world was a very different place. I asked such questions as, "Can we swim in your pool even if we're Japanese Americans?" or "Will the neighbors be angry if we move in next door?" [Before going to a beauty parlor, I would call to ask if they cut Japanese hair, and I was often ignored by sales clerks who treated me as though I didn't exist.]

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

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

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

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

delete?

John
Joan
H. C. C.
- 5
Joan
Keep

tragedy so ^{such an uprooting} [nothing similar] would ^{never} [ever] happen again. And so I wrote JOURNEY TO TOPAZ and its sequel JOURNEY HOME.

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

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

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

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

Books by Yoshiko Uchida for suggested reading:

JOURNEY TO TOPAZ, Creative Arts Books, Berkeley, CA.

JOURNEY HOME, Margaret K. McElderry Books/Macmillan, NY, NY.

A JAR OF DREAMS " " "

THE BEST BAD THING " " "

THE HAPPIEST ENDING " "

THE INVISIBLE THREAD, ~~An autobiography~~ ^{A Memoir; Julian Messner, a division of} Silver Burdett Press,

Englewood Cliffs, N. J. (due Fall '91)

A Division of
HarperCollinsPublishers

1900 East Lake Avenue
Glenview, Illinois
60025

Telephone 708 729-3000

Sandra J. Mangurian
Vice President
Editor-in-Chief
Reading, Language Arts,
Literature/Dictionary and ESL

 ScottForesman

RECEIVED MAR - 8 1991

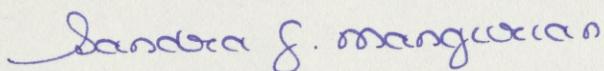
March 4, 1991

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

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Enclosed please find a signed agreement between you and Scott,
Foresman and Company on your contribution to the reading program
tentatively entitled Reading '92.

Very truly yours,



Sandra J. Mangurian

SJM:imz

Enclosure



February 19, 1991

Scott, Foresman and Company
1900 East Lake Avenue
Glenview, IL 60025
Attn: Sandra Mangurian

Dear Ms. Mangurian:

This will confirm the agreement between the undersigned ("Contributor") and Scott, Foresman and Company ("Publisher"), as follows:

1. Contributor will prepare manuscript of original text ("Contribution") suitable for publication in Publisher's new reading program tentatively entitled *Reading '92* (the "Program") in accordance with the annexed description and schedule in a form satisfactory to Publisher. Contributor will timely revise the Contribution if requested by Publisher.
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6. In consideration of the services to be performed and the rights granted by the Contributor herein, the Publisher will pay Contributor the sum specified on the annexed Schedule upon delivery of the satisfactory Contribution and any permissions required by paragraph 4 to Publisher.
7. Contributor is an independent contractor and not an agent, partner or employee of Publisher. In no event will Contributor be entitled to employee benefits of Publisher.
8. This agreement (i) constitutes the parties' entire agreement respecting the Contribution; (ii) shall be governed by Illinois law; and (iii) may not be modified or terminated except by a written instrument signed on behalf of the Publisher and Contributor.

Very truly yours,

Yoshiko Uchida

Contributor

Social Security No.:

133-26-7281

Address: Yoshiko Uchida
Apt. 102
1685 Solano Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707

AGREED:

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

By:

Sandra J. Mangrison

Vice President, Editor-in-Chief



SCHEDULE

1. Description of Contribution:

Write and revise a two-page essay on the creative process, especially as it applies to *A Jar of Dreams* and/or *Journey Home*, for grade 6 of the Program.

2. Delivery Date(s):

First draft by March 1, 1991; final manuscript by March 15, 1991.

3. Compensation:

Exactly \$2,000.00 (two thousand dollars and no/100). Contributor may invoice upon satisfactory delivery of the above mentioned Contribution and acceptance by Scott, Foresman and Company.

Yoshiko Uchida

To John Rhine

From you -

Perhaps 4/1/91

~~These are not the~~
inform
~~Perhaps a~~

I would find
~~a good informal photo~~
these were the best photos I found.
Let me know which of
these a paper, & I'll
send a present. The photo.

1. Family

2. You. - This is a
great & my memoir
& I to be properly credited.
We'll discuss later if
select this one.

copy of you Bles &
publication correction

Dreyfus

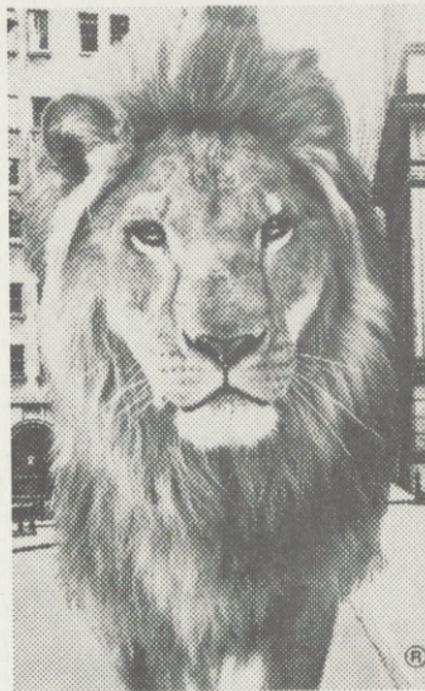
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Extension 5306

This material must be preceded or accompanied by a current Prospectus.
Of course, past performance is no guarantee of future results.



TEFyld-dm1

11. 11. 1990
- Longing for Home

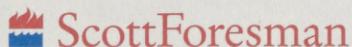
- Becoming whole &
happy

- Proudly I am,
" am

- The Roots of My Values

- Following My Dreams

The Old-Grand books
due 4/92



RECEIVED MAY - 8 1991

May 6, 1991

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

Dear Yoshiko:

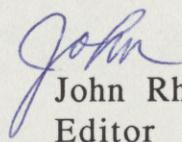
Thank you for your letter and for the title "Following My Dreams"; I thought the title fit your article very appropriately. Thank you also for the photograph of your family. Everyone who saw it was delighted with it. The grade 6 designer now has it to make a copy of it, and we'll be returning it and sending a check for \$100 for the photo fee in due course.

I'm sorry to trouble you with one final detail. Our designers want to make the author's signature (along with a picture) a prominent part of the design of the author article pages.

I'm enclosing a folder which contains: a black felt-tipped pen (which you may keep), a postage-paid return envelope, and several sheets of paper on which we ask you to write your signature. Please write your signature at least six times as large as feasible using the felt-tipped pen. Then put the sheets into the folder (for extra protection), please, and send them to us in the envelope.

Thank you for all your help so far and for your attention to this final detail. I'm sure we'll all be happy when the book is finally off the press!

Sincerely,


John Rhine
Editor



*sent storn letter
7/15/92*

June 9, 1992

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

Dear Yoshiko:

You'll recall that you graciously wrote an article for us to accompany the excerpts from *A Jar of Dreams* and *Journey Home* that we used in one of the six sixth-grade anthologies in our new reading program. Thank you very much for doing so. I am enclosing three copies of the book for your files, as you requested.

Thank you, too, for sending us the picture of your family. I don't know how you feel about Ted Turner colorizing black-and-white movies; I don't approve of such tampering with classics. However, our designer wanted some color on the page facing your article, and so we approved the tinting of your family portrait so that it looks something like what some photographers used to do. I hope you don't mind your photograph's new look.

Best wishes to you for a wonderful summer and for continued great success in your writing career!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "John Rhine".

John Rhine
Editor, Reading Department

1859 Catalina Avenue
Berkeley, CA 94707
February 8, 1994

Sharon Alex
Picture Research
Scott Foresman
1900 East Lake Avenue
Glenview, Illinois 60025

Dear Ms. Alex:

I am writing in response to your January 31, 1994, letter to Yoshiko Uchida. I am sorry to tell you that she died in June of 1992. I am handling her estate.

Enclosed is the photograph you requested. Please return it to me at the address above when you are done with it.

Thank you very much.

Very truly yours,

Mary Jane Perna
Co-executor, Estate of Yoshiko Uchida



January 31, 1994

Ms. Yoshiko Uchida
1685 Solano Ave., Apt 102
Berkeley, CA. 94707

Dear Ms. Uchida:

Scott, Foresman is currently updating our author photographs from our reading program. We would like to use a color image of yourself. Please let us know if you could provide us with this photograph.

If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to call me at 708-486-2506 or fax at 708-486-2394. Thank you for your help with this educational project.

If possible, please send photographs via our Federal Express number 1619-3023-7, collect. Again, thanks.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Sharon Alex".

Sharon Alex
Picture Research