

On the day that my mother & I first heard that ~~we~~ we were at war, <sup>with Japan</sup> we were working in the field bunching little red radishes for the market. Our neighbor, who ran a dairy nearby, came to tell us that we were at "war with Japan." The news was hard to believe until it finally sank in. My father consoled himself by talking with our landlord who was <sup>very</sup> sympathetic & understanding. He was of a German descent, so he understood ~~the~~ what my father was going thru emotionally.

After the Executive Order 9066 was signed by the then President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, <sup>on 2/19/42,</sup> we were ordered to report to the relocation center on the ground of Santa Anita racetrack. We were allowed to take only the minimum of baggage - that's bedding & clothing, etc. only.

It was necessary to dispose of all the household belongings, cars etc within a few days. We were quite fortunate as our landlord allowed us to put all the things in our garage. Altho' by end of

3 years; everything was un-useable anyway after the rats invaded & damaged ~~the~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~whole~~ thing.

Until leaving for Santa Anita Relocation Center, we had a period of uneasiness from one of our neighbors who had several children. At night, they would throw rocks at our house. We also were under surveillance by police sitting & watching us at night. We made sure we had our blinds drawn - precaution the "enemy" might see our "light" & endanger us on land.

By order, we had lived in Santa Anita Relocation Ctr from March 1942 until October, 1942. Our family's living quarters were horse stalls. The floor was covered with asphalt to cover the manure. Leave it to my mother, she "dusted" the walls never realizing the dust was mixture of manure dust & horse's urine. Have never had to endure odor as strong & awful as that time!

The trip from Santa Anita Relocation Ctr to Rohwer, Ark. was a miserable 4-day

trip on an antiquated train. We had to have the blinds down all the time we traveled.

Life in Fort Anita Rel. Ctr. was such a drastic change from the daily life we had led all our lives that it was very difficult to get used to. Mess halls, showers, & bath rooms were all great distance from our living quarters. The little sidings were with mother all the time, but the teenage brothers were much on their own. My friends & I had a job helping in the mess hall.

~~Life~~ <sup>Living</sup> in Rohover, Arkansas, we had more of a family life. Each of us had jobs to do getting \$16<sup>00</sup> a month.

Doctors were getting \$21<sup>00</sup> a month.

I had helped in Recreation Dept which paid \$16<sup>00</sup>.

I believe we were all resigned to the fact that we'll be there for the duration of <sup>the</sup> war. Life had gone on for 3 years. On my part, I felt no bitterness. Of course, I was still young, 21 yrs old, had my parents, brothers & sisters. In the meantime, I had gotten married, so felt secure

emotionally, that helped.

Another time of "turmoil" was when the war had ended & everyone was able to leave the internment camp.

I know my father felt a anxiety since with a family & no where to go to is a terrible feeling.

Finally, number of families who were in the same predicament had gone to live in the former Japanese Language school that we had attended when we were kids. Living there gave them a choice to settle down, be with the people they knew, & then to move on to a more permanent place of their own. They're all a hard working people, so they all come out O.K. We who were interned each received \$20,000 redress money, but, I believe, the most deserving were our parents.