



All ABOARD

SPRING 1944

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is an old bromide that the success of any undertaking, no matter how simple it may be, depends upon the cooperation of a number of persons. In spite of this difficulty, we have tried to present the views of as many contributors as possible. We feel fortunate in securing the talents of leading Topaz writers and artists, whose work we hope will be a souvenir of your days of evacuation.

To Project Director Charles F. Ernst for his kind assistance and to Reports Officer Russell A. Bankson for his constant guidance may be attributed the publication of *all* ABOARD.

To writers Toyo Suyemoto, Henry Tani, Hatsuye Egami, Kay Uchida, Hiro Katayama, and the seventh grade students of 1943 we owe the articles and stories that appear here.

To artist Masao Yabuki we are indebted for the cover design, page layouts and many of the illustrations, aided by Alfred Sawahata. Assisting artists were Yuri Sugihara, Frank M. Taira, Hisako Tanaka, Saburo Yoshizawa, and Byron Tsuzuki.

To technician Tad Fujita and typists Fumi Nabeta and Fujiye Matsuzaki we are obligated for their assistance in the actual production of *all* ABOARD.

To all of these we say "thank you very much; not only have we learned much from working with you, but it's been grand fun, too."

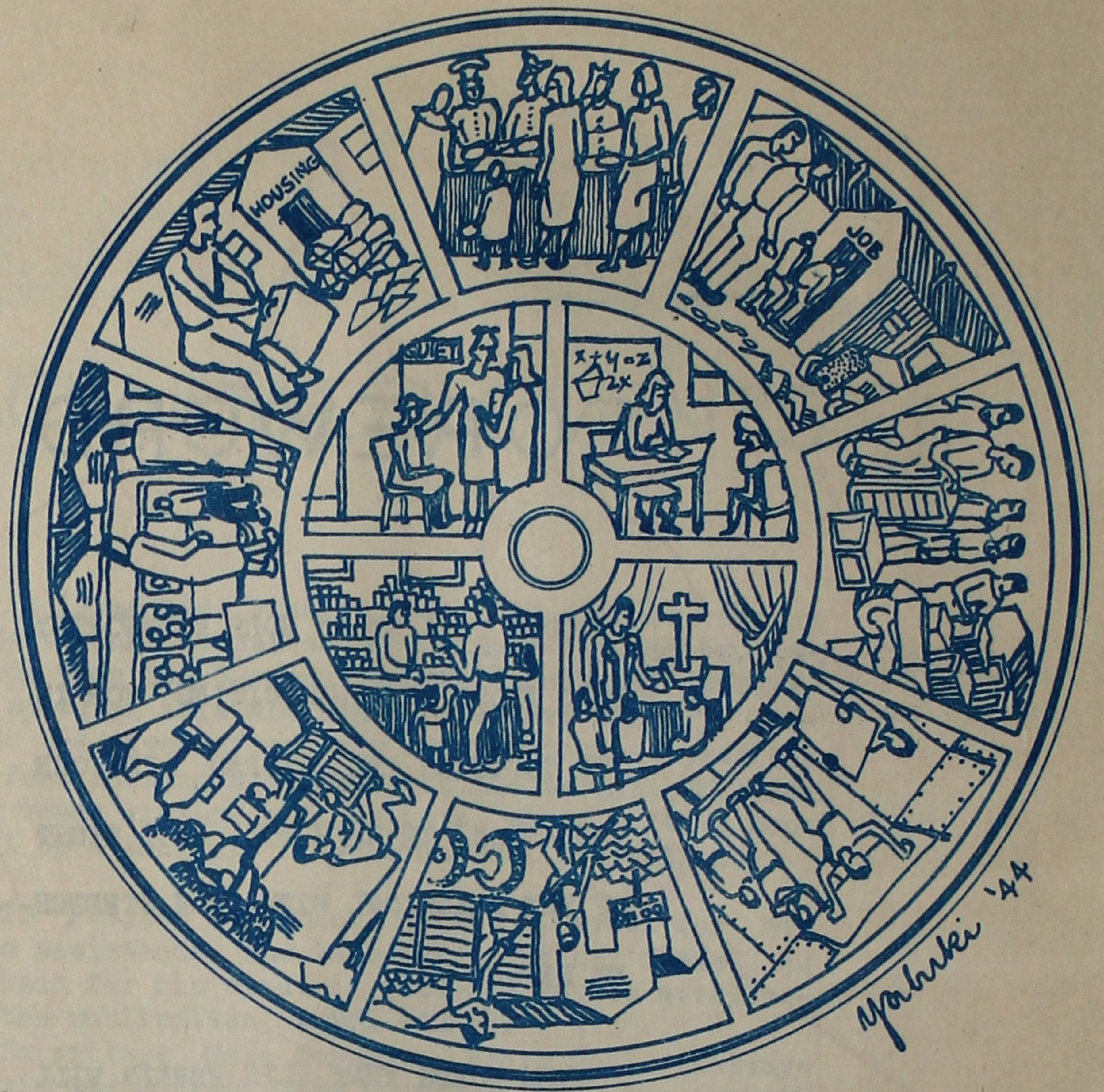
The Editors

FOREWORD

OURS IS A STORY MORE NOTEWORTHY THAN THOSE OF OTHER CITIES FOR IN OUR YOUTH WE ARE MATURED. IN OUR ISOLATION WE HAVE NOT LOST SIGHT OF THE PRACTICAL WORK THAT STRETCHES BEFORE US.

THE WORDS THAT LIE HEREIN WILL REVEAL THE STORY THAT MUST HAVE A MORE ADEQUATE CONCLUSION AND A LIFE THAT STILL MUST BE LIVED. THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT POST OUR GOALS TO THE HIGHEST LEVEL.

THEN EMPHASIS WILL SWING TO ACTUAL PROGRESS AND TO THE ULTIMATE IDEAL OF OUR DESIRES.



FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST

CHRONOLOGY

GEO. SUGIHARA

New conditions brought new problems. New conditions brought new hope which made real this artificial life.

Overnight we converted barracks into homes. Rapidly we adjusted ourselves to the strange environs of this City. Institutions were built to keep pace with the needs of the people.

Perhaps our stay in Topaz will be one of the most enriching experiences of our lives. In spite of the hardships endured there has developed within us a deeper understanding of human values and a love for the common things. We have learned to cooperate more fully with people. We have befriended those whom we considered strangers. We have participated in a greater exchange of ideas and of planning. The children have gone to school, and they have overcome adversity with abundant play and laughter. Here we have read more of life than ever before.

Now we are fingering the social spheres beyond, and the cosmic dust storms will be but a memory. This has been a City that rose with every occasion.....



1942

1943

- Sept. 11--214 volunteer workers from the Tanforan Assembly Center arrived at Delta at 7:40 AM. Director Ernst greeted the newcomers.
- 12--Rev. Goto became the first block manager. (Block 3)
- 13--Rev. Goto addressed the first congregation in Rec 3. An appendectomy was performed in Delta. The first handful of letters was delivered by Benji Murota.
- 14--The first entertainment took place at DH 3, featuring the Don Cossack chorus.
- 15--The Topaz Times was launched by a staff of two, Henri Takahashi and Lily Tamaki. The first lumber raid was accomplished by some resident workers.
- 17--The first regular contingent of 502 persons arrived from Tanforan. Everyone was housed by 12:00 PM in Blocks 5 and 6. Residents fell into open water main ditches.
- 18--482 people formed the second contingent. The train reached Delta at 9:28 AM.
- 19--511 people were inducted; they had to sleep on straw ticks. The first frost greeted the residents.
- 20--498 people were inducted and housed by 3:50 PM.
- 21--505 people arrived.
- 22--520 people were inducted. The first baby was born, a girl, to Mrs. Amy Takaki. Winterization began in Block 2.
- 23--500 people arrived in Delta at

4 AM.

- Sept. 24--516 people arrived.
- 25--The first labor group left the City to work on a nearby ranch
- 28--525 people entered the City. The first dust storm enveloped the City.
- 29--514 people entered the City.
- 30--516 people entered the City.
- Oct. 1--Six hours behind schedule, 513 new arrivals entered the City. Everyone was housed by 10 PM in Blocks 30 and 37 without mattresses and blankets.
- 2--522 people were inducted. The first group of sugar beet workers left Topaz for Cache County.
- 3--527 people entered the City.
- 4--Dillon S. Myer, WRA director, arrived from Salt Lake City.
- 7--The Co-op held its first formative meeting. The first students to leave for college were Cromwell Mukai, Mitsuo Yamamoto, and George Hirose.
- 8--550 former San Franciscans from the Santa Anita assembly center arrived; they were housed in Block 33, 34, and 40. The barber shop opened at Rec 12.
- 9--The death of Kozo Baba was the first in Topaz. Work began on the fence around the City.
- 10--The first education meeting was held. The second rain fell on Topaz.
- 14--Tanforan paychecks were distributed, totaling \$18,437.48.
- 15--The last contingent of 309 people arrived from Tanforan at 1:47 PM. The first movie, "Daltons Ride Again", was featured at Rec 22.
- 18--The Topaz hospital was dedicated. Director Ernst and Dr. Ramsey were the speakers.
- 20--The high school started the registration of the students. The optometry clinic opened with Dr. Henry Takahashi as supervisor. The grammar school also began.
- 21--The first baby boy was born to Mrs. Kunio Tatenos; six pre-

vious births were girls.
Oct. 23--WCCA basic clothing was received from Chicago.
26--The new post office opened. The high school started sessions.
28--The first snowfall descended on Topaz at 6:30 AM.
29--The coal shortage was at its height.
30--The first Topaz paychecks were issued at the old post office.
31--John C. Baker, chief of reports, and E.M. Rowalt, deputy administrator of the WRA in Washington, D.C., surveyed the City.

Nov. 2--The constitution of Topaz was drafted.
7--The fire station was dedicated.
15--Topaz's first wedding took place; Taro Katayama and Yuki Shiozawa were married.
25--Arbor Week was observed by planting shrubs in each block.
26--Turkey was served in every dining hall. The City roll call was inaugurated.

Dec. 1--The library opened at Rec 16.
2--Lt. Roy Hirano of the U.S. Army Language School opened interviews for candidates to Camp Savage.
9--The dry goods store held its grand opening at Rec 12. The day's sales totaled \$2,700.
16--The Topaz constitution was ratified.
23--Kozo Fukagai was found safe ten miles west of the City after a three-day search.
24--The skating rink was completed.
25--A white Christmas with turkey dinners was featured.
28--Yosh Inouye and May Mukai took the laurels as jitterbug king and queen of Topaz.
31--New Year's Day was ushered in with a dance at DH 1. The 44-hour week was resumed.

Jan. 1--Traditional mochi was served in the dining halls.

Jan. 14--Gov. Herbert B. Maw of Utah was the honored guest of the City.
15--Mike Masaoka, JACL executive secretary, met with League members.
22--Draft registration for men between the ages of 18 to 65 took place at the City hall. The beauty shop opened.

Feb. 8--Lt. Wm. L. Tracy announced the policies of the War Department in forming the Nisei combat unit.
10--Tuesday and Friday were designated as meatless days.
15--The Army registration began in Block 8.
23--Margaret Bondfield, former minister of labor of Great Britain, arrived in the City.
25--The Army registration was completed. The total number of registrants was 6,100.

March 2--Lt. Margaret Dean of the WAAC entered Topaz to interview prospective Army personnel in secretarial work.
5--Thirty-six residents who had applied for repatriation to Japan left for Rohwer, Arkansas.
12--Topaz announced the volunteering of the three Yoshino brothers, John, Joe, and Paul.
14--Evacuees from the Hawaiian Islands were welcomed into Topaz in a very unHawaiian climate.
16--Shoe rationing became effective in Topaz.
22--The number of volunteers rose to 109. The final number was 112.

April 11--James H. Wakasa was shot and killed by a sentry on guard.
18--Gen. DeWitt announced that Nisei soldiers may visit the West Coast.
19--Public funeral rites were held for the late Mr. Wakasa.
21--Military guards were removed from daytime tower duties.
25--The first Easter was ushered in during a dust storm. Sunrise service was held at Block 32.

May 15--The Hawaiian shell exhibit at-

tracted hundreds to Rec 40.

May 29--Family style of service was instituted in the dining halls.

31--The NYA school in Topaz was forced to disband after 110 students had enrolled in the four classes.

June 9--Seven wives of internees and their children left Topaz to join their husbands at Crystal City, Texas.

25--196 graduating seniors received their diplomas at the high school plaza.

July 2--Takeo Akagi climbed the 150 foot hospital chimney to repair eight red lights.

7--Dillon S. Myer announced that 6,300 evacuees are to be segregated.

19--Japanese language classes were started.

23--The WAC was opened to Nisei women.

24--50 members of the appointed staff turned out to aid the

farm program.

July 27--Topaz sweltered in the summer heat of 105 degrees.

31--Segregation was announced in Topaz.

Aug. 13--30 senior students received their diplomas in the midsummer graduation exercises.

14--The Army recalled reservists from the Center.

15--Over 200 participated in the colorful Bon Odori Program.

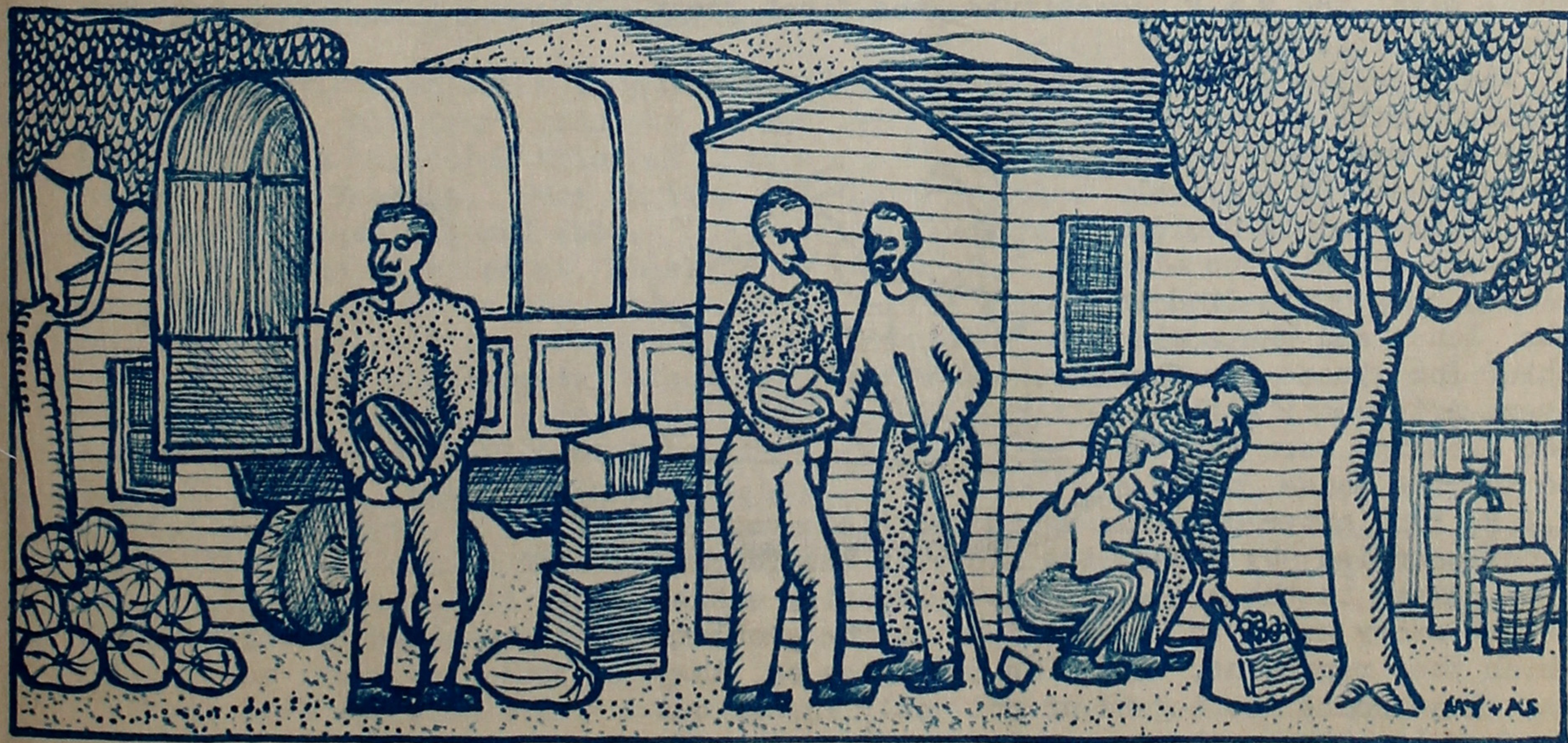
24--22 residents left for Jersey City, New Jersey to embark on the Swedish liner, Gripsholm. Water shortage threatened the City.

31--The date of segregation was postponed until Sept. 19. The number of transferees increased to 1466.

Sept. 2--Provisions for the sending of telegrams to Japan were announced. 1885 were sent.

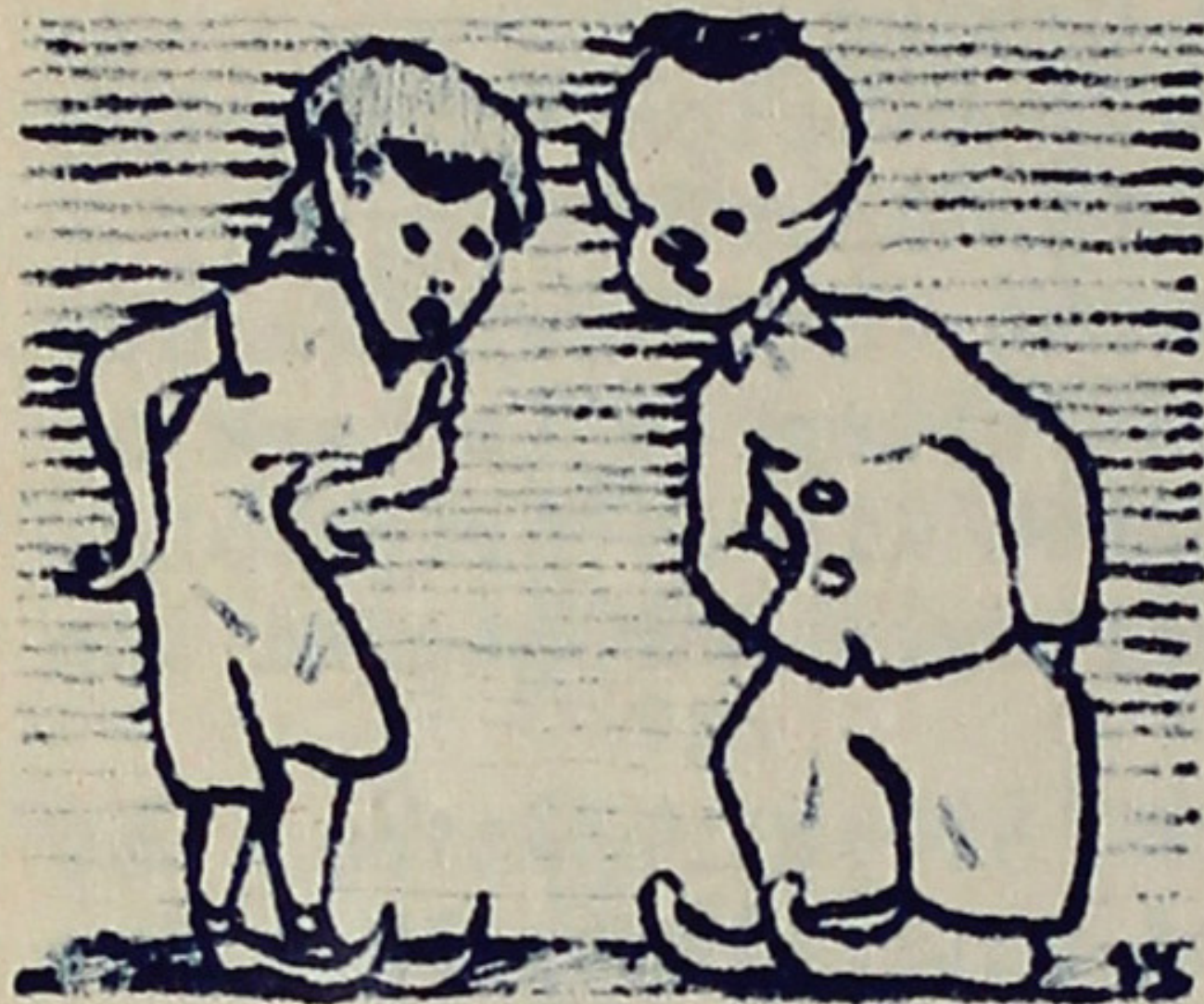
9--100 attended the WAC assembly.

11--Topaz became a year old.



TOPPATS & CO

EVELYN KIRIMURA



As in any similar community of some 8,000 people, problems arose during the early months of the settling of Topaz. The natural result of the mass movement of thousands of people was confusion and distress. In the course of events, solutions were found for

these problems. The newcomers to Topaz weathered their initiation.

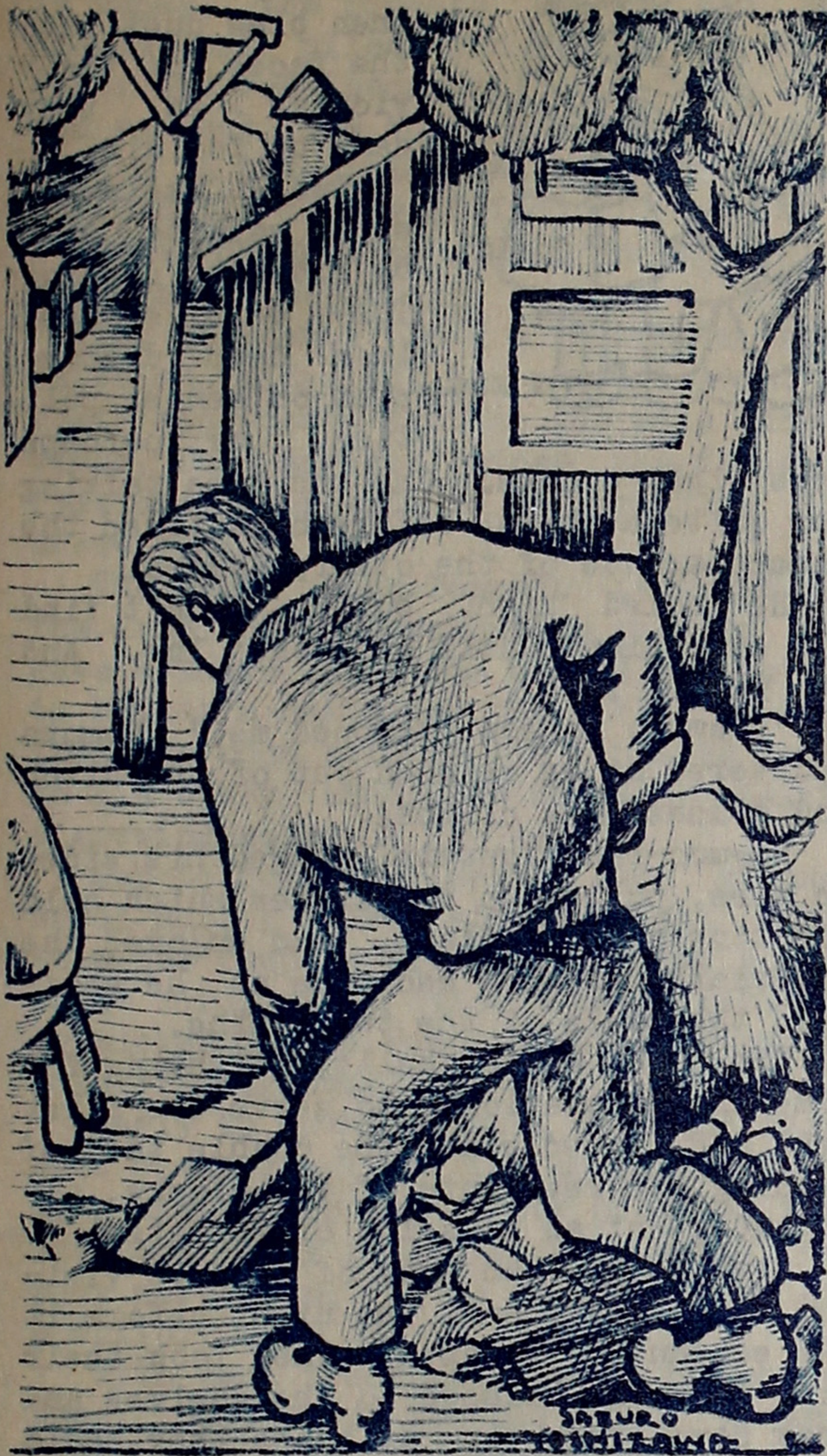
Viewing these problems from the standpoint of past events, it is not difficult to imagine that they were the results of circumstances, circumstances which for want of a better name may be called the Little People.

With all due thanks to Globularius Schraubi, writer in the Trek, we have borrowed his Issei colloquialism for Topaz, Toppats, for the name of these Little People.

The antics of the Toppats are purely of local flavor, but are derived from the story of the Gremlins, the mischievous Little People, whose adventures with the R.A.F. constitute the first great legend of this war.

The Gremlins lived in the cold wet forests of England until an airplane factory was built upon their land. In reprisal, the Little People decided to seek out all the airplanes they could find in the land and make mischief for those who flew them. After many mishaps, the Gremlins were converted to the cause of the R.A.F. Long after dust has again settled over the lands occupied by Topaz, the story of the Toppats will remain in the minds of the residents, either as the story herewith presented or as the problems which they represent. And, as time goes on, they may also become the legend of not only Topaz, but every relocation center.





In Utah situated on a lake bottom, surrounded on all four sides by mountains, lived a peaceful tribe of Little People, the Toppats. They thrived on greasewood, sagebrush and dust.

Their bodies were squat. Black hair, an olive complexion, a pug nose, and a round head completed the average Toppats. In conversing, the Toppats stood very close together for they were nearsighted.

The men Toppats were wont to go hatless. They loved bright colored slacks and loafer jackets. The lady Toppats chose black with dainty touches of white for their dresses but went giddy in their choice of headgear. Any color, any fabric, any fancy was permissible.

Their life was simple and undisturbed Simple, that is, until the day when

hordes of workmen invaded their peaceful land.

Astonished, the Toppats stood on the sidelines and watched rows and rows of barracks sprout before their eyes.

"Oh, they'll probably only stay a few days," they assured themselves.

However, weeks passed and the barracks increased.

On Sept. 11, 1942, a disgruntled and highly discontented colony of Toppats watched busloads of people come into the area.

They watched these people occupy some of the new barracks, saw them conduct their organizational meetings, saw them take over operating duties, saw all hopes disappear for resumption of the Toppats' former peaceful way of living.

Gradually, ideas for reprisals began to germinate among the Little People. They massed and formulated definite plans. Once aroused, the Toppats were a formidable people.

The Housing Toppats went to work immediately. As the busloads rolled into Topaz, for that was the name of the new city, the Toppats perched on the desk and proved their worth as bottlenecks in the assignments of housing.

The Kimuras approached the housing desk and asked for an apartment for two. Key-moo-rah Toppats who had been assigned to that particular post hurriedly crossed off all the "A" and "F" apartments.

"I'm afraid that all of the apartments for two or three are taken," the girl informed the couple.

"I know they are," Key-moo-rah Toppats chortled as he hopped up and down in his enjoyment of the Kimuras' predicament.

The Kimuras inquired, "What other apartments are available?"

"I'm afraid that I have only a 'B' apartment at present. You may have to share it."

"Who is in it now?"

"It's a couple by the name of B_____."

"Oh, we can't take an apartment with them," the Kimuras shouted simultaneously.

"Why not?"

The Kimuras became very confused, but finally haltingly explained, "The B's



were formerly our respective spouses. You can see our position."

The harried housing girl looked at the long waiting line: Key-moo-rah Toppats fidgeted; the Kimuras fumed.

Finally, the Kimuras consented to share the apartment only until other accommodations could be found.

Key-moo-rah Toppats hopped off the desk to share in the fun when the Kimuras met the ex-Kimuras.

Immediately after the residents deposited their luggage in their apartments, their next task was to claim their freight and larger baggage outside of the recreation halls where they were stacked.

Right on their heels were the Baggage Toppats who switched tags, scattered one family's baggage to the four winds, and hid duffle bags. They sat on the baggage and held their sides while frantic residents ran hither and yon.

A Lumber Toppats, by the name of Yah-mah-mo-toe, brought especial misery to one Yamamoto who decided to sneak into the lumber yard for a two-by-four.

Yamamoto crept stealthily around barracks. Yah-mah-mo-toe watched and waited until Yamamoto successfully reached the lumber pile and painstakingly made his selection. Then Yah-mah-mo-toe, with the aid of other Lumber Toppats, hoisted a huge two-by-four and dropped it on Yamamoto's toes. The resultant howl brought every lumber guard in the vicinity.

Kitchen Toppats took stands on either side of the many excavations made by construction workers for sewage pipes. They blithely laid thin ropes which flung passing pedestrians willy nilly into the ditches. They waited until residents had one foot precariously perched on the pipes laid across the ditch, gave

the pipe a roll, then blew dust into the faces of their victims as they came up for air.

Two residents were walking side by side one evening. They were engaged in a deep discussion on center politics, or perhaps

last night's date. One had been talking for quite a while before he noticed the disappearance of the other, Nomura.

He looked high, but he didn't find his companion until he looked low. And was Nomura low!

"I swear someone tripped me," Nomura sputtered as he climbed out of the ditch and brushed his clothes.

No-moo-rah Toppats hugged his sides in glee, pulled up the stakes which held the tiny rope in place, and enjoyed the aftermath of his escapade as he shadowed the heels of the two youths.

The block dining halls, fighting for time in preparations to serve the first meal and faced with the double task of feeding the residents of two blocks, also underwent an invasion of Toppats.

Stealthily, an army of Toppats visited each dining hall the night before it was scheduled to open. They took their tiny ladders, climbed to the shelves and took down every can of beans they could find.

With miniature openers, they worked on those cans all night long. With a finger to their noses, they liberally sprinkled each open can with pepper.

The next morning, the cooks found all those opened cans and declared: "Well, it looks like we're going to have beans today."

Meanwhile, the female contingent of the Toppats made life miserable for the women residents. They liberally dosed the rinsing water for laundry and shampoo as well as baths with generous portions of Topaz sand.

Even the other male Toppats decided that throwing sand into drinking water was too drastic so this practice was discontinued after a few trials.

When the first bite of frost appeared

in Topaz, the Toppats busily hid the scanty coal piles from which the residents had been securing their fuel. They had so much fun that the Toppats stationed in the dining halls followed suit and hid the stores of food.

Cries of food and coal shortage rang throughout the area.

The residents took a hitch in their belts and aided in the winterization of their apartments against the cold winter winds. The novices joined the few professional carpenters in handling the sheet rock.

The Sheet Rock Toppats teetered on the arms of the volunteer workers and gave a shove each time a hand was raised to hammer a nail. As the worker rushed from the room holding his injured thumb in his other hand, the Toppats chalked a growing score on the wall.

Sah-to Toppats learned some strange words during these episodes. But later, when the Toppats learned the meaning of these words, they quietly and efficiently ducked Sah-to Toppats until he had apologized profusely.

Early in October, the resident sugar beet workers set out for adjoining farms with high hopes and empty pockets. They were not only going to make money, but they were going to be on their own for a while.

With each truckful of workers went an equal number of Toppats. The workers might have been forewarned if they had noted the presence of their little pals, but they were too engrossed in plans for the future.

The Toppats cavorted throughout the truck, played tricks on the driver and finally stalled the truck altogether. The workers all piled out and sat by the side of the road while the driver hunted for tools hidden by the Toppats.

With their first pay, some of the workers ventured to double the sum at cards. The Toppats who were unaware of these man-made games managed, with beginners' luck, to cause losses to the players. Those who won were marked for later reprisals.

Happy Toppats and unhappy workers returned at the end of the sugar beet season.

Meanwhile, at home, government cloth-

ing had been issued to the residents. The Toppats sprawled all over the counter where the clothing was issued and gleefully substituted size 38's to 32-sized girls.

They glanced with awe at the warm outfits and decided they needed some themselves. Residents all over the camp began missing their mackinaws, leggings, khaki breeches and "Tojo" hats. Due to the uniformity of color and style, they hopelessly gave up the task of regaining the clothing.

And lo and behold, within the next few weeks, the Topaz Toppats blossomed in miniature government clothing.

In their spare time, the hardier Toppats traversed the roof tops during the night and plugged up the chimneys. Another leisure pastime was that of draining the anti-freeze solution from the truck.

But their crowning prank was that of breaking the bank of the new ice rink so that the precious water drained out, leaving an area full of disappointed young and not-so-young.

Scouting Toppats traversed nightly throughout the area to spot special meetings and parties in sessions. These returned to headquarters to report their finds. In turn, Electrician Toppats were dispatched to turn off the switches affecting these gatherings.

A few Toppats did not like the system of heckling the residents. They believed there were more effective means. They hemmed and hawed among themselves. Finally, they approached Ee-keh-dah Toppats to act as their intermediary and broach their ideas to the others. This is a custom which they appropriated from the residents of Topaz.

Ee-keh-dah Toppats refused to be the only intermediary. He feared opposing the opinions of his fellow Toppats. Finally, a committee was formed to act with Ee-keh-dah Toppats.

But the two factions never did get together for no matter how many times meetings were set, either members did not appear at all or they trooped in fully one to two hours after the time set. Thus began their notorious custom of "Toppats time." Eight o'clock "Toppats time," for example, was anywhere from nine to ten

o'clock Topaz time.

On special Toppats holidays, the Little People would have feasts, gathering great quantities of dust, their loved delicacy. In their glee, they would toss the dust into the air and cavort in the whirlpools they created. When the entire Toppats colony participated, the resultant dust storm sent every resident inside.

One day the painters came to Administration Building B to stain the woodwork. They strewed "wet paint" signs all over the place. But on silent feet behind the painters tiptoed the Toppats and removed every sign.

"Hey, you sat on some paint!"

"Really? Why in the world don't they put up some signs? No consideration at all!"

New chairs were being brought into the office for the use of the workers. The chairs were newly painted, but had been allowed to dry, or so it was believed.

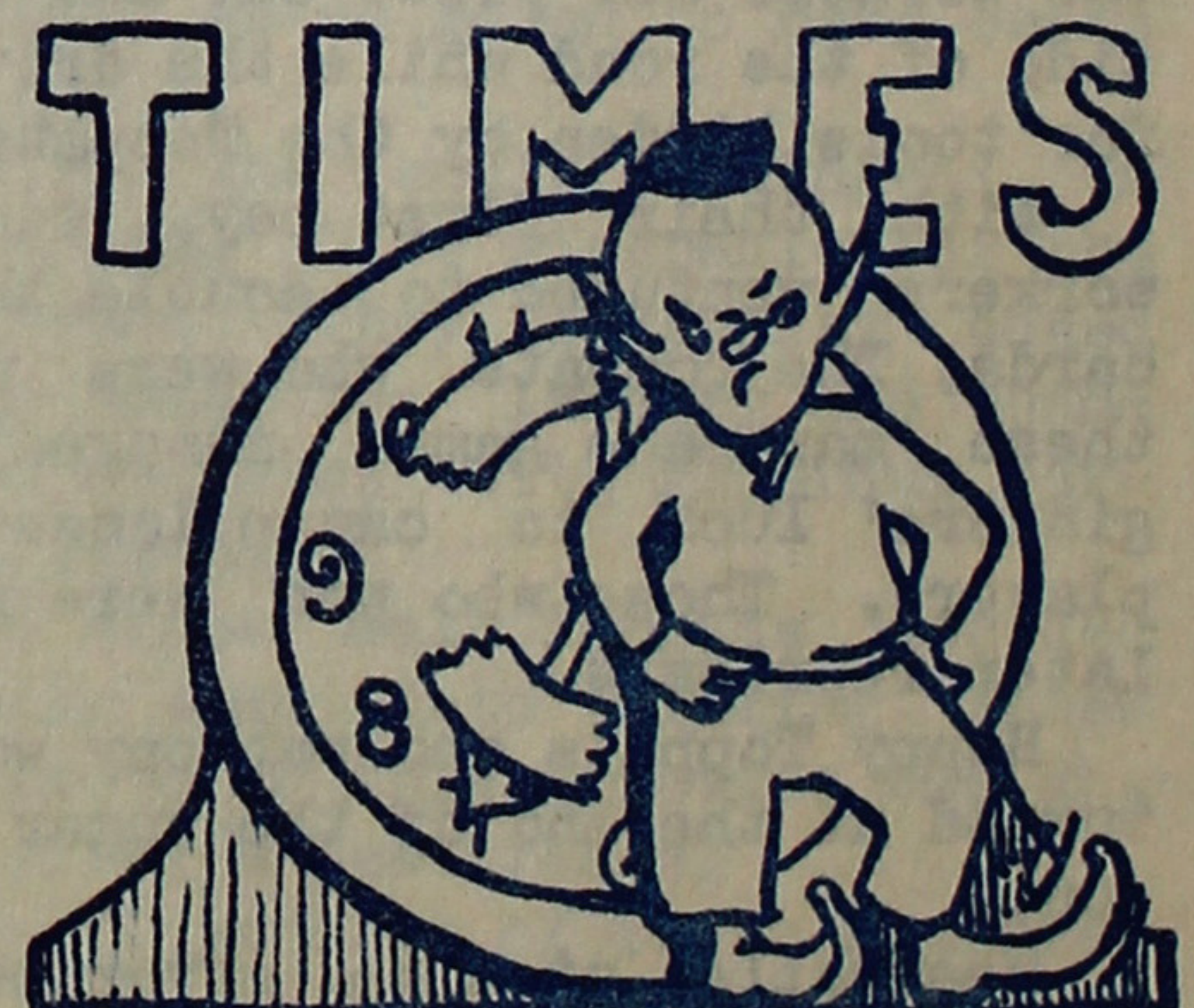
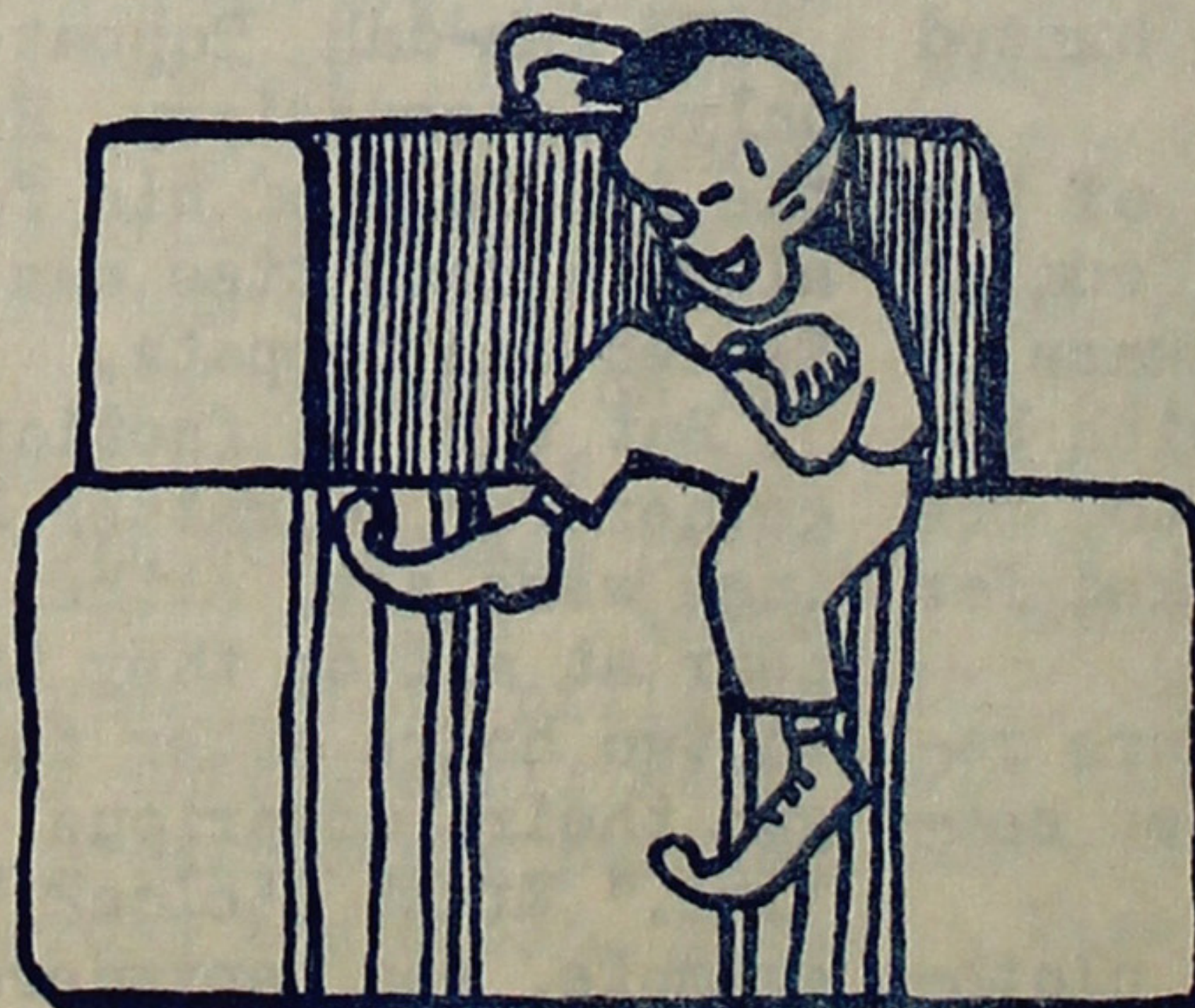
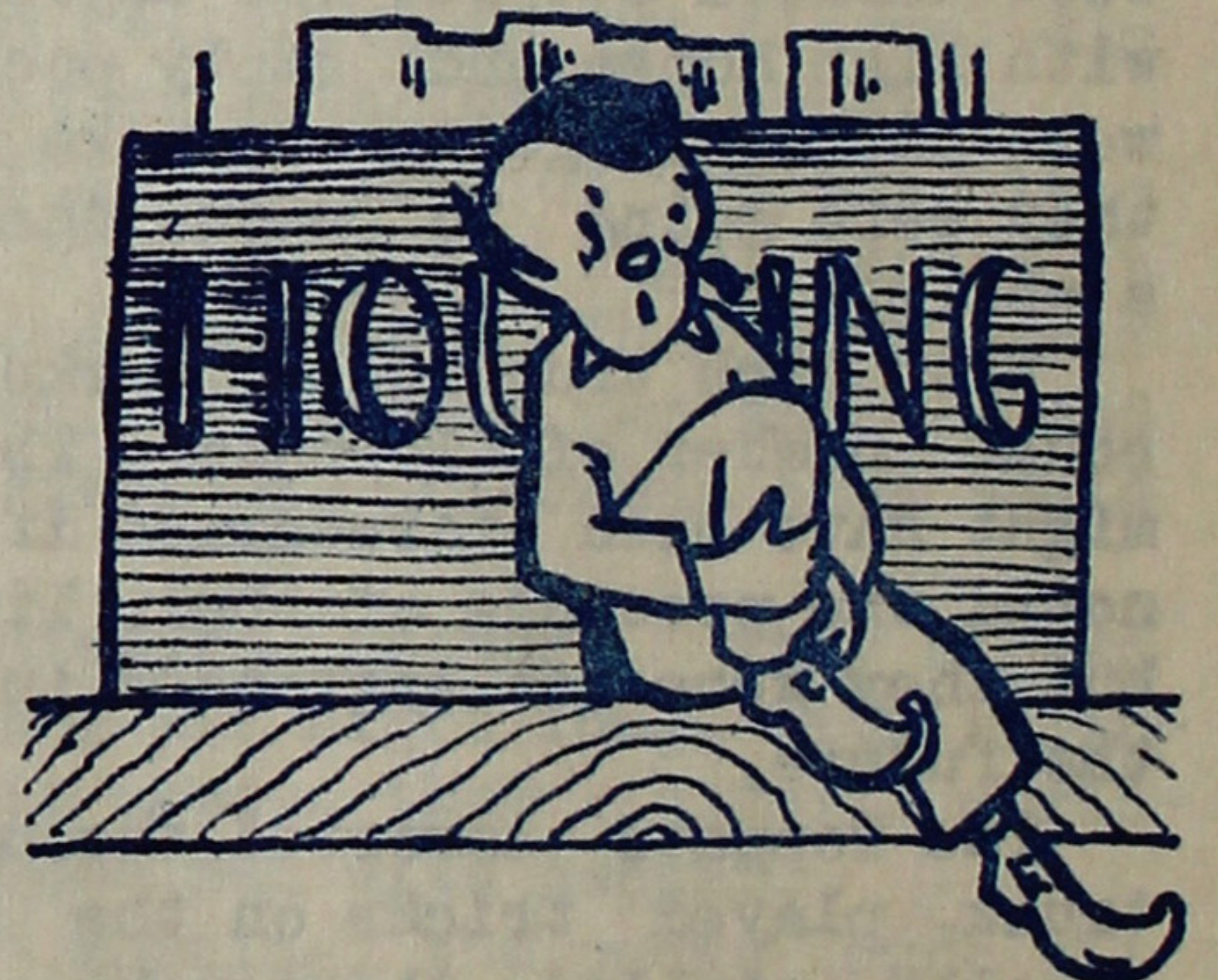
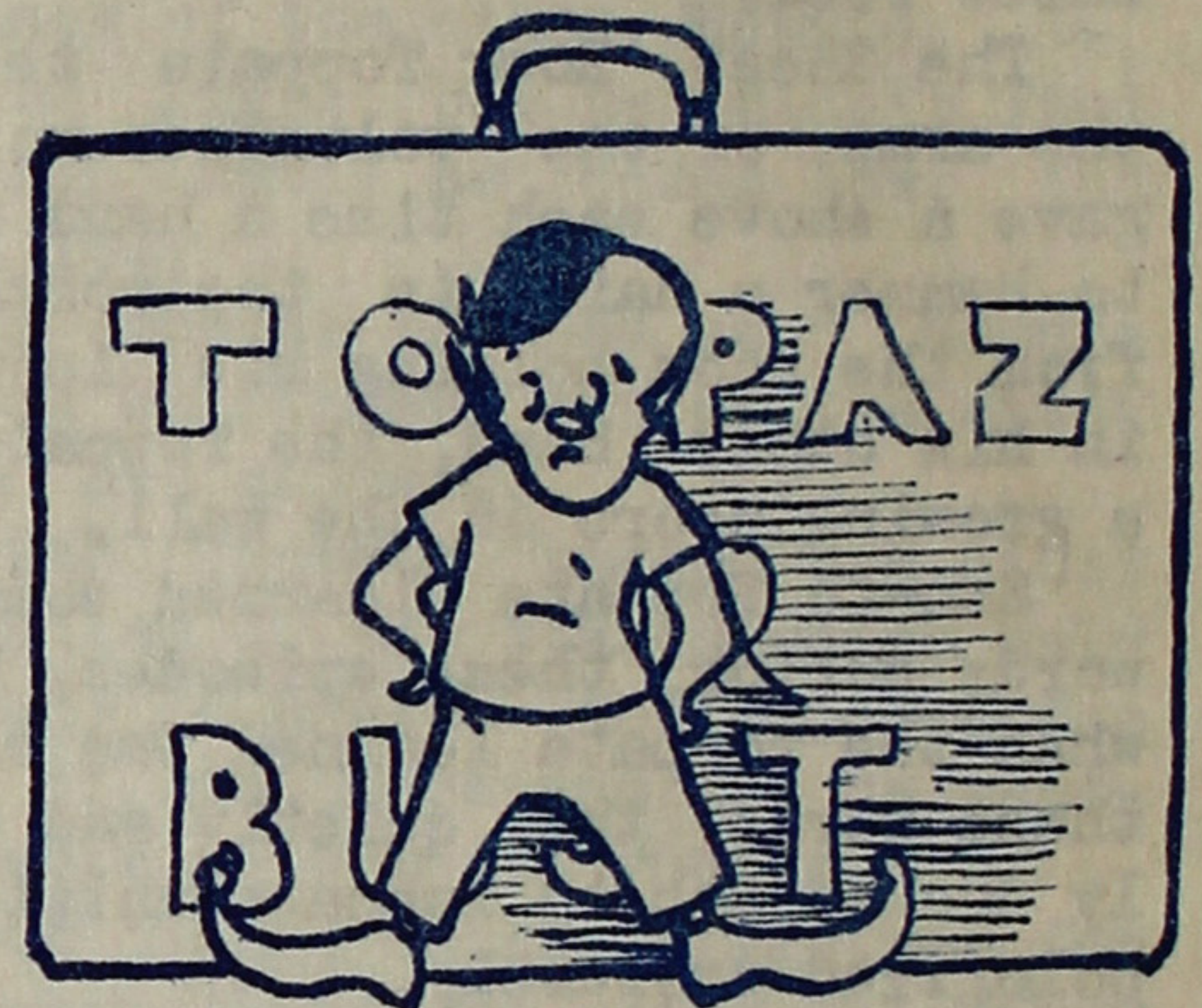
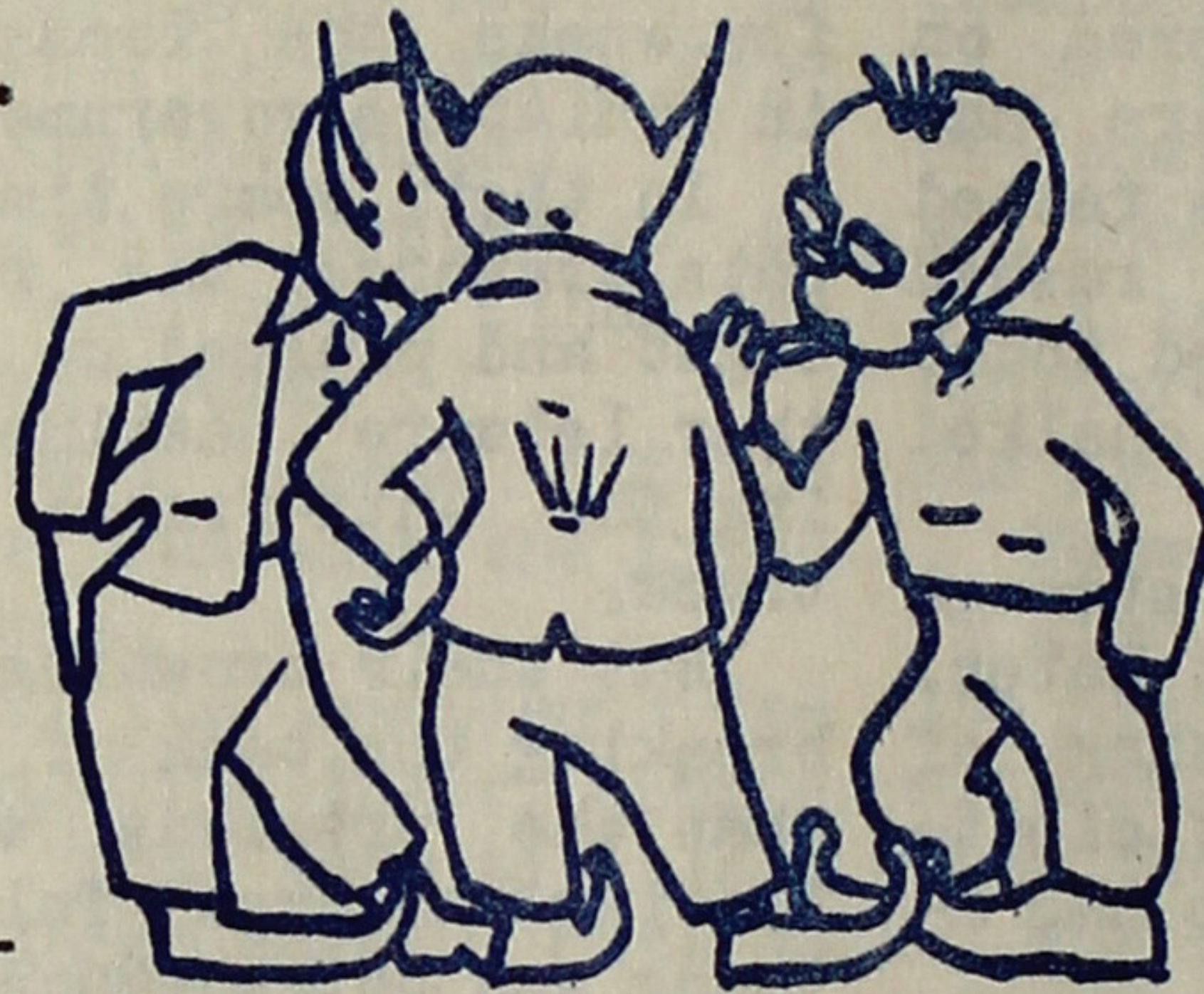
Workers sat in those chairs and received permanent imprints. The Toppats chortled as they replenished the damaged paint with fresh coats. Until the Toppats tired of this pastime, workers had to line chairs with newspapers to protect their clothes.

Every night, a gang of Toppats carried away at least one of the office chairs or

switched ownership labels. They peeked around corners while workers went from room to room searching and examining labels.

The infant Toppats, called "Tobrats", were very fond of staples and carbon paper. They toddled into offices, ever on the alert for either of these two delicacies.

As cautious workers hid their supplies, the Tobrats were forced to wait until such time as typists were forced



to make four or five copies of documents. Not wanting to appear too greedy, the Tobrats rarely took out more than one carbon before the worker put the paper into the typewriter. Taken in light of their spirit of goodwill, the Tobrats were deeply hurt when the workers angrily slammed chairs and office furniture around after finding a carbon paper was missing after typing one original and four duplicates.

Sometimes the Tobrats relented and

put back carbons they had intended to consume. Was it their fault that they didn't put the carbon in the right way? Heavens, no!

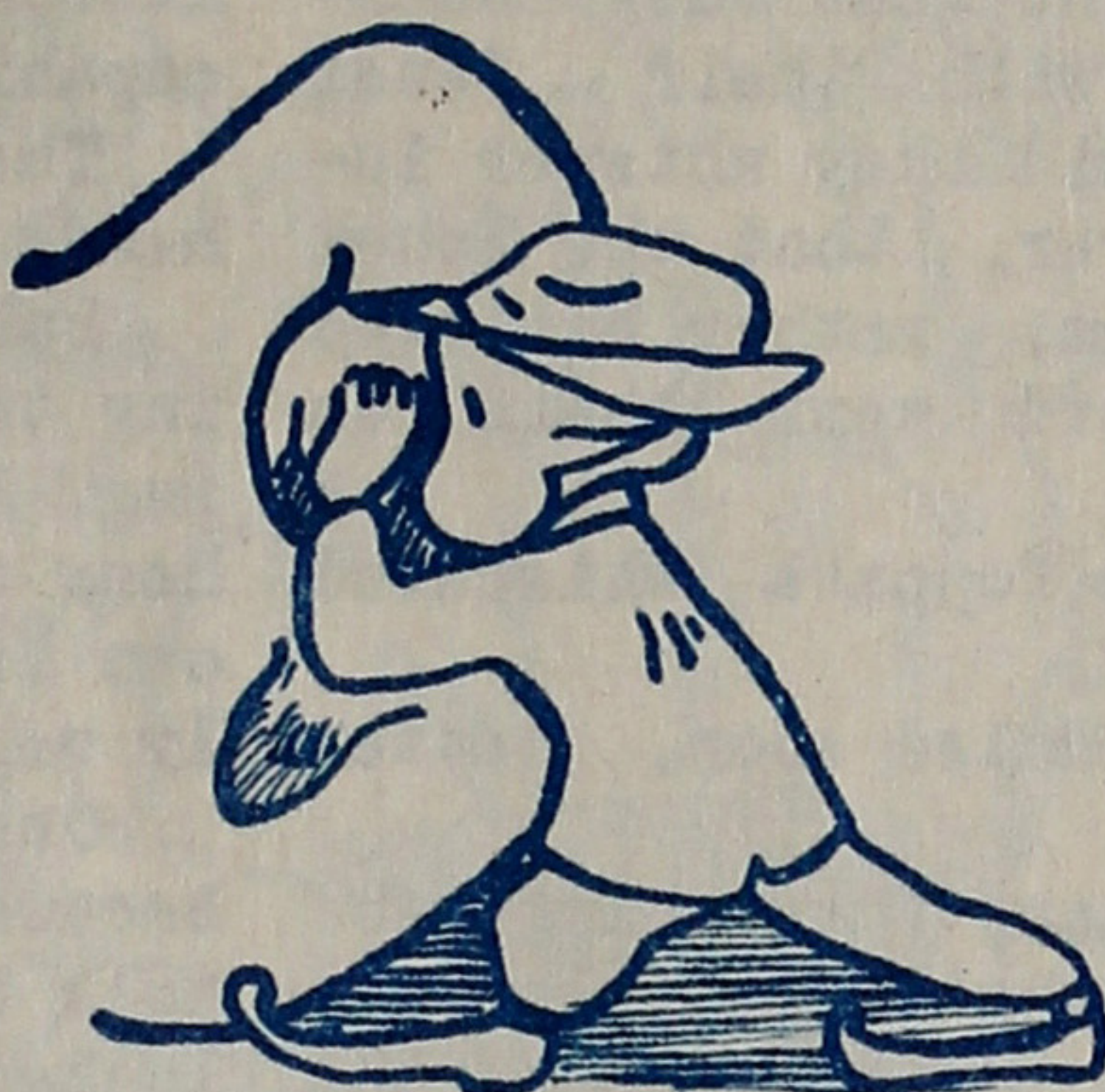
The entire Toppats contingent delighted in stationing itself in shower rooms and waiting for residents to completely soap themselves before plugging up the hot and cold water pipes.

Sue-zoo-key Toppats waited in the evenings for Suzuki to come into the shower room. He took a shower along with Suzuki, scrambled up to the faucet while Suzuki was in the midst of his best shower room baritone and turned the hot water full blast on Suzuki.

On Sue-zoo-key Toppats lay the full blame for Suzuki losing his voice for a full two weeks.

The more cultured Toppats spent much time at the basic English classes, jumbling essays and distracting the Issei so much that some residents gave up the task of learning the English language as hopeless.

Gradually, however, the Toppats found themselves listening to the pupils and teachers more and playing their pranks less. Their interest grew in this language of the mortals. Perhaps with knowledge of the tongue of the residents, they might be able to play even more ef-



fective pranks. Yes, by all means, they must learn this queer tongue.

Daily, the more scholarly of the Toppats sat at the elbows of the Issei and absorbed knowledge. They went home and practiced the words they learned.

It was not long before the Toppats' speech was liberally sprinkled with such words as "buraku", "foeman", "ketchin", "shah house", "suppon-ten", and "chee".

From former East Bay youngsters, the Toppats learned such masterpieces as: "No lie", "Waste time", and "Sad case."

They were so tickled to have mastered English to this extent that they endeavored to converse with their Issei friends. So quietly did they whisper into their ears, however, that the Issei were not aware of them, rather believed that what they heard were their own thoughts.

All day long, the Toppats whispered warnings to the Issei.

"Pay cuts are scheduled soon. Better be prepared."

"Don't build too many furnishings for your apartment for we will be relocated to Poston by February or in June at the latest."

"Hoard food for there will be a shortage soon."

"Resident teachers will be segregated from Caucasian teachers."

Through the use of the language, the Toppats caused more consternation than they had previous to this date.

In the meanwhile, the residents had organized a cooperative system which enabled its canteen to furnish the City with vital needs. The Toppats raided the candy and tooth powder supplies so that no matter what time of the day the residents asked, there was neither of these two commodities to be had for love or money.

Gradually, a change in temperament was noted among the Toppats. No longer did they find their usual pastimes of any enjoyment. They underwent a period of extreme lethargy, during which time only a few were able to muster enough energy to turn off electric switches or plug chimneys. These few undertook the tasks more from habit than actual desire.

Now that their knowledge of the speech of the residents was complete,

they began to have some comprehension of the latter's griefs and joys. Some compunction for the trouble they had caused began to appear.

"Aw," they grumbled, "they're such babes in the woods. They need something to break their routine."

But the seed of compassion and sympathy had already been sown.

Their first definite sign of friendliness came on Thanksgiving Day when the Dining Hall Toppats helped wholeheartedly with preparations for the turkey dinners. They busied themselves in the kitchens with duties their pint-sized capabilities could handle.

They beamed as residents bowed their heads in thanksgiving.

Bah-Bah Toppats happened to be passing the Baba home. He heard children crying. Bah-Bah Toppats could not stand to hear children cry as he had many of his own little Tobrats at home. He immediately went in to discover the trouble.

One of the Baba children was wailing because she was so cold after her long walk home from school. Bah-Bah Toppats looked at the girl's thin coat, solemnly pursed his lips and went out again.

He went to the Topaz Pay Station and rummaged through the slips to be delivered the next day. At the bottom he found the Baba slip, so he carefully placed it at the top, to be delivered the first.

Just to make doubly sure, Bah-Bah Toppats dropped in the next morning and personally made the rounds with the messenger to see that he didn't play any favorites.

As they watched the people's faces beam, the recapitulation of the Toppats was complete.

True, even now, one of the had Toppats, for what group is perfect, will get out of hand and play one of his pranks. But the others soon catch him.

The other Toppats fitted themselves as unseen machinery in the smooth operation of the City.

The only time they were at all conspicuous was on those special Toppats holidays when they threw decorum and dust to the four winds and had a roaring good time. And who would begrudge the Toppats an occasional good time?



MR AND MRS ISSEI

TOYO SUYEMOTO

Since the term Americanization is connected in these days when the word, race, assumes great importance with the minority groups in this country, we should see its processes directly affecting the residents of Topaz. Although the people of Topaz constitute a fraction of the many thousands of Japanese evacuated from the Pacific Coast, we believe their problems are similar to, and typical of, those of the residents in all relocation centers.

In their former existence on the coast, these people were set apart from the Caucasian groups. Varying factors contributed toward this separation, the primary reason being that the Japanese people, the Japan-born and the Americans, on the whole, had not been assimilated into the general American community.

To quote from a report of the basic English department in the Adult Education Division of Topaz, "Inadequate knowledge of the English language and of American customs, carry-overs of Japanese

mores and ideas, definite ties with the 'old country' because of their status as unnaturalizable aliens -- all these features of the older folk served to heighten the differences between the Japanese and other Americans. More important, discriminatory practices by certain segments of the majority race against this minority group led the latter to depend on each other for economic as well as social security. This naturally led to the emergence of distinct Japanese communities which not only increased the gap between these people and the rest of America, but also developed economic competition between these two groups in certain fields." 1

Such forced segregation was the result of ignorance and lack of understanding concerning the Japanese on the part of the American group. Dislike and resentment were fostered among such groups that felt that the Japanese people were encroaching upon certain of their interests. To quote further, "It must be admitted that such a state of affairs could, consciously or otherwise, easily be turned into grounds for suspicion and hatred under the tense conditions produced by a war emergency. It must be admitted, too, that one cannot blame the government and the people for doubting the 'loyalty' of individuals subjected to injustices in this country. So when war broke out, evacuation became a reality." 2

With an idea of the status of the Japanese prior to evacuation before us, it is necessary to know then the definition of Americanization to see how a minority can benefit from its influence and to what degree the relationship has been, and can be, developed. Americanization, properly speaking, involves the ideals of Americanism, each a little differently highlighted from the other. Americanism is well defined in Glenn Frank's statement: "Any Americanism worth having must come as a result of our having personally discovered in American life specific ideas, institutions and personali-

ties which we can enthusiastically believe in and loyally promote." 3

Americanization can be reduced to a more personal level of the American as an individual who maintains "all the things that seem to him admirable, that stimulate in him a genuine enthusiasm, that by their inherent virtue and vitality win his instinctive loyalty." 4 These are the very things that move him to think, consider, judge, talk and use as a motif in his way of living.

For these reasons, the best and most practical approach in removing the barrier between the Japanese and other Americans and in assisting the assimilation of the minority group into American life would be in knowing the language of the country. So it is with a realization of this function that the Adult Education Division in Topaz conducts its English instruction curriculum for the residents.

The majority of the issei had spoken little or no English in their former environment. Those who worked under Caucasian employers acquired a bare vocabulary that was a peculiar sort of jargon. Their children, who learned to speak, read and write fluent English in American schools, did not give much thought to enlightening their parents. Because of the conflict in languages, the children, as well as the parents, resorted to a bilingual conversation, which hampered the use of idiomatic English.

It may have been that the issei were timid about venturing to learn a tongue that sounded so different from their own. They might have sometimes desired to attend English classes, but they were too occupied with their family responsibilities to find time for school. But evacuation brought about changes, and they found, for the first time, leisure and opportunity for learning English. From the fact that the adult English classes were well attended at the Tanforan Assembly Center and are still popular in Topaz, we can observe that these classes have answered a long felt need and wish. The issei realized that the knowledge of

1 Report by Miss Nori Ikeda, former Supervisor of the basic English department, fall quarter, 1942.

2 Opus cited

3 "Americanism": Challenging Essays in Modern Thought edited by Bachelor and Henry, 1928

4 Opus cited

the English language was essential for living in America.

The basic English report points out: "Because of the handicaps under which they lived in the past, they realize very keenly one thing: namely, that a knowledge of English is the cornerstone for achieving the maximum pleasures and benefits of life in America. To be close to members of their families, to increase the opportunities for employment and education, to effect the most profitable relationship between themselves and the rest of the society around them, to know what goes on in the world -- in short, for the richest and happiest kind of social living these students are aware of the need to be conversant in the language of the country of which they are a part. They felt this need in their life before the war; they feel it more acutely in relation to evacuation and relocation, and they are taking advantage of this chance to fulfill this need by attending the adult English classes."

The residents feel that they should be preparing themselves for readjustment in the post-war era. That is why they are studying the vocational courses offered in the adult education program, besides the fundamentals of English. All these courses look forward to the day when the residents can resume their positions in a normal state of existence, so the people are availing themselves of the chance to acquire some training in an occupation they find favorable or to improve some skill they already have.

In the English instruction, students are graded into four major groups, the elementary, the low intermediate, the intermediate, and the advanced, depending on their degree of comprehension. The elementary level is taught words most

commonly used and the formation of sentences from them to stimulate conversational ease. The low intermediate group is taught similarly, with emphasis on conversation, with the reading more unified than the single sentence type given to the elementary. The intermediate level finds reading of more worth in that careful reading habits, comprehension,

application of facts, ability to visualize ideas that words convey, speed in organizing what has been read, and practice in writing coherently. To the advanced students, reading material is of the greatest importance. and for them particularly there is an opportunity to arouse their appetite for more information which will enrich their lives and give

them an appreciation of American ways and scenes.

Since the majority of students attending the adult classes are issei and kibel, instruction in some of the vocational courses is presented in Japanese, but in most cases their knowledge of English is adequate for instruction in English. Practical courses have been given in art, shorthand, typing, bookkeeping, nurses' aide, commercial sewing, radio repair, carpentry and cabinet making, first aid, phonetics, flower arrangement, and the making of artificial flowers.

Two courses of particular interest for the issei are a series of lectures on geography for people desiring to relocate and an Americanization program. The purpose of the former is to present an up-to-date picture of every mid-western and eastern state, together with that of major cities, to assist the center residents in deciding where they should relocate. The objectives of the latter are to tell the story of American development and the American way of life.

HOKKU

Toyo Suyemoto

The geese flew over
At dusk -- I shivered, not with
Cold, but sense of loss.

Where do the geese go?
Can they escape from autumn
And return to spring?

Let me follow them:
The birds know better than I
Which way leads to spring.

In order to have a fairly representative Americanization program, classes were organized in American history, American law, history of the state of Utah, and American foreign policy. After the classes mentioned were in progress, another in current events was established in order to help residents who knew very little of world happenings because of an inadequate understanding of English. The current events forums allowed the residents great freedom in expressing their ideas.

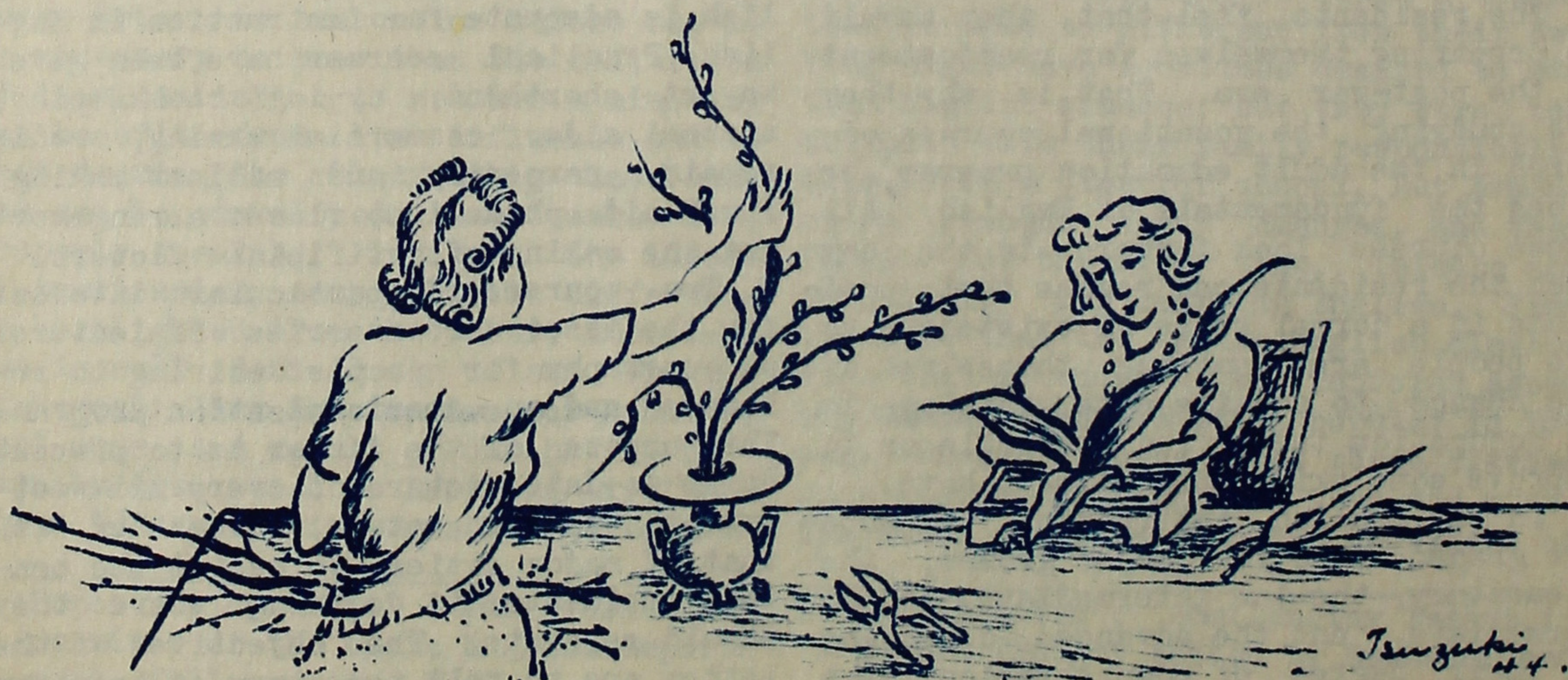
Another interesting feature of the adult education service in Topaz is the relocation forum which offers information to people who are about to relocate. Speakers appear before the forum body to give notes on matters of rationing, train travel, housing, personal appearance, personal conduct, job ethics, health, war feeling, recreation and church attendance, labor organizations, and on what to say about the evacuation if questions are asked. What makes these forums worthwhile is the fact that the speakers for the most part speak from experience, relating personal details so that the potential relocatees can estimate the problems that may arise if they leave the relocation center to settle outside.

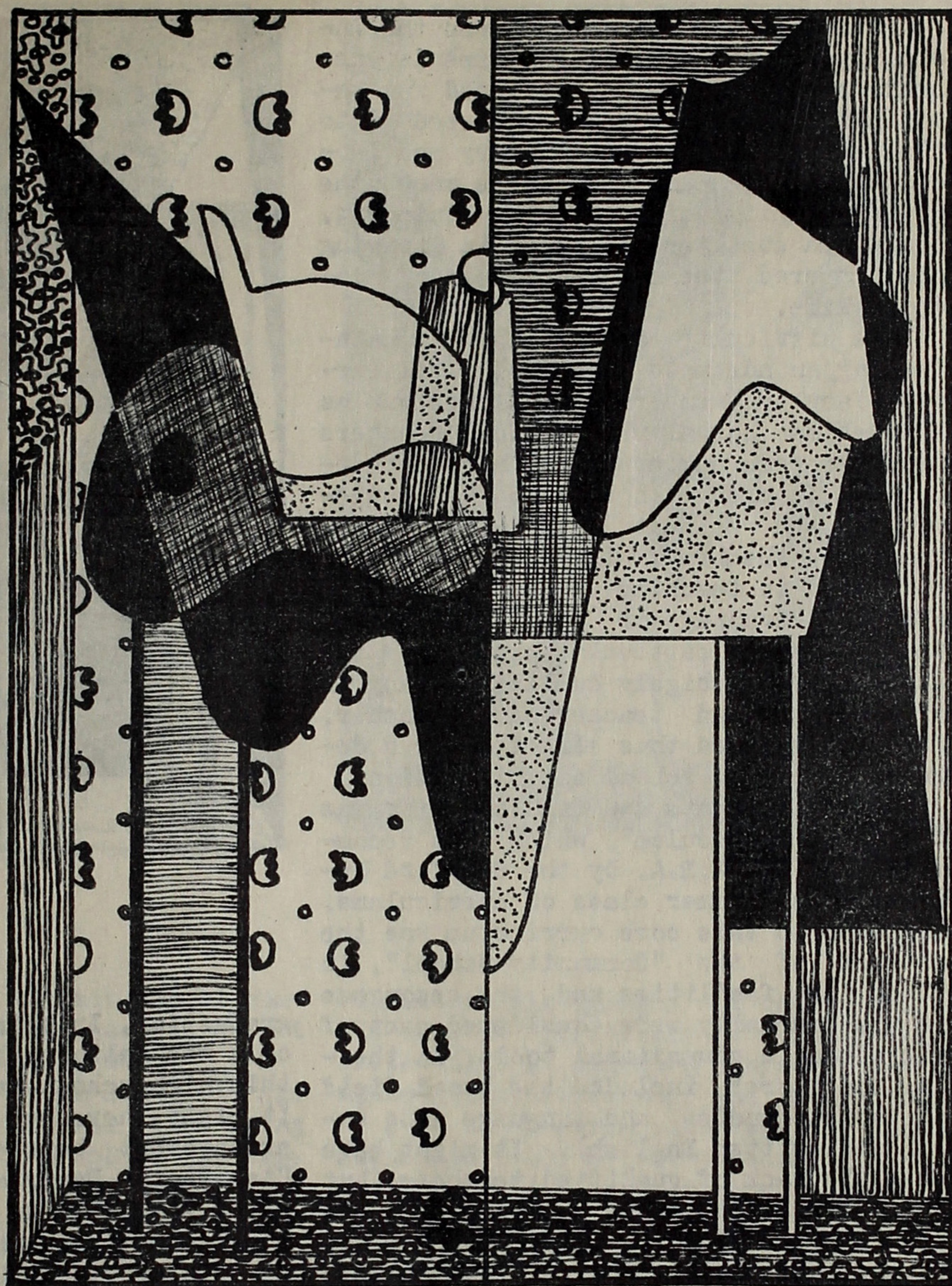
The adult education courses enable the residents to see that their problems are not peculiarly theirs because of race, but that their perplexities are

common to other minorities and other larger groups of people. Not all the courses are preparation for vocations as some are more concerned with the making of harmonious homes by emphasizing keener understanding between the nisei and the issei, a firm ground for family interests that eventually include community living and in due process, national living.

True Americanization is not a matter of division by race, with each set of nationals sealed within, and protected by invisible, inaccessible walls. It is, as we have tried to show, a way of living together for citizens of various ancestries. It is not merely a process of Americanizing, but likewise "the prideful sense of satisfaction that comes to a creative people when they are working successfully for the increase, the enrichment, and the spiritual unity of their national life, a sense of satisfaction that merges imperceptibly into a determination further to develop and faithfully to defend the common life they are creating." 5 The most worthy traits of the Japanese minority can be woven into the stuff that is America. This group has certain qualities to strengthen the fabric of living, as it becomes assimilated into American society.

5 "Americanism": Challenging Essays in Modern Thought edited by Bachelor and Henry, 1928





TAMIKO KOSAKURA

YEAR'S END

HENRY TANI

It was Dr. John C. Carlisle, Topaz's first superintendent of education, who insisted that in this abnormal relocated community, only the school could provide the residents with anything approaching the normal American community.

It was easier said than done. For Topaz, a war-born community, was a victim of war's devastating effect, and was not spared the hardships of civilian life "on the outside."

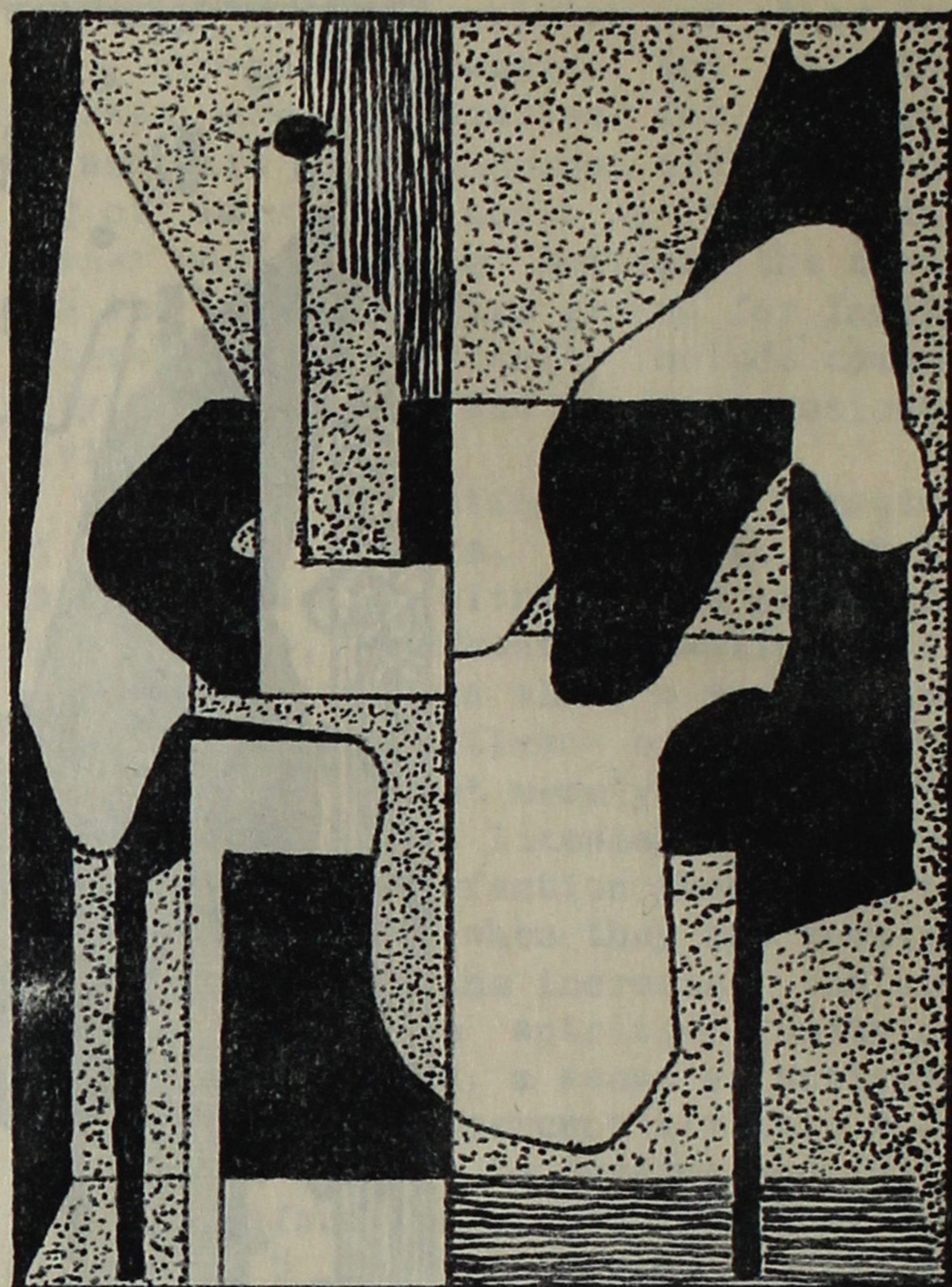
Prominent in this aspect was the inability to get proper facilities in adequate numbers. Barracks designed for residential purposes were converted into classrooms, workshops, library and laboratories. Benches and tables were the primary units of classroom equipment. Books and supplies were slow in arriving and hampered the normal process of academic life.

The difficulty in getting and maintaining an adequate staff of civil service faculty members next stands out as a war-time casualty in which teachers grow fewer in number to the manpower demands. Coupled with this was the depletion of the resident faculty to relocation and the Army. This created such a turn-over in teaching personnel that the obvious advantage of maintaining a set teacher for a particular class for the whole year was highly nullified. Many an orphan class had teacher after teacher. The restlessness thus effected was a deterrent to good school administration.

New to students and faculty alike was the "core curriculum", which was recommended to the W.R.A. by the Stanford University's summer class on curriculums. Dominant in this core curriculum was the concept of the "Community School", in which the facilities and the resources of the community were considered part of the school's educational tools. In theory, the "core" included the broad field of social studies and language arts (oral and written English). It might have been the lack of qualified teachers, but in practice it became necessary to divide the teaching assignment of English to one, and social studies (history) to another.

the fact that the 1,050 students in the high school came from 120-odd schools, mainly from the San Francisco metropolitan area, and the fact that these schools had half-year promotions created repercussions when we established our yearly promotion system.

Foremost was an immediate interest in the credits received from their former school to justify their status in a certain grade-level. This "credit-consciousness" is frowned upon by educators, but becomes essential in school administration to determine qualifications for



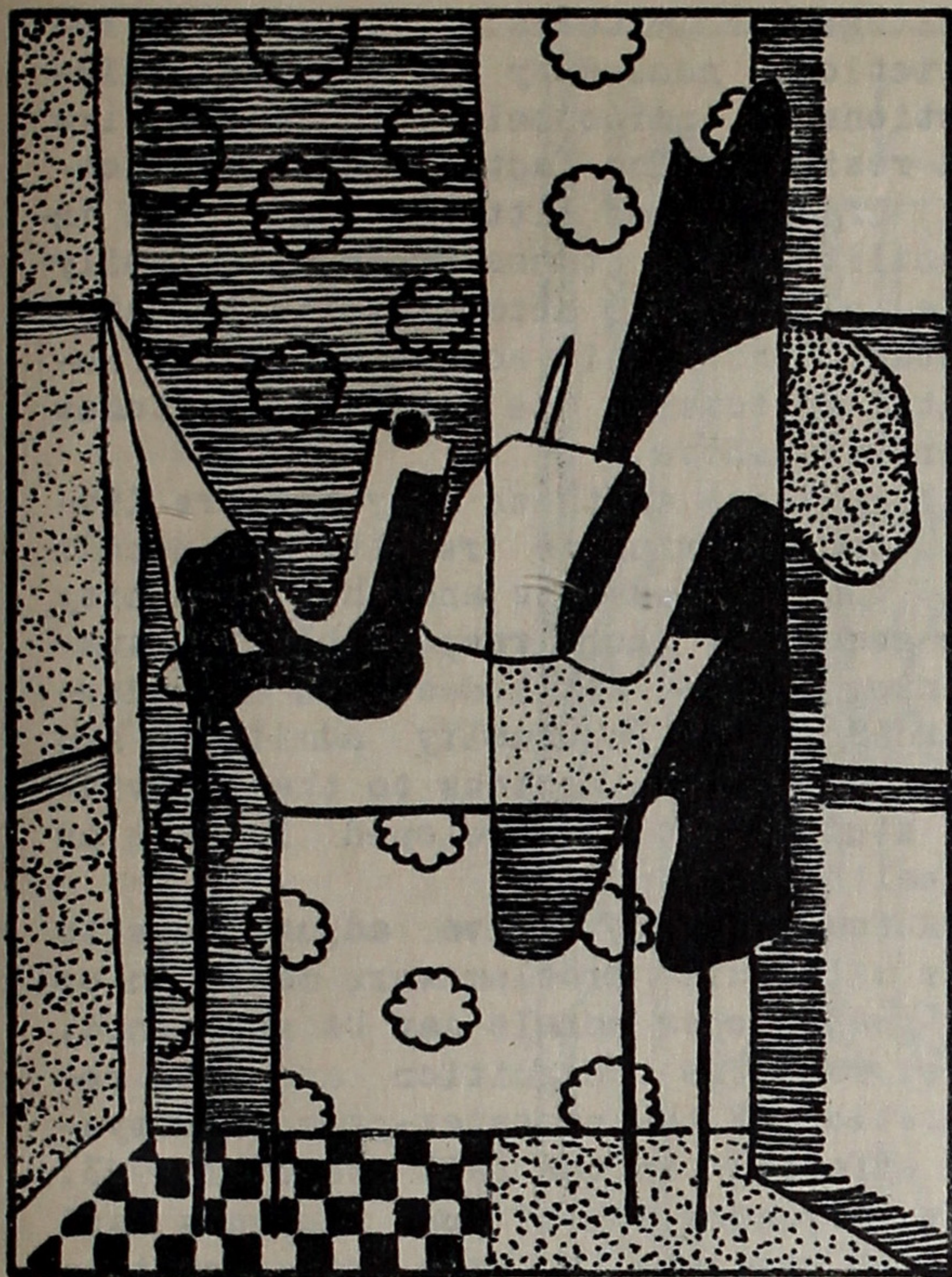
KAY SEKIMACHI

graduation. In this area, also, deep concern was felt on the question of whether this high school was "accredited" or not. It might here be mentioned that by an arrangement between the W.R.A. and the Utah State Department of Education, Topaz's school is to meet the minimum Utah requirements, by which the full accredited status of any Utah school is granted.

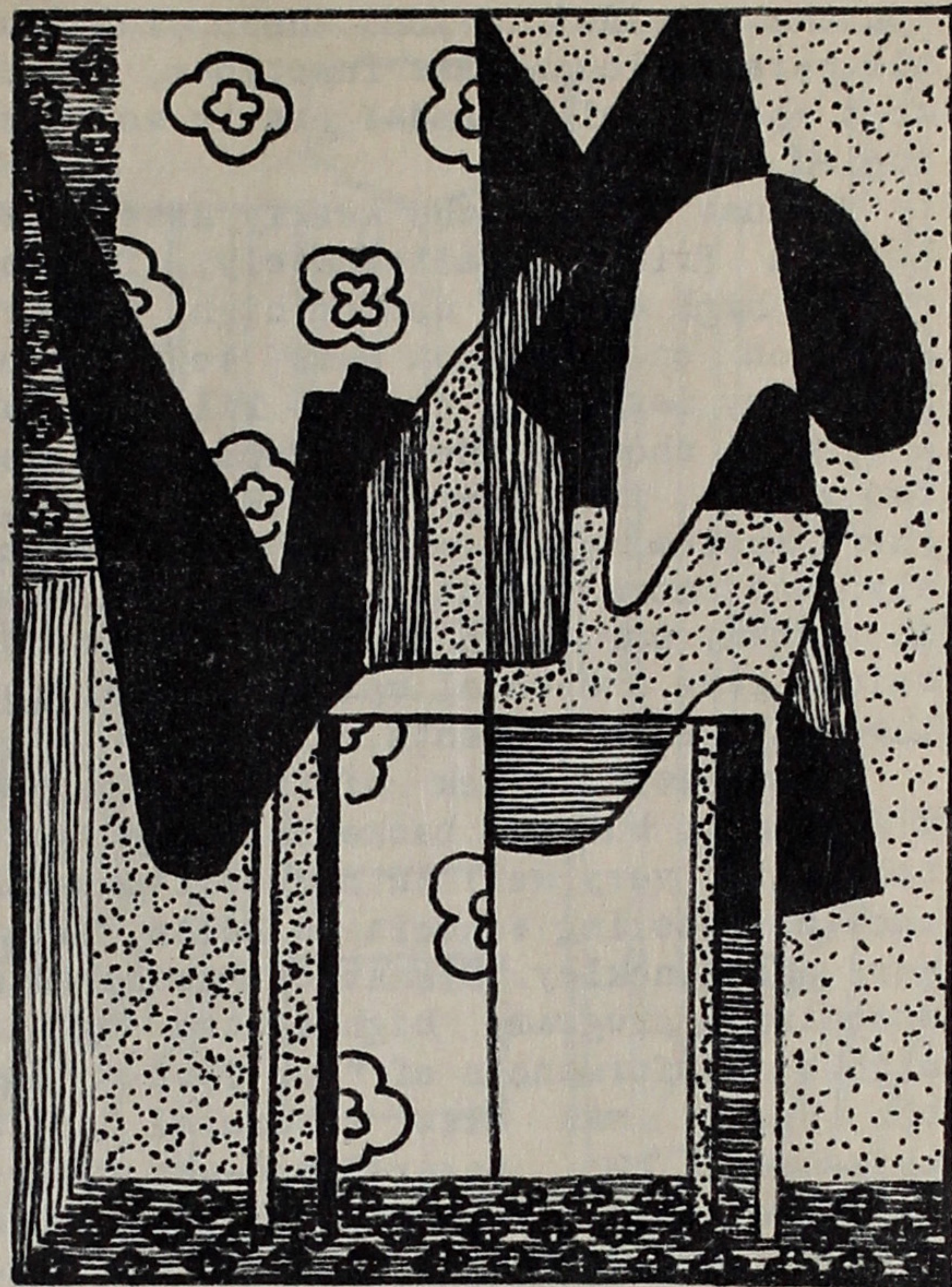
STUDENT ACTIVITIES

At this all-Japanese school, the Nisei tasted their first real opportunity to be wholly responsible for student government and student activities. It would be difficult to relate every step and every phase of student life, but a brief survey may be in order.

Full leadership responsibilities were vested in the two student associations: the senior high (grades 10, 11, 12), and the junior high (grades 7, 8, 9). Each had a student representative council, and the senior high group had a student



TEYOKO TAKAHASHI



HISAKO TANAKA

affairs committee, a student social committee, and a rally committee to assist in their respective functions.

School colors are green and gold, and the school mascot is the ram (this being sheep country, so we are told). The name of the school annual is "'43 Ramblings", while the "Topazette" is the mimeographed bi-monthly school paper.

The Boys' Association was responsible for the daily flag-raising and flag-lowering, besides the ceremony of "To the colors" and the pledge of allegiance on Monday mornings, with "Retreat" at the end of the school day on Fridays. The Girls' Association maintained an active after-school athletic program, besides a "Big Sister" organization.

Numerous clubs flourished. The science club took on the name, "The Association for the Advancement of Science", and had four sections: Club I of the A. A. S. included bacteriology, physiology, botany, and zoology; Club II included

chemistry, photography and geology; Club III covered psychology and philosophy; while Club IV embraced physics, radio, mathematics, astronomy, and meteorology.

Just as comprehensive were the Junior Mechanics Clubs of seven sections in the Industrial Arts department. These included woodwork, cartooning, kite, crafts, construction, wood-carvers, and automotive clubs. There were other clubs, notably the Language club and the Home Economics club.

In another vein, yet definitely of student level was the Junior Red Cross which enrolled the whole school in its national membership. As its service activity, the Junior Red Cross made several scrapbooks of magazine cut-outs, besides some nightgowns for the children's ward of our Topaz hospital. The student forum maintained a high level of approach in its bi-weekly meetings, discussing topics ranging from vocations and relocation to discrimination and school life

"on the outside". Beyond these club levels were various class functions, which kept the social calendar pretty well occupied.

We must mention the weekly assemblies, held on Fridays, alternately, for the junior high and the senior high. Performances on one occasion were so superior that they merited a trip to Fillmore for a special showing there. Topaz received two visits from the Delta High School: one a musical performance for our assembly; and more recently, a band concert. In return, our high school choir of 60 voices gave a special spring concert for the Delta High students.

In athletics, lack of facilities was a drawback, but our basketball and track teams did very well in competition with such neighboring schools as Delta, Fillmore and Hinckley. Dramatics furnished a sustaining program, highlighted by six nights' performances of "Our Town." "Little Women" was also scheduled for a three-night run. Several one-act plays were presented at various times, and a group of our troupers presented two one-act plays at Delta and Hinckley in one day.

In the memory of many students will remain the excitement of the "Play Day". Of classic interest was the "mud brawl" which was "cleanly fought" and gave vent to the energies of most of the male students. Sketchy and brief, these were the major aspects of student activities.

ADJUSTMENTS

Of the many problems that faced the school, the most recurrent was one which could be generally called "student attitude". This was stated at one time as follows:

"This student attitude is characterized by a general disrespect for the faculty, a lack of proper concern for school property, and a general lowering of moral values. . . . The basic factors producing these attitudes seem to arise from the misunderstandings of all of the ramifications of the effects of the war. The fact of the existence of the war, the evacuation and the existence of Topaz, have created problems that must be recognized as being outside the province of this project. Such problems include

shortage of materials, subsequent restrictions, necessary red tape, and limitations of personnel--both appointive and resident. The facts of economic losses, creation of bitterness and the instability that these produce in family life, all tend to accumulate in the students' minds. This accumulation has resulted in some of the student attitudes expressed above."

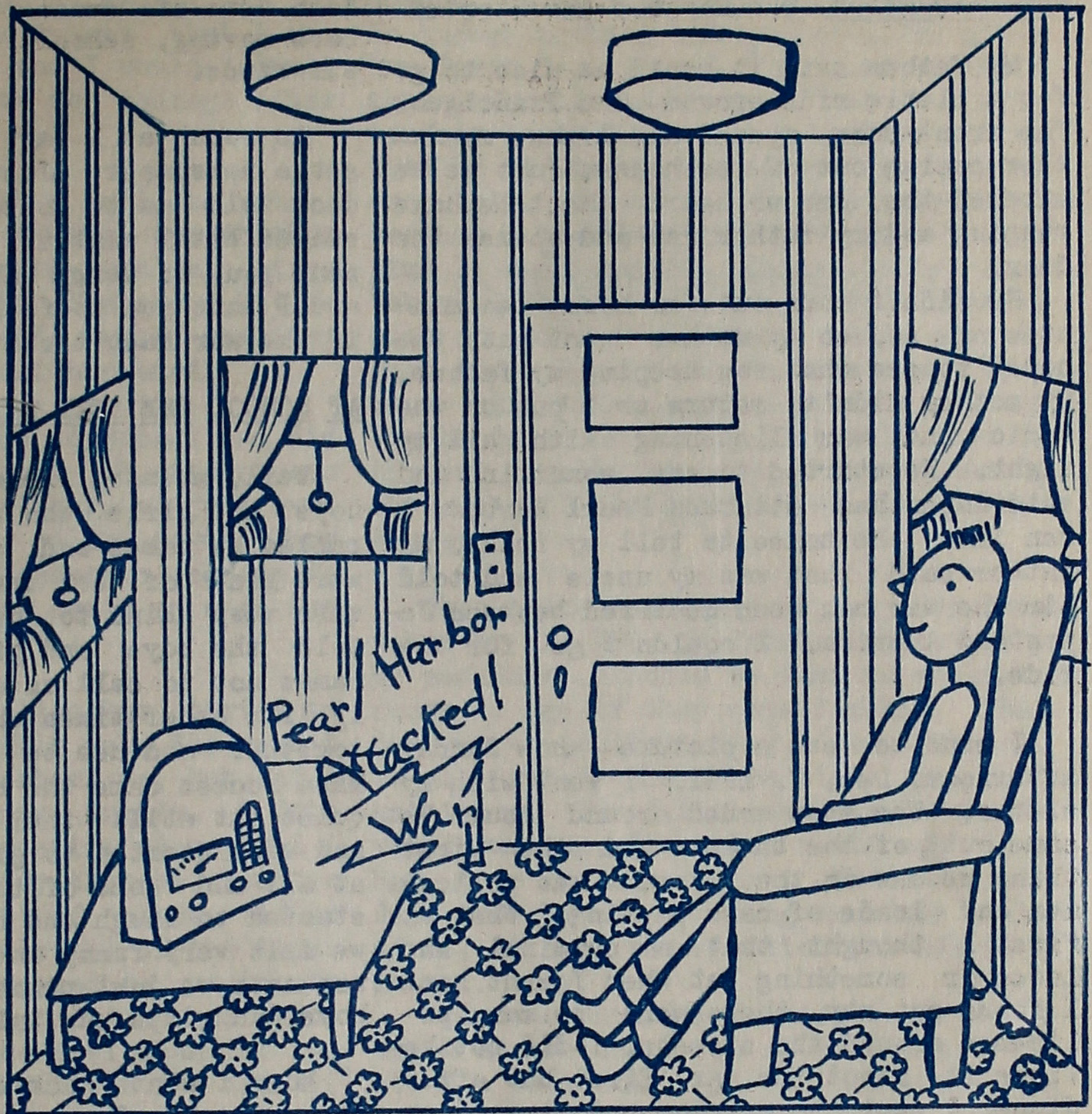
Regardless of these many factors listed, two unfortunate results are noted: one, that the parents and the community are generally more responsible for sustaining these attitudes and misunderstandings than is usually admitted; and two, that it is the loss to the individual students to be enveloped in such an unhealthy atmosphere.

A few administrative adjustments to cope with this problem were made in order that proper morale may be sustained. First was the recognition and the restoration of the semester-promotion system effected in the fall term of 1943. This affected 40% of our students and put all students in their pre-evacuation status.

Second was the institution of an honor roll, which called for a proper balance of high grades plus active participation in school functions as essentials for qualifications. Ten per cent qualified on the basis of the mid-semester grades of spring, 1943.

In line with the relocation program of the W.R.A., the in-service training program was a boon for high school students. The agriculture students helped in the project's agricultural program. Students in the industrial arts department worked after school and Saturdays in different sections of the project. Girls were furnished as clerks and typists; a class for nurses' aides was undertaken. These students are thus receiving both pay and experience in different lines of work, a fact which became a reality only because of the war.

Such is Topaz City High School which finished its first year with Senior Week when 200 or so graduates indulged in their outing, the Baccalaureate, the Senior Prom, and the first Topaz commencement in caps and gowns on Friday, June 25, 1943.



Little Citizens Speak

7TH GRADERS OF '43

The evacuee boy's plea to return to a more normal life was echoed by youngsters in all relocation centers. To them the evacuation was a mixed feeling of thrills, of sadness, and of bewilderment. To them the living experience in a relocation center has been strange and, at times, foreign.

The following story is composed of excerpts taken from compositions that were written by twelve-year-old students in the seventh grade of the Topaz Junior High School. This is a honest and a vivid narrative that re-lives the exciting days preceding the evacuation from December 7, 1941, and the equally memorable moments of the first days of Tanforan and Topaz.

As one projects himself into this thrilling drama one can feel the throbbing of untold hearts and the determination of these children to join in the eventual return to the homes that they still remember and cherish. . . .

PRE-EVACUATION, The Day The War Started

My father said it would be nice to go for a little ride around San Francisco. The front door opened and I saw my father coming out of the house. Just as he entered the car we heard the telephone ringing and my father ran and opened the door.

He didn't come out for about ten minutes or so, so my mother went into the house to see what was keeping my father. My mother didn't return so I put on the radio and was listening with all my might. He started to say something and said Japan has attacked Pearl Harbor. I ran into the house to tell my folks. My father said that was my uncle and told him the war has been declared between Japan and America. I couldn't go for the ride.

I went to see a picture show Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7, 1941. I went with my sister. The show ended around four. We came out of the theater and the first thing we saw on the streets was policemen and loads of cars passing. What at first I thought that a criminal was loose or something but when I went home I found out why there were so many policemen around the streets. I did not believe it about the war first but after dinner I went to my room and turned on the radio. It was then that I found out that about what my sister said was right.

We went to the Golden Gate Park. Played there until suppertime. When we were coming home I noticed the headline of the San Francisco Chronicle. It read, "WAR!" It was Sunday. From Dec. 8th to end of the year many things occurred. Teachers began giving students identification tags--we practiced air raid drills--dangerous aliens were caught.



Soon news of evacuation spread. Neighbors moving, schools getting ready for air-raids.

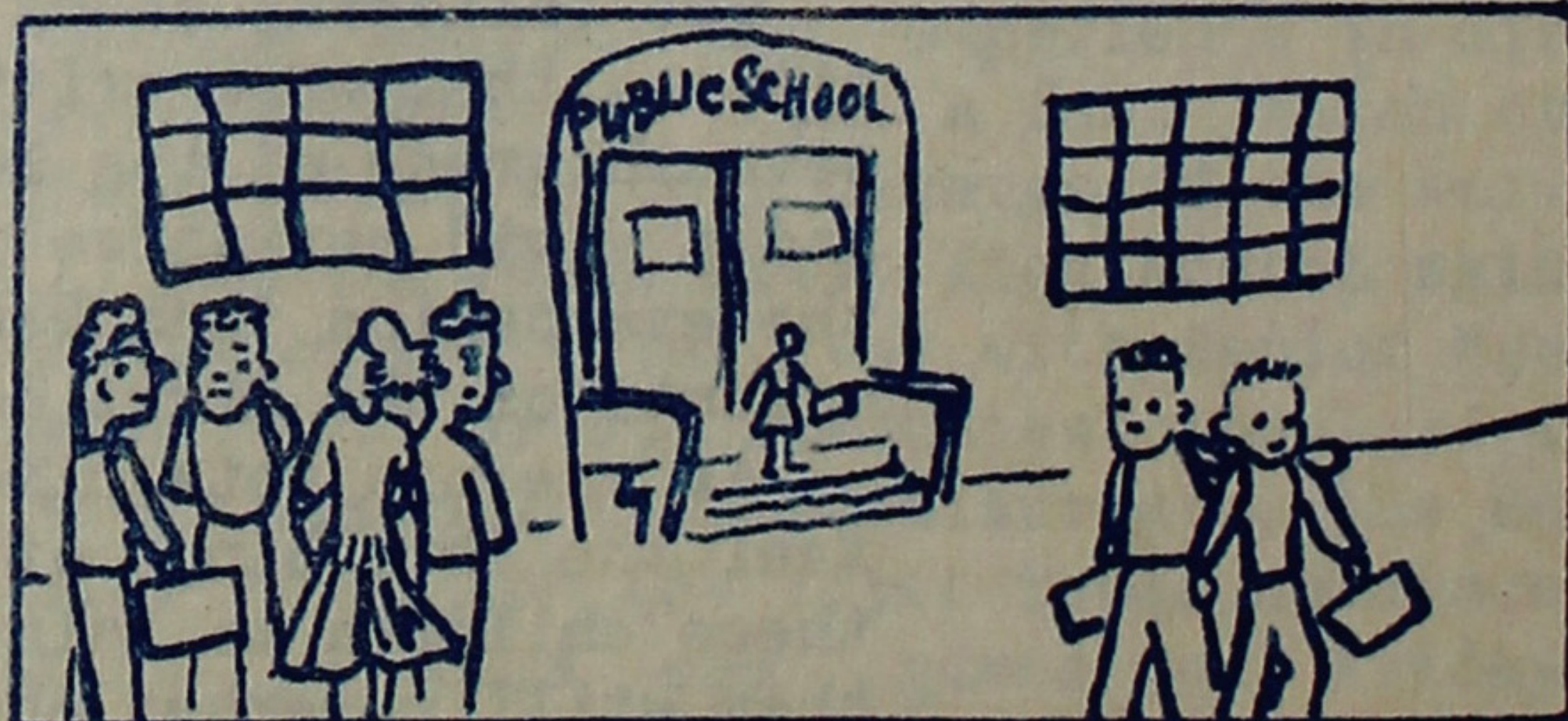
As soon as I saw this I ran out to get a newspaper. Just then the man next door told me to come in. I was kind of scared but I went in. He said, "I don't want you to worry about what occurred and I want you to feel just the same as if the war hadn't started."

AT SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY

Well, when we reached our school the boys and girls who were not Japanese called us names and stared at us but we were glad of the teacher because they were very kind to us and the teacher told the boys and girls who called us names not to call us names but be friendly like other times when we used to play together and use to have lots of fun. When recess came the boys and girls were quiet but still they were staring at us and they started to giggle over nothing at all and some of the boys and girls started to laugh and start whispering so we felt very funny then. When the school was over we just ranned home because the boys and girls was talking about us.

When I went back to school the next day some of the boys started to call names at me. Even the little kids called names at me. I was not the only Japanese in the school. There were about four or five others. I played with Mas. He was the same age as I was. Every time somebody would call us names I and Mas would walk away. Mas and I were good friends.

I went to school feeling that I would get picked on. When I entered the school my schoolmates were very nice to me. Some of the boys gave me a dirty look



and said bad things about me. I did not feel too bad because I knew that I was an American citizen and I would always be. This always gave me courage after that.

The teacher brought a radio to school that day, to listen to the speech that the president made to the nation. After the speech I was a bit low and a bit ashamed, but my friends were still my friends even after what happened.

The next day I went to school and did not think nothing about it, the others didn't say anything either, we just went on as normal. Nobody called anyone Japs but pretty soon it became so common in the papers that nobody cared so much anymore.

That morning, the teacher started to talk about this terrible war. She wasn't talking anything bad about us, but still, I felt a little funny inside. I felt that everybody was staring at me, and I wondered what everybody thought about us. Somehow I felt out of place. After school that day, mostly all of the Japanese American kids happened to get together. One of the kids popped up and said, "Say, how did you kids feel when the teacher started to talk about war?" "Funny!" we all agreed. We had a little talk about it a little bit, and before I knew it, the subject was changed and we were talking about something else.

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS

Today when I woke up the first thing I did was to look out of the window and I saw a lot of army men watching the stores. That day I was scared to go to school because I was Japanese but I went anyway because my mother said not to be

scared. When I got there it seemed just as though nothing had happened. So after the first day school I was never afraid again. When I came home to eat that afternoon I talked to my brother and he said he is going to leave for his army camp this afternoon. I said "good-bye" because I knew he would be gone by the time I came home at three thirty from school. When I came home from school some of the stores were being closed. That day a lot of people came over, they were all talking about war and will my boy be taken or how long it will last if the war really happened. It was such a shock that I don't think no one yet believed it.

When there came news of many Japanese taken by the FBI, my father had my mother pack his clothes so that he would be ready to go if they came for him. That day was the dullest day I've ever seen. We all sat by the fire stove and just sat there. Every time we heard a car we would jump up. Each time we thought they had come for my father. And soon the days went by and nothing much was heard of it. It sure was a relief for everyone in my family.

Then one Saturday morning there was a knock at the door. To my surprise there stood a policeman. I led him into the house, trembling a little. Soon I forgot my fears for he joked with us and had lots of fun. He asked my father if he had any guns. Now my father had an old gun someone had given to him so he showed it to the policeman. The policeman told my father that if my brother was old enough, he could have it, but since he wasn't, this policeman decided to take it. My father didn't want the gun for he never used it for anything so he let the policeman have it gladly. I thought he had come for my father and



was I glad!

Very soon after the war started, we had curfew. This meant that all Japanese must be off the streets by a certain time. In our city the curfew was eight o'clock. They had this in the paper and notices posted on the posts. If we wanted to play we went into the house and played or played in our back yard.

Most of the time, we listened to mystery stories on the radio. That was after eight o'clock.

EVACUATION

It just didn't seem true! Moving from the place I was born, raised, and half-educated. Moving from friends, not just ordinary friends, but life-long, dear friends. This also meant moving from the city we loved and everything about and around it. All of these things added up to losing something of very importance which we dreaded to lose. We tried to grasp the meaning of it. Some people said, "Just a rumor." Some said, "Indeed it's true." But way deep in our hearts we knew it was no rumor. It was no matter that should be considered lightly, that it was something very important that would leave an impression for the rest of our lives. Although I was just a child I knew and could sense the terror of evacuation in my mother and father's eyes. It was worse enough to go but when we found out that we were the first contingent, that was quite depressing news. Our friends and relatives all gathered to see us off and when they whispered words of encouragement we realized there and then that this was one means of showing our patriotism to our country.

As the bus started to move, I caught a last glimpse of our pink house. How I



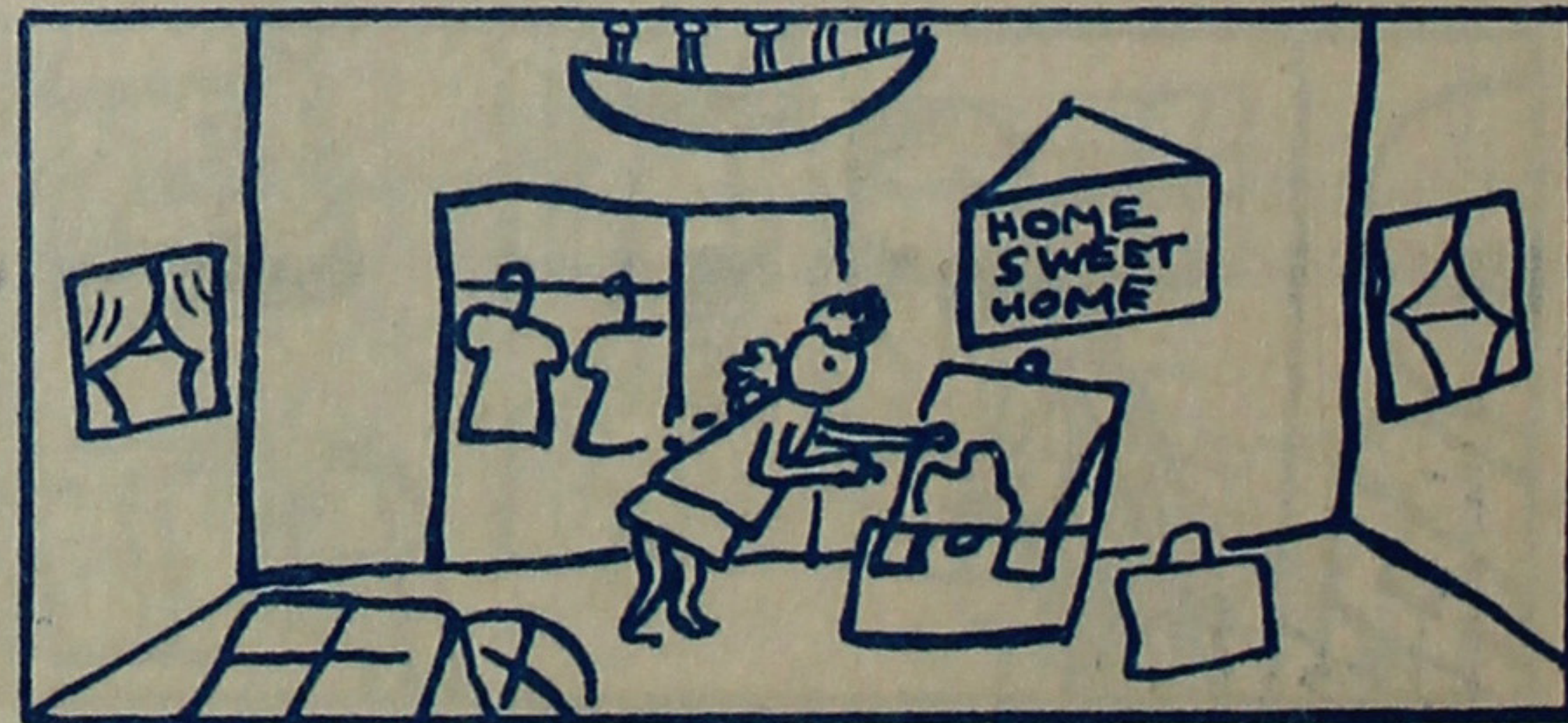
wished then, that I could stay. I was not happy, and nor were my parents. But my sister and brothers were overjoyed, since it was their first ride on a greyhound bus. They didn't know why they were moving; they just thought that they were moving to another place. My mother was not happy. She was smiling but I could tell by her face that she was thinking of the hardships ahead of her.

At last May first came. Today we're going to Tanforan where all of our friends were. My father had sold his car so we had no car to ride into the depot. A kind Chinese man offered to take us in his car. When we got there we saw all of our friends. They had us grouped so we were separated from some of our friends.

My cousin's dog was a big collie. He knew something was wrong because my cousin said we will be back soon. He said we are going shopping but, somehow he knew it was not so and he also knew that he wanted to go with us. He suspected because we were carrying our suitcases with us. When we were going down our garden the dog followed us. I told him to go home. He just sat and howled and cried. My cousin and I got mad at him but we love him almost as if he were a human being. He seemed to be one that day because he seemed to understand what we were saying to him. I got down to the sidewalk (I was the last one) and looked back and I could see him but he was still following me. His name is Spruce.

The lady that rented our house said she would take good care of him. When we drove away from the front of the house he was sitting inside the fence looking out.

On the way to Tanforan I was very restless on the bus and couldn't keep



very comfortable so I opened the window because right across me there was a lady who had a baby in her arms and was sound asleep. My mother had on her lap a can and I wondered what was in it. She opened the can and there were all sorts of cookies inside the can.

TANFORAN

On April 28, 1942, I went to Tanforan and the day was miserable because it was raining so hard and we had to go in the slushy mud and puddles. This day was a long weary day and the rain was leaking from the roof of the barrack and the latrine was up on the grandstand.

Our bags, trunk and suitcases was wet and the beds weren't fixed. Anyway my brother and I unpacked the things and put them in a row and some of the mattresses were gone so we got about four mattresses from the barrack that was across from ours.

When we came to Tanforan I was surprised to see barbed wire fences all over the camp and soldiers outside the camp. After getting off the bus, they showed us a room we were to stay. It was just a barrack with partitions.

For about a week it was very hard to get used to the place because the life is so much different from what we used to live. I was very much surprised to see so much Japanese people.

There were only three in our family so we had to have a horse stable for our apartment. It smelled a little for a while but after we gave it a airing it was alright.

Our mess hall had two parts and it was connected in the middle where they cooked and the halls on both sides were used for the place where the people ate.

One of the section was called Brown Derby. But of course most of us didn't think so when they served pork and beans and stew so much.

Thinking that it was about time for supper we set off. The road was very muddy. On the way I saw many people, who had just come in. They were all dressed in their best. Many of them had no umbrellas and were soaking wet. Children and babies were crying. Men were all carrying heavy baggages, and the women had tears in their eyes, making their way through the mud, I thought it must be very discouraging for them, getting their good shoes muddy, mud getting splashed on their clothing, and then finding that they were to live in a horse stall where it still smelled.

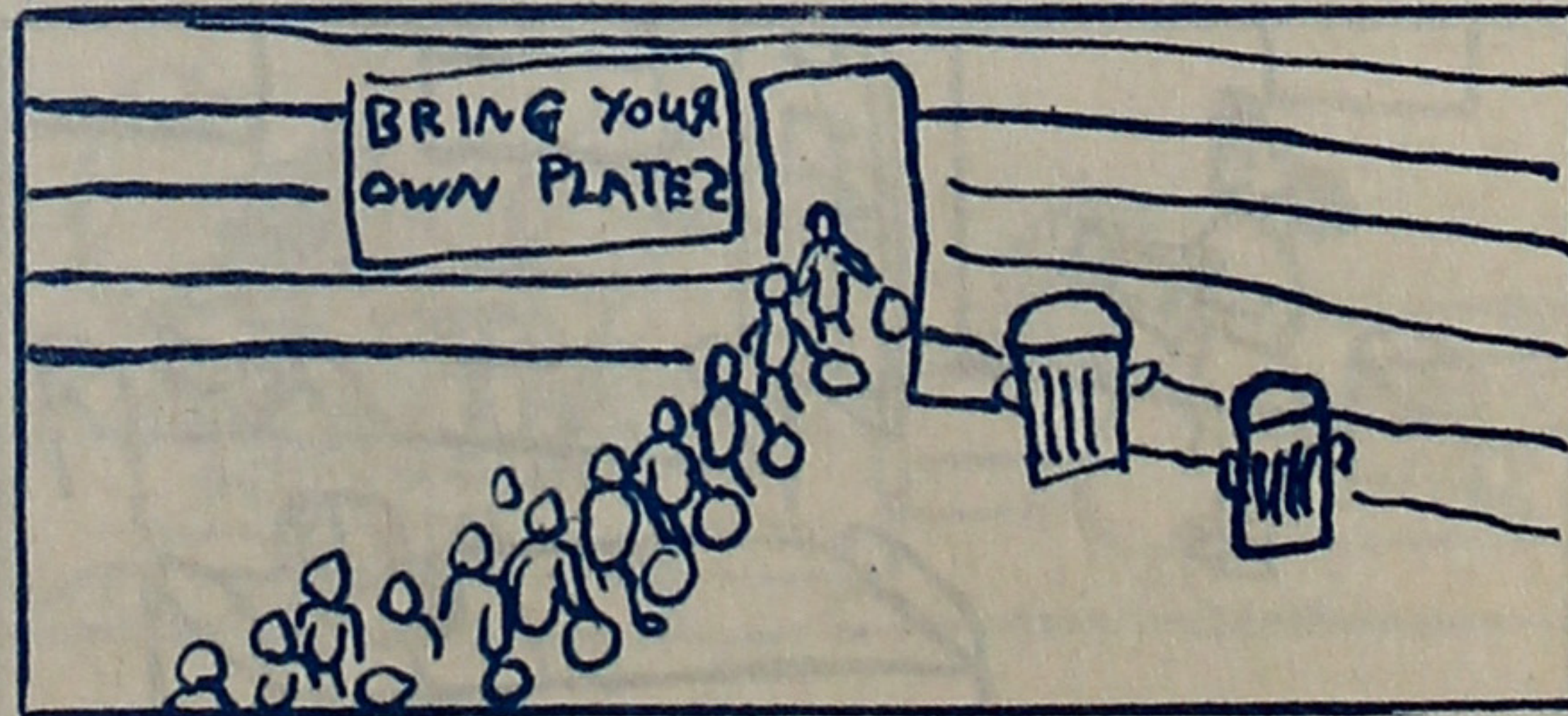
There was nothing for us to do but go to the end of the line. Thirty minutes passed without moving a single step nearer to the entrance of the mess hall.

When I went to see what was the matter, I found out that they didn't even begin yet. Already I was sick and tired of this business of standing in line waiting for our turn to get the food, when they were still cooking it. I thought of how long the line will be when more people from different sections of California came.

Another thirty minutes passed, and still we were in the same place. Then to my relief the line started to advance little by little. It didn't take us so long until we were nearly at the entrance.

Soon it was our turn to get the food and all we got was beans, hash, and rice. It was the things I hated most. I tried to get milk, but it was only for kids under six years of age, so I drank water.

After I finished eating I was still



hungry, so we all went home, and ate the lunch that my mother prepared, for we thought that wouldn't reach here until noon. It was just some sandwiches and eggs, but at least it was better than the food we had here.

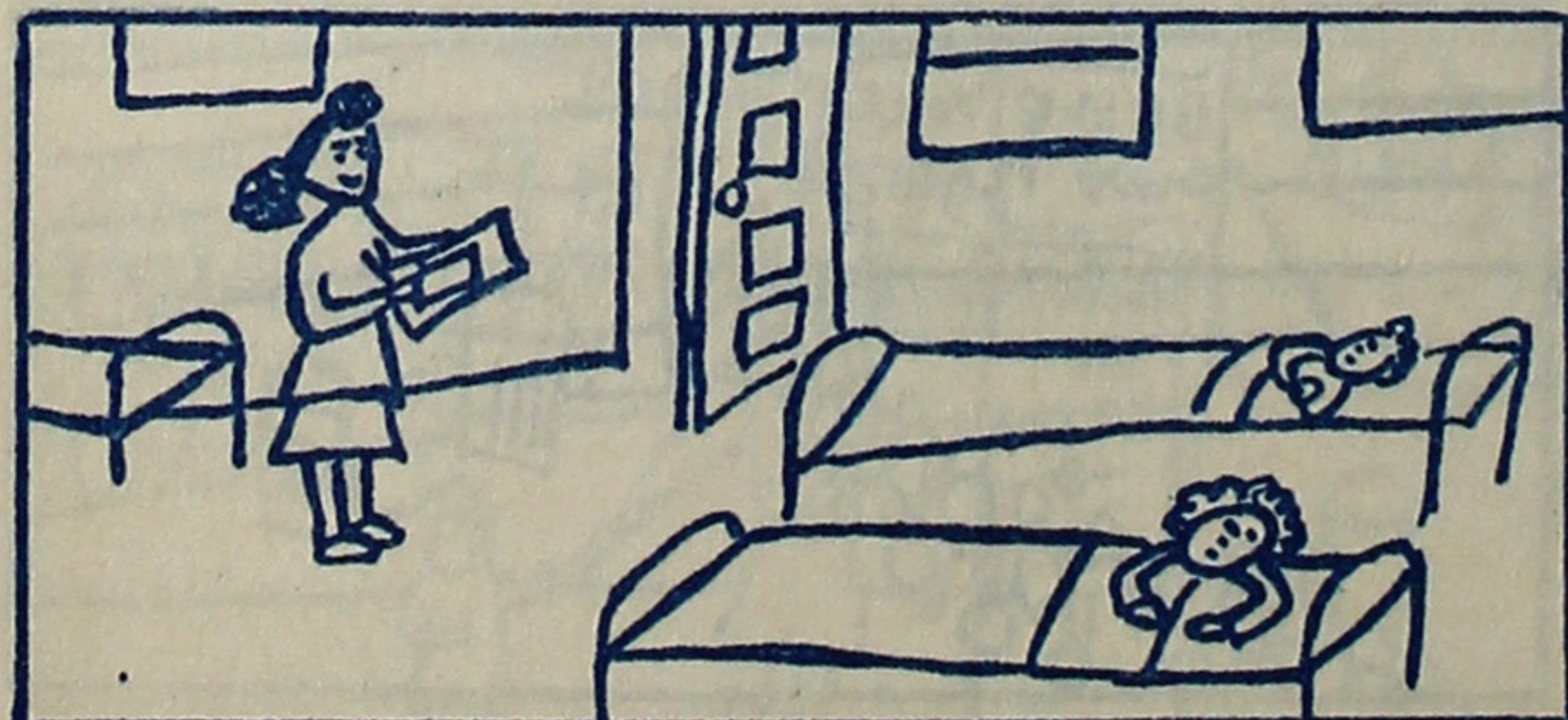
The next morning I thought I was back home. When I heard the noise of the straw mattress I knew I was in Tanforan.

Our center allowed visitors every afternoon. One of our friends came to see us and bought us a big cake but they did not allow it inside the gate. But they allowed other things such as fruits. That day I felt very sad because they did not allow her things inside the gate. She was one of our best friends. She told us lots of interesting things such as our hometown church and some Japanese houses had burned down. I was sorry because it was my permanent living hometown.

The soldiers that guarded Tanforan were all very nice. They would joke around with us. Once when we were playing baseball he would watch from his watching tower he said, "Come on! Make a homer!"

At breakfast we didn't form a line but at lunch, oh, what a line and one day a lady came and took a picture of us but all the people would turn their backs and every mother had a big dishpan or bag. The lady who was taking the picture laughed because all the mothers had dishpans or bags but it wasn't funny to us because we had to put our dishes in them or else the dish would get germs on them.

We have roll call about 6:30 every day. I'm at the Rec hall every day before roll call we are playing basket



ball or swinging on the bars.

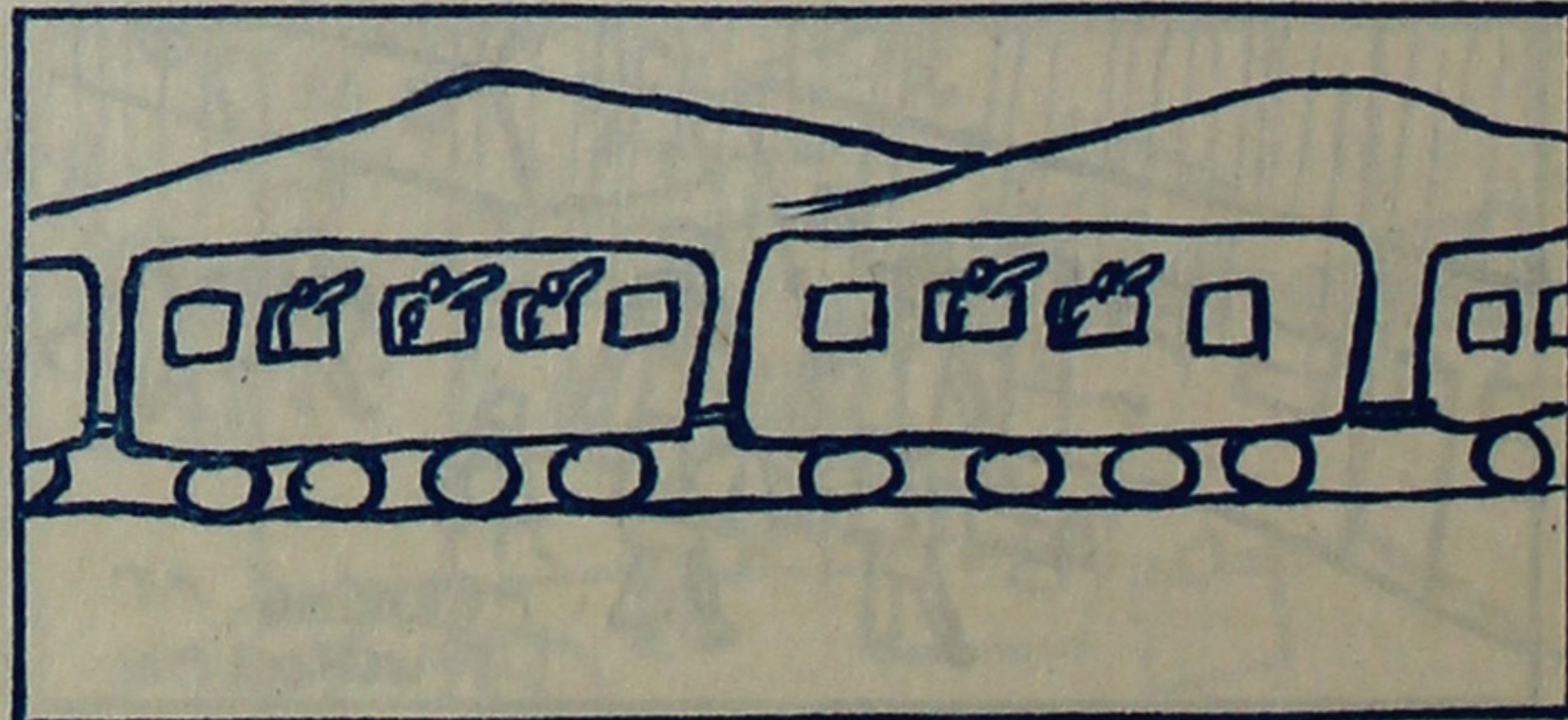
When the siren rings I get so scared that I sometime scream some people get scared of me instead of the siren. We run home as fast as I could then we wait about five minutes then the inspector comes to check that we are all home. If we are not home he checks us absent and he'll ask you where he is. I hate roll call because it scares you too much.

Departure From Tanforan And The Train Trip

Strangely I didn't think hardly anything of my leaving California to go to a strange state and camp. I wasn't even excited. I gave good old Tanforan a good look as I thought this is the last of all the good times I'll have here. I was sort of sad at the thought of leaving. We gave the room a thorough looking over. There wasn't a single thing in the barracks around us. I had my own blankets, sheet and pillows. Now I have forgotten what else I have carried. I felt like dropping all my bundles and burst out crying. But of course I wouldn't. Somehow I had a funny feeling I looked somewhat like a tramp traveling.

We got our luggage and we started to get on the train. The train was pulling away from our camp when a shout was heard. I looked out and saw people on the roofs of the stables waving and shouting. I felt very excited that night and could not go to sleep until about two o'clock.

When I awake I found myself in a sort of a dream. I looked around and I remembered we were on the train towards Utah. During the time I was gazing out many of the people of the other cars were going back and forth to the dining car. I grew so hungry I thought I'd die. Eating oranges all morning did not taste good. At



about 12:00 we had breakfast.

At night the officers came and told us to pull down the shades but we arranged to have it up but with the lights off. We had quite a time opening our window and now when we were asleep it grew cold and the wind changed and we could not shut it. So we slept with two or three coats and some blankets in the morning we reached Delta and was I glad!

When we got on the train we sat at our seats. The train seemed cramped up. I was in car #2. The train was twelve cars long and we had to wait about a half hour for everyone to get on. Then with a jerk the train started on the long journey. The first city we went to was Palo Alto. Pretty soon it got dark. Everyone had to put down the shades and the lights were turned on. Then after an hour or so all the people in the car I was in began to pull the chairs together and fell asleep. This was the first night on the train, it was very hot because all the heaters were left on. When morning came we were in a little town and a man in our car looked excited; he said this is the town I lived in. Then later we stopped. He looked excited again; he said we were in front of his house. That town was Orville. The train started again.

The second day on the train was better. We were going on the Sierra Mountains in the morning. Breakfast was served around 9:00. It was fun eating while the train was moving. The food on the train was very delicious. Pretty soon we came to the Feather River. The river was really long and there were many rapids, we could see them as we went along. Around 10:00 the train stopped to let the cook dump out the garbage. After a while the train started too. The train went around up the mountains we went higher

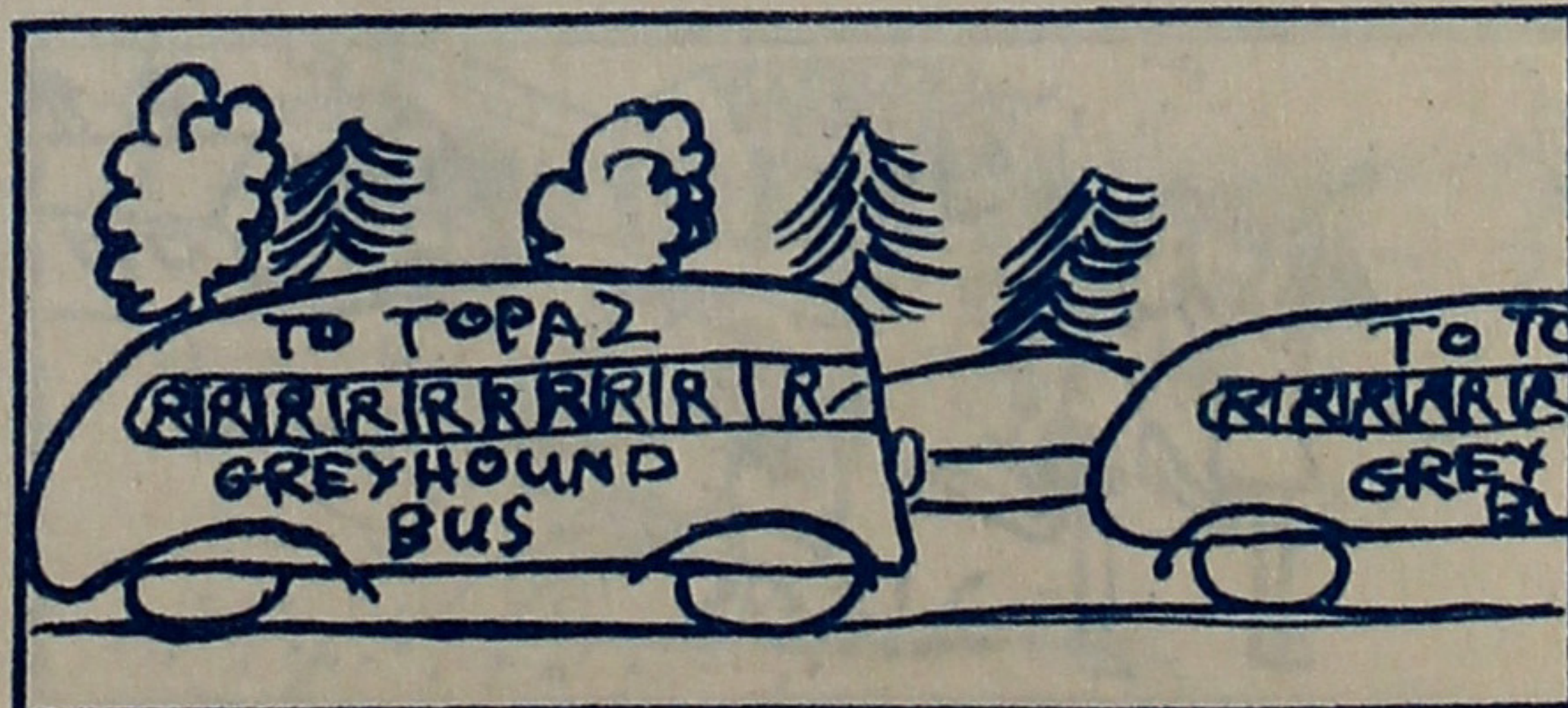
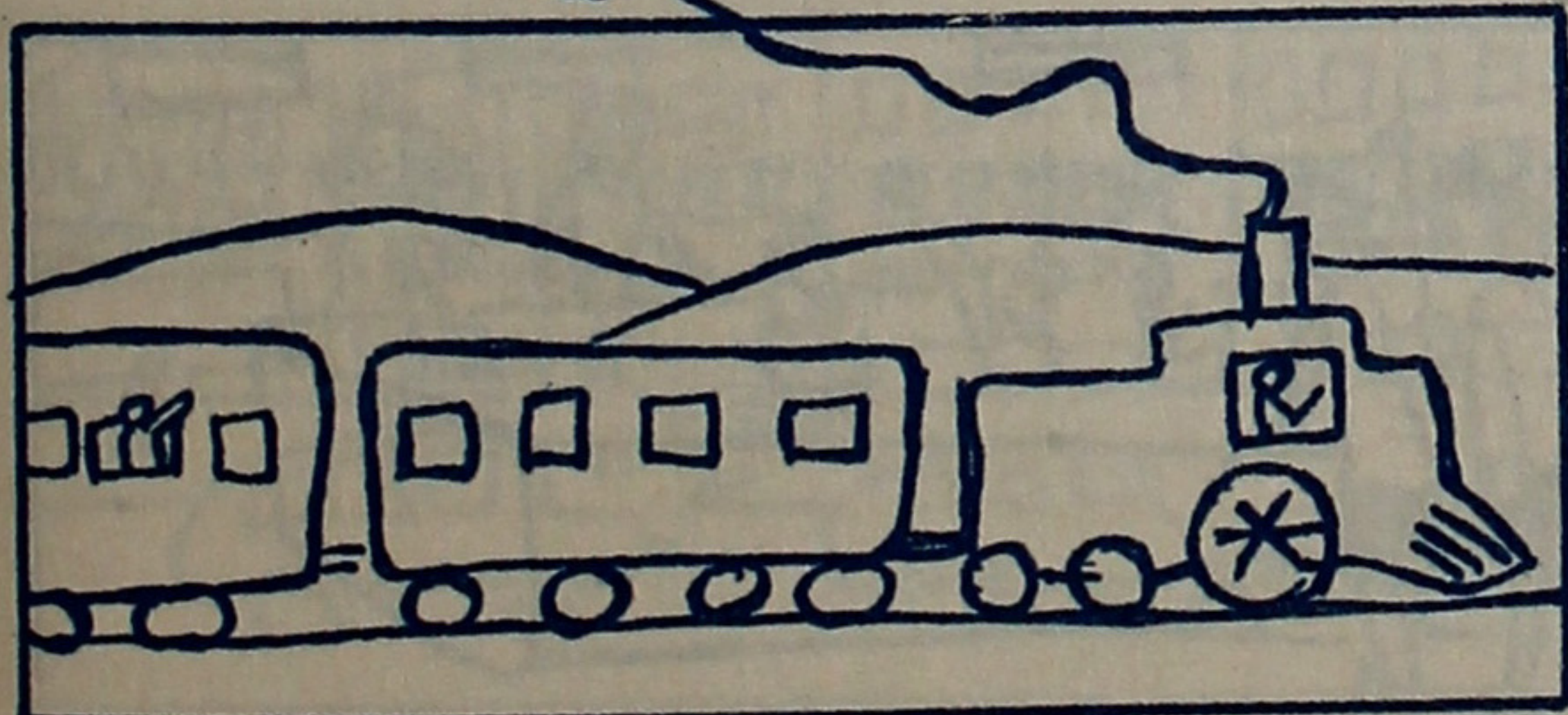
and higher. When night came some people were playing cards. It was not as hot as the other night. I slept all through the night very soundly. In the morning we were going through the desert. At noon the train stopped and let all the people out. It was very hot, the desert sand was baked by the sun, every step I took made the sand crunched down.

While we were going through Nevada, I was bored because all you could see was desert, sagebrush, and mountains. I became very dizzy looking out through the window. I was also very hot in the train. In the evening we saw a very beautiful sunset. We ate our supper going through a little town. The people waved to us as we went by.

In the morning we were still on the desert. All day there was nothing to do but sit and look out. It was very hot, I was perspiring a lot. I got dizzy looking out the window. It was cool while I was sleeping. The next morning the car captain told everyone to look out the window. When I looked out I saw the Great Salt Lake. It looked like an ocean you could not see the other side of the shore. At least I never. It was still very dark. I think it was around 4:00 a.m. The train stopped in front of the station. After we ate the train started. It was about 8:00 a.m. At noon we went past the mountain. Around 4:00 p.m. we reached Delta. Then a soldier came and told us to come out of the train into the bus that was waiting for us. I got in the bus and sat down. After everyone was on the bus we rode to Topaz. It was a long ride.

TOPAZ

When we were about to get off the train I saw a big Japanese boy and his shoes were white. I wondered why it was



so white. Then I thought maybe he was working in a cement factory.

Then we got on the bus. For awhile we were on a good road then all of a sudden we got on a very bumpy road. The windows started to rattle. On the way we saw something that looked like many barracks lined up. All of us decided to say it was Topaz, but when we came close to it, it was just little mountains of dirt. Next we saw something that looked like Topaz, too. When we reached there it really was Topaz.

When I got outside I found out that the dust in Topaz was just like cement powder. That is why I thought that the boy I saw at the Delta station had his shoe white as if he worked in the cement factory, but when I started to walk my shoes was all white.

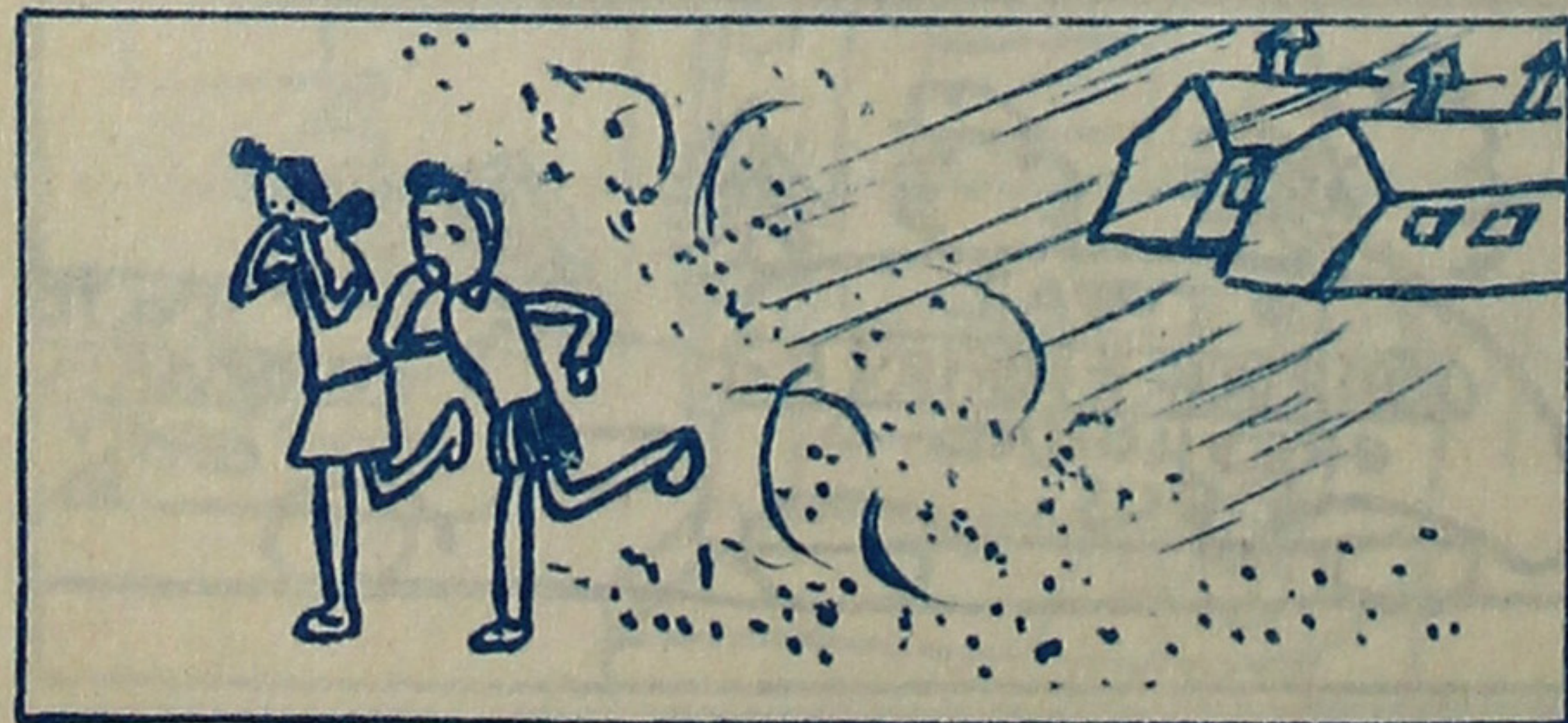
I was waiting for the beds to come because I wanted to go to bed and sleep. I waited and waited but it did not come so I had to keep awake and look for something to do.

Dinner came but I still didn't want to go eat so my family left me behind alone in the house. When night came the beds hadn't come yet so we waited for about an hour then my brother went some place where he could go get the beds. He came back with beds alright but no mattresses. So when the time came to go to bed we went to bed without mattresses.

Later in the night some army blankets came a little later than that some hay mattresses came but I didn't bother to wake up because it was too cold for words.

When we awoke the next morning, it was thirty degrees in the house and was it cold without a fire going on in the house.

We have had about two dust storms



since we came here. It is terrible. The dust gets in our hair and sometimes the wind picks up tiny pieces of rocks. They would come against our legs and it hurts very much. The dust also gets through the window and under the door.

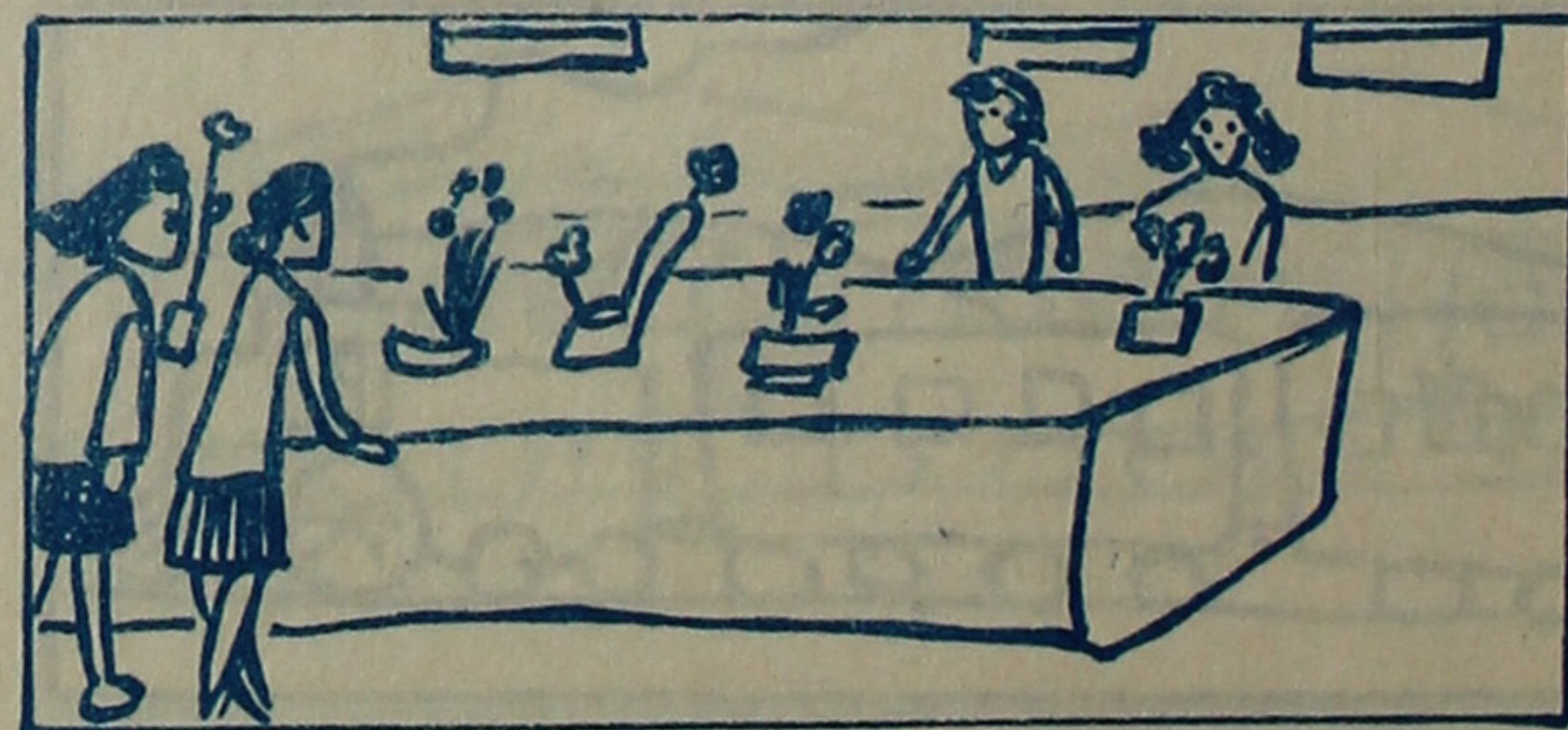
Many times we did not have our bandanas so that the dust gathers in our hair. We would tease each other and say, "Gee, you're an old lady or grandma."

Every place we go we cannot escape the dust. Inside of our houses, in the laundry and latrine and even a little gets in our mess hall.

I do not like the rain either. I do not have any rain boots or clothes. The ground around here gets very muddy and very often there are mud puddles. In the night time it is very hard to see the ground and so we slip all over the mud. The snow is one thing I like. I never really saw snow or played in it. We go out into the lot next to our block and have a snow fight. We go out there to fight among ourselves but after we get started the boys would come and join us. We didn't even invite them but they came anyway. Everytime they chase us around to the next block.

The vases my father makes is made out of tree limb. There is hardly any trees out here so they are called sagebrush. He picks the best kinds out and made at least about ten. He made one in Tanforan and he put it in the Hobby Show.

When he came here he made some and stuck the prettiest one in the Hobby Show but there wasn't any prizes. Now my mother has learned to make flowers and she is making a lot of them so she arranges it into the vases. They look good together. My mother had made roses, iris, lilies, chrysanthemum, blossoms, and other sorts of flowers. It looks easy to make but my mother says it is hard to



make so I guess I'll take her advice.

That morning we received a permit to take a trip to Salt Lake City leaving in the afternoon.

From the administration building we rode on a carrier which took us to the station in Delta. We walked through town in Delta and was surprised to see it so small. There we bought things to eat in the train and magazines.

Soon the train arrived and we left for Salt Lake City. During the ride on the train I felt that the chairs were soft and how neat it was inside the train! I couldn't compare the ride to Salt Lake from the ride to Topaz. After a good meal in the train we reached Salt Lake City thinking it was a city a bigger than Delta and was thrillingly surprised to see a city almost as big as San Francisco. We went to a hotel to get a room but didn't have any luck. Through the J.A.C.L. we were provided rooms in a hotel. Later we started for the movies and had a great deal of fun. Morning came so I awoke my self from a good night's sleep and felt good to hear the horns of the automobiles and everything you will hear in a city. I thought I was back in San Francisco and the whole evacuation was just a dream but it was not a dream and I was visiting in Salt Lake City for a few days.

The day was soon up, we got our suitcases heading for the station and left for Topaz. Not just the day was up but the fun and freedom was up.

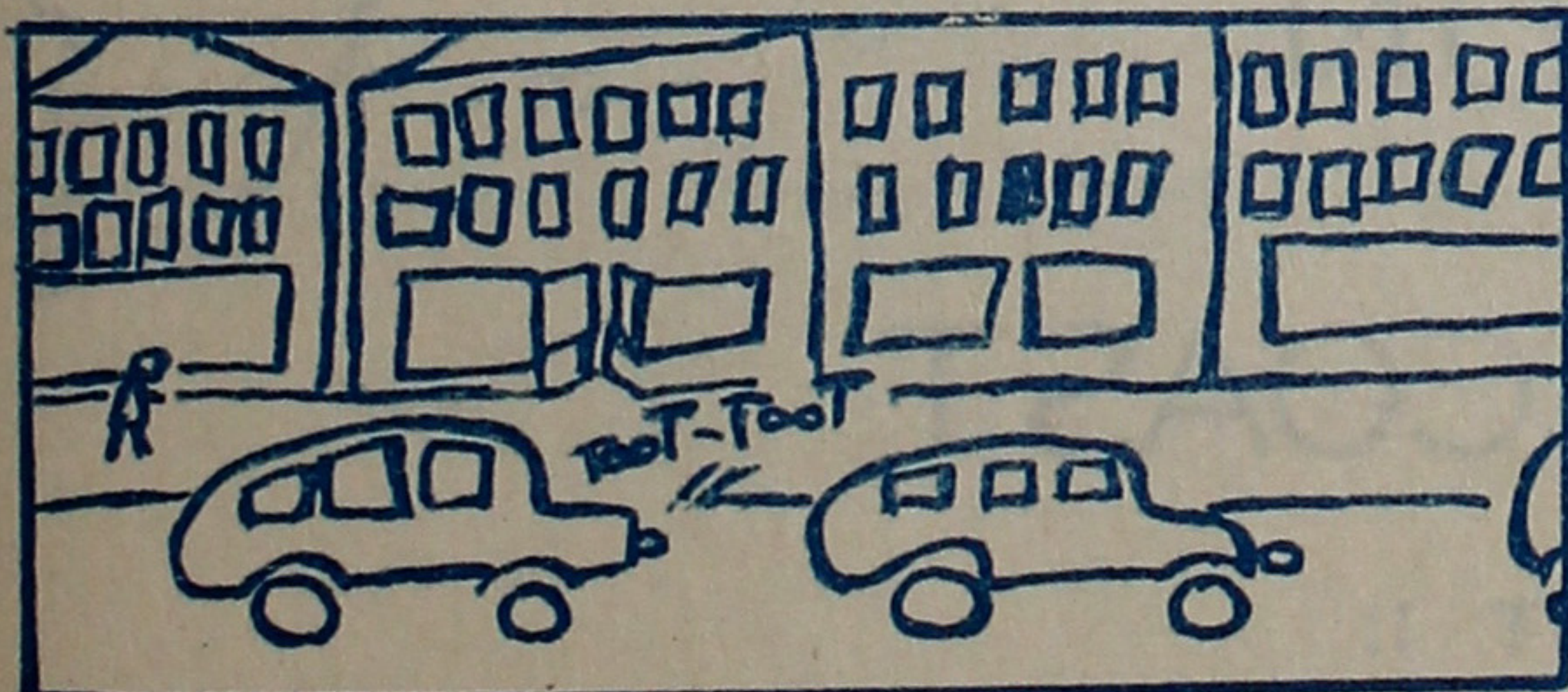
General Observations

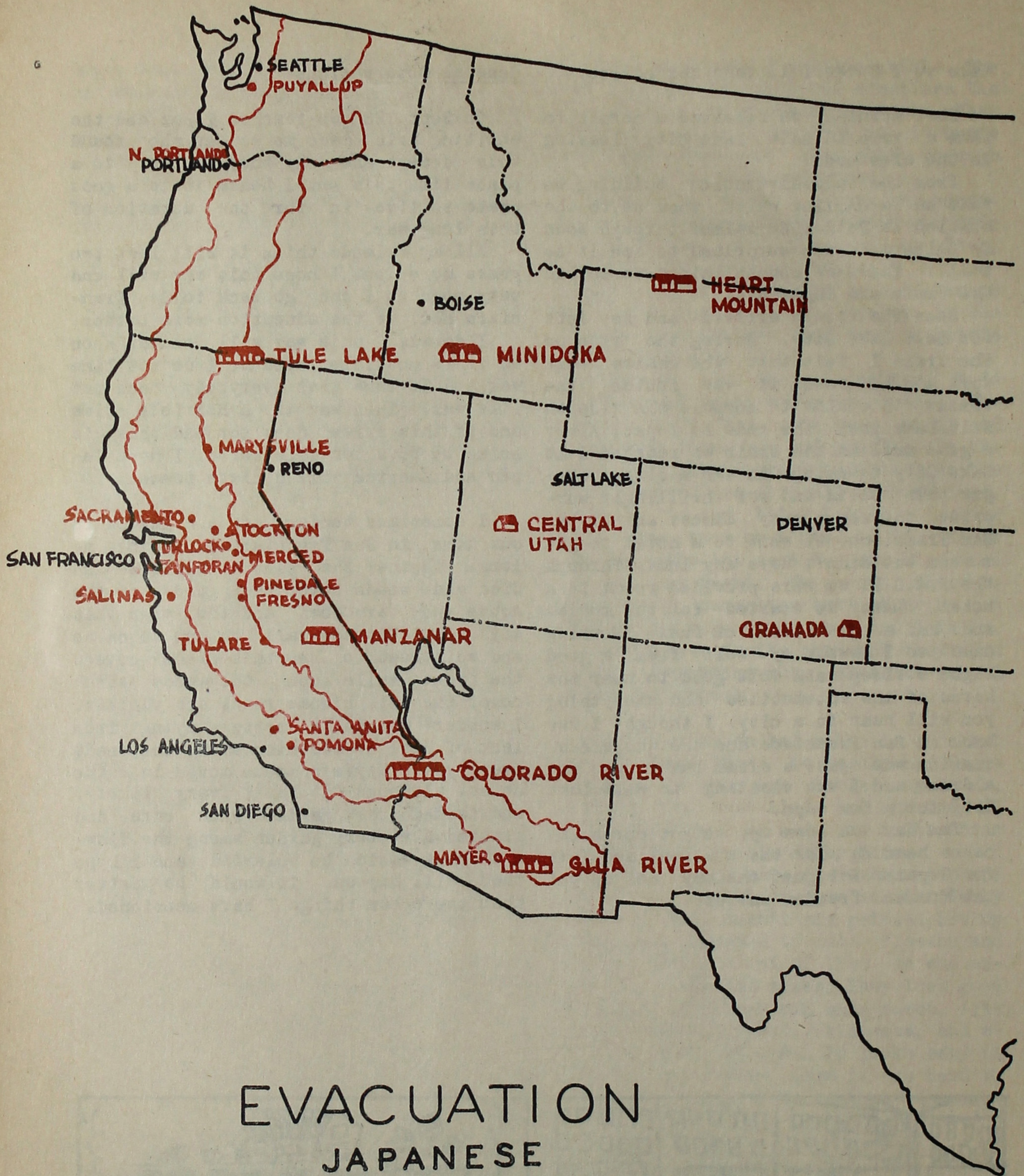
On Sept. 28 we reached Topaz and the exciting trip made me wonder who found this desert and why they put us in a place like this but I heard it is a good state to live in for the duration of this long war.

All my friends think it will last two years more but I hope this war will end very soon so I can go back to San Francisco and get the education more better.

I do wish this war will end as soon as it is possible because I do not like war and I know that everybody does not like war. This war is a horrible crime and if this crime does not end this is going to be a terrible world. I hope Japan and America will declare peace.

I sometimes wonder how the garden in our home in San Francisco is coming along. Whether the plants withered and died and weeds cover the garden or the house was torn down and the sign that says "Real Estate--call so and so on so and so street to buy this place" covers the front while among the weeds which cover the lot blooms roses and violets. I wonder which is better--dying from lack of care or blooming among the weeds every year. Maybe someone moved into the house, although it isn't very likely, and tended the garden with care and planted a victory garden among the flowers--that would be splendid and I hope that will happen. It would be better than the other things I have mentioned.





EVACUATION JAPANESE OF THE WEST COAST

MARCH 24 — AUGUST 11
1942

m. yabuki



- ASSEMBLY CENTERS
- 🏠 RELOCATION CENTERS
- 🚩 U.S. ARMY CAMPS
- ▮ RELOCATION CITIES

hisako tamuka



WARTIME DIARY

HATSUYE EGAMI

MAY 12, 1943

Up at five. We had thrown ourselves on the hardwood floor spread with thin blankets and slept. Very simple.

The fire that had burned on the fireplace the whole night through is still burning faintly. The fireplace the whole family loved--where we had so often talked and laughed. Must we part from this room now?

This is war. We can't be sentimental, we can't. Yet the urge to be sentimental is overpowering. I can no longer stifle this emotion. It seems to gush forth from my bosom as I gaze on the flickering flames of the fireplace. But that is only momentary; I take firm hold of myself, give a vigorous shake of my head, and stand up, my good spirits restored.

The children, too, are now awake. Our last preparations are begun with much hullabaloo. Evacuation is to be carried out in three days, and we are to leave on the first day. Mr. Matsumoto, who lived across the street and who was to leave on the third day, came to help us.

Baggages are limited to the amount that can be carried in both hands, was the Army order. We had heard, though, that the advan-

tage lay with those who took a great deal, so we racked our heads about the baggage. "This won't do, that won't do either," we had said as we packed and re-packed our bags. The bundled fruits of our efforts are now finally stacked up in the living room.

Just as we are heaving sighs of relief, Mr. Castro shows his robust form, wrinkling his dark-brown face into a broad smile. He lightly carries off the bags which my eldest daughter and I had thought quite heavy.

Since yesterday we Japanese have ceased to be human beings. We are numbers, we are things. We are no longer Egamis, but the number 23324. A tag with that number is on every trunk, suitcase, and bag. Tags also, on our breasts. Again a feeling of sadness grips my heart.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Rasparry, brings cocoa for the children and coffee for the elders. We drink gratefully.

Exactly at 7:15, the taxi we had called yesterday arrives. Pursuing Mr. Castro's truck the taxi carrying our family of six picks up speed.

Mrs. Rasparry frantically waves her hand, as if it would tear off, to bid us farewell. For five years we had lived as neighbors. Racial differences were completely forgotten. Indeed, our affection for each other was akin to that existing between relatives. I shall never forget her kindness and help during those difficult days following evacuation orders.

May 10th, Mother's Day. I sent Mrs. Rasparry a box of bright red roses. The flowers were my family's expression of gratitude in a way which could not have been conveyed by word of deed. Surely, the tears she shed as she accepted the roses will always remain a warm memory.

Half past seven. The taxi reaches California Street, where awaits the train we are to board.

Japanese faces. Faces overflowing the street. Faces everywhere.

A deluge of sad faces.

Beautiful city. Education city. City of the Rose Parade. The city that had remained friendly to the Japanese until the very end. This is our last morning in Pasadena. To laugh or smile now is an impossibility.

We know not where we are going. Nay,

we know not even what is to become of us the next moment. But among the Japanese there is not a single one crying. Those crying are, rather, Caucasian Americans and Negroes and others who have come to see us off. They are honest and simple. If they wish to cry, all they need to do is to lift their voices and cry as they wish. Here and there their sobbing forms are discernible. It is the Japanese who are consoling them.

Since December 7th, we Japanese should not have shed a single drop of tear. Ours has been an agonizing plight. The parents are enemy aliens. The children are citizens. Parents were sent in droves to internment camps while the children were conscripted into the Army in rapid succession. Those were days filled with fear--a succession of sad days. But no one should have cried.

Yes, we Japanese might as well have died on the day of December 7th. How can one expect tears from dead people? So, unruffled and serene, we board the train. Three hundred 'dead' evacuees.

After settling in our seats and putting baggages up on the racks, breakfast is distributed. Breakfast of sandwiches, milk, and coffee made by the churches and other sympathizers of Pasadena. I have no appetite but sip the milk to embrace the warmth of these dear friends.

Last night, Mr. Matsumoto has said, "The Pasadena group may be split up. This may be the last night with you." And drinking coffee, we had talked until late. The same Mr. Matsumoto, smiling cheerfully as usual, is here with Mrs. Matsumoto to see us off.

For five years we had lived as close neighbors. Recently we had begun to rely on each other more and more. Almost every evening the Matsumotos had come to chat with us. If this is to be the last, when will we be able to meet and talk again? "Let's stay fit, shall we?" "If we're healthy, certainly we shall be able to meet again." So saying, we firmly grip hands.

Here, there, everywhere, the faces of dear, beloved friends looking eagerly up.

I spot a pretty American girl in red slacks, flitting about helping the Japanese. Her bright display of charm and amiability impresses me deeply. No mat-

ter how hard Japanese try, they cannot express themselves in that manner. I find myself momentarily reflecting. What an envious trait to have!

It is close to nine. We are about to leave. Vigorously the crowd begins to wave goodbye. We wave just as hard. Face after face, hills and trees, all begin to drop behind. With quiet but steady persistency the train passes the streets of Pasadena where we lived and which we had learned to love.

The shop where we so often bought yarn. Hotels. Department stores. All appear for a flash and then disappear. The faces of sympathetic salesgirls bob up for a moment. The children shout, "Mama, this is Michigan Street!" and I look back hastily. Michigan Street, our own home street. Our home was near the tracks and every time a train passed by, the house would shake as if there was an earthquake. We are now running over those same tracks.

Pasadena. I shall never forget this beautiful green city, even beyond the grave. Refined, religious, cultured Pasadena. A city famous for its dignified Rose Bowl graduation exercises held in the quiet of June evenings.

What I loved most was the abundance of green trees along the streets. How I cherished the maple trees lining Maple Street, near our home. I liked them especially in May, when, after the trees stood pointing heavenward all winter, as if sketched in ink, they suddenly burst into fresh verdure. I walked this street often when my mind grew tired. The soft tapestry woven by the green leaves wrapped me with the same affection a mother envelops her young ones.

The City Council passed an anti-Japanese resolution and I was overcome with sadness. Incredulously, I thought, "This is Pasadena!" But on the following days strong protests were made against the resolution. My faith was restored. I knew then that the Pasadena I loved still existed.

What fine people we had in our community. I think in particular of Dr. Harberson, president of the Pasadena Junior College, Dr. and Mrs. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology. I cannot help bowing my head in respect.

Their magnificent faith and splendid attitude and exertions on our behalf are deeply imbedded in my bosom, never to be forgotten.

It is war. What have I to say now? Verdant Pasadena. I shall love thee to the very end.

The train speeds along. Almost before we are aware of it the city streets are passed, to be replaced by a desert-like scenery. The temperature seems to be rising.

Suddenly, the accumulation of months of intense strain seems to weigh overwhelmingly on mind and body. The elders slump in their seats like weakened fish, imbibing sleep. But the children are cheerful and playful. They noisily frolic about as if they are on a picnic.

The train weaves between hill and mountain and speeds along. Gradually the greenness lessens and the desert seems to increase its expansiveness.

Along the tracks I notice people taking off their hats and waving to us. Profoundly moved, I wave back with all my might. But such sympathetic displays become fewer and fewer.

Noon. Lunch boxes are passed out by soldiers. Milk, sandwiches, orange, cake -- what a feast.

We advance into the famous and expansive Mojave Desert. Occasionally we can see creeks glittering in the distance. Pretty birds fly about in flocks. In the meadows, cows are grazing. Above, white clouds float gently by. I gaze with wonder at the giant cacti which I had first mistaken for grotesque trees. In contrast, timid, unfamiliar wildflowers smile bashfully at me.

While nation fights nation and man kills man to torment and suffer, how peaceful Nature is. Was Nature ever so peaceful and immense, so beautiful as this? I look as if it were for the first time.

I hear a burst of laughter and turn around. Several girls are engaging in a friendly conversation with the soldiers and laugh guilelessly as each humorous remark is made. Such friendly and amiable soldiers--I would not like to see them sent to war to be maimed.

The train with its load of disturbed and complicated thoughts approaches its

destination. The desert sun sinks suddenly and a grayish dusk envelops the surrounding terrain. The distance required eleven hours, and it is about eight in the evening. Tulare at last.

People are looking out of the windows. I do likewise. I see beyond the road by the tracks what appears to be a large race track. On the grandstand people are clustered together like hordes of ants. Can it be that those who arrived before us are out to welcome us?

The train stops with a jerk. Those in the front car begin to get off orderly. Our historic entrance into an internment camp has begun. I quietly observe the moving line from my position in the last car. Mothers with babes in their arms. Sturdy youths. Tottering old men leaning on sticks. Innocent children. Pretty lasses. The facial expressions are too far away to see clearly but the receding forms--how silent and gloomy.

The wave of evacuees flows gently on. On into the confines of barbed-wire fences. On to a new life. Before we know it, my family, too, is but a ripple in the wave.

I am carrying two suitcases. The camp lies beyond the road. With soldiers protecting us we reach the gate.

"Tulare Assembly Center!"

My eldest daughter said, "Mama, if we enter this gate, we shall never be able to come out until the end of the war." It seems so obvious, but no one laughs.

Mrs. A. remarks, "Really, let's remember this feeling. We shall probably never experience it again during our lifetime."

In a moment we pass the gate to become residents of the center.



MAY 14, 1942

The gloomy feeling that gripped me on entering the Center is soon blown away. Ovations and shouts that pierced the sky await us. On both sides of the road a human fence, so tight that it seems that an ant would not have been able to get through was erected by Japanese already in. As if we were generals back from war or something, we walk between the road lined with the people.

There seems to be no one that I know. But it is a whirlpool of faces dear to me, as if I knew them intimately. Suddenly I see Mr. U. who turns his thoughtful face toward me, and is waving at me. Something warm rises up to my breast, and I swallow.

After I walk a little ways there is someone who shouts, "Egami-san!" I look around. Why, it's Mr. Miura. He is fat as he always was, and as usual he lights up his round face with a smile. Miura-san, I thought all along that he had gone to Santa Anita, but he's been here. Mr. Miura, who appreciated my poor artistic ability, who understood my nature well, who loved me as a sister regardless of my strong and weak points. Miura-san is here. I became cheerful and brightened up. And with light steps I walk on.

It is already past ten when baggage inspection and other things are over and we finally step into our new home. Its name is 1-8-3. It is a rustic barrack of rough boards put together, with five windows and a concrete floor. There are Army cots and khaki blankets in the room. Eight people occupy our room.

Young men who preceded in here are busily helping with the baggage and other things as if in a contest. As soon as we arrive the people next door console us. "You must be tired. I'm glad you've come." Everyone is friendly and kind. We unpack our baggages, taking out our bedding, and together we noisily make our beds.

Guided by a neighbor, all of us go to the latrine, which is about a block away. As soon as we enter my daughters shriek. I could not help become wobbly and stare before me. I indeed felt sorry for my daughters. The latrine is de-

manding that the cloak of modesty be shed and return to the state of nakedness in which they were born. Polished civilized taste and fine sensitivity seem to have become worthless here.

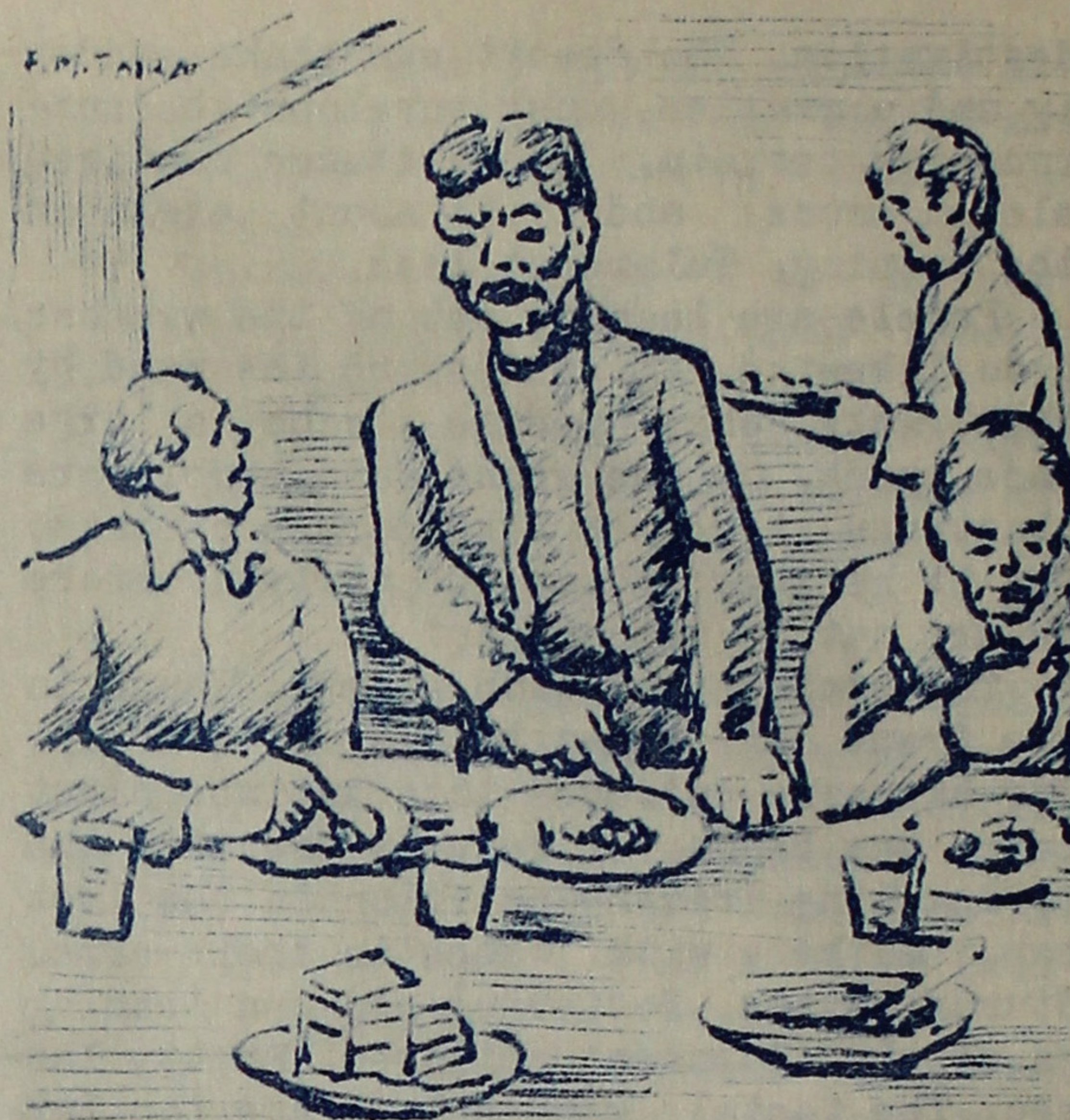
But I turned to my daughters and told them sincerely, "When people return to a state of nakedness, their true worth becomes evident. I think that life here is going to be largely primitive and naked. But don't you think that this is interesting, too? All of you have been able to enjoy civilized life fully until now. Life cannot be interesting if only in one color. It is like a design created by variegated colored strands woven together. It may be that in a naked life there is poetry and truth. I think that from this bare life we can weave something creative and interesting. The person that can do that is one who is really intelligent and wise. Let's carve out a good life together."

I myself who said this gradually became cheerful. And returning to our room we threw our tired bodies and souls on our beds.

It is morning in the camp. Accompanied by noisy feet and voices of people, I open my eyes. I go to the washroom. Those that I know and I do not know all smile and say "good morning" when I meet them.

At the mess hall, which holds 160 persons, 500 are waiting their turn in line. The wave of the line flows on for about a block, and I take my place with the others. Mothers with children in their arms, tottering old men, all quietly stand in line. They all seem like law-abiding people. The air is dry, and the sky blue. The refreshing morning breeze brushes the skin pleasantly. I enter the mess hall. In cafeteria fashion by the entrance we pick up our own knives, forks, and spoons and plates and move ahead. Grapefruits, mush, boiled eggs, toast, butter. On the rectangular table are large pitchers of coffee and milk and also salt, pepper, cream, shoyu and the like.

At noon we usually have soup, rice, salad, and perhaps beans. For dinner there is usually meat of some sort or of fish, and such dessert as cake, pie, and pudding. To the Japanese, who were



used to eating well, this might not be a feast. On the other hand, it is certainly not so bad as to deserve complaints. To children under 18 milk is given and to pregnant women; to those who are ill special diets are being contemplated.

This is a cooperative community of several thousand people. The taste and whim of individuals cannot always be given due consideration. The Administration, at least, is doing its best for us. That effort we should always take in a good way.

In a camp it can be said that food, above all things, is the center and the pleasure of life. It's natural to want to eat something good. I cannot help thinking about the old men standing with plates in their hands. Residents in America for forty or fifty years, they pursued gigantic dreams and crossed an expansive ocean to America to live. The soil they tilled was a mother to them, and their life was regulated by the sun. They were people who had worked with all they had, until on their foreheads wave-like furrows were harrowed. Everytime I see these oldsters with resigned, peaceful expressions meekly eating what is offered them, I feel my eyes become warm.

However, when I see the young people always complaining at every meal, my spirits are low. And as for these people who maliciously twist things, and, for instance, create bad rumors, I cannot

help feeling even hatefully toward them.

I want to keep my outlook in sharp focus. No matter what we are up against, I don't want to see things through distorted lenses. I want to maintain a fair and just attitude. Everytime I eat I am moved to feel in that way. In times like these, especially, this is my greatest desire.

Receiving a messenger from Mr. Miura, I go to his office. As I walk between rows on rows of similar barracks and come out to the ground where the grandstand is, I find the administration headquarters. This seems to be divided into many departments. In the center the grandstand sits solidly, and Mr. Aanonson is the manager. Surrounding it there are such departments as the Works Maintenance Division, Lodging and Mess Division, Finance and Records Division, Service Division, and these in turn are subdivided in smaller branches. Mr. Miura's Social Welfare Division is a branch of the Service Division, and that is where I was taken.

The work of the Social Welfare Division consists in looking after the welfare of the camp, such as marriage, birth, funeral, family problems, social case work, sickness, transfer, Red Cross work, knitting, first aid, women's problem, religious problem, juvenile problem, moral problem, financial advice. Mr. Miura is in charge, and efficient nisei are working under him.

I don't know a thing about other offices, but as I go to Mr. Miura's office almost everyday, I have gradually become familiar with his personnel.

It is a happy coincidence that Mr. Tamura's wife is a daughter of Mr. Sasaki, and close literary friends of mine. Mr. Tamura is a calm splendid young man. You would not think that Mrs. Nishimura was a mother of three, from her youthfulness and efficient and bright mind. I like her. Helen Kimura, Kimi Sakanashi, Kumi Ishii, Bob Takahashi, and others are all loving people, and I began to enjoy more and more going to Mr. Miura's office.

Mr. Miura seems to be enjoying his life very much. It's because his socially-ideal life is actually being practiced. He is always busy, but cheer-

fully goes this way and that.

Five thousand people--this is quite a town, Crime, tragedy, comedy--it certainly should have all of the elements for all sorts of social problems. Everyday all sorts of problems arise; and since the town is a special one, the problems take on peculiar forms and shades of color. They certainly represent interesting social phenomena. I shall pick up some of the stories from among those that have trickled out of Mr. Miura's office.

Around the camp fences have been erected, and about the fence watch-towers have been set up, and soldiers are standing on guard 2 hours a day. But the soldiers seems to be admirable and innocent. Even though a fence is there, there is no one who tries to get out. Since it's so peaceful and uneventful, I almost feel like asking whether it is the soldiers who are bored. Far away from home, separated from people they love, these young men must certainly feel lonely. These youths are pure. In their spare moments when they look at us--especially pretty nisei girls--wouldn't they think of us, not as enemy aliens, but rather as pitiful and touching captives? So soldiers must have looked at the girls with loving eyes, and perhaps did something kind for them, and the lasses innocently accepted such feelings.

In this way the seed of love began to germinate between a soldier and a certain girl. At dawn around four or five o'clock, the girl went to the fence where the soldier was to meet her. Wartime rules, however, are uncompromising; they are extremely strict. We are not allowed to speak to anyone outside the fence--especially with soldiers.

Mr. Miura was troubled with this problem, and so were the Center policemen. But it was solved rather simply. In order to plant flowers the patch of ground next to the fence was spaded up. Dark, wet dirt--the fence could not be approached without becoming dirty. Without hurting anyone's feelings, without bothering anyone, the solution to the problem was intelligent and full of human understanding. Everytime I see the spaded black earth by the fence, I cannot help smiling.



DONALD GOES TO SCHOOL

KAY UCHIDA

It is 8:45 AM Monday again and three-year-old Donald, with a clean towel in hand and accompanied by his mother, wends his way toward one of the pre-schools in Topaz. Upon arrival, one of the teachers inspects his throat, skin, and eyes for any disease or symptoms. Donald says good-bye to his mother and then finds his own locker where he hangs up his coat, hat, and towel. He then proceeds to the playroom where he is free to choose among the variety of activities offered. Donald first chooses to color, and helping himself to crayons and paper, seats himself at a table where others are coloring and some cutting and pasting. After finishing his drawing, he puts away his crayons. Handing his picture

to the teacher, he goes on to another activity. He passes the table where children are molding with clay.

At the easels near by, others are painting with art color paints and long-handled brushes. Donald, too, wants to paint, but there are no more aprons left on the hooks, since there are so many children painting and molding with clay.

So Donald joins a group building with blocks, making a garage for some of the pull toys and cars.

Near by in the housekeeping nook, a group of children is playing house. One child, as the mother, is cooking and serving, another is changing a doll's clothes and laundering. Boys, too, join in the group, ironing, mopping, etc. All these activities are carried on a la camp style, and one catches portions of conversation referring to the canteen, dining halls, laundry room, waiting in line, etc.

The time has passed quickly and around 10:15, one of the teachers tells the group that it is time to prepare for wash routine. Donald gets his towel and coat from his locker and joins the group waiting to go to wash. A teacher helps him put on his coat. Then he joins the group in singing. Another teacher is now ready to take a group to the wash room. With five others, Donald proceeds to the latrine. After using the toilet, he washes his hands, learning to carefully wash with soap.

Again with a group of five or six, he returns to school where he hangs up his things and proceeds to the milk room. At the table, a teacher has placed paper cups filled with milk. He helps himself to a cup, and sitting next to Mary on one of the benches, he drinks his milk. Having had an active morning, he asks for a second helping which the teacher pours for him. He is now ready for the rest period. He chooses an open place on the mat and lies down quietly while the teacher is helping John to relax and be quiet. After a rest, the teacher tells Donald that he may get up. Getting his comb from his locker, he combs his hair in front of the mirror. The group around the mirror has a gay time mimicking each other.

Barbara, two, comes to join the story

group and calls the teacher's attention to a picture of a large fish in her book. The teacher tells the group about the fish and takes the group to the nature study table to watch their pet fish, explaining how it breathes and swims in the water.

The children become interested in watching their jar of ants, and the teacher calls their attention to how they build their roads and store their food. The piano begins to play, rallying those who wish to come to sing. Donald with Peter, who has been working at a table with Tinker toys, beads, and pegs, join the group around the piano where a teacher leads them in singing. After singing several songs they all know, they learn a new song about spring which has become evident in the center!

It is now about 12:00 noon and Donald's mother has come to call for him; so he gets up from the group and gets his coat and hat. At the door the teacher gives him his drawing to take home, and he leaves eagerly telling his mother all the experiences of the morning.

Donald's sister Irene, four years old, goes to one of the three pre-kindergarten groups which meet in the afternoon from 2:00 to 4:30 PM. There, a similar program is carried on which, however, is enlarged and extended to meet the needs of the more active and self-sufficient four-year-olds. More group activity is carried on and they are offered more learning experience, since they are ready to absorb more quickly.

Donald and Irene have both spent another full and rich half day at school where they have had an opportunity to mingle and play with other children, learning to share, give and take, and to know other group responsibilities. The simplified routine has helped them to learn and establish proper habits and to encourage self-confidence and independence. Since the play material and equipment have been chosen to fit their needs and abilities, they do not become overtired or frustrated in an attempt to keep up to adult standards. The variety of experiences and stimuli which they meet offer a definite learning experience--physically, mentally, socially, and emotionally.



OUR YOUNGER GENERATION

HIRO KATAYAMA

Sociologists tell us that it takes at least three generations for a transplanted race to become accepted culturally. The Japanese in America are now in their second generation and their average age is approximately 22. This indicates that in a few years the majority of nisei will be producing the third generation Japanese in America. This further indicates that young nisei children are still numbered in the thousands.

If there is any hope of closer relationship between our young and the American society than heretofore the Japanese

home and community environments are the important factors that must be changed. Environment is emphasized because in pre-evacuation days and even more so in camp, the Japanese environment, though far from being anything related to a subversive connotation, is not conducive toward the desired assimilation of the sansei and young nisei into the American society. In the past for their own protection against criticism, laws passed against them, restricted residential areas, and unequal opportunities of labor, the Japanese found it advantageous if

not necessary to concentrate their members in certain areas. Japanese communities are familiar to all of us. In Social Psychology they are called socio-economic groups. These various groups formed cooperatives, clubs, associations, etc.

Under the concentrated set-up of the Japanese in America we can see how easily a dominant cultural pattern could predominate. In our case the habits and customs the Japanese brought from Japan constituted the predominating culture. In time various incompatible, impractical Japanese ways were shelved in preference to more practical American ways. But through the years certain habits and customs in education, religion, social ways, folkways, mores, taboos, have been maintained. And, too, many Japanese became versatile in their ways, that is, while in Rome do as the Romans do. They practiced their Japanese cultural ways in their own socio-economic group. When they were in contact with out-groups they exhibited to the best of their ability the ways of the out-group. It can be seen that the second and third generation children have been born and will be born into a complex environment as long as there is a congested concentration of issei and nisei.

Under normal conditions, Japanese-American children as a rule spend much time in free association with white Americans. There is little social conflict until they reach high school age. As the youth activities blossom out and when they realize they must act grown up they discover their home training has been inadequate. They are not certain about their manners. Too often they find they are not prepared to make friends and influence people under more formal conditions. They are hesitant about their speech. In their youthful way they are needlessly embarrassed that their parents cannot speak English well, thus hesitating to invite their white friends to their homes. With the budding of this personal inadequacy and the corresponding racial consciousness there develops an inferiority complex. This has led the youths into closer association with those of his own racial group rather than making a special effort to mingle

with out-group members. Many nisei have excellent white American friends but they usually click with the in-group as well. This attitude led the majority of the nisei to form or join clubs composed strictly of their racial group. They met together in Japanese churches, Japanese-sponsored socials, Japanese YMWCA's, Japanese athletic clubs, Japanese student clubs, etc. Though too much blame cannot be given to the psychology that gave root to these organizations, it is unfortunate that more effort was not made to associate them more closely with the larger society. In these clubs, on the other hand, most nisei made the attempt to conduct themselves like white Americans. The grievance is that this seems to indicate that the nisei's early training has hindered their otherwise potential ability to surmount racial consciousness and accept with little or no conflict the more apropos white American cultural ways. Instead they grouped up and remained in an Americanized version of Japanese society.

The dilemma caused by cultural conflicts is expressed by Britt in his "Social Psychology of Modern Life" and is applicable to the nisei. "If we accept the culture patterns of our society and follow them ourselves, particularly if we engage in the ways of our group we may be so caught up in these ways that we cannot stand aside and examine them objectively. On the other hand if we do not follow the ways of our group...we may become estranged from other members of our group and be considered peculiar people." This might be wishful thinking but if the Japanese were forced to look at themselves objectively in the last war as they are this time, there might have been a more automatic and extensive mingling of the races today.

The present crisis with the subsequent camp existence for thousands of Japanese-Americans and their offsprings and the offsprings to come has affected the hoped-for environmental change for the youngsters. The call to relocate is being answered primarily by single individuals or young married couples without dependents. The spirit of adventure and the desire to seek new horizons burn brightly in the heart and soul of the

young. However a babe in arms makes a father and mother think twice before embarking out into the unknown where housing is known to be scarce and expensive. Only a handful has the means to brave relocation and meet its monetary requirements without warrantable fear. That means camp life for many of our young is no longer the abnormal but the normal situation and no longer temporary but in too many cases for the long duration--probably long after the armistice is signed.

The camp curse in a word is environment. Topaz environment, for an example, contributes toward lazy and sloppy habits in the children. Lacking are the facilities and means of using constructively their abundant energies. Mass living has caused a breakdown in the normal family ways. The makeshift schools are inadequate to hold the interest and the undivided attention of their students. The inescapable, congested living quarters and the necessary block system with their dominant issei beliefs, ways, and desires add a complex learning pattern for the young to follow. Seeds of doubt, bitterness, and racial consciousness are planted in young minds by reminders of confinement such as barbed wire fences, roll call, MP's, etc. During their most impressionable years the young students sing "America", salute the flag, and learn about democracy in the classrooms and then return to their dingy barrack "Homes" and wonder why they can't go back to their America. Thus, a distinctly new type of nisei may emerge. A student sums up his impression of camp life as follows: "In camp we are learning new R's in the place of the traditional reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. We learn how to be ruder, rougher, and rowdier."

When freedom-loving and once confident peoples are made to live abnormally in close, confined quarters, complaints, grumbling, short tempers, harmful gossiping go hand in hand with a tendency to-



ward greater need for interdependency. Immediately there are found two harmful aspects in this. First, the growing interdependency, the safety in numbers psychology, and the subsequent negative influence outspoken individuals have over the mob discourage relocation. Second, negative habits and ways of the older group are adopted by the habit-forming young. These learned ways are harmful in the sense that they are not in the best interest of Americanization.

Issei know that a gangster acts like a gangster and must be dealt with accordingly. On the other hand issei cannot understand people professing righteousness, cloaked in the robe of Christian-

If I could but see
 Flame-points of scarlet against
 Spring's frost-laden air!
 (There was a time, remember,
 When quince-blossoms warmed our hearts?)

The heart must believe
 (For there is no other way)
 That spring does return --
 In time, when the winter ends
 And grass-roots keep their promise.



ity, acting contrary to the tenets of the nation--discriminating against less than one tenth of one per cent of the nation's total citizenry who have been tried as no other racial group has been tried and proven to be trustworthy, dependable, and loyal Americans. Consequently parents are confused as to what is best for their children. Issei are ambitious for their young. In spite of scorn, suspicion, and hard labor the parents had paved the way for their children's future in America. They suffered, sacrificed, and endured much to establish the wonderful, enviable history and reputation of the conscientious Japanese on the Pacific Coast of which no immi-

grant group need be ashamed. Today their glorious contribution to the agricultural history of the West is being smeared with ugly, despicable untruths. The climax of their suffering, evacuation, has stilled their ambitious nature. Caught on the wrong side of the fence, they can resign themselves to the pains of evacuation. But in their disturbed hearts the issei wonder why, without positive charges against them, rights and liberties granted other aliens, allied or enemy, have been denied them. More so are they concerned over the true status of their children in America. The Constitution of the United States failed to protect the rights of its citizens of Japanese descent at the crucial hour. What protection can these citizens expect in the future? With this persecution complex implanted in their minds having lived through repeated discriminatory experiences, many parents shudder at the thought of relocation, lacking all-out faith in the movement. Thus is found the problem of Americanizing Americans in relocation camps.

Relocating of family units is greatly desired. The mere offering of jobs during manpower shortages or the dispersing of Japanese faces are not the final answers to the problem, however. Evacuees have learned that material things and outward appearances are not the ultimates in life or for lasting happiness. Security in the knowledge that you belong in your homeland in spite of race, color, or creed is the final answer. America offers and promises security in words as no other country dares to offer it. When citizens black, white, or yellow, are worthy of their rights as free men, it is up to America and its people to grant in truth the written privileges of equality and "of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". America is a melting pot of races. Worthy aliens should not be made to fear their adopted homeland. Contented aliens speak well of a great nation in action. The victory of America is found in the well-being of its composite populace. In such an environment security is certain. In such an environment a home is a blessing. In such an environment the Americanization of our children will take care of itself.



AROUND THE BEND

"All Aboard!"

They doff their rough center clothes; they don neatly-pressed city suits; then they board the outgoing bus from Topaz. They are the ambassadors of good will, the relocatees who are bound for points scattered throughout the country. They go with high hopes and ambitions for a bright future. Sometimes they are disappointed; sometimes their dreams are realized beyond their expectations. Some of the problems they encounter are remediable; some are due to unavoidable circumstances.

Many of these relocatees have been "on their own" for a year, perhaps even more. They have had an opportunity to study their communities from an evacuee's viewpoint. They see pitfalls which lie before another relocating resident who might choose the same city as his destination. Some have had the foresight to consider possible solutions and to advise their friends still within the center.

After this period of trial, so to speak, just what is the situation, insofar as the vast relocatee population is concerned? What do they consider as problems of their locality? What do they believe are the solutions? Are they making ends meet? What do they do in their spare time?

These and other answers were sought in a questionnaire sent out by the Historical Documentation Section of the Project Reports Division. Conclusions drawn herein are based on the returns, 25 per cent of the 900 originally mailed.

The majority of the questionnaires were returned from Salt Lake City and Chicago, indicating that a great portion of the relocating population is centered in these two points.

All relocatees were happy with the freedom and normalcy gained in their new lives. On the other hand, they pointed to the disadvantages of separation from family and friends, inadequate housing and job discrimination.



EVELYN KIRIMURA

A study of their leisure-time activities indicated that most of the relocatees have picked up life's strands where they were broken by the evacuation. Movies top the list, followed closely by shopping, church services, social calls, reading, bowling, gardening, study, sewing, hiking, sightseeing, dancing, and plays.

Chicagoans listed the most varied leisure-time activities. Whether this is an indication that there are more activities available or whether the relocatees are more versatile in their choice is the reader's conclusion to draw.

Relocating residents list their weekly savings from "barely exist" to as much as \$40 in the case of a war plant worker in Detroit and the \$30 put aside by a Chicago automotive machinist.

Unskilled laborers, domestics and farmers report the longest working hours, with a turkey herder in American Fork (Utah) stating that his is a "24-hour-a-day" job.

Though very few report poor working conditions, opinions are divided on "good and fair" classifications, with Salt Lake, Chicago and Detroit falling into the "good" bracket and Ogden, Dayton, and Minneapolis among those falling in the "fair" opinions. Evenly divided were the pro and con statements regarding Ann Arbor (Mich.), Cleveland and St. Paul.

Cleveland, Dayton and Minneapolis relocatees reported that most of them had secured their positions with W.R.A. assistance. Those of other cities found their own positions. A great majority are in positions which offer no opportunities for advancement.

Only half indicated that they were engaged in the type of work to which they are fitted, while the others have taken jobs of a stopgap nature, due to a desire to leave the center.

Although the majority believes that there is a possibility of permanent resettlement after the war in the communities where they have relocated, the very ones who speak in the affirmative on the above matter are also as anxious to return to their former homes after the war, in spite of a satisfactory job in their present locales.

The majority of the relocatees have found community acceptance good, but the balance swings on the other side in the matter of housing. The latter is given primary concern in 20 per cent of the returned questionnaires, even to the extent of placing the availability of positions in secondary place. The most housing complaints come from Chicago, where one person advises an intensive study before many more are sent to the city. The remainder are from Salt Lake City and Cleveland. Housing, unless guaranteed with the position, was the responsibility of the relocatee himself, the questionnaire indicated.

Most of the relocatees either left with their families or alone; a smaller number relocated with friends. The great portion is making no plans to call out other members of the family.

Adjustments to new environments, contrary to pre-conceived ideas, have been easy for most of the resettlers.

In addition to the advices on housing as offered above, relocatees stressed other points which they believed that the W.R.A. should cover before other residents were allowed to depart from the centers.

Of concern to 11 per cent was the education of those planning to resettle. This education, they advised, should include the following: the dissemination of more definite information on the work,

housing, cost of living, historical background of the locality, community attitude, more favorable publicity within the center itself, such as letters from influential persons who have already relocated, and finally, up-to-date advice on wartime conditions and security regulations.

One relocatee believed that those in the centers should be trained for jobs outside and sent out after the training period; another that the relocation forum should stress the true conditions to expect rather than advice on how to dress and behave.

Eight per cent of the relocatees believed that the W.R.A. should concern itself with the education of the public to accept incoming evacuees. One Deltan declared that favorable publicity is the most important phase of relocation. He stated that information should be issued on the cause of evacuation so that the nisei would not be seen in the light of enemy aliens. Another wrote that prospective employers should be informed of the manpower available in the centers. A Dayton resident advised that newspapers of the various centers be sent to all the city's church groups to foster a closer relationship between their members and newcomers.

Six per cent stated that the subsistence grants were too low. (This has since been rectified partly through the allowances of sums per member rather than per family.) These advices came from American Fork, St. Paul, Detroit, and Chicago. One believed that financial aid should be given until employment is secured while another asked provision be made in case the person fell ill after finding a position. "My funds were nil by the time I reached my destination," one wrote.

Five per cent were of the opinion that the W.R.A. should conduct more thorough investigations of jobs, working conditions and community attitudes before sending out relocatees. Four per cent advised the return of the loyal to the west coast, now that the transfer program has been completed.

Noteworthy among the comments offered in the questionnaires were:

New York: This is not a boom town.

For those evacuees who hope to obtain lucrative positions without definite skill in some profession or trade, New York is a good place to avoid.

Cleveland: Evacuees should come out and look for their own jobs, instead of coming out on a definite offer. Placements made through personal interviews are more satisfactory both from the standpoint of the employer and the evacuee.

Chicago: One important suggestion for those who are planning to relocate is to consider the job offers with an eye to the future, that is, working to earn money for some definite purpose, to learn a particular trade, etc.

Salt Lake City: I believe many of us are not awake to the fact that we left our communities at a time when conditions were different. It seems we expect too much and don't realize that there is a war.

This, then, is an open letter from representative relocatees addressed to residents still within the center. The former constitutes a huge network of Topazans who have found life, as the case may be, difficult or pleasant. The majority placed on the credit side of the ledger the freedom, normalcy, friendly community attitude, leisure-time activities, weekly savings and working conditions: "in the red" were such disadvantages as inadequate housing, separation from family and friends, job discrimination, unsuitable work and inability to return to former homes.

They, the relocatees, believed that the following should be stressed in the W.R.A. program for resettling residents: insure adequate housing; educate 1) the prospective resettlers, 2) the public-at-large; increase subsistence grants; thoroughly investigate jobs, working conditions and community attitudes before sending out residents; and return the loyal to the west coast.

And, finally, there was the advice of one Ann Arbor relocatee which sums in a nutshell everyone's advice:

"Wherever they (relocatees) go, whatever they do does not make any difference, so long as they have the American spirit to do and to appreciate things the American way!"



THE TRAVELERS

TOSHIO MORI

At the gatehouse in front of the administration building stood the travelers, waiting for their names to be checked off the passenger list. Along the fence were lined their friends and well-wishers. The day was fine for a last farewell at the gate as the crowd of several hundred persons would assure. Here and there the Internal Security workers darted as last-minute communications occupied their attention. A truck bearing the baggage of relocatees slowly cut a path into the crowd and stopped beyond the fence. The travelers' eyes anxiously peered into the canvas-covered truck for a reassuring glance at their belongings. The load was a good one for there were nine persons, including a child, heading for all points east.

At last the overdue bus for the town of Delta appeared on the scene. A flurry of cries and gestures sent off the nine as the group boarded the bus. Now the shoppers to Delta milled about the gate for the choice seats remaining in the car. Their grinning and nonchalant faces, as they walked beyond the gate to the car, bore the jibes of their acquaintances who reminded them not to get lost in town and to be sure and return to Topaz.

For a final check-up a clerk boarded the bus and counted the heads, and the driver, racing the motor, impatiently watched for the "go" signal. As the bus pulled away from the gatehouse, the passengers frantically looked back and waved to the people along the fence. The car picked up speed and the folks settled back in their seats. Now the hospital was passed; the water tank and the MP barracks became blurred and a speck in the distance.

A small child who was clinging to her mother's hand stood in her seat with her nose flat against the window. "Look, Mommy. Our camp looks like a toyhouse now," she cried.

The mother gazed over her shoulder and nodded her head. "Yes, Mary. In a few minutes we shall see no more of it. Topaz will become a memory."

The little girl began to sob as she settled down in her seat. "I'm going to miss Sachi and Dorothy and Miye..."

"Hush, child," soothed the issei woman. "You shall make many new friends. Do not cry."

After awhile the child dried her tears and blew her nose with a handkerchief, and presently her eyes followed the horizon, sweeping at a glance the autumn scene in the foreground. The corn stalks were turning brown; the harvested alfalfa fields looked bare and dry and the trees had shed their leaves.

Behind the little girl sat an aged woman who now leaned forward and patted the head of the child. "You're a very brave little girl," she said, smiling. As the child's mother glanced back, she addressed her, "Where are you heading for? You are courageous---an issei very seldom relocates by herself."

The younger woman smiled and patted

her girl's shoulder. "I am not alone--- she's with me. We are going to Kansas City for her education. There I shall enter the domestic world again, and Mary shall go to school. I want so badly to give her the best education that I am willing to slave and scrimp the rest of my days."

The aged woman looked dubious but nodded sympathetically. She looked about the car with interest. She could easily tell apart the relocatees from the shoppers by the respective type of clothes they wore. Her ears caught the conversa-



tion of the shoppers' group.

"My husband wants me to get a pair of small hinges and a gallon of ivory paint. Also he told me to look around for electric sockets and plugs."

"Do you know what I'm going to do first? Buy clothes and groceries? No! I'm going to get me a couple of hamburgers and coffee at the restaurant, and then at Thornton's gorge myself on a chocolate nut sundae. That's what I'll do."

"I have a lot of birthday presents to buy for my children. Yes, three of the kids will be having their birthdays in the next four months. Have you been out

to town lately? What have they in way of children's toys and clothes?"

The aged woman studied the travelers with growing curiosity. There was a young girl in a smart Chesterfield coat reading the train schedule, and across from her sat another nisei girl, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling with adventure. Surely, a pair of relocatees, thought the old woman.

The bus began to slow down, and the eyes of the passengers looked ahead. In front of the MP gatehouse the car stopped and a soldier came aboard to check



the passenger list. He tallied the number of names on the paper with the number of heads and jumped off, waving the bus away.

Once more the journey to Delta was resumed, and the folks settled back in their seats. The aged woman continued gazing at her fellow travelers. Once, twice, she smiled to herself. She noticed the solemnity and independence of the relocatees and the boisterousness and companionship of the shoppers' group. "On the way...our journey," she whispered softly to herself. "Travelers... we are all travelers on the earth."

In the middle of her thoughts, the

woman sitting in front of her spoke to her. "May I ask where you are going? I don't suppose you are going shopping. You don't look it."

The old woman chuckled softly, and then grasping the sleeve of the young man sitting beside her said, "This is my boy and I am seeing him off. Roy is on his way to Camp Shelby."

For the first time the mother and her child noticed the youth in a private's uniform. Mary's eyes were quick to see that the soldier was a recent volunteer. His shoulder insignia was missing. The little girl became shy as the soldier's humor-filled eyes met hers.

Now the coach crossed the overpass and reached the downhill grade. The soldier's eyes followed the course of the Sevier River until the steep bank masked the scene.

"In a few minutes we'll be in Delta," a voice informed the crowd in general.

At last, thought the soldier. His eyes anxiously looked ahead but presently he turned to gaze on his mother. Their eyes met. "Don't worry about me, Mama. I'll be all right," he said.

The mother slowly nodded her head.

As the bus turned left at the crossroad, the eyes of the passengers were focused to the right on a big bird that floated indifferently in the air.

"How symmetrical and natural!" exclaimed someone in the group.

"Picture of an idyl," cried another. "How lucky the birds are. They can live in spite of a war-torn world."

"The people, too, will survive this war," quickly commented the soldier's mother from the rear.

In an instant the attention of the travelers was on the tiny old woman sitting beside the soldier. The girl whose sparkling eyes spoke adventure gazed respectfully at her, and smiling thus, her features effused silent applause. In a fraction of a second the soldier caught the lively eyes of the girl. A moment later their eyes met again. The town of Delta loomed ahead.

Beautiful, thought the soldier. What have I been doing all this time in Topaz? Who is she? Where is she going? Instinctively, he looked at his watch. Time was short. He gathered up his heavy

army coat and duffle bag. The bus turned left into the dirt road that wound up at the station. In front of the baggage room the bus stopped to let off the train passengers and the soldier's mother.

The soldier and his mother stood in front of the station, watching the others enter the station to purchase their tickets. Soon a party of Caucasian travelers and their friends appeared from the waiting room. Among them were a sailor and a corporal, presumably returning to their duty.

"Let's go inside and see if the train is on time," suggested the boy to his mother.

Inside, the small waiting room was packed with Salt Lake-bound travelers. Roy and his mother stood near the center of the room where the unfired coal stove was located.

"The train is on time, Mama," he announced to her, looking at the bulletin board. "It's pulling in at 2:30."

The mother nodded her head.

"Only thirty minutes more, Roy," she said.

A youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age approached the old woman, "There's a seat for you, oba-san. Take it because you'll have some time to wait yet."

The mother politely refused the first time but with repeated offerings, she thanked the nisei and accepted the seat on the bench.

"Where are you going...to college?" asked the soldier to the hatless youth who offered the seat.

The latter agreed. "I'm going to the University of Wisconsin. That's in Madison, Wisconsin, you know."

"So you're going to Wisconsin, eh?" questioned a dapper nisei in a well-tailored suit and topcoat. "Boy, we nisei are certainly traveling nowadays. We're like the seeds in the wind, Now, I'm going to New York. I always wanted to see the big city but I was a tied-down man. Here I am now with an opportunity to start all over again."



"You look successful," commented the soldier. "What were you doing before the war?"

"I used to operate a drive-in market in the south...Los Angeles, I mean," replied the man. "I used to have a good business but had to sell the place for almost nothing. Oh well, that's past."

The soldier was curious. He asked the man what his purpose was in going to New York, but his eyes searched for the girl he saw in the bus. She was seated at the end of the bench talking with the girl who still held the train schedule in her gloved hand.

The dapper nisei shrugged his shoulders. "I'm just going to New York on a hunch. I want to feel my way around before I settle down. By the time I call my wife and kids I want to be sitting pretty."

"You aren't thinking of going back to California?" asked the young student.

"No," he said emphatically. "To my way of thinking, California is a poor

proposition for nisei. Why should I wait several more years for an admission permit or stall around for the postwar period before staking myself in the outside world?"

A tall nisei with powerful shoulders, who was leaning against the wall and talking to a baggage man, chucked his cigarette away and approached the group. "You folks travelin' too?" he said pleasantly. "Anyone goin' my way...Akron, Ohio?"

The dapper nisei chuckled softly. "It seems we have different choices. This fellow here is going to study in Madison, Wisconsin, and, of course, this soldier is going to Shelby, Mississippi. And I'm heading for New York. By the way, where is that issei woman with the child going?"

"She's going to Missouri...Kansas City," said the soldier.

"And where you girls goin'?" asked

the nisei with hefty shoulders, turning to the two nisei girls.

The soldier watched the girl with the sparkling eyes glance at the group before replying.

"I am going to Chicago...a job is waiting for me in the office of a big firm, and she," indicating her companion, "is getting married in Philadelphia."

Fascinating, thought the soldier. I'd like to know her better. Oh, why does life offer me things at the last moment?

The nisei with the powerful shoulders shifted his weight from one foot to the other, grinning at the girls. "Chicago...Philadelphia...Kansas City...New York...Camp Shelby...Madison...Akron. Ain't it strange we meet here? One hour and we part once and for all. Maybe we'll never meet again, eh?"

"I'm going out to see if the train is in sight," the student announced, going to the door.

The girl, who was bound for a Chicago office, giggled excitedly and her voice trembled a little. "This is my first trip away from the folks. Oh, I'm so thrilled. Ever since graduating from high school I've been a domestic worker, and now I am going to be a stenographer...a white collar job. Isn't it exciting?"

"I'm a farmer from Northern California," said the nisei with the big shoulders. "My friend calls me from Ohio. He says there's plenty of farms...many 100-acre farms for sale at reasonable prices. Can you imagine? For \$2000 to \$4000 you can buy such farms with farmhouses and buildings. Yeah, even a lot costs \$2000 back in California."

The soldier's mother beckoned her son, and the latter walked over to the bench. "Isn't it about time for the train to arrive, Roy?" she asked anxiously.

"It ought to be here in five minutes, Mama," said her son. He helped his mother to her feet.

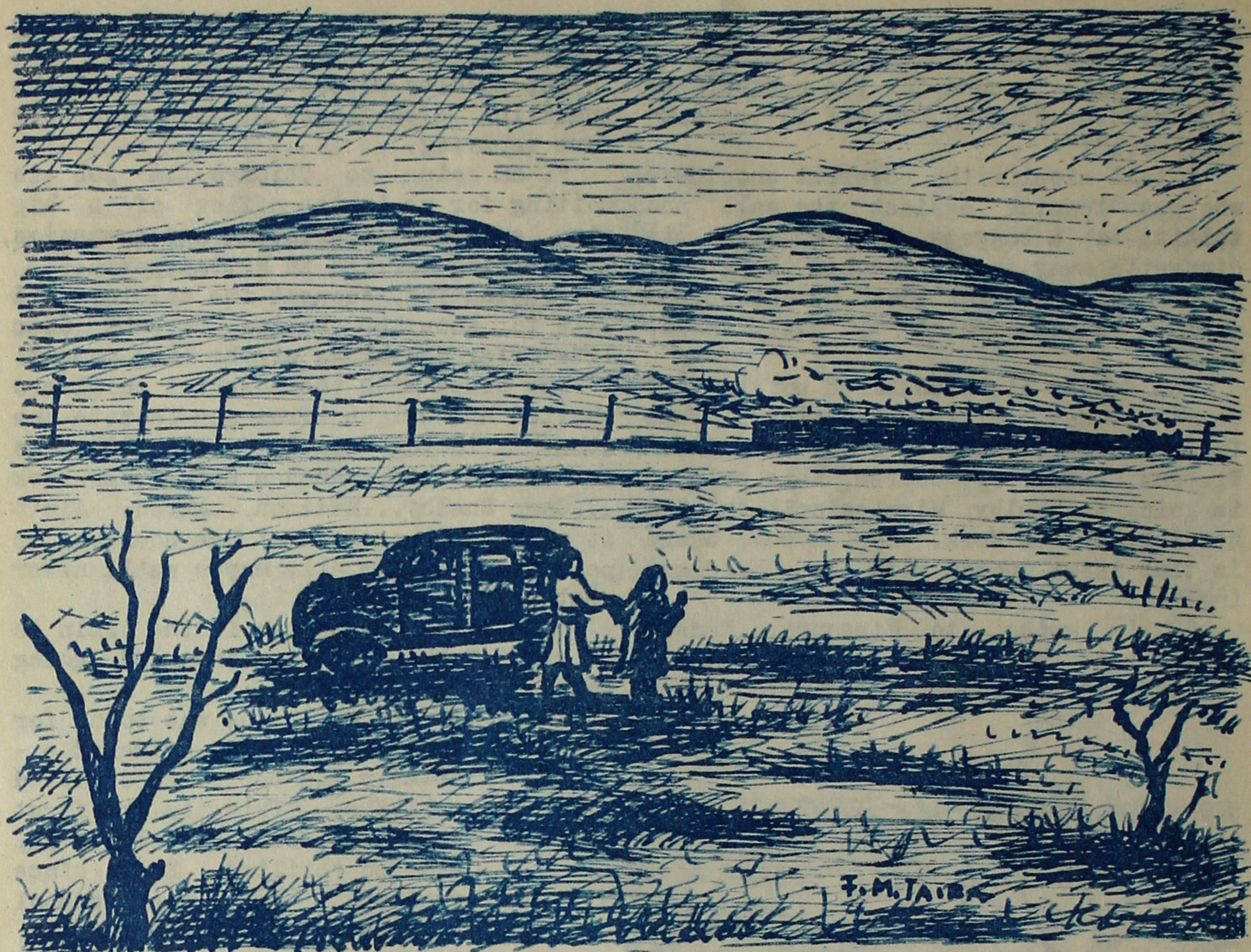


TOPAZ

Toyo Suyemoto

The parched earth waits for April miracles
Though spring was done a long ago
(As if the summer sun could be
Incentive for the grass to grow!)

The dust is lost upon the careless wind,
Seeds choked in unwatered sand---
How can roots defy the drought
Denied the shelter of the land?



"Let us wait outside," the mother said.

The Chicago-bound girl smiled at him, and he hesitated in his steps. For a second his mind raced with frenzied thoughts: Hello, lovely. Let's get acquainted; let's travel through life together for awhile. Okay?

Then suddenly, resolutely, the soldier lifted his head high and turned on his heels, heading for the door. The young student ran in excitedly, "The train...it's coming, folks."

Outside, the group watched the distant speck on the horizon growing ever larger. Soon the virgin Utah sky of the moment was darkened with black smoke. The Challenger had reached Delta on time.

The little group rushed forward, their companionship of a moment ago forgotten, and they sought seats in several cars. Only the soldier and his mother stalled for time. "Don't worry about me, Mama. I'll be all right so take good

care of yourself," he said,

The mother waved her hand as the train slowly began to move.

Once on the train the clan dispersed. Soldiers, bright and friendly, were everywhere. And the Japanese faces were now lost in the crowd as they should be.

As the soldier's mother slowly trudged along the dirt road toward Delta, a car stopped alongside her. A Caucasian and his wife were signaling her to get into the car. From the rear of the sedan a girl opened the door for her. For a moment, she hesitated and then said, "Thank you."

"Come in. We'll give you a ride to town," the girl said, smiling.

The aged woman climbed aboard with the help of the girl. All the way to town, which was only a few blocks away from the station, the group did not chat for they had no common language, but understood the trials and errors of a traveler's way.

