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McCartney, Sedoris

1966-86

AMERICAN OVERSEAS BANK
100 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10038
TELEPHONE: (212) 850-1000

86/97c

Please return

November 3, 1966

Dear Pastor and Mrs. McCartney:

It was exactly one month ago that we lost dear Mother, and I read through once more Mrs. McCartney's paper on immortality. I found it most enlightening and was especially comforted by Georgia Harkness' words. I would like now to read her book, for it is still difficult for me to understand rationally the concept of Heaven and Hell. I do believe that Mother is safe and happy now with her Heavenly Father, however, and pray that one day we will be reunited with her.

Just the other day, in going through some of Mother's papers, I found the copy of Pastor McCartney's message at John Ishikawa's funeral service and read it again with new meaning for myself.

Mother had such a deep and almost child-like faith which I know she wished Kay and I could share. I'm not sure that we told you of the envelope she left. It contained her wishes for a small family funeral and a memorial service for which she had selected the hymns, prayer and Bible passages. She also left us copies of the 23rd Psalm and the Prayer of St. Francis, both of which she loved and repeated often. She left a letter telling us of her gratitude for her rich, abundantly blessed life, a copy of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" which she copied herself, and a brief message entitled, "At Last, Peace," which she saved from a church program.

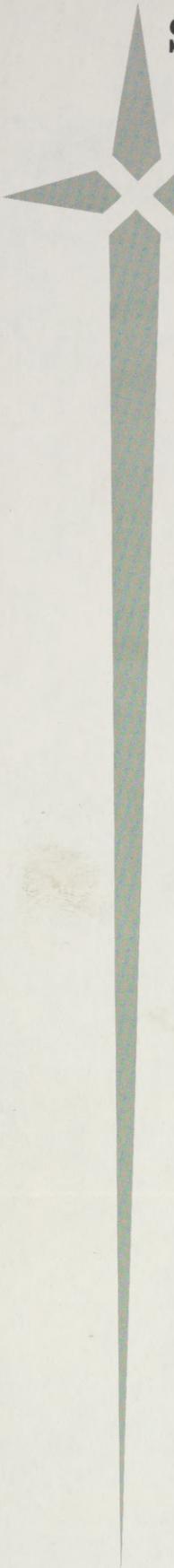
I know that she left these to comfort and help us. Although she is gone, her loving presence reaches out to us in so many ways and she still seems very close to me always.

As I look back on her life, I realize that one of her greatest pleasures came from doing things for others. So much of her life was devoted to helping someone sick or lonely, or making some one happy. Now all the love she gave to others is coming back to us as we receive hundreds of letters and cards, almost all of them recalling her gentleness, kindness and goodness. I feel that I have much to learn from her and my father, and am trying to live each day now as she would have wished and doing things as she would have wanted them done.

I had always feared that losing Mother would be a grief I could not bear, but I have learned now that God gives us the strength to face such a parting and thereby also strengthens our faith in Him. From the beginning, Dad told us not to grieve too much for Mother because she led such a rich, happy and blessed life. We can be grateful for that, and for the fact that she did not suffer a prolonged or painful illness.

I wanted to write this letter today because I wasn't able to tell you many of these things when you visited us. I am also enclosing a copy of the words spoken by Hiro Katayama at the Memorial Service. We were very touched by them and I wanted to share them with you.

Sincerely,



SYCAMORE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

1111 NAVELLIER STREET EL CERRITO, CALIF. 94530

• 525-0727

November 13, 1966

Dear Yoshi,

I don't seem to be able to remember to return these two papers to you on Sunday, so I'll put them in the mail and be sure about it.

We both appreciated so much your sharing those two meditations with us. They both show evidence of the high regard in which your mother was held by those who knew her. I especially liked Mr. Katayama's simile of the maple tree. It has so many forms of beauty which was true of your mother's character. And then too I liked so much the story of the lamp-lighter in Rev. Aki's meditation. There are many lights left glowing because of your mother, after she stepped around the bend in life's road and out of our sight for a little while.

And then we appreciated your sharing your own thoughts in the letter. You spoke of it's being difficult to understand rationally the concept of Heaven and Hell. That is a very natural thing -- and even more so in this case because Christ, himself, is so unprecise about it. And if you have doubts you are in good company because look at the disciples themselves.

For myself I have learned to leave Heaven and Hell in quite indistinct forms in my mind -- simply that Heaven is an enhanced relationship of newer closeness to God after death. And possibly Hell is a wider separation from God brought on by ignoring the ~~the~~ things of the spirit here and resulting in fires of remorse when the person realizes how far he has wandered from spiritual truth. I simply share these ideas -- and no doubt there is much imperfection in them -- as one other person's way of thinking about the area beyond this life. The reassuring thing to me is that we can leave the details of the future in the hands of a wise and all-just Father.

We are glad if John Ishikawa's funeral meditation had some personal meaning for you now. Hazel and I have wanted very much to be of some help to you and your father. I am sure the things your mother left for you in writing have a very deep and touching meaning for you now. That was like her to do that, of course.

It seems to us that you are making this adjustment well. And the spirit of your letter shows that you are being sensitive to the spiritual elements in this experience which will surely deepen and enrich your future.



SYCAMORE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

1111 NAVELLIER STREET EL CERRITO, CALIF. 94530

• 525-0727

We think it is so fine and strong of your father to encourage you not to grieve too much, remembering her wonderful life and all the wonderful years you had her with you.

I am inclosing a little book which you may not need at all. And yet I think it is written with sensitive perception and there may be bits here and there that you may appreciate reading. Sometimes it is not at the immediate time of separation, but in the months that follow when ideas such as these in this book may be pertinent. Keep it as long as you like and just return it at your convenience.

Our warm good wishes to both you and your father. And please let us know if there is ever anything we can help with.

Very sincerely,

Sedoris McCartney

Sedoris McCartney

1838 Tatum St
St Paul, Minn.
7-10-82

Dear Friend, Yoshi,

Desert Exile has just arrived! Re-congratulations!

It is exhilarating just to see the familiar friendly faces of the Yoshidas of whom we thought so much on the jacket. And then I was surprised and delighted

to find your personal inscription on the inside! I hadn't anticipated that. "Domo arigato gozaimashita, Yoshiko San."

I can hardly keep myself from settling down in a rocker for the day with your book. I am already

THIRD
AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD COLLEGE
fascinated by the peeks I've al-
lowed myself.

But I have promised to read it
to my sister who has macular
degeneration and cannot see to read,
(though she can keep house and take
good care of my diet, has been a high
school teacher and librarian and is
a gem of a person, I think) And I must
be gone for two weeks or more, having
agreed to help at a relative's wedding. So
I must wait all that time, alas! But I wanted
to say thank you and tell you I'll write again. Pastor Mac

Thank You

Dear Yoshiko, 10/29/82 ✓ 10-6-82
In writing on a card I found
in Hazel's desk, she wanted to
write for a long time to
thank you for the big project
you undertook in writing Sevent
Epile and to tell you what
a splendid and down-to-earth
achievement I think it is.

Several other reports have been
made, of course, but yours
brings it to us through the inner
corridors of the heart and mind
and feelings of an intelligent
and sensitive family. You were
realistic about your family and
didn't idealize, yet the fineness
of your father, the loveliness of your

mother, the youthful, eager
intelligence of you girls and
the quiet subdued anguish
of you all came through in
a very touching way. The
unswerving spiritual wisdom
of your parents seemed to
surmount all the indigna-
tion and anger you all
must justifiably ^{have} felt. And
I think it silhouetted the injustice
of it all and will make readers
feel sharply as I did again, that
such an atrocious thing must never be
allowed again in America.

After Lule Lake, Hazel and I felt
we learned far more from the
wonderful spirit of the internees
than we had been able to do for them.

We wished many people could learn to know and appreciate and learn from these people as we had. I feel, Yashi, that your book will help to make ^{much} more of that possible and certainly to help achieve your purpose in writing of ~~that~~ painful national error.

I liked the format of the book, too, with its family pictures inside and on the jacket, and the haiku which are lovely and add a "nihonteki" flavor. Am I right that "Yukari" is your mother? You have given us a fine gift, Yashi! "Domo arigato gozaimashita".

I have just had the joy of a visit from the Hatayamas, Kasais and Tsukahiras. We talked proudly of Desert Exile!

Gratefully your friend,
Doris Mc C-



From Sedoris McCartney

12/83



Duluth, Minn
Oct. 10th '83

Dear Sedoris,

My FM radio is bursting with the music of Verdi for this is his 100th Birthday. Columbus seems completely obscured by this greater Italian artist! Just who contributed most to our civilization would be an interesting debate, one explored us, the other gave us glorious music!

This note is long delayed in thanking you for the book, "Desert Exile" which you so kindly sent me. It was such a remarkable, wonderful story of one families survival in Tanforan and Topaz camps that I read it slowly and with care. The message to you and Hazel in the flyleaf is so revealing and sensitive. What a beautiful, sensitive person is Yoshiko Uchida! Her sister in Boston married to a MIT Professor and she in Berkeley, still writing, and what an impressive list it is! I have "Journey to Topaz", as I wrote before. Her style, her use of words, form such a vivid, sensitive picture of that terrible episode in our nations history in a time of war hysteria and judgment. (Could it happen again?--and one shudders over news stories of the KKK and Nazi revivals)

I am mailing the book to you today--no, tomorrow, for the PO is off celebrating Columbus! It is raining, again, today, but yesterday after church, we drove to Kenwood and Glen Avon to see the trees in all their crimson-yellow and bronze glory for the sun was out in full. (Our young assistant had three babies and two young sisters to baptise--all at once,--and what a splendid job he did, and no one cried!) We ended our tour with a photo exhibit of lake and park views in Tweed Gallery of UMD.--also some rather strange, irritating, modern paintings,--one called "lf", with arrows darting about, fascinates me.

To return to the book. One of the finest paragraphs comes near the end p.148,--"Like "Altho some Issei--- bitterness would have been self destructive." A Triumph of the human spirit indeed and to endure. She also includes the insults, the pettiness, the quarrels, and the humor of their humiliating and abnormal lives in the camps. Were you and Hazel always at Tulle Lake, or did you visit in Topaz and other camps also? I cannot remember--but I know I saved Hazel's letters and they are somewhere in a trunk in the basement. More recent are with her book, and your, "There is a Lad Here"--which I shall loan to Mary Tonkin as soon as we find a mutually free day, a Saturday, for her daughter teaches in Proctor. I phoned her this morning to tell her I was writing you, also told her about the book. She sends hearty greetings to you and Victorine. All Duluthians have short, crowded, summers filled with visitors and short

trips up the shore or to lakes. In the fall we come down to earth with a thud and wonder what we ever did with our time!

All our efforts to stop the extension of this awful Tunnel-Trench monster Freeway have failed and they are already ripping up parts of E. Superior St. One of the RR Unions came out against the extension so that was a great help. My letter finally made it in the paper, much deleted, but it helped some and we think we have it stopped at 10th Ave. East--just short of Leif Erikson Park. Watt has nothing to do with this, our local sorrow, but 90% Federally funded, but how delighted I am that he finally resigned. Let us hope they do not put in a like-minded creature?

Mary T. told me of a letter or story one of your brothers has written about a grandfather, or uncle, who went to Alaska during the Gold Rush days. Is this in print? We have a most adventurous and handsome 6'4" uncle who was lured to the Rush in 1899-01-02. Later he became a very successful mining engineer, a VMI graduate.

And Hazel's story of the Sisters? I remember hearing her read a chapter to Jean Macrae and me on a picnic in Jay Cooke Park.

Again, so many thanks for the loan of this thrilling book. I feel I know Yoshiko very well. Her parents and her sister, also. What a delight her father must have been!

Yes, I have my flu and pneumonia shots and only wish I could get a no-skid, no freeze vaccine for what is ahead. Tell me how you and Victorine are fairing, healthwise.

*As always,
Mary*

Do you hear the program, on Wis. FM radio; here; 2:30-3:30 Pm, every week day by Karl Haas called "Adventures in Good Music". From Wis. U. a delightful lecturer on a great variety of musical topics, -Verdi operas this time.

Sedoris N. McCartney

2-18-86

Dear Yashi

I'm writing to thank you for a delightful stay in the hospital where I still am with The Happiest Ending with me. I have just finished reading it. After seeing the notice in the Sycamore News Letter, I ordered a copy and am glad I did at my no-longer-youthful age.

Even though I know your reader-focus was not for a 75 1/2 year old man, I think it is a charming book for people of any age to read. I think it shows your keen insight into child and Teen-age psychology and feelings. You made us like Rinoko and all the children right from the beginning. Rinoko was a combination of many genuine youthful qualities and feelings, aware of her "sweet self" her real self and her bossy self, and with an alert awareness of what seemed to go on in the mind and heart of those around her. I was smiling and laughing at her hopes and dreams and faults and designs and depressions all the way through the book. Bokuro too was very genuine and appealing.

Your sharp awareness of even tiny details in face and clothes and food conversation and behavior made all your people genuine and human and lovable. I think you have a very subtle way and added much color and atmosphere as well.

of mingling minority traits and cultural
mores into your delineation of characters that
seem at first to be totally occidental. To the
reader's surprise he will discover they are just
like himself and he is loving and appreciating
them, that they are just like the rest of the world
in basic feelings and spirit and ambitions. That
gradual introduction of ways and traits seems
an excellent way of hopefully overcoming or
dissolving the unconscious prejudice that
is bred into so many Americans. At first it's not

obvious Biko is a minority girl.

Another thing in the book which I like
is that the book shows dignity, truth, and
beauty of character live in the hearts of
minorities (and other people as well) in humble
and obscure circumstances. I think that
is important in our affluent consumer age.

The Happiest Ending is skillfully written with
suspense entertainment and literary quality, but
it also says significant things to young readers.
It clarified the deeper essential meaning of
human love in marriage when cheap super-
ficial sex is so crudely ^{and brazenly} emphasized in so much
current writing.

Then in the final chapter you bring out
the spiritual values that are basic in
maturity and real character. I hope
many young people will read this book
and learn from it. I'm sure they will.
I feel that it will give all Asian-
Americans who read the book a sense of pride
in their people and heritage, and that it will

Sedoris N. McCartney

help us all to see that in spite of all our differences of race and color and culture, in ^{our} hearts, our feelings and longing and hopes are all of the same fiber. Your goal is a beautifully spiritual one, Yoshi, and I'm confident The Happiest Ending will help achieve it.

I hope you keep on dreaming and writing, even though twenty books is already a splendid achievement. and mononucleosis hasn't held you down.

I got this far last night. On proof-reading the letter today, I think I shouldn't have tried to write horizontally on a pillow for a desk. The result is a patchwork of insertions and crooked lines. But I'll send it along anyway. My bottom line is a thank you for writing this meaningful book for our bewildered youth and others, too, in the same category.

Perhaps I should explain my present situation. I'm here for a diabetic check-up and some minor surgery. The doctor thinks I'm "pretty good" now and he plans to discharge me tomorrow. So Go-shimpai shiraida wa iidesu." This letter doesn't anticipate an answer.

God's blessing and warm wishes for your current writing.

Pastor Mac.

S. Mc Cartney
1838 Iatumb St.
St. Paul, Minn.
55113



Miss Yashi Uchida
1685 Solano Ave. Apt. #102
Berkeley, California 94707

February -- no it's March 2, 1986!

Dear Pastor Mac:

I was so touched to receive your wonderful letter about my book, THE HAPPIEST ENDING, that I must write, even though you were kind enough to say I needn't.

I can't tell you how much I appreciated the sensitivity and perception with which you read my book, and I especially appreciated your taking the time to write me in such detail from your hospital bed!

Although various people have told me they liked my books, few are able to articulate their responses in the warm and thoughtful way you did. It means so much to a writer to receive letters such as yours - (I'm sure your years with Hazel increased your sensitivity to that) - and I do thank you with all my heart.

I'm glad my book provided a few hours of enjoyment for you in the hospital, and I'm happy to hear that all is now well with you. Do please take good care of yourself.

I'm finally beginning to feel better, but haven't been to Sycamore church in a long time. I've been listening instead to Dr. Earl Palmer's sermons from 1st Presb. Church and have learned so much from him. He is now giving a series on the life of St. Paul which is superb.

After the deluge of the past few weeks, we're now enjoying beautiful spring weather and I particularly enjoy all the flowering gardens I see on my walks.

Have a good and healthy spring, and dozo odaiji ni.

Affectionately,

we were waiting FOR A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO A

FOUR STAR BOND
SOUTHWORTH CO. S.A.
25% COTTON FIBER

Sedoris N. McCartney

1838 Latum
St. Paul, Minn.
3-18-86

Dear Yashi,

This note comes to thank you for your very nice letter which came not long ago. I appreciated your making time to do that.

But I especially wanted to send my congratulations to you for the honor and recognition which came to you for The Happiest Ending. That is a splendid achievement! I am glad that award came to you. It is often said that writing is a thankless job unless it is done with special skills.

Of course maybe I should admit that one of the reasons I am glad this recognition comes to you is that it verifies my own opinion of the merits of your book! But mostly I am glad for you who are devoting your life to the service of others in creating literary beauty and high-lighting real values in life.

"Domo arigato gozaimashita!"

Pastor Mac

1838 Jatum St.
St. Paul, Minn 55113
10-10-86

Dear Yoshi,

A little neighbor girl brought this stationery to me. She said she couldn't understand the writing and maybe I could. I can't read it either but maybe you can.

But the main reason for my writing is to tell you that a young man who often sits near us in church is working in the dean's office at the University of Minnesota and is about to complete his Ph D Thesis on minority groups and our relations to them.

I told him about you and Desert Exile. He eagerly read my copy at once and when he returned it, said it was the best of all the books he had read on minority groups. There was no bitterness or exaggeration of feelings or suffering. He felt you had done an excellent, balanced piece of work and thanked me very sincerely for bringing it to his attention.

I thought you should know his very objective report. He has taught English for



在原業平 a court noble, Narihira Arihara

several years and is now married to a girl from Sweden and they have two very charming little girls.

I have grown quite fond of this man, "Bob Beyer by name. He lives next door to social science teacher who, forty years ago or a few years more, taught in the school system with me where I taught biology in Austin, Minn. before I came to Tule Lake. My teacher-friend has now developed Lou Gerig's disease and is a wheel-chair patient. Bob, who praised your book so highly, is being a beautiful neighbor to Forrest, my earlier friend. He calls on him almost every day, takes him out in his wheel-chair and talks to him "about everything and nothing" he says, because Forrest can no longer talk.

I think Bob is out-doing the Good Samaritan. I tell you all this so you will know the person who thinks so highly of Desert Exile is anything but a superficial man. Of course he corroborates my opinion of Desert Exile so that is another reason I like him so well.

Excuse my errors. Now I use my failing vision for part of mistakes!

God's blessing and all warm best wishes, dedoris

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在原業平朝臣 court noble Naikihira Arihira

Sedoris Mc Cartney
% V. Nelson
1838 Saturn St.
St. Paul, Minn
55113



10/20

Miss. Yoshi Uchida
1685 Solano Ave. Apt. # 102
Berkeley, California
94702

Packer Mac - 10/21/86

~~It was love~~
~~How kind of you to write me~~

It was lovely to hear from you

I appreciated hearing of
your friends' ^{kind} words about
Mrs. U.

It means a great
deal, coming from ^{someone special - friend} ~~from~~ ^{from} a ^{man} ~~man~~ ^{syn} ~~syn~~

thoughtful person, as he is to be.

Thank you) p. (time to give me

this special "gift" I just ret'd

from an Authors Symp. in Arkansas,
(where I spoke) & ~~from~~ a brief visit &
old friends in Dallas. Altho' it was

exhausting, ~~as I am still not~~ I was
glad I went. There is a big more

measured - life ^{glad} of friends,
I ^{very} count as one of ~~mine~~.