

October 1974

INSIDE MANZANAR DURING WORLD WAR 2

I was made an offer I couldn't refuse when Henry Raub suggested I write a series of articles on the inside story of Manzanar for the new MUSEUM NEWS BULLETIN. I shall offer my views as a former "inmate" because it offers me the opportunity to inform the readers the Who, Where, When and Why of Eastern California Museum's Manzanar camp display. I hope to be able to answer some of the questions in the minds of those who may be concerned.

It also gives me the opportunity to relive and relate some of the memories which I'm certain will arouse and disturb some of the sleeping ghosts of a nightmarish past. Many happy memories are also etched in my mind. My recent acquaintances refuse to believe that such an order (mass evacuation) had been passed to initiate the need for a camp such as Manzanar and many others like it. Two camps in Poston, Arizona; two camps in Gila, Arizona; a camp in Idaho; two camps in Arkansas; another in Colorado and Wyoming were some of the major areas of concentration of displaced citizens and aliens alike.

Firmly believing that the "Manzanar Incident" was most vital to the history of Inyo County and also to the eyes and ears of a nation indivisible, Director Henry Raub has been working tirelessly to beg, borrow and "wheel and deal" to gather and acquire "bits and pieces" from former camp inmates and local residents. From the old campsite where only the whispers and echoes of days long past, where sobs and laughter of our yesteryears whistle eerily through the grotesquely disheveled branches of the pear trees, Henry has spent many hours hunting for "treasures" with which he hopes to enhance his camp display.

The first of the camps, Manzanar, which literally sprung up overnight in the middle of a desert wasteland in the spring of '42 surely couldn't have been on the drawing board too long. The haste in which the "wheels of evacuation" was set into motion makes one wonder if the army hadn't already been prepared with a printed manual on mass evacuation of "enemy aliens."

My nephew was one of the original Japanese volunteers recruited soon after war was declared with Japan. They had been promised good pay, (we'll go into that later) good positions and many other priorities which never materialized. Under the supervision of government employed Caucasian contractors, the so-called future living quarters for the American citizens who's only apparent crime was their Japanese ancestry, started to take shape.

A barbed wire fence was immediately strung the width and breadth of the area marked off like the fence erected to keep the cattle from wandering beyond the "no, no" zone. Guard towers taller than the tallest tree in the area were the next to come up with machine guns and searchlights, with the power of a "zillion headlights." It was jokingly said that the street lights of Lone Pine were turned off at night because the searchlight beams of Manzanar kept the town well lit.

A hardy group was the special rattlesnake crew. Members preceded the sagebrush crew clearing the area of snakes so they could prepare the desert land for the barracks to be built. Water pipes were laid, the sewer system was developed, electric and telephone lines were strung and the area within the barbed wires soon took on the appearance of a large army camp. Really a very monotonous sight with identical tar papered barracks to a block and a very large "messy-hall" for each. Thirty-six blocks of living quarters were available after completion. Imagine, our waiting in line for occupancy--"cheap rent."

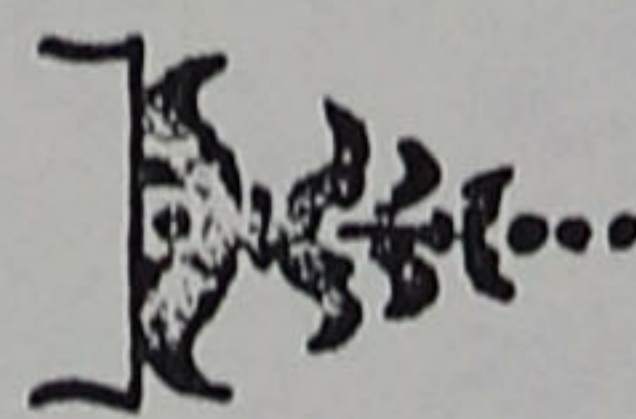
On U. S. Highway 395 trucks became a common sight to local residents as building materials and supplies were rushed in to "slap together" the future home for the displaced people from the west coast. Ten thousand to be near exact and it has gone on record as the town or community with the largest population in Inyo County. Most of the towns on "395" are only about a "blink" long, but many travelers during the existence of Manzanar will attest, the length of time it took to travel from one end of the camp to the other took more than 10 blinks of the eye. I know because I walked it many times. (On the inside, of course.)

I recall spending the early days in camp trying to understand the circumstances which led to our "incarceration behind barbed wires." What had we done to deserve it? The freedom enjoyed and taken so much for granted had suddenly been stripped from us with some signatures on the bottom line of a lot of legal words in small type. Was the teaching of democracy from grade school so shallow and meant only for others? Were my neighbors really so sad to see us leave, or only waiting to pick up what we were forced to leave behind? Our stored belongings disappeared. Who were my real friends? With the highway (so near) paralleling the camp, we would sit by the fence looking out at the unchanging landscape, pondering over the many unanswered questions running through our minds. The cliché "so near and yet so far" must have been born inside Manzanar. The cars and buses, close enough to touch would teasingly slow down, curious to the activity in our camp.

There was a little town to the south of us called Lone Pine and I used to relate to it with the "lonely-pining" feeling that I felt. Later, I used to go out to a high vantage point outside of camp (escapades--later issue) to watch the night lights of a town just north of Manzanar. How I used to long for a hamburger and a cool tall malt (and yet so far) which I know youths of my age were enjoying. The name of the town? Oh yes, it was INDEPENDENCE!

Next issue--FIRST DAYS OF MANZANAR.

Shiro Nomura



INSIDE WW 2 MANZANAR, PART 2

Before our trip into Manzanar to experience our first days in camp, let's reflect on some of the highlights and events that happened prior to evacuation from our homes.

We were unaware at the time, but December 7, 1941, was to be the beginning of a series of "happenings," unbelievable, nightmarish and bordering on fiction. Even Hollywood script writers couldn't have dreamed up better plots, although their stories invariably end with "and they lived happily ever after."

During the days immediately following the Declaration of War, many casual and shallow friendships withered on the vine and true friendships were tearfully pledged. The usual places of recreation and popular hangouts of the younger sets became strained and uncomfortable. It was difficult to determine a true hand of friendship from the more patronizing ones. It was to be start of many trying days.

Lt. Gen. Dewitt, Commander of the Western Defense Command, empowered with Presidential "Executive Order 9066" declared on March 2, 1942, the states of California, Oregon and Washington as critical military areas and "out of bounds" for any person of Japanese ancestry. An 8:30 p.m. curfew was imposed which limited our movements within a 5-mile radius of home under threat of imprisonment. Almost immediately after the order had been made the FBI dragnet spread out over the three states and started rounding up the menfolk, associated in any way with Japanese businesses and various organizations. Fishermen, teachers, clergymen and all others of influence were considered immediate threats to the safety of this country and were placed in special camps. Most of them never saw their wives and children for the duration of the war. The speed and the thoroughness in which the undercover work of this country was employed simply amazed me. Lists of names must have been compiled prior to December 7 in preparation and/or in anticipation of events that followed. Many days of fear and uneasiness were to follow. The fear was of the unknown. Not of guilt.

As numerous reports and wild rumors spread across the west coast unscrupulous businessmen and opportunists started a panic campaign in the densely populated Japanese communities. Armed with flyers and mimeographed official-looking letters they swarmed like locusts through the areas causing much concern especially to the families whose menfolk had been picked up by the FBI. Bargaining, cheating, stealing and even threatening the helpless people into giving up their belongings for a mere pittance of its actual value was certainly the height of mankind in its lowest form. The community which was most unfairly treated and the families hardest hit, or should I use the term "plundered," were the unfortunate resident fishermen whose lives were invested in their industry in Terminal Island, California. This is a story that must be told. (later issue)

We were living on a farm in Southern California when we received our eviction notice and I recall that it was a tremendous blow to my parents. As a matter of fact, to all of us. Selling, more like giving away or leaving their treasured belongings of almost forty years of living in America must have been a bitter pill for them to swallow. My parents had come to San Francisco from Hawaii in 1905. We were not faced with days of decisions as one would imagine, but days of waiting for notices, accepting them and following orders.

We stored as much of our belongings as possible in our garage (all lost) and loaded personal articles into our truck and car for the first phase of our moving. I can still remember my mother insisting on cleaning the house before we left. For most of us, there were two trying periods of packing and moving before we settled in a permanent camp for the duration of the war.

In hopes that our families would be able to remain together we spent a couple of hectic weeks in a house in Los Angeles (22 persons) living midst baggage and personal belongings and sleeping on floors in sleeping bags. I can still see the "wall to wall" bodies. The pressure of uncertainty hung heavy over the heads of the adults, especially those with children, but to the children each day was like a picnic. In the evenings the heads of the families would sit at the dinner table to discuss the new orders of the day and attempt to chart a course for an uncertain future. This same scene was being repeated in most homes throughout the Southland.

Finally the dreaded second eviction notice was distributed to the families in our district. Our orders were to pack beddings and linens (no mattress), toilet articles, extra clothing, essential personal effects and sufficient dinnerware for each member of the family. Imagine, not a mention of chopsticks and soy sauce among other every day

necessities. I would say that the Commanding General and his staff lacked sufficient information on the care and comforts of the "enemy" Japanese. But this was War.

So on to Santa Anita Race Tracks, the Home of the Thoroughbreds whose stalls had been hastily remodeled to house the thousands of temporarily displaced victims of circumstance. Santa Anita Assembly Center was prepared and awaiting our arrival. The "Executive Suites" were swept and cleared of manure and supposedly fumigated. They could never rid the air of the fragrance of "second hand" new mown hay. We had been assigned numbers as heads of household and from that day forward thru the entirety of imprisonment, our family was registered as Shiro Nomura #3404. Finally we were prepared for our first day in camp. Baggages were all packed and each member of our family and our bags were properly tagged with #3404. Goodbyes were said again to those remaining for the later shipping out date. On the eve of our departure the Civil Central Station notified our district that it was unfortunate but our orders had been changed and our destination now was to be Manzanar. A new set of instruction meant unpacking and again prepare to leave in 48 hours. Further apprehension and fear was aroused for we had heard that Manzanar was in the middle of a God-forsaken desert land. We had seen pictures of the Sahara Desert so we had an idea what it would be like. Our new orders were to take leather hiking boots, heavy clothing, sleeping bags and canned and dried foods. The boots were not only "made for walking" but for protection against rattlesnakes. The womenfolk were all appalled. The heavy clothing was for the severe winters ahead and the canned and dried foods were for "emergency food." A compulsory campout.

A run on leather boots, heavy clothing and trunks and sleeping bags was created by the Manzanar-bound evacuees. They fanned out through downtown Los Angeles trying to shop and meet the 48-hour deadline. We were at the mercy of the luggage dealers. As news had preceded us the prices had been changed, and I noticed at a couple of places the price had just been crossed out and a higher price scrawled over it. We had to "take it or leave it." I could never understand how the official orders were intercepted before we received it.

With all of the repacking done and excess baggage sent to the local church for "safekeeping," we loaded our Manzanar-bound luggage on the army trucks which took them to the train yard — not the Union Station. Those of us that had assembled at the church were loaded on buses and shuttled to the train yard where the ancient iron monsters were to "quietly" slip us out of Los Angeles.

The morning of our departure was very cold and the skies were heavily overcast. Talking in low tones and casting furtive glances at the towering MP's, members of families and friends huddled in small groups trying to keep up their spirits. Suddenly at an order barked by the sergeant, the MP's moved in with rifles and bayonets and herded the people like cattle into a large group and unmindful of families and children, proceeded to split them up into smaller groups. The people already frightened and uneasy were momentarily panicked by the unemotional attitude of the military men in dispensing of their duties. Tempers flared as the menfolk in trying to protect their young confronted the soldiers until the officers intervened and restored order by commanding the soldiers to regroup them into family units. A hollow victor in time of defeat, but at the time a very sweet one.

With the semblance of order restored again we were ordered to board the train. The old-fashioned trains with high steps were designed for long-legged cowboys, and it was quite a sight to see the short-legged Japanese trying to reach the top steps. We finally got aboard and settled in the dusty, musty smelling seats of a day coach which at an earlier time must have been plush mohair in a beautiful deep maroon. Now, a badly faded, balding replica of its once regal splendor. The train pulled out of the yard, and after waving a final farewell to a few faithfuls who had come to see us off we started off on the first leg of our journey into "the promised land."

From the eyes of my aging parents, it must have seemed like the whole world was crumbling around their tired shoulders. They had suffered so much trying to provide a good living for us in a strange new world that they had adopted. The world which they had chosen for their children, to be born and educated and to be accepted as citizens with the rights and advantages in a land of freedom "WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."

INSIDE WW 2 MANZANAR, PART 3

After checking the human manifest the officials gave the green light to "the great iron monster" which lurched forward and slowly started to roll. We missed the familiar courtesy cry of the conductor's "All Aboard" which made this cold scene even more lonely and depressing. As we passed the once-famous Union Station I caught a glimpse of the towering city hall which would be my last for a long time to come. To a number of young men in our group who were later killed in action while serving with the 100th Infantry this was a final farewell to a landmark.

One by one the taller buildings slowly disappeared from view as the train made its way around the bend through the industrial section of Lincoln Heights. A few casual onlookers peered over the overpass railing to catch a glimpse of our "Grand Exit" from their city. "No flowers, no speeches, no fanfare." We left the city as "quietly and orderly" as we had lived. One evening recently as I watched the closing scenes of "Fiddler on the Roof" on television I couldn't help but relive the past and feel the hopelessness of a similar situation we had experienced 32 years ago. The forced evacuation of the Russian Jews from Russia was of a much earlier era, but the problems and heartaches created by the government and its political bodies must surely remain the same.

This action was reminiscent of the controversial decision that faced the Japanese American Citizens League in their role as mediators and spokesman for some 110,000 citizens and non-citizens on the west coast. Their final decision and the endorsement of the mass evacuation of all Japanese from this vital defense zone may or may not have prevented unavoidable incidents. (Isolated cases of beatings were reported.) Some felt that our own JACL was selling us down the river.....

The train picked up speed and the sights of the city and its familiar skyline faded in the distance. Choked up and misty-eyed, I leaned back into the hard seat of the day coach and closed my eyes for a moment as the reason for me and my family being on the train became painfully evident. I couldn't accept the fact that we were leaving our friends and our homes, labeled as enemies of our country. In all of my recollections from my early youth, I had always portrayed myself as the herd-type, the good guy, the knight in shining armor, and now, I found myself rudely shoved into the unfamiliar role of the bad guy. There would have to be a lot of changes made for I wasn't prepared to accept it. Our unknown destiny behind us, leaving our childhood dreams, our hopes, our very lives. Our future now was in the hands of America.

The sun burned up the early morning mist and as the day grew warmer, the general mood among the passengers lightened as the light happy chatter of the children started to fill the car. When the box lunches consisting of sandwiches, fruits and cartons of milk were distributed by the MPs, I was asked to help. It was a great ice-breaker for me as it gave me the opportunity to move around the car and meet and chat with the other passengers. I soon realized that I was not alone in this situation as I had imagined. As I moved about the car cheering people up I strangely found relief of my own. I immediately made new friends in Kow Maruki, Joe Nakai, Lillian Igasaki (she was pretty) and a few others. I met and played baseball with Lillian's uncle later in a concentration camp in Amache, Colorado. (Story on Amache later.)

As we neared an unknown junction the MPs going from car to car instructed our guards (two guards with rifles in each car) to have us draw our shades during the switching of cars. Apparently the fear of "white Indians" surrounding and circling the train, whooping and hollering in their hopped-up '36 Fords and attacking "the yellow pioneer settlers." I stole a peek from behind the blinds only to find a few passerbys who had stopped curious to the drawn shades. I did see small groups of "real Indians" huddled along the side of the station so I assumed we were in the desert country somewhere. We were to find out later that it was the town of Barstow.

After a few hard bumps accompanied by the banging of heavy metal couplings, the engine hissed out a blinding cloud of steam and we were on our way again. The remainder of the train ride was very monotonous and uneventful with sand, bushes and mountain ranges as far as the eye could see. Being unfamiliar with the geography of Eastern California I was at a complete loss to our general location.

We had been informed earlier that the camp was located somewhere in the middle of a desolate desert and in all appearance the rumors were bearing out true. I could almost envision myself as an Indian sitting on a camp stool in front of a canvas (modern Indian) tee-pee. I would have a heavy wool scotch plaid car blanket draped over my shoulders to ward off the cold winter winds as I Teriyakied jackrabbits and chipmunks over a coleman stove.

We reached our transfer point outside of a town called Lone Pine sometime during mid-afternoon. Awaiting us were more military personnel and city officials and it was a toss-up whether to be insulted or honored. As we alighted from the train we were greeted by a light to medium wind which was only a sample of what we were to encounter before the day was over. We grabbed our hand baggage and prepared to board the many

Greyhound buses which had been activated to take us on the final leg of our journey. Having learned well from their first encounter, the guards warned us to stay together in family units. The passengers welcomed a slight delay while the luggages were transferred to trucks as it gave them a chance to stretch their legs. Carefully grouping us by seat count the guards (some of the guards had mellowed) assisted the old and the young into the buses as there was a mild scramble for the window seat by the youngsters.

After what seemed like hours the caravan of buses rolled onto the highway and headed for our destination, Manzanar. The hum of conversation and excitement mounted as the passengers sensed that the traveling ordeal was nearing its end. To the right of us was the Inyo Mountain Range everchanging its cloak of colorful hue as the sun sets each evening. To the left of us was the towering snow-capped peaks of the majestic Sierra. One of the most impressive sights and also one of the most unforgettable. Most of the camp days artists used this scene as a background for their pictures. Strangely many snapshots (cameras were taboo in camp) showed up with the Sierra as a back drop.

It seemed like we had just settled back comfortably in our seats (the only decent part of the trip) when the bus driver stated as a matter of fact to those within earshot that the camp would soon be visible. As the word spread throughout the bus excitement mounted as everyone strained forward to catch a glimpse of their future home.

Shortly, we saw what appeared to be at first a great ball of dirty fog off in the distance but as we approached the camp, it turned out to be one big massive dust storm kicked up by the famous Manzanar wind. We were soon engulfed in it and with visibility near zero the buses turned off Highway 395, moved past the guard house and into camp. We never saw the guard towers with mounted machine guns nor the barbed wire fences till the next day although we experienced the probing searchlights that first night. The strong wind picked up rice-sized sand from the construction area and pelted the sides of the buses like buckshot as it made its way past the barracks.

The buses lined up in the middle of a firebreak between blocks 14 and 15 and we were greeted by the earlier arrivals who in spite of the wind were out to see if their friends or relatives were aboard. They were bundled up in a comical array of World War I surplus GI Army uniforms which were issued by the WRA. What a motley looking lot! Like a bunch of refugees, hardly recognizable. In the following weeks we would be there dressed the same as we greeted each new arrival in our stylish "olive drapes" of baggy pants, hanging jackets, wrap around leggings, helmets, goggles and the whole works. Who was it that said "they all look alike?"

After alighting from the bus, we were directed to mess hall #15 to be registered and to be assigned apartments and army blankets. We were assigned apartments according to size of family and couples without children were forced to share apartments with only sheets or bedspreads, makeshift partitions were put up for a minimum of privacy separating total strangers. This was very embarrassing and degrading situation for most of these unfortunate people. Although we were cramped with six adults in a small room we were of one family which made living endurable. Later as the pieces of the puzzles started to fall in place better arrangement and accommodations were provided for the comforts and the necessities of the residents. Naturally, this did not come about immediately which was par for the course but as time went on, people became hardened to the situation and they themselves went about making living conditions more bearable.

As we will be exposing some of the happenings and the experiences of myself and others, undoubtedly there are and will be other versions of the camp, the life and its views as there are former camp inmates (approx. 110,000). My articles may arouse differences and discrepancies as even my own eyes, left from right, may differ in their observation.

Shiro Nomura, Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

#44

INSIDE WW 2 MANZANAR, PART 4

The first morning at Manzanar I awoke with a start to the sharp clanging of bells which seemingly came directly from outside our window in the barracks building. The clanging was instantaneously taken up by other bells off in the distance. This was a new experience, with more to come.

Drowsily trying to orient myself to the strange surroundings, I looked around at the sleeping figures that filled the room. My parents and I had lined our cots on the west wall, and sleeping against the opposite wall were my nieces Alice and Helen and nephew Tom. The distance between the foot of the cots measured about six feet which gave us ample room to move around. The luggage and duffle bags were piled in disarray in the corner near the entrance like we had left them the night before.

The wind from the previous night had left a film of fine dust over everything. The dust apparently had been blown up through the cracks and the many knotholes in the floor. It even seemed to have penetrated thru the thin layer of tarpaper covering the outer walls of our barracks. The room and its contents resembled a flour mill I had visited back on the farm.

The fuel in the oil stove (the only permanent fixture) had burned itself out sometime during the night and the room was like a cold storage. I was thankful to a young man, Nob Hino, whom I got to know well, who had given an extra blanket to each of my parents and to other aged members of my family the preceding night. It certainly came in handy. We had also hung heavy bath towels on the windows in a futile attempt to ward off the cold and the dust, but to no avail.

Shivering with cold, I sat on the edge of the metal cot and surveyed the room which was to be our permanent residence for an unknown period of time. The canvas tick stuffed with straw for a mattress was a far cry from the warm comforts and conveniences that we had enjoyed only yesterday. The cruel transition of living habits and lifestyle from a civilized society to this degrading situation was hard to understand. As I looked around the bare room I could see why the room had lost its heat. The 2" X 4" studs hurriedly and unevenly nailed together stared back at me unashamedly in their stark nudity. The widely spaced 1" X 10" with their countless knotholes and cloak of tarpaper were hardly adequate to keep the cold out.

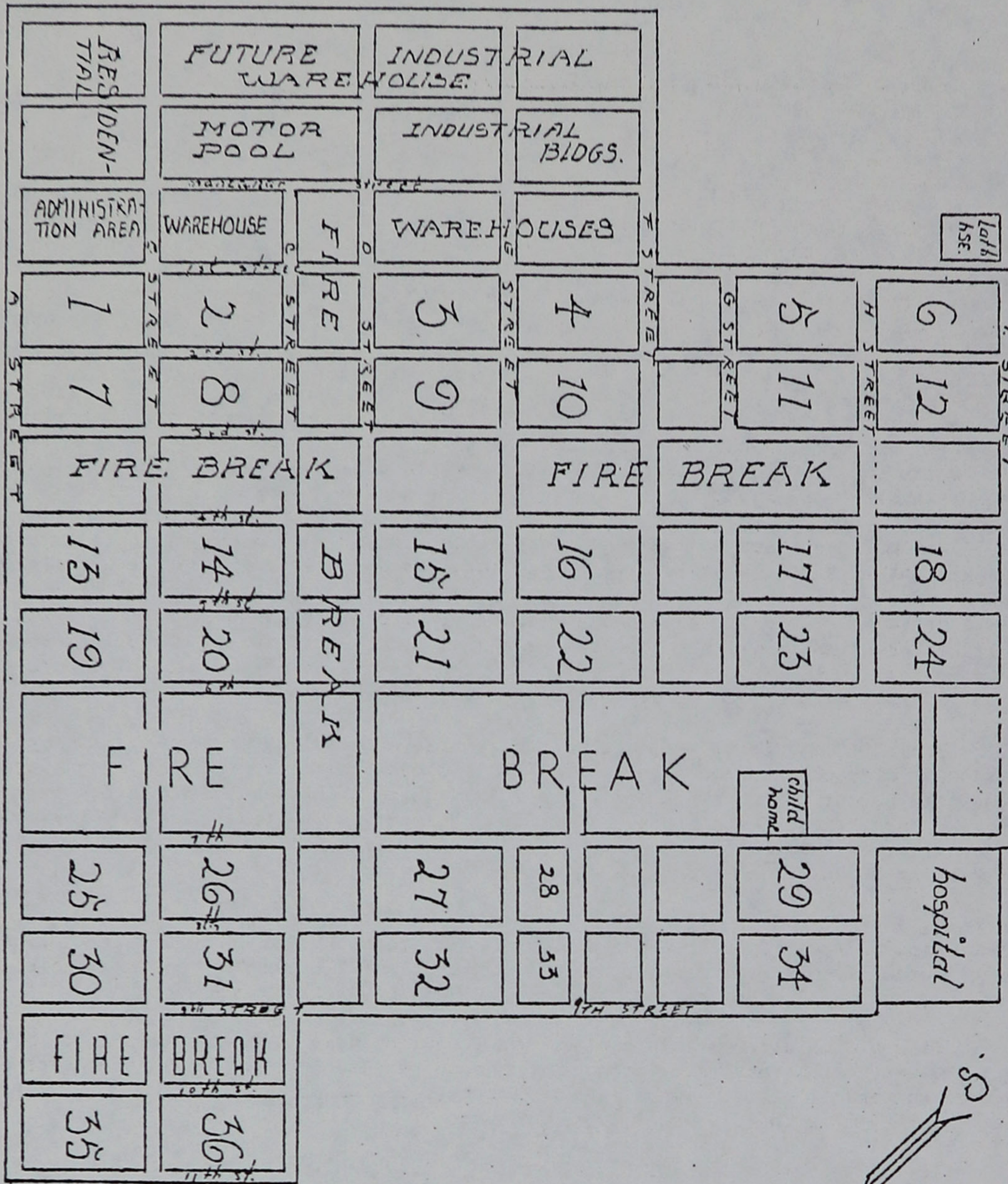
Thru the open ceiling I could see the many 2" X 4" cross beams stretching across the room. Exposed above the beams were the 1" X 6" running parallel the length of the roof and covered with heavy duty roofing paper. Our chandelier was a single 100-watt bulb screwed into a chain switch fixture, dangling forlornly and attached to some black and white wires which ran the length of the roof. Beads of tar hung from the ceiling like small tear drops between the loosely nailed boards. I remember chewing those as a kid because I couldn't afford to buy gum. The door was built of flimsy 1" X 4"s and in lieu of door knobs, every door in camp had an identical common latch (on display at Eastern California Museum).

The incessant clanging of the bells soon had the rest of the family stirring. My nieces and nephews upon arising rushed to the window, curious about the noise and eager to get their first view of Manzanar. The bell was a large brake drum hung from the corner of each mess hall and the noisy clanging was the daily call to chow. It was soon to become one of the many familiar sounds of Manzanar. Importantly, it heralded the start of each new day. The bells were also to be rung for emergencies such as an attack from the surrounding villagers, but in view of the increasing population of enemy aliens and the immediate threat that we posed, they must have retreated into the strongholds of Fort Independence.

The first morning to greet us was cold, clear and windless. After hurriedly dressing, I grabbed my towel and toiletries and headed for the latrine. I hadn't really noticed the night before, but the building was divided into two rooms of which the smaller was the shower room with six shower heads and a small dressing area. The main room consisted of eight stools (no partitions) four on each side of a 4 foot wall which housed the plumbing. Lacking in privacy, but a great place to sit and discuss the war. Along the wall near the entrance was the "community wash basin." It was a long metal trough with 4 sets of hot and cold faucets with only two drains. Needless to say, it took a while to get accustomed to this whole new set up.

Amusingly, a large sign in both English and Japanese listing some of the don'ts were posted in each latrine. The one that got me was "DO NOT EXPECTORATE ON THE FLOOR". Not knowing what it meant, I was very careful not to do anything on the floor. I think it was my sister Sadae, the college grad, who clued me in because we had another word for it. I wonder how many fellow inmates understood it.





MAP of  
MANZANAR  
RELOCATION CENTER

After this initial experience, I joined the family for our first breakfast in camp. We laughingly discussed our morning's impressions. In the following weeks we would dine together as a family unit and unlike some of the smaller families or couples, our family numbering 22 members gained the enviable reputation for closeness and being the happiest. I truly looked forward to this moment and this was one of the plusses of camp life for me.

Noticeably, as time went by, families dining together became fewer. The young took to eating separately with friends. To reprimand or discipline was difficult in the close confinement of apartments. To send a child off to bed without supper was impossible with so many mess halls available. Encountering the daily carefree atmosphere and the independency bred of irresponsibility the rift of the traditional close-knit families started to surface. The crumbling of family ties. Is this where it all started? Did this in any way influence some of the negative effects of the after-years? This was one of the many minuses.

On the flip side of the record, maturity born of independency has become evident since the 60s among the Nisies and Sanseis (second and third generation Japanese-Americans) who have taken a major step forward in asserting themselves prominently in many business and political fields. The question remains: How much more would they have accomplished in the "four lost years?"

Hearing of our arrival, my nephew Carl, one of the early volunteer residents, dropped by to greet us and to give us a few tips. He managed to get us brooms, mops and hose sorely needed for cleaning. Scrap lumber was available in the blocks still under construction, but Carl warned us of the Patrol. He brought us some lids of cans to cover the knotholes in the floor and told us that Camp Director Ralph P. Merritt had requisitioned for Linoleum floor covering, but not to expect it too soon. Often written and talked about, lids of cans that used to cover the knotholes can be seen at the museum in Independence, California. These are still found in abundance at the former campsite.

Camp Manzanar facing and running parallel to U.S. Hiway 395, from the southern corner watchtower along the highway to the extreme north tower measured approximately one mile. From the front tower to the rear tower was also about the same distance. With watch towers at each corner and those in between, there was a total of eight towers in all.

The main entrance to camp was about a hundred yards from the south tower and to gain entry, a person would have to get screened and cleared by both the military and the internal security police. As you entered the gate, the office of Project Director Ralph P. Merritt and the main administration offices were located to the left. Block 1 which was also used for administrative purposes was directly opposite the offices. This was our civic center where decisions were reached, rules were made and laws were passed. This was the hub of our city government.

Behind the administration buildings was "Beverly Hills" where the director and his staff of caucasian employees resided. Spacious apartments laid out in a neat row standing out in its stark white beauty was quite a contrast to our black tarpapered quarters across the way. Some of the cement walls stand today. Within its strong protective arms rubbish and brush huddle high in the corners seemingly seeking protection against the strong desert wind.

As you drive past the guard houses and past the fence, turn left by the circular cement foundation. This is where the flag pole stood and Old Glory and the Golden Bear fluttered in the desert breeze for the duration. To the left of the circle was the director's home, and remains of beautiful masonry work can be seen today.

It would be difficult to explain the layout of camp with its maize of 36 blocks and the many firebreaks interlacing the camp so Mr. Raub has consented to insert a map of Manzanar in this issue. I hope that this will simplify and clarify my moves as I journey thru the different areas of camp.

To the travelers of U.S. 395 it may only serve as an object of curiosity to those who catch a glimpse of the two stone buildings guarding the entrance to what was once Camp Manzanar. Although they are but shells of their former authority, even after these many years, the sight of it sends a chill down my spine, as they must do to others. These two rock houses, well-preserved over the 32 years, still stand as a mocking reminder to an injustice of so many years ago. These sturdy structures which can be seen while traveling on 395 serve only as a visible reminder to those who know.

Shiro Nomura, Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

#### NOMURA'S MANZANAR SAGA EVOKES WARM PLAUDITS

Newsy Ridgecrest Daily Independent published Shi Nomura's Manzanar article for November Inyo Museums News Bulletin along with choice photos taken by their photographer Wilson. The almost full-page feature appeared December 6, 1974. Countless enthusiastic and favorable comments came to the attention of the Inyo Museums Bulletin staff by letter and word of mouth regarding Nomura's candid reporting of the Manzanar scene during WW II. A large number of subscriptions to the Bulletin are by persons interested in the Manzanar incident. The first four chapters of Nomura's chronicle point to considerable merit in use of his story as basis for a television or movie documentary. In fact, the Museums Department plan is to issue his complete serial as a book when it concludes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many thanks to all those who sent Christmas and Season cards to Eastern California Museum.

SHIRO MAKES SOME PLEASANT AND SOME UNHAPPY ADJUSTMENTS

Inside World War 2 Manzanar, Part 5

By Shiro Nomura, Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

Following the initial shock of evacuation and with the heavy cloak of uncertainty slowly lifting, a surprising transformation of moods and attitudes became noticeable. The passing of each day lessened the caged feeling and was soon replaced by a strange sense of freedom, in spite of knowing we were fenced in. A feeling of complete freedom from responsibility that was a major relief for many who were spared from scratching out a living in a very competitive society.

I remember a great number of college graduates faced with limited job opportunities working in my sister's produce market in Van Nuys prior to WW II. Highly qualified specialists in their fields, engineers, teachers, et cetera, armed with adequate credentials found it difficult to compete in the strict, white dominated fields. They had very little choice but to seek employment in lesser capacities. Sadly, this breed had been born a score of years too early. A popular quote from the late thirties, "A Nisei (second generation Japanese) had to be a college grad to get a job in a produce market."

Throughout the various camps "these men and women" with their knowledge, training and adaptability, proved themselves invaluable in effecting the solidarity in education and, importantly, in the forming of self-government in the early formative months. Looking back, I wish I had something to contribute.

The general feeling of the younger people who had taken the "What the Hell" attitude lessened to some degree during the ensuing days. Born of hopelessness, or perhaps it was because of my many new found friends, I also found myself looking less and less to "The Fence" and "The Beyond." The barbed wire fence, a common sight to the cattle ranchers in that area and the many travelers of US 395 of that era, became less a bond - but a way of life. You can corral my body - control my movements - but not my spirit. This was very evident in the sights and sounds of an average day in Manzanar.

The forced separation of families and loved ones who were sent to the many camps in the various states created hardships and heartaches. The choice was not ours - there were no alternatives. I would be experiencing many lonely days in the weeks to come. The unexpected turn of events which brought our family to Manzanar, destroyed my plans to meet "a special someone" who had entered the Santa Anita Assembly Center ahead of me. With no means of communication, the rerouting of our district was not posted till a later date. I heard later, she had waited many days at the gate for the bus that never came.

Meanwhile in Manzanar, as the new blocks would be completed and opened for occupancy, busloads from the Santa Anita Assembly Center would arrive and I would be there to meet each arrival faithfully. I would stand on the outskirts of the huge crowd inconspicuously and scan the new faces for that one familiar one. Time and again, my hopes would be dashed to the ground and blown away with the fickle desert sand.

With the many blocks yet to be completed, there was still hope, and as each block was opened for occupancy, my unwavering hope would be rekindled anew. I looked upon the movement of the various districts at Santa Anita A. C. as something akin to a giant chess game. The many states with their camps was "the board," the numerous districts in the Assembly Center were "the pieces" and the W. R. A. brass would make "the moves." We were completely at their mercy.

On one of these arrival days, a resident who had been gathering scrap lumber in an area which was still under construction, was shot by an Army guard. Returning with an armload of "scrap pieces," he evidently did not understand nor hear the order to halt and was shot as he advanced towards the guard. The victim and the guard were removed immediately to avoid a confrontation with the group waiting for the buses. The bullet wound proved to be superficial and the immediate action by the internal security department (manned by camp personnel) prevented a major issue. It's amazing and uncanny how much and how fast the officials can cloak an unsavory incident. I'd also like to mention how fast I lost interest in carpentry.

Many long and lonesome nights were spent around our only source of warmth, the oil stove. A group of young people would gather at our apartment every night and we would sit around the stove and exchange stories of our lives as experienced on the outside. While our white, brown, black or green counterparts in the outside world were having their "juke-box sessions" with burgers and malts, we enjoyed the luxury of bread and jam "borrowed" from the mess hall. We would toast the bread on the stove and with water boiled in a tin gallon can we would make hot chocolate with cocoa powder that we had begged off the chef. Although we lacked in facilities and materials, it took nothing away from our nightly meetings. We had the necessary ingredients. "FRIENDSHIP."

The block 8 food canteen was a good source for snack goods but importantly, it took money to purchase them. With none of our group working, we would pool our finances for rare treats at our nightly gatherings. I never realized there were so many off-brand products on the market. Favorites like Coca Cola, Pepsi, Wrigley's, Dentyne Babe Ruth, Love Nest, Lucky Strike, Camels, a cold can of Acme or Eastside Beer would have been a real treasure to own. Our soft drink was a LaVida brand. Chelsea was the cigarette and some of the candies and gum are off the market today. One gum in particular was a good candy. If the chewer wasn't careful, he would have half of it swallowed before he could wad it up enough to be chewable.

As I became friendly with the chef of our block, sophisticated extras like butter and sugar with an occasional treat of weiners and eggs graced our evening snacks. A used tea kettle replaced the old gallon can (which started to show signs of rust) and with tea and coffee, my family and the boys would have a private party every night. We soon had to move to the block 21-15 recreation room as our apartment could no longer accommodate the group as it grew larger with each meeting. With a borrowed record player and a treasured collection of the pre-war "78" hit records, we would sit around for hours listening to Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Les Brown, Benny Goodman and the Dorsey Brothers.

The immediate popularity of these music sessions prompted a bigger production when Henry Ushijima asked the consent of the WRA authorities to have his stored equipment and records shipped into camp. Soon, emanating from the block 22-15 recreation hall was the most beautiful music ever heard in the Owens Valley. (I can picture the valley residents with hands clapped over their ears.) With Henry's superb collection of priceless classical and popular records and with his powerful loudspeakers strategically placed, he virtually transformed the fire break between blocks 22-23 into a huge outdoor theater. This was our "Concert Under The Stars."

The music attracted the old as well as the young and with no other programs planned for the residents in the early days in Manzanar, the concert was an instant hit. It was especially welcomed by young couples lacking in privacy in the close confinement of small apartments, and the prying eyes of their nosey neighbors. It was a common sight to see couples huddled together in the sand with an old Army blanket draped over their shoulders enjoying the music and the privacy. Immediately to the west of the building stood a huge cottonwood tree which still stands today towering over the neighboring pear orchard and majestically marking the spot of one of our Happenings. I spent many lonely nights listening to the music while leaning on that very tree. Did my tears or those of countless others have any effect on the growth of that tree?

As the many weeks passed and the remaining blocks rapidly filled up, my vigil seemed utterly hopeless. Kow Maruki proved to be a true friend during my ordeal and his constant companionship and his optimistic outlook saw me through those trying days. When the final blocks 35 & 36 were readied for occupancy, I knew that the end was in sight.

Rumors! Rumors! Rumors! The camps were a nest of rumors. Understandably, the people in the various camps were influenced and sometimes motivated by rumors. We ate by the rumors. We were clothed by the rumors and we even slept on the rumors. Almost every day we would get rumors of a mess hall in another block having meat or something "special." We'd rush over. "SOS" (same old slop)...We would hear of new clothing being issued... "GI hand-me-downs." I was sick and tired of the smell of hay in our mattresses. It reminded me too much of our hay barn (tough on Hay Fever). We were elated at the news of real mattresses on the way. "Yeah, via wagon train from the east coast." These were but a few of the rumors that circulated the camps. The guilty source? "WISHFUL THINKING." This was the way of life in camp.

Reportedly, or it was rumored that the last contingent from Santa Anita was from the district I had been waiting for. I rushed down with Kow in time to see the blue and white Greyhound buses with the many inquisitive faces looking out the window, pull into place in the fire break between blocks 30-35.....As I watched the last of the buses being emptied I slowly realized that the curtain was drawing close on the many torturing weeks of waiting. The tearful faces of those who had hopefully waited are etched on my mind and the shrieks and happy shouts of families and loved ones being reunited still ring in my ears. Unfortunately, there had been many like myself who were denied this "magic occasion."

Casting a final glance at this scene of mixed emotions, I dejectedly shoved another one of those "DAMNED RUMORS" in my hip pocket and with Kow's understanding hand on my shoulder we trudged our way back to our block 21 through the "DAMNED SAND."

Later, received a letter from block K8, Camp Amache, Colorado. In short, "It's desolate.....I miss you....." Love, Amy.....

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF,  
DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF.

Inside World War 2 Manzanar, Part 6  
By Shiro Nomura, Museums Department: Historian for Manzanar

From all walks of life...American citizens sentenced without trial. Crime? Parental ancestry...Term of sentence? Unknown...Future? Uncertain...Their reason? Multiple...Forced from their homes, issued numbers and sent off to concentration camps throughout the United States. One of such camps, and the first one, was  
MANZANAR RELOCATION CENTER  
OWENS VALLEY, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.  
SPRING OF 1942.

As the weeks went by, we became acclimated to the bitter cold of the mornings and nights, but enjoyed the comfortable warmth of the day. We even experienced some hot windless days which was indicative of the hot summer months ahead. We were forced to seek relief in the shade of the large cottonwood trees which are found in abundance near the rear of camp.

The wind is a constant thing which we learned to put up with. An early morning zephyr works itself into a full-blown gale by late afternoon. In fact one afternoon a small cyclone which was first sighted near block 6 in the southwest corner of camp zig-zagged diagonally towards our block, but ripped the roof off the men's latrine in block 15 across the street from us. A couple of men were temporarily inconvenienced until the emergency crew cleared the area of live wires. A couple of the barracks were lightly damaged by the flying roof but fortunately there were no casualties.

With the constant watering of the areas surrounding the barracks the dust which had been a major problem with each wind storm was held down to a minimum. Most apartments by now had most of the knot holes covered with lids from tin cans and the cracks in the floors and walls stuffed with rags or newspaper. We heard rumors of a camp requisition for plaster boards to line the interior of our apartment. What a relief that would be from the cold and the heat. Still another rumor. We heard that the linoleum crew was laying linoleum in the low numbered blocks and we checked this out to be true. However, they were moving at a snail's pace and seemed to be in no particular hurry. Maybe I knew someone in the crew. I would go take a look.

The linoleum crew was controlled by a group of boys from Terminal Island whose families had suffered the most harsh and unfair demands of a government upon the Japanese people. They had been faced with a 48-hour eviction deadline, and were the first of any group of Japanese ancestry to be uprooted and forced from their homes. Terminal Island had immediately come under rigid patrol and strict surveillance soon after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. It seems that Terminal Island and its people had been spied upon by the U. S. Government even months before the actual bombing. The Terminal Island Japanese have been long noted for their compact fishing industry and according to a Mr. Shigekawa, a former Terminal Islander, their boats were confiscated and docked and have yet to receive a penny in restitution for their losses.

Terminal Islanders were obviously mad at the world. What can you accomplish in 48 hours?

I heard of their dilemma on the second and final day. I took our stake truck and was able to move out two families before the deadline of midnight. The island was a scene of utter confusion and pandemonium. Cars, trucks of all sizes and shapes, trailers and even horse-drawn wagons. It's a wonder the island didn't sink from all the weight. Men yelling, women and children crying and above the din and confusion the "city vultures" in their huge furniture vans, bartering and bargaining for the expensive appliances and furniture purposely being broken up before their eyes by the people rather than take a paltry buck or two.

I helped clean out Kiyoshi's Music Store of his personal belongings and as a couple of men watched, Kiyoshi and I smashed all of his records except for one box full which he told me to keep. An offer of ten dollars for each of his glass cases fell on deaf ears as we continued to demolish everything of value. Next door at Yoshioka's Cafe, we could make out sounds through the wall indicating that "renovation" was also in progress there. As a final gesture Kiyoshi picked up a block of wood and hurled it through the plate glass window. Who was that block of wood meant for? Roosevelt? Dewitt? America? Fate? I'll never know. That block of wood lay among the fragments of his life's investment.

March, 1975

It turned out that I knew a few of the boys on the linoleum crew and it hastened the schedule for our block and also gave us a choice of color (Black or Brick Red). They cut out a pattern for our double-door entrance and it gave the apartment a very homey look. It did pay to know someone on the inside. Talked to Shig Nakaji (Terminal Islander) about the attitude of the boys from Terminal Island and I found that they carried a chip on their shoulder the size of a log for the treatment that they had received. Reports were that they had been making life miserable for some of the camp residents. They were taking their feelings of anger and bitterness out on their own people. They would have to be made to realize that we were not here by choice but by the same order that governed their move.

Now, this is important. Seldom mentioned in any of the articles that I have read was that prior to the deadline posted for evacuating the Western Defense Zone, we had been given the opportunity of pulling stakes and relocating into the interior states outside of the W.D.Z. The choice was to be a pioneer and to blaze a trail or to be part of the herd to go where we were led. What'll it be, "a rap on the knuckles or a swat on the butt." Again, the fear of the unknown.

A friend, Ken Yamagawa and his family accepted the challenge and took a giant step. From a hotel in Los Angeles to farming in Littleton, Colorado. Acceptance in Colorado was tolerable. Exiting through some of the small towns in California, intolerable. "A great experience," he says.

We look back at a particular experience in camp and refer to it as the "Diarrhea Epidemic of '42." A few months had passed and we had reluctantly settled down to a day-by-day existence. What had started out in the afternoon as a minor stomach disorder among a few developed into a major problem of catastrophic proportions. Some called it a malady while others placed the blame on tainted food. Some were accusing their block chef not realizing that the discomforts had almost engulfed the entire camp. By nightfall, and all through the night, there was a constant stream of people wearing a path to the comfort stations. I had mentioned in an earlier issue that the men's latrine had eight stools but the ladies were luckier as they had ten. Hardly enough in such an emergency. Some of the severe cases affecting the young and the aged were hospitalized.

What a nightmare. What a mess! Fear was raised when someone mentioned without real cause that the drinking water in the reservoir was poisoned. Rumor mongers jumped on this latest bit of gossip and soon the word had spread throughout the camp: "Don't drink the water." Panic necessitated the doubling of the reservoir guards, but it was like sounding the alarm after the fire had burned itself out. Chemically analyzing the water, it was proven that the latest rumor was unfounded and that the water was perfectly safe to drink but the residents remained leery for some time. Yes, I believe that many of the former camp residents remember that painful experience.

The reservoir is located about two miles west of U.S. 395 directly behind the former campsite and is not visible to the travelers of the highway. In recent years the reservoir has been turned into a popular desert spa and frequented by the "Ladies of the Valley." The sign now reads, "Dirty Water - Don't Drink."

MANZANAR EXPANDS WITH NEW ARRIVALS

Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 7, By Shiro Nomura,  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

#7

A badly crumpled package and three delayed letters from Amy in one day's mail. Adding to the loneliness of being kept apart, a day or two passing by without mail was torturous. A very disturbing thing about the U.S. Mail was their inconsistent deliveries. A fat pony express rider on a three-legged pony would have kept a better schedule than the mail trucks of those days. I wonder if the system has changed much today.

I finished opening the package that the post office has started. A snip of the scissors and the sadly man-handled package split open to expose a green, heavy woolen sleeveless sweater. A slip-on style with a chain-stitch pattern and big or small, I was determined to wear it. A note that accompanied the sweater read, "Finally finished your sweater...I hope it fits...to keep you warm till we're together... " Love, Amy. I was floating on a cloud high above the Sierras for many days to come.

Following shortly on the heels of the evacuee volunteers to Manzanar, the first evacuee family units to be admitted to the camp had been a small group out of Bainbridge Island in Washington from the Pacific Northwest. The cold winds of the early spring which blew through the Owens Valley was hardly a challenge to those hardy strawberry growers who were conditioned to the adverse weather in Washington. Although they did find the sand and gravel kicked up by the strong desert wind a new experience and a little "hard to swallow."

Compounding the discomforts which the first family groups encountered, were the inconvenience of crowded living quarters in partially finished barracks. The unfinished sewer systems created additional woes to a bad situation especially for the women. Many additional portable comfort shacks like those used on construction sites were moved in and the area was soon reminiscent of the many "Hoover Cities" which sprang up during the Depression years. Due to some bad decisions made by the "playmakers" in the White House, this unfortunate group from Bainbridge had been moved in too soon.

With the grounds dug up and construction going on in Block 3 through Block 12, the slightest wind would kick up a choking cloud of dust. Construction of the barracks was understandably delayed and running behind schedule as all work would be disrupted during the daily afternoon windstorms. As the sewer system in each block was completed, the portable comfort stations would be moved to the next construction site. Notices would be posted on each of these comfort stations to be moved. An amusing incident which involved an older Bainbridge woman that couldn't read, who found herself airborne and loaded on the bed of a huge stake truck. She probably thought that she was sitting out an earthquake. She nearly fainted as she stepped out to see an equally startled truck driver and found herself a star on center stage. But I guess everything came out all right.

The evacuees from the San Fernando Valley had followed the Bainbridge group into camp. Fortunately, by the time this group arrived, conditions had improved some, although they also experienced crowded facilities and makeshift mess halls. Kitchen conditions must have been atrocious in the earlier days as the San Fernando mess hall in Block 4 had the notorious distinction of being labeled the "Diarrhea Kitchen" of Manzanar.

As additional manpower was made available, many of them were recruited for the construction of the much needed barracks. Needless to say, the construction progressed at a much faster pace. With the development of the Department of Housing, the appointed evacuee housing coordinator labored to alleviate the crowded conditions and to see to the needs of the residents. The families with children had priority. By the time our group entered camp in May of '42, much of the wrinkles had been ironed out and the camp was functioning like a "Mini-City." We were spared some of the discomforts of "growing pains."

By the summer of '42, farm areas had been designated southwest of camp and 300-400 acres were soon cleared of brush and rocks and under professional farm supervision. Once again the rattlesnake crew was activated to keep the area safe for the farm workers. Occasionally a snake or two would be sighted within the barbed wire compound (they didn't require passes), but I don't recall an incident involving a rattler. We did run into scorpions often during the first summer in camp. My sister in the next barrack found a scorpion in one of her children's shoes. Of course, with my sister, her husband and ten children, there were twelve pairs of shoes on the floor. I guess the odds were against her.

With modern farm equipment of that era which was made available by the camp director Ralph P. Merritt, the evacuee farm workers had transformed the dry brush strewn wasteland into a productive lush farmland by late summer. Soon the camp residents were enjoying the "fruits of their labor" with home grown vegetables gracing the mess hall

April, 1975

tables of all 36 blocks. The quality of the products grown in the valley would have made the farmers back home envious. The surplus crops were shipped to other camps and also to the neighboring towns around Manzanar. A chicken farm and also a hog farm (raised on the camp's garbage) were soon started to supplement the needs of the camp mess halls. This was just a part of the camp enterprises which must have saved the government and taxpayers countless thousands of dollars due to some of the camp's self supporting system in the years of our internment. Yes, I will agree that they were a productive group.

Knitting was a popular pastime among the women folk in camp and it was soon a common sight to see a group of women, young and old, chatting and knitting in the warm desert sun. As was the custom, the menfolk had either applied for various jobs or had taken up hobbies of painting or craftwork some of which are slowly making appearances in the Manzanar Camp Display in the Eastern California Museum. Few of the women signed up for work in the mess halls while the mothers looked after their smaller children, although the blocks and the camp itself was like one big nursery school. There was hardly a need for a baby sitter. Later, the camp mattress factory and the garment factories offered employment for the women of the camp. Earlier, a few women had answered the call for "stoop laborers" on the farm. I guess it's about time I looked for a job too.

Seeing a group of so-called "toughs" from Terminal Island sitting around knitting one day prompted me to ask the aid of my mother in knitting a pair of socks for Amy. In spite of many jibes and raised eyebrows, after knitting and purling for many nights during our nightly toast and chocolate bull sessions I finally finished the "ah...er... socks." I must have made one for the left foot and the other for the right foot 'cuz they didn't match. I could only hope that one of her feet was bigger than the other. This was truly a "Labor of Love."

Received a letter from a dear friend in Wilmington, California, a Mrs. Ruby E. McFarland. She writes that the harbor area has changed considerably and it brings tears to her eyes whenever she drives through the once familiar neighborhood where "her families" (Japanese-American friends) used to live. The well-kept yards were in sad neglect and especially the neat farms where we had toiled from dawn to dusk were now hopelessly in weeds. Many of the abandoned farms were taken over by inexperienced hands who soon found out that there was a lot more to farming than just harvesting mouth-watering crops. Realizing after a few months that "stoop labor farming" was not their "bushel of peas," many of them took or sold anything of value and set out for places unknown. Vagabonds!

Most of the losses were in equipments and personal properties as many of the farms in the 1930's were only leased or rented due to the Alien Land Law of 1913 preventing the Issei Japanese (First Generation) from purchasing land or real property. Most families were waiting for their children to come of age to purchase property in their names. Such was the situation that slipped by us because of the subsequent evacuation order. We were in the midst of negotiating for a piece of farmland and I'm sure we would have lost the down payment. Fortunate, you might say, but the real fortunate ones were those who had purchased land prior to the war and were able to resume farming upon their return.

Mrs. McFarland also wrote that she had requested and received permission to visit her friends in the Santa Anita Assembly Center. She had found the grandstand and the track area beautifully landscaped but the living quarters, the hastily remodeled stables were simply deplorable. The huge grandstands had been opened to the evacuees and many concerts and dances were held there. She had also written to tell me that she met many of our mutual friends and she goes on to say, "I talked to Amy and she told me how lonely she was and wishes she were in Manzanar with you." That made two of us.

Handsome, grand and genuine. Mrs. McFarland affectionately known to us as "Obasan McFarland" (an older lady) had been a true friend to the Japanese families in the Harbor area. I wish more mention had been made of the wonderful people like her through out the West Coast that had gone to the aid of their friends. As the eviction deadline neared in the different districts, she was rushing from family to family offering her physical and moral aid. I'll never forget what she had meant to all of us. Indeed, she was an "Angel of Mercy."

She closes her letter with "P.S....I plan to visit Manzanar in the very near future. Please make arrangements. Hope to have a surprise for you."

I wonder if she's planning to sneak Amy into Manzanar in the trunk of her car? Impossible! Only wishful thinking.

#### EXPLANATION

The Inyo Museums News Bulletin is late this month because it had a bad case of the flu



#8

SHIRO DROPS POKER AND PINOCHLE AND GOES TO WORK  
 Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 8, By Shiro Nomura,  
 Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

Unable to curb an insatiable appetite for snacks and goodies found at the food canteen, my friend Kow and I finally realized the need for more spending money. We had tried our hands at poker and pinochle but when the luck runs sour we'd find ourselves in a worse situation. We had been offered jobs and there were bulletins posted on the kitchen walls asking for able-bodied men to go to work, but coming from the hectic "outside-world" we just enjoyed the slow-paced existence of camp life. There were no immediate worries of tomorrow, the food, (such as it was) or a place to sleep.

The government had set up a four-bracket pay system and we had turned down jobs which would have immediately placed us in the third bracket but as long as our pockets "jingle jangle jingled" we were taking advantage of the U.S. Government's "all expense" paid vacation. This exclusive desert hideaway (membership only) conspicuously lacked some of the fringe facilities such as an 18-hole golf course, (later developed a 9-hole course in Summer '43) the poolside cocktail parties with scantily-clad long legged lovelies lolling about and the choice of entree at dinnertime. But of course we could learn to get along without the golf course and the choice of foods.

In our four-bracket pay system the fourth and the ultimate top was reserved for our professional group including doctors, dentists and all department heads and foremen. Based on an 8-hour work day and a 40-hour week, our regular work days would be normal in all respect with the outside of the barbed wire world except for one small detail. "The paycheck."

The bottom rung of our four-level pay system started at 8 dollars. The second bracket, which was considerably more, was paid to all apprentice workers and at 12 dollars. It was quite a jump from the first. The journeymen wage was a fixed 16 dollars and the absolute end of the road for the average worker like myself. Chances of becoming a department head to enjoy the benefits of the top salary or 19 dollars was very remote as there just wasn't enough departments to become the head of. I don't wish to take away credit to those "heads" that truly deserved their position through merit, but a lot of it was camp politics. The doctors and dentists were limited to the allowable ceiling of 19 dollars, and I feel that some of them deserved more. To set the whole pay system in its right perspective I will state here that these figures were not, and I reiterate, were not hourly wages as some of you may have thought. Nor were they daily wages. Nor were they weekly wages but, yes, this was our monthly salary. I often think back that the camps would have been "ripe pickins" for a strong labor union.

Although there were rumors of small labor unions in camp such as the kitchen workers union these were isolated cases for as a rule it was extremely difficult to arouse the camp resident to form a group of this type. There were small groups of dissidents which normally are found in a large concentration of people such as this, but we paid little attention to them as "our horn rimmed glasses couldn't see eye to eye." The only disturbance concerning wage disagreement was related to me by a friend Bob Uyemori who as a student worker had applied to work in the U.S. Government Camouflage Net Project which was located behind the warehouse area south of Block 3.

The camouflage net project was started in the summer of '42 and began making nets in spite of minor protests from some of the residents. At the peak of the protests picket lines surrounded the area until order could be restored by the camp security police. One of the important issues of the striking force emphasized the health factor. To make the camouflage nets large rolls of webbings or nets had been hung on huge frames and chemically dyed strips of green, beige and brown burlap were interwoven into the heavy mesh. Certain precautionary measures were observed such as wearing goggles and gauze breathing masks but in spite of this many of the workers coming in contact with the dye and the burlap were hospitalized. Former hospital worker Mae Kakehashi states that it was pitiful and frightening to see so many camouflage workers being admitted to the hospital. My niece Helen was hospitalized for a month and luckily was not one of the fatal cases which had been reported, but suffered recurring rashes for a number of years after.

One other reason voiced by the opposition force was, why were the prisoners of the U.S. Government involved in a project endangering their health and life making camouflage nets to protect the sons of those responsible for our being behind barbed wire fences. Ironically, while they spewed verbal damage to our reputation, we were involved in making camouflage nettings to protect their loved ones. Really didn't make much sense, yet this project was carried on in several other camps with the same dissension being voiced by a protesting force in each camp.

The wage dispute as related to me by Bob concerned the 8 dollar minimum paid to the school age workers. They felt that while working under the same hazardous conditions as the adults, they were entitled to the same rate of pay. Meeting with the heads of the department resulted in an agreeable settlement and an immediate increase in pay was agreed

May, 1975

7

upon. Don't you agree that to risk one's health and life is surely worth at least 12 dollars per month? I suspect that this incident as minor as it was or as major as it could have been, it was instrumental in the elimination of the 8 dollar minimum wage scale.

My friend Kow got a job driving the camp mail truck (within the boundaries of camp of course). The post office was located at the west end of the administration district and it was one of the busiest departments in whole camp. The flow of mail and parcels through this department was mountainous and possibly handled more volume of incoming and outgoing services than all of the outlying towns in the Owens Valley combined. His job was to deliver mail twice daily to the block manager's office in each of the 36 blocks and in the interim he would be sorting mail with the rest of the crew. Now, with Kow working at the post office, I should receive my mail early and possibly have it delivered special delivery.

The bulk of the parcels were coming in from the Sears Roebuck mail order department. Some of the residents had sent for the Sears catalog and the first few that were received were passed selectively and so preciously from hand to hand. I will vouch that not a single page ever saw the inside of an out house. The combined purchases through the Sears catalog by the residents of the various camps must have totaled in the millions of dollars. It was through this new purchasing medium that some of the luxuries and comforts of home were made available. With the necessary tools now made available sophisticated furniture pieces and closets and cupboards and other improvements were observed in some of the apartments. I never realized until my experience in Manzanar how talented and resourceful the Japanese people as a race were and it makes me feel proud to be a small part of another of their finer traits. Yes, Sears Roebuck and Co. played an important role in the lives of the camp residents.

My nephew Carl had set up a job interview for me as a timekeeper and I was to meet with a Mr. Arthur Sandridge who was the head of the Public Works Department. The office was located across from the main administration building and the whole area around the office was always busy in the morning. Being the nerve center of all maintenance and construction work in camp, different crews in their familiar blue panel trucks would line the length of the block while waiting for their respective foreman to receive their orders for the day.

Inside the office behind the receptionist's desk were five or six desks with everyone busily at work. One side of the wall was covered with mimeographed bulletins and clip boards and also a large detailed map of the whole camp and its various functions. Mr. Arthur M. Sandridge and two other Caucasian workers sat at the back of the room busily going over charts with the different crew foremen.

There is a name plate from the Public Works office with signatures of all employees on display in the Manzanar Section of the Eastern California Museum in Independence. The name plate belonged to Mary Kageyama, a receptionist and file clerk for the department and whose name will appear from time to time in the following issues.

The interview with Mr. Sandridge was short and to the point. He turned to the map and showed me the locations of all of the boilers in our camp including the new large hospital complex which was possibly the largest facility in the whole valley. There was also a separate complex for the Shonien (Japanese orphanage) sponsored and operated by the Maryknoll Church of Los Angeles. I selfishly envied them for being able to live together among their own age group not fully realizing that after the fun of the day was over how lonely the nights must have been for them.

In each block (36) there was a man on duty tending the boilers and it was my job to clock and sign them in. I was to make two rounds each day, in the A.M. and the P.M. This meant miles and miles of walking. I was soon to find out that the 16 dollars a month did not pay for the shoes that I wore out. No wonder this timekeeper's job was up for grabs. I would have quit after a week of trudging through the desert sand, burning to a crisp under the hot sun and hoping that the wind would not come up, but the job became more interesting each day. The postman always rings twice. This timekeeper rang twice too. More about my interesting route in the next issue.

As promised, Mrs. Ruby E. McFarland made her surprise visit. She drove up to our block one afternoon and as I saw her white Buick drive into our block I nearly stumbled as I ran to greet her when I saw a dark haired girl sitting in the passenger seat. She honked a couple of times trying to get my adrenalin flowing I guessed, but there was no need for that. "She did it," I thought, "How did she manage it?" Yes, there was a girl in the car, a Japanese girl, but not my Amy. Father Laverly of the Maryknoll Church in Los Angeles had asked her to bring this young lady to the Shonien in Manzanar. After spending the afternoon with my family and sharing our dinner in the mess hall, she left to spend the night at the Schaefer's Winnedumah Hotel in Independence. The surprise?...A couple of bags (inspected at the gate) of goodies from the outside world...A slight let down but it was worth it in the presence of one Mrs. Ruby McFarland.

EXOTIC FOODS, LIVE PEEP SHOWS AND HEARTRENDING SADNESS

Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 9. By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

Rain or shine, the faithful mess hall bells would simultaneously ring out in an orchestra of 36 bells which heralded the start of a new day and the call to breakfast. The lonely hollow sound would roll like waves, echoing and re-echoing through the still desert valley air and finally waning into silence up the craggy slopes of the majestic Sierra. Repeated again for lunch and for our evening dinner call, but somehow the clanging of the bells did not have the same effect. The melancholy lonely sounds of the morning bells I can still remember as some of the melancholy sounds of Camp Manzanar.

The early risers would slowly make their way to the mess hall for an eye-opening shot of caffeine, toast and scrambled eggs. Bacon and ham to us was a magazine ad. Sometimes we would get fried potatoes, or when rice was left over because of a lousy dinner the night before, we would get a treat of fried rice. French toast was a common sight for breakfast and for a Sunday treat we would occasionally get hot cakes with real Log Cabin Syrup in the original Log Cabin tin. Fresh milk was of short supply and was only available to the very young or those with special permits from the camp doctors.

Food on the whole had improved. It was anyone's guess whether the cooks had improved or were we finally getting used to the SOS (same old slop). If you can picture in your mind a plate with a mound of hot rice topped with a huge ladle of hot steaming stew. Great! But on the side of the rice, a large spoonful of juicy cold slaw and on the other side a much too generous serving of ice cold lime jello. Really a well balanced diet. The top half of the serving, if eaten rapidly was very enjoyable, but strange things would be transpiring from the juice level down. The carrots would taste like lime and the potatoes would strangely taste like sour dressing. The slaw would be floating around in the liquified jello which had turned the gravy into a greenish brown slush. The rice by now was multi-colored and multi-flavored. Seconds anyone?

We all dreaded Friday dinners. The great white fathers had imposed a blanket menu of the traditional fish or seafood of some variety for each Friday throughout the camp. The quality of fish shipped into camp was bad. Originally earmarked for the fish meal fertilizer plant, the shipments somehow would find its way into our camp. To describe it in a few choice words, "it stunk and tasted like hell." In spite of the fact that foods of the sea were a popular diet of the Japanese people and those of the Catholic Faith, they, too, would dread the coming of Fridays. I would theorize that most of the younger generation's dislike for seafoods started in the camps.

Fresh fruits of any variety were a rare sight in camp and sometimes sold in the canteen with other hard-to-get treats such as ice cream and pastries. Limited supplies would curtail wide distribution. First come, first served, word by grapevine and many did without. Oranges which were abundant in Southern California in the forties were often passed out in the mess halls. Apples in season would also be distributed to the residents. Pears from the small Manzanar orchard located in the firebreak between blocks 23 and 29 were served once a year. Perhaps, if we hadn't pulled our midnight "pear raids," there might have been more to go around. Just how many worms, which made their homes in those pears that we had eaten during the dark of the moon I'll never know.

The pear and apple orchards in Manzanar date back to the early 1900s when the former holdings of the John Shephard family were sold to the Chaffee Improvement Co. in 1905. The property was divided into 5, 10 and 20-acre plots and sold for domestic farming and orchards. The Chaffee Co. named the area Manzanar, meaning red apple (Maiden's Blush) and named after the orchards which consisted mainly of apples. In recent years the residents of the Owens Valley share in the harvest of the fruits. If a little love and care is returned to the source in return for the yield that is taken, the trees should bear fruit for many years to come.

Good food and plenty of it was essential to me on my new job as timekeeper for the boiler workers. I required miles of walking each day, and for extra nourishment I would schedule my route so I would be in the food canteen area between meals. The job turned out to be a far cry from the one I had imagined. I expected to be seated at a desk with a cute little secretary at my side and clock the boiler tenders as they reported to me. Huh! What a dreamer.

Being exposed to the hot desert sun each day bronzed me up real good. The heat was tolerable but the afternoon winds would blow relentlessly making my afternoon run miserable. The timekeeper before me apparently didn't make the second round regularly as the boiler workers were hardly ever around. I looked forward to my morning round as the weather would usually be ideal for the people to be out so I could socialize with them. I never realized there were so many cute girls around which made my work more enjoyable. I would try to write to my Amy in Camp Amache in Colorado every night but I would also look to my morning visits. The cliché "out of sight - out of mind" could have originated there.

I would find evidence of strange happenings in some of the boiler rooms which I checked out each day. The boiler rooms, which maintained an even temperature throughout the chilly nights, was an ideal hangout for secret bull sessions, poker or crap games. Gambling which must have been one of camp's national nocturnal pastimes was usually available to anyone with a little loose change. I often found pop bottles and chip bags indicating that a small party had been in progress. Alcoholic beverages which were taboo in the early days of camp didn't stop the flow of a little contraband sneaking into camp. I would find the containers of Eastside or Lucky Lager beers or an occasional empty whiskey bottle proving that tight security was not always imposed upon the few in envious positions. Later, we too were able to have "beer busts" at Bairs Creek late into the night with all the trimmings - and girls too.

Sometimes there would be evidence of someone having spent the whole night in the cramped quarters of the boiler room. I was almost tempted to make a midnight check. Although I had no record of a female boiler tender on my work list, I once found some dainty underthing in the corner of one boiler room. I hung it on the latch of the door hoping the rightful owner would come claim it but after a couple of days I had to dispose of it. I also found peep holes strategically bored in the walls behind the large boilers which looked into the Ladies shower room. These were found in various boiler rooms around camp. A cheap thrill for some of the "Lively Toms" in camp, and I really should have charged admission. Yes, each day was a new adventure.

Hundreds of Niseis (Second Generation Japanese Americans) were inducted into the U.S. Military Services during the early draft calls in the summer of 1941. They were stationed in the various military camps throughout the Union, and during the trying evacuation period of the early '42s. In spite of the inducted menfolks, no concessions, aid or privileges were offered to their struggling families, and hardship was experienced by many. I was exempted at the onset of the draft because of our occupation which was farming. I received a 2-C classification in 1941 which was a temporary exemption that I took into camp when we were evacuated.

Nisei GIs visiting their wives and parents in camp became a common sight. Almost every day of the week we would see men in khaki uniforms walking around camp. Parents and wives of servicemen were not exempt from confinement in camps, and also adults and children of mixed marriages and children with an ounce of Japanese blood, although adopted by non-Japanese spouses of internees who had given up their freedom of the outside world were often sighted in the various camps. In speaking with the visiting GIs, they told of being put into special compounds soon after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. They talked about the cool reception upon returning to their old neighborhood to see "old friends" and especially in Los Angeles where most orientals shunned them. They all proudly wore buttons denoting their respective Asian Race, hardly giving a thought to another Asian Race in dire need of moral and physical support. I honestly feel that a concentrated effort of the various Asian groups applying pressure to the proper authorities would have proven effective and speeded up and alleviated the problems forced upon us. It made the situation doubly hard to swallow when our own kind was also down on us for a small voice can be heard, if voiced with persistence.

Also sighted among the orientals were some wearing "I am not a Jap" button. Kind of makes me glad that those who wore these buttons, really were not. Incidents like these make a scene that I witnessed in 1943 more poignant in scope. I accompanied a visiting GI friend to the barrack of his aging parents. As I stood uneasily to the side, I'll never forget how he stood before his parents with his head slightly bowed and tears unashamedly coursing down his cheeks. What did go through the mind of this soldier and through the minds of all the other loyal Niseis in the U.S. Military Services as they visited their parents and wives in camps behind barbed wire fences. I would surmise that he said, "Father, Mother, I am truly sorry that this degrading, embarrassing situation was forced upon you by my country. Please try to understand and be patient for I will serve my country well so that you may proudly hold up your head again someday."

#10A

WAR DEPARTMENT INVITES SHIRO AND CHUMS TO DON UNIFORMS  
Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 10, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

On my rounds of the boilers I could see the daily progress of the plasterboard crew as they lined the walls and ceilings of the barrack apartments. The new addition was joyously welcomed by the camp residents as it improved the appearance of our living quarters, but more importantly, it minimized the dust problems. We no longer would be inhaling the fine dust that would settle on us while we slept during a bad wind storm. We were also able to maintain a better temperature control during the heat of the summer and the cold of the winter.

The new walls deadened the eerie sounds of the howling winds considerably during those terrible windy nights, but best of all we no longer had to look at the bare stud exposed walls. The plaster board would cover the walls pock-marked with tin can lids and pieces of boards nailed on the walls to cover those knot holes. I doubt if we missed our polka-dotted art work too much. No longer would we have to lie on our metal cots and look up at the ugly exposed slanted ceilings with all the exposed wires and the criss-crossing beams. After what we had gone through this was like taking a room at the Ritz. (A section of this plasterboard with a picture painted by an anonymous camp artist was recently brought in and put on display at the museum by a local valley resident who salvaged it when the camp was being razed)

Contacting the head of the work crew (a friend, naturally) I had asked him to build a framework for a wall to separate our sleeping quarters from the living area which would allow the womenfolks a little more privacy. When the plasterboard crew finally worked their way around to our barrack in Block 21, all was in readiness to line the walls and the ceiling plus the added partition which gave the apartment a look of false elegance. At least, though, it added a little character to the otherwise barren room.

In the course of our so-called remodeling, my brother Shigeru who worked with the camp plumbers made a little kitchen for my mother with cupboards and a little sink with water piped in from the outside faucet. With materials picked up at the warehouse he also made a few water cooling systems and installed them in the apartments of all of our family. The water from the tap was the coldest and the sweetest (in spite of the chlorine that I have ever tasted. I can remember even during the hottest days in the summer it was almost impossible to stay for any length of time under the cold shower. Yes, I believe the good snow water from the Sierra was definitely another one of the pluses of our camp days. The same water coming into Los Angeles certainly doesn't taste the same.

Our apartment was probably typical of what other rooms looked like except for the added partition and as you entered our double door entrance (all end barrack apartments had double doors) we had a long bench lining the south wall to the right. On the east wall was one of the four windows in our apartment and just below the window was an oil burning heater (our cocoa and toast stove) with a couple of mini-benches on either side of it. By the doorway leading into our sleeping quarters we had a Sears and Roebuck card table with four folding chairs (a luxury) where my father spent hours reading and playing his favorite game of solitaire. Our kitchen was on the west wall of the room with a cupboard built over the water cooling system and a small cabinet up against the side of a small sink. All stools, benches and cabinets were made from scrap lumber or apple crates, whichever was available. The size of the room was approximately 12' X 20'. Really compact. Much like a miner's shack.

Relaxing in the refreshing coolness of the Manzanar evenings, the scorching heat of the day would almost be forgotten. The residents of each Block would be out en masse after supper, sitting on their steps during those hot summer months trying to escape the stifling heat of their apartments. The smaller children seemed to be the most fortunate for neither the summer's heat nor the winter's cold seemed to affect them too much. We would lie around on the cool lawn which had been planted between our barracks by the men in our Block and look up at the myriad of stars seemingly endless from one end of the desert sky to the other. Many a night I would look up at a particularly bright star and wonder if Amy would be watching the same star in Camp Amache. More than likely someone was looking at the stars in her eyes.

Coming from the coastal area where we always had an abundance of precipitation it was difficult to get used to the lack of it here in the valley. On a few occasions when we did get a little rain the thirsty desert sand would swallow it up leaving hardly a trace of a puddle. We had carved out wooden elevated thongs or slippers (we called it wooden getas) for wearing to the showers and it was ideal for walking in the rain. These were cut out of 2" X 4"s or 2" X 6"s, depending on the width of one's feet. The geta would make a clip-clopping sound as you walked and it was a familiar sound of the night as the wearer made his way to the shower room.

For recreation, after dinner softball leagues were formed under the supervision of Axel Nielsen who was the head of all recreational programs for Camp Manzanar. He was ably assisted by some of the resident sports leaders and a six-team major softball league was formed. Firebreaks between C and D Streets and First and Fourth Streets were leveled off and three softball diamonds were built. Later, as more teams signed up, a minor league and a girl's league were formed necessitating the construction of more ball diamonds. One of the serious drawbacks was the constant battle with the wind which would come up suddenly and prematurely terminating a game and many a game never got off its first pitch. Usually before each game the playing area would have to be cleared of loose sand and watered down. The recreation department enlisted the aid of the camp Fire Department and the firemen would saturate the field with their large fire hose before each game.

Our nightly cocoa and toast group of young men formed a team and entered the major league and made a very respectable showing for their first outing. In the interim, our nightly snack group now numbering about 30 strong had decided to form a club and I was asked to become a co-advisor for the group with Yo Ishida, another senior member of the group. My friend Kow was voted in as the club's first president.

My choice for the club name, Manzanites was over ruled to my sister Sadae's suggestion of changing the spellin to ManzaKnights. She said that the name Knights added more distinction to the name. It was unanimous. Basically a social, sports and service club, its' purpose was to bring better relationship with other youth clubs of the same age through socials and sports activities. Service to the community was in volunteering and aiding in the various camp activities. ManzaKnights, a name synonymous with the Knights of old, highly respected for their willingness to serve by the young and old, truly a cross section of some of the finest young men that I would ever hope to meet. Some of my fondest memories of camp and an incident that changed the course of my life and helped me attain the ultimate happiness was through my association with this fine youthful group. This is a story in itself and I shall relate it in a later issue.

In later months the popularity of the ManzaKnights swelled the membership to well over 50 members and a respected friend of the club, Joe Okabe was elected to the advisory capacity when co-advisor Yo Ishida stepped down to volunteer his services in the United States Armed Forces. His decision to volunteer was the culmination of many months of pros and cons after the government decided to accept volunteers from prisoners behind barbed wire enclosures. When the recruiting team of officers entered our camp to ask for and enlist volunteers, they came under a barrage of verbal abuse and indifference as the main body of internees were still smarting under the treatment received at the hands of the government. The first meeting was a flop. The enlistment officers became flustered at the questions thrown at them for which they had no answers. They red-facedly withdrew. They were totally unprepared to face a situation such as ours in which the victims so recently had been scarred. Like rubbing salt in the wound, we said.

The pro and con discussions which were held after the confrontation with the recruiting team proved that the pros were few and held a very weak voice and at that point they had very little argument going for them. Verbal arguments sometimes became violent and very physical. The extreme anti-factions would sometimes seek out their oppositions and try to convince them by physical means. I took the wait and see attitude along with many others and sure enough, within the year we were receiving an official letter from the White House, "Greetings from the President." The draft notices from our local boards had invaded the strict privacy of our protected "barbed wire world."

BACKGROUND MATERIALIZES FOR ROMANCE AND SWEET POTATO PICKING

Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part II, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

The heavy winds which had blown during the day had the camp residents scurrying for protection in their newly-walled apartments, but had abated sufficiently by dinner time so we were able to prepare the ball diamonds for our usual Twilight League softball game.

The shadows of the towering Sierra had gradually disappeared and the dark cloak of night soon blanketed the valley. The winds had died down to a whisper and the heat of the day had been forgotten offering us one of those typical blamy Manzanar nights. The stars like jeweled lights were out again in full force without a trace of a cloud in sight. The heady scent of the cottonwood trees and the desert sage which grew in abundance in the area filled the night air and the all too familiar sounds of the feeding and mating calls of the various insects punctuated the tranquility of the night. These are some of the sights, the scents and the sounds of Manzanar that I'll always remember.

On this night, in the company of a few members of the Manzaknights, we had started out for a friend's house in Block 6 which was in the extreme southwest corner of camp to play penny ante poker. On the way we decided to look in on a dance being held at our so-called Community USO Canteen in Block 14.

Dances sponsored by the various clubs came under the jurisdiction of the Community Activities Department, and all such social gatherings required a permit for the reservation of the Community USO Canteen, or as a matter of fact, the use of any recreation hall or mess hall. The use of mess halls, which was very popular because of the kitchen facilities, required a permit and the permission of the Block Manager who would first confer with the chef and the residents of said block. Refreshments served at the various socials differed with the culinary talents of the hosting organizations. Finger sandwiches and punch was the usual offering, but sometimes a patronizing chef of a certain block would contribute some extra surprises to enhance the occasion. Needless to say those mess halls usually headed the list for popular party sites. Public address systems and turntables or record players were made available to the camp residents and they were able to check out records much like they would when signing out a library book.

As we neared the Canteen which was beautifully decorated with twisted strips of colorful crepe paper, a lovely throaty voice of a female vocalist could be heard coming over the public address system. As the voice drifted over to me in the still air of a magical Manzanar night it penetrated and struck a forgotten chord somewhere deep among my treasured memories.....

Memory took me back to 1940 in the month of August. The place, an old opera house in the heart of Little Tokyo, Los Angeles, which at the turn of the century must have been a grand and lavish entertainment attraction for the social circle of that era. Now renamed Yamato Hall, a tired weathered building badly in need of a coat of paint. But the interior which showed the gradual deterioration of many careless years somehow managed to retain the semblance of its once proud regal splendor. The occasion was the Annual Nisei Week Festival which was the Japanese-American cultural contribution to the city of Los Angeles.

Spotlighted on the stage, all eyes were glued on a lone figure of a gawky 14-year-old professionally presenting her rendition of "Liebestraum" in a beautifully strong and mature voice which belied her age. The overflow crowd, breathlessly sitting on the edge of their seats, were held spellbound. It was hard to believe that we were in the presence of a Nisei "Deanna Durbin." I was completely hypnotized. I was young and raw, a dreamer with romantic inclinations and with a healthy imagination anything seemed possible. As unbelievable as it may sound, a voice from somewhere within brashly told me that I would marry that girl with her lovely voice someday. "Ridiculous," I said to myself, "She's much too young and she doesn't even know me from Adam."

The following year in 1941, the same Yamato Hall, the same stage, the same girl, but more poised and mature and again wearing her web of musical magic in her rich alto voice was completely in command of the occasion. In spite of Amy sitting at my side, I couldn't help but remember the deep impression that this young singer had made on me and the wild notion and ideas that had gone through my head the previous year. Was this an omen or a premonition of what was to be? Only time would tell.

In the ensuing months, culminating in the declaration of war with Japan, the indecision the fears, the eviction notices, the eventual evacuation and the difficult adjustment to our daily camp style existence, I had all but forgotten about this young girl with the voice. Now as I stood by the canteen listening to this hauntingly familiar voice, it released a flood of memories of an awkward young girl center stage, Yamato Hall and of all the wild thoughts that had gone through my head. Yet, in spite of being in the same mile-square confinement and hearing her sing at different social functions, destiny willed that I was not to meet this Mary Kageyama for another couple of years.

Voluntary induction in the United States Military Services remained the main topic of discussions for many weeks after the departure of the recruiting officers. This was a total involvement of all men of draft age which numbered well into the hundreds including those that held student and industrial deferments before entering camp. There were those that completely ignored the military issue, but there was no escaping the impending involvement. Crash meetings were being held in the various blocks and it invariably ended in heated arguments, and an occasional physical disruption would terminate a meeting prematurely. Fortunately the cooler heads prevailed as disputes among ourselves was not the answer to the solving of this issue.

The following are some of the points that were brought up which mainly denounced the government that stripped us of our rights as citizens to live and pursue a normal life freely among our fellow citizens. Damning the organizations or bodies responsible for uprooting us from our homes, causing us financial hardships and forcing us into confinement bordered by barbed wire fences and surrounded by watchtowers manned by army guards with machine guns. Also for relieving us of our rights to vote, rights for free speech and importantly, curtailing our pursuit of happiness. Actually you can say that we had been reduced to nothing.

Then in comes the mighty military brass with orders from headquarters. They barge into this forbidden land of forgotten souls surrounded by barbed wire fences and guarded by machine guns day and night to liberate the poor souls if they are willing to risk their lives. "To fight for a just cause," they say, "to help preserve the freedom and the democracy that this country stands for." We are asked to prove our worth as citizens. To prove our loyalty to a country that some of us feel has turned its back to us. What of the other citizens on the other side of the barbed wire fences? What determines their loyalty? Their rights to citizenship? Do the recruiting officers invade the privacy of their homes?

In spite of the opposition that the volunteers encountered during those hectic weeks, the young men of Manzanar were well represented when the bus left the gates of camp for the induction center. These were the first of many young volunteers and draftees to leave their barbed wire world to fight the enemies of the United States. Although the enemies were in another part of the world overseas, probably some of the hardest battles that they faced were the hardships encountered here on our own shores with a populace that viewed them with contempt and suspicion. Records show of the services and sacrifices made by the Nisei GIs in their overseas tour of duty to prove their bravery and loyalty to earn their places in the sun for themselves and the rest of their people.

No sooner does the issue of the government's request for military volunteers die down, we receive another request for volunteers from a different department of the government. The Department of Labor sends out an urgent request for the farm labor shortage areas of Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Montana. In citing the critical shortages of farm laborers in the different states, the Department of Labor had said that this was due largely to most of the eligible men reporting for military duty. When we talked to some of the farmers later, we found this to be only partly true. The war-time pay of the defense plants and other industries had lured the farm laborers from the fields and into the cities. The Department of Labor was right in one respect though. The situation was very critical and without the aid of the men from the camps from Manzanar; Minidoka, Idaho; Amache, Colorado; Topaz, Utah; and Heart Mountain, Wyoming, much of the crops that were ready for harvest would surely have rotted in the ground. This was in the fall of 1942.

My nephew Carl comes to me with a request to head his crew. I was the only farmer in the group of four. He had filed an application of intent for a sugar beet contract in Montana. In my next chapter I will relate our experiences in a small town in Montana where no Japanese had ever been seen before.



#12

CITY DUDES, SCHOLARS, WHITE COLLAR CLERKS AND BUMS JOIN SHI TO WORK ON MONTANA RANCHES  
 Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 12, By Shiro Nomura  
 Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

In the ensuing days immediately following the government's emergency request for farm (stoop) laborers, the main topic of discussion among the menfolk turned to the subject of farming and the possible upcoming work furlough. The recent heated argument of volunteering in the armed forces was all but forgotten and the growing animosity between friends and neighbors abated somewhat in the weeks that followed.

Men from all walks of life, many having zero work experience with the soil and its backbreaking toil were keyed to a fever pitch. No amount of discouraging advice from the more experienced farmers, who were outnumbered by their city cousins, could stem the tide of their growing enthusiasm. We did talk some of them into signing up for some of the easier farm work or fruit picking in Utah. I knew that potato and onion harvesting and beet topping was the most backbreaking, and I, too, never realized what we let ourselves in for when we signed up for beet topping in Montana.

"Furlough Fever," as I termed it, was at a dangerous boiling point. It seemed possible that this sudden interest in the agricultural adventure would drain all of the available manpower and leave the camp helplessly undermanned. The meetings held in the Block 2 mess hall, presided over by a government representative, gave us the insight on the dire situation of the many farmers in the states of Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Montana. Our first thought was "Sowhat! That's their problem for we have plenty of ours." But, after considering the short-term freedom and the extra cash, we all had a change of heart.

The terms and conditions were discussed and it was stated at the time that proper protecting measures would be taken to insure safe travel to and from our destination. The farmers requesting aid had to be registered with their local agency and each farm was to be inspected, and guaranteeing us suitable living quarters. The suitability clause by whose and what standard was never discussed but we were soon to find out first-hand. Terms and wages were set to scale according to the type of work each crew signed up for. The potato and onion crops and of course the sugar beet topping headed the critical list with Idaho leading the states seeking volunteers.

There were no organized farm unions, therefore the pay scale was very poor but to us underpaid prisoners in camp getting four dollars for a 40-hour week, even the lowest wages on the outside sounded like a fortune. But more importantly, we would be leaving the barbed wire fences far behind us and once outside, possibly try to regain the lost dignity of our former selves. Even though the contract only called for a maximum of 60 days, we could rightfully walk the streets as free citizens. When the authorities referred to our short term leave as a furlough, this was a misnomer of the first degree. As defined in my vest pocket Webster, furlough means vacation and we were all to find out painfully that this was a far cry from a vacation. I'm certain that there were some wishing to be back within the protection of the barbed wire fences after a week of stooping. The reasons for wanting to go back were not only physical but also of mental abuses during the early days as I will relate in the next article.

The men who had gathered in Block 1 for the registration on that August, 1942 morning were a cross section of the men in camp. Present were the scholars, the white collars, the brown collars, the farmers, the young and the old and even the camp bums who had all succumbed to "Furlough Fever." Most of them had never spent a day on a farm and did not fully realize the dawn to dusk existence and the inconvenient facilities such as a country privy house. The ironic part of all this was that in the spring of 1942 we had been evicted from our homes and herded into these camps and six months later they were requesting our aid and willing to spread us out over a wide area in the western states.

The main reason for deciding to sign a beet contract in Montana was because of the recruiters wonderful job of painting pictures in our minds of a beautiful green countryside different from the arid and barren shrub-covered Owens Valley where we were holed up. He also mentioned that the azure "Blue Canadian Skies" just spills over into the state of Montana, "God's Country," he stated. Yes, I'll have to agree on one count. Where we eventually ended up it was truly "God's Country" all right. But only God would have lived there.

I went to the Public Works Office to see Mr. Sandridge to ask for a leave of absence and he wished me luck. I needed that, and more. I made my final rounds of the boiler rooms and to bid goodbye to my many friends (girls) on my daily route. There were always a group of older men in each block who would congregate on someone's doorstep each morning to listen to one of the men reading from a hand written copy of the early morning overseas news report received on someone's shortwave set (considered a contraband). Copies of this news report would be made and distributed to the various blocks in camp.

October, 1975

Page 7

When I had first appeared on the scene with a clipboard under my arm as the boiler-workers timekeeper I must have looked like an important stranger as they all viewed me with suspicion. Later, my daily presence among them alleviated the situation and after deciding that I was not an "Inu" (an informer), I got along with them famously for I always did get along with older folks. I would walk among them and jokingly ask how the war was shaping up and they would either smilingly nod their heads or seriously shake their heads.

I couldn't help but notice that the moods of the older folks would be affected with the tide of the war. It is only fair to state here that we must sympathize with their feelings and try to understand the awkward position that they found themselves in. They fully realized their obligations to their children who were born and raised here and to America, their adopted country even though the country steadfastly refused to sign the adoption papers. They were torn between the two countries and how their hearts must have suffered having families on both shores. My parents also had relatives in Japan. Activities and entertainments were not geared for the older members in camp so if their harmless daily clandestine news meetings (known to the administration) gave them an ounce of pleasure, I was all for it. I could see no harm in it.

Another secret that the older men shared, and this was also no secret, was the art of making moonshine. "Kaintucky Style." As I had written earlier, the camp regulations barred all alcoholic beverages from the canteen shelves, but some of it always found its way into camp. I decided while in camp that wrong-doers and criminals aren't born, but society and circumstances in many instances tempt them to go that route. For instance, in camp there were so many "do nots and don'ts," unlawful this and unlawful that, so that it became almost a challenge to even the odds. Usually done for need of excitement. One of my favorites was to sneak under the barbed wire fence on the Sierra side late at night dodging the searchlights from the three rear watchtowers, the shrubs, the cactus and the boulders and head for the Sierras. I'll relate some of my "on the run" escapades in a latter issue.

Moonshining whether inside or outside of camp was a federal offense but surrounded with the barbed wire fence and being on government property afforded the "camp moonshiners" a certain degree of protection. If I estimated an average of a still in each residential block I couldn't be too far wrong. As a matter of fact, my brother Shigeru living in the next apartment had a live brew going. His only complaint was that while the brew was ripening the bubbling noise used to keep him awake.

With a friend in the food warehouse, or using a little camp politics, dried prunes and raisins and some cooking yeast from the block chef would form the ingredients for the start of a strong brew. My bother as a plumber had access to the copper tubing necessary for setting up a still in the mess hall kitchen and when the brew was ripe enough the men would take shifts and operate the still late into the night. The result was a beautiful clear liquid which I called "white lightning" and about as potent. You see how easy it is to get on the shady side of the law? In camp, much of the activities of this nature didn't seem to be so wrong. Perhaps it was the war years, the unfair camp experience or whatever it was, the full impact of some of the acts seemed so unimportant. More like a lark.

A few days before leaving on our work furlough, I heard from my sister Sadae that they were accepting and processing requests for transfers to other camps for the purpose of reuniting families and later for those with matrimonial intentions. She had filled out an application form requesting transfer to Camp Robinson in Little Rock, Arkansas where her fiancée Kuwa Inataki was stationed in the armed forces. She was told that it would take time to screen and process an applicant so I decided to apply for a transfer to Camp Amache in Colorado where my Amy was being detained. I was hoping that when I returned to Camp Manzanar from Montana my permit for transfer would be ready.

The morning of our departure for Montana was warm and windless, I bid my parents and my family and camp residents a solemn farewell and after loading my sleeping bag and baggage on the back of Kow's truck I tossed a final wave as we left Block 21 for the main gate. The Greyhound buses were lined up near the main gate and it seemed as if half of the camp residents had come down to see the men off. Unlike a recent experience when we left the city of Los Angeles, we boarded the bus amid smiles and laughter which added a carnival-like atmosphere to the whole scene. The farewells and the goodbyes were not clinging and tearful as in the past.

I looked down at the upturned faces and immediately recognized my Manzaknight boys with Kow and his sisters Gracie and Rosie among a host of other friends. Far on the outskirts of the milling crowd I noticed that my nices and nephews had come down from Block 21 and among them was my aging Father who had somehow walked all the way to the main gate to see me off. I turned from the window for suddenly my vision became blurred as if I had gotten sand or something in my eyes. When I turned back, the bus had started to roll out onto Highway 395 and with a final wave out of the open window, I settled back in my seat hoping that my friends hadn't noticed how I had weakened at the last moment.

MANZANAR LOVERS LAMENT AND THEN THE MONTANA EPISODE  
By Shiro Tamura, W.W. 2 Manzanar Historian

MANZANAR SONG

I know a boy, and I know a girl at Manzanar  
They try to feel that it makes no difference where you are.  
It's as simple as this, they're in love.  
And one private kiss they dream of.  
But when he goes to see her, soon the folks all go to bed, but he feels he  
wants to remain.  
There's no place else to take her, to tell her that he loves her, and occasionally  
I've heard him complain.

Chorus:

Our love affair of necessity must be,  
A thing of public interest, not private property.  
For there's Ma and Pa and Sis and Bud,  
To peer and jeer when I love you and you love me.  
No place to park and watch the moon go down.  
We can't take in a picture show or window shop the town.  
We must do our romancing, with lots of people glancing,  
But we don't care, just let them stare, and let them frown.  
The mess hall can be the dinner at the Ritz, guayule your corsage.  
Since gas is rationed, we must walk a bit,  
But we can pretend our Packard is stored at camouflage.  
So we'll go on and do the best we can  
You're still my fav'rite glamor girl, and I'm your ardent fan.  
It's just as good to pretend,  
It's not so important when,  
You're sure it's true, that I love you,  
I think you know it, and I'll show it when I can.....

Words and music as written by Mr. Lou Frizzell in 1943 for the young people of Manzanar and sung by the camp vocalist, Mary Kageyama (AKA "The Songbird of Manzanar") at a special camp assembly held to introduce his song. The lyrics capture and describe the frustrations, the futility of camp romancing, the dilemma of young hearts as seen through the eyes of this young Caucasian music instructor, Mr. Louis Frizzell. He was conspicuously Caucasian among his Oriental pupils, but his heart and soul blending with that of his students enabled him to command respect from each individual.

Barely older than his students, but most important, he shared the common feelings of the interned teenagers and in giving of himself unselfishly he was also able to bring out the best in himself. He was faced with a giant task at a comparatively young age of 21. With his unequalled compassion for the young people, his sincerity coupled with his untapped talent, he was able to capitalize on some of the rare talents of his students. The end results were portrayed in some of his superb musical productions presented to the administration and to the camp internees. Local residents as guests were often seen at some of his productions. I also had a small part in one of his original productions, "Loud and Clear," in which I portrayed Eric, the business tycoon, from the east. I really felt more like a baboon on stage.

When the farm furlough buses pulled out of the gate and onto the highway, I looked back and watched the tarpapered barracks and guard towers and all of my treasured wealth, which were my family and friends, disappear behind us. Two months didn't seem such a long time but 60 seconds from camp and already I missed them. As the bus sped through miles of the familiar desert scene, I sat back in the comfort of the plush bus seat and closed my eyes to recount some of the events of the past few days. On the eve of my departure, I had taken a stroll with some of my Manzaknight boys for it was an especially fine night for a stroll after dinner. Many young couples were taking advantage of their last night together as many of the young men would be leaving with me in the morning. I secretly envied their tearful farewells in the privacy of a moonless Manzanar night. Someday soon my turn would come.

As much as I had missed Amy while I was back in camp, for some inexplicable reason I would find myself longing more for the folks and friends in Manzanar during my stay in Montana. Was this long separation from Amy finally taking its toll? Was it only a sense of obligation for a promise I felt that I should honor? True, I had heard some disheartening news from a close friend, but our correspondence had always been on a regular basis. Some of her letters would be filled with empty words and it left me feeling cold, so this is why I had requested a transfer to Amache, Colorado to find out for myself if it was out of sight out of mind, or if the distance really did make the heart grow fonder (for somebody else?).

We transferred from the Greyhound buses to trains in Nevada and started the long arduous train ride which would take us through Utah and Idaho. Camp food was great compared to our meals on the train. They box-lunched us all the way into Montana. One consolation though

November, 1975

#BB

Page 7

was that we got rid of the armed guards when we transferred to the trains back in Nevada. They had assigned us cars according to our destination and I never realized why until we had reached the town of Pocatello, Idaho, where one of our cars was bumped off on a siding and we waved to the men as we left them sitting there. They looked so forlorn sitting in an isolated car as we pulled out of the station. It felt almost like leaving part of our family behind. We were jolted awake again when we reached the town of Idaho Falls with constant bumping as trainmen uncoupled another of our cars and left it standing. We sped further north into the Rockies. The men in these two cars left in Idaho were slated for the potato fields.

The refreshing sight of the majestically tapered pine trees reaching out of sight was a welcome change of scenery from some of the desolate wastelands that we had traveled through. What a beautiful scene this would make after the winter snows had fallen. I guessed we would be able to see it on our return trip. When we reached Butte, Montana, we left a car behind which was to be sent on into southern Montana to a city called Billings where a large contingent of farm workers had also been sent up from the concentration camp of Heart Mountain, Wyoming. This left two cars of our original five as we sped through the capital city of Helena and in a few hours by nightfall we were pulling into our destination, the city of Great Falls.

The farmers had been arriving at the Great Falls station since early that afternoon on the day of our arrival. As our two coaches were uncoupled and pushed onto a siding a group of burly looking men in heavy winter jackets which made them look seemingly bigger strode over to the cars to look us over. Some of the farmers were looking at a Japanese face for the first time and their expressions showed evidence that they had expected to see a bunch of buck-toothed grinning faces wearing horn-rimmed glasses as we were made out to be in the cartoon caricatures they had seen. We must have really freaked them out when we opened the car windows to exchange greetings. They seemed surprised at our command of the English language which was more stylish than their country talk. "Ah reckon as how" they would have been less surprised if we had uttered a guttural "ugh" and said, "How, white brother."

It's really unfair to pass judgement on the farmers as their only contact or knowledge of the Japanese race, citizens or not, were through the cold ruthless news media and their local newspaper or their favorite radio commentator. I remember when the Japanese first entered the camp in Manzanar, the local residents of Inyo County were curious about their new Oriental neighbors also. Almost daily, we would spot cars on the highway slow down as they drove by the camp and some would actually stop their cars and get out to watch the people and the activity in camp.

Sitting in our dimly lit day coach we looked down at a sea of strange faces and it was reminiscent of the evacuation experience when our buses first entered Camp Manzanar and we looked down at the mass of people searching out a familiar face. Only this time I was looking for a friendly face hoping that he would be our new employer. Shortly, a man in a business suit entered our car followed by a couple of men with clipboards. They welcomed us to Montana and asked if we had a pleasant trip. I don't really think that he was expecting any favorable answers for he wasn't a bit surprised when he got none.

The train ride had been too long, uncomfortable and super boring for most of us who visited, read or slept most of the way up. There were card games and an occasional crap game going on but these usually ended up with slips of IOUs being exchanged. Just imagine that some of those poor guys would be working the whole furlough just to pay back some of their gambling debts. Stupid! I know of one professional gambler in our car and I don't think he signed up for work. I'm sure he planned to do his work on our return trip after the men had gotten paid. "I'm staying clear of that bum," I decided.

Our crew consisted of my nephew Carl Yanagi who was great with girls, but not much for farming. "Lucky" Yamamoto who was a son of a pharmacist and with no knowledge of farming. Yoji Ozaki, a student but a willing worker who had helped on our farm back home and myself, raised on a farm hating it, but able to handle any phase of it. So you see we didn't have a heck of a lot to offer our new employer, but what we lacked in experience as a crew, we certainly made it up with our youth and enthusiasm.

We had been assigned farmers when we left camp and as they came into the coach to introduce themselves the members of the various crews would get up and leave with the farmer. When all of the registered farmers had claimed their crews, there were still three crews whose sponsoring farmers didn't show up. I don't remember the name of our farmer, but he never showed up. There were many non-registered farmers patiently and hopefully waiting for such a situation and this is how we met A.T. Tjaden who said he had been waiting since morning and had been the second non-registered farmer to sign up at the station. He was a comparatively young farmer (with a kind face) who gave us the impression of one just a few years out of college. We sat and talked awhile before signing up with him and I think we were swayed largely by his youthful appearance and his thinking. He seemed to be fully aware of our situation and in full sympathy for our cause.

He helped us load our baggage into his pick-up and told us that we had a long cold 65-mile drive to a small town of Conrad which was about midway from Great Falls to the

November, 1975

Canadian border. I guess this is where the "Canadian Blue Skies" spill over into the state of Montana. I'm going to have to watch for that. We had to decide who sat in the back of the pickup and it was decided that Yoji and I sit up in the front for the first half of the trip so that I could talk to Tjaden. We piled the sleeping bags and duffle bags all around Carl and "Lucky" and with a large Indian blanket that Tjaden had thoughtfully brought along, they seemed protected enough from the cold wind as we started on the long ride to our new home.

The September nights in Montana were considerably colder as compared to the cool evenings of Manzanar. Tjaden told us that the real cold weather hadn't set in yet and this was why the furor about farm labor to try to get the sugar beets out of the ground and into the mills before the big freeze set in. He said that once the beets are completely frozen it loses the sugar content and it is worthless on the market. We found this out as some of our blood and sweat went for naught as a sudden freeze destroyed a couple of days work (24 hours of beet topping) when we weren't able to get the topped beets over to the mill.

The Tjaden's lived on a fifty-acre farm on which he was slowly paying off his mortgage at the bank until his grain and sugar beet harvest. He said that he needed a good yield this year so that he could meet his mortgage payment and without our help he would have been forced to leave the major part of his crop in the ground to rot or feed his 50 head of cattle. As I had mentioned earlier, the farm labor force of previous years had been lured into the city or into defense plant jobs which paid considerably better wages for less work. There were a lot of Indians around, but apparently they weren't cut out for farm work as I saw very few on the farms. Tjaden said that they made themselves very scarce around harvest time.

We had Tjaden stop the pickup and Yoji and I reluctantly gave up our warm seats in the cab to trade places with Carl and "Lucky" who were nearly frozen. They were so stiff that they could hardly climb off the back of the pickup. And he said that the winter cold hadn't really started yet. Gads! What have we let ourselves in for. We bundled ourselves down among the bags and pulling my woolen knit skull cap that my mother had knitted for me over my ears I gritted my teeth and curled up under the Indian blanket for the last leg of our trip.

After what seemed like an eternity, we finally reached the town of Conrad which had already rolled up its sidewalks except for a bar and an all-night cafe. The town of Conrad was about the size of Lone Pine back in the forties, although they boasted a J.C. Penney Department Store which the towns around Manzanar didn't have. About fifteen minutes north of town we turned onto a dirt road which ran along a stretch of the barbed wire fence, the sight of which struck me like a blow to the stomach. Once again it was a helpless feeling of a foreboding entrapment similar to the first morning in camp when we awoke to find ourselves completely surrounded by barbed wire fences. What made it seem more confining was to see the cars and trucks speeding by a stone's throw away on Highway 395 which paralleled the camp. It was with a sigh of relief to see browsing cattle beyond the fence reflected in our headlights assuring me that the fence wasn't for us after all.

We drove past a large building which was Tjaden's home and up to a little shack off to the side about fifty feet from the main house. Our shack was situated about mid-point between the house and a large barn where the tractor and farm equipment were kept. Beyond the barn were the usual farm animals and fowls which were angrily voicing their displeasure for disturbing their nocturnal rest.

With my sleeping bag under my arm and the duffle bag slung over my shoulder, I led the way up the makeshift steps into the semi-dark room which was our combination kitchen and multi-purpose room. I headed for the direction of a kitchen table with a single light bulb dangling from the ceiling and not noticing the large wood stove on the side, I cracked my shin sharply on the open oven door. The first words spoken were "Welcome" and "Hello". Hardly the proper welcome speech but seemingly fitting at the time. I'm glad Mrs. Tjaden didn't come out till later to meet us.

Tjaden stuffed the stove with firewood and soon had a roaring fire going. We welcomed the fire and the coffee that Mrs. Tjaden had thoughtfully brewed for us for we had been frozen to the marrow. After hearing of my accident, she had gone for some gauze and iodine and she helped me clean my bleeding shins and bandaged it for me. She told me that she had purposely left the oven door open to air because she knew we were coming and she apologized profusely making me feel bad, although she made me feel so good for being such a lady. Mrs. Tjaden was a delicate young woman about my age, wholesomely attractive and one you would hardly expect to find on a farm. The scar disappeared after many months but the painful incident and the memory of a beautiful young lady remains.

After the Tjadens left I spread out my sleeping bag on the hard planks which served as our spring and mattress and putting on my sweatsuit which was to serve as my pajamas I crept inside the bag too tired to do anything else. Lying in the dark I kept wondering about my family and friends back in camp and missing them very much. In the darkness I could almost imagine that I could reach out and touch my parents' metal cot next to mine. We talked in the dark about what we would be doing the next day, but being thoroughly exhausted from the train ride we soon drifted off to sleep.

#144

1942 BLOODY RIOT FOLLOWED BY CHRISTMAS SPIRIT INTRODUCED BY KINDLY RALPH MERRITT  
Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 14, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

At the suggestion of Henry Raub, the editor of the Museum Bulletin, I am shelving the "Montana Beet Caper" until the following month and joining the staff in observing the Bulletin's holiday issue.

I would like to make a correction on my last issue regarding the Greyhound buses taking us to Nevada. We were taken to Barstow where we entrained on the Union Pacific and boarded some antique rattletraps being pulled behind the shiny streamliners. I don't recall too clearly, but I think even the caboose might have been riding up ahead of us. It was on our later trips that we entrained in Reno, Nevada.

In the month of December, Owens Valley blessed us with mornings which were crisp and clear, and every sound in the morning air was sharp and audible for blocks. On clear winter days, which were numerous, one could hear the noisy banging of pots and pans in the kitchens from the surrounding blocks and when accompanied by the sharp clattering of our heavy china and silverware it produced the orchestral sounds of our "Manzanar Breakfast Sonata." Coupled with the sound was the picturesque early morning scene, of our brown barracks standing peacefully in the sleepy valley framed by the towering snow-capped Sierra with white smoke and steam emitting from the mess hall chimneys. To look around in every direction from the center of camp where we lived, I could see the symmetrically perfect fingers of smoke from each kitchen as they lazily tapered off to disappear from sight into the cloudless blue sky.

This was the month that the children of Manzanar had all been excitedly waiting for. Having forgotten the sadness and hardships of only months ago they had soon adjusted to their new life and to watch them in their daily play one could easily see that this was a happy place for them. The children's world is a wonderful place. I envy them. Sometimes I wish they would take us in. I wondered if Christmas would be coming to our camp, which was located so far from the regular mainstream of humanity, to visit the poor unfortunate children of Manzanar.

Yes, Christmas came to Manzanar, past the two guard houses, through the barbed wire fences and over the top of the tall watch towers which were manned by armed MPs around the clock. There were eight towers strategically placed around the perimeter of the mile-square camp with searchlights scanning the brush covered valley for adventurous characters like me who sneaked out of camp in the middle of the night to dash off into the desert. More about that later.

Christmas came to camp because of the innocent children who believed with faith and hope in their hearts and whose wishes and dreams had to be fulfilled. Christmas came in spite of a disturbance of major proportions which all but destroyed the month of December for the camp residents. I think that the month of December would have been a total loss without the children and Christmas.

Yes, Christmas came to Manzanar in spite of the camp being placed under tight martial law and crippling curfew imposed upon the residents of Manzanar. As usually is the case, innocent people had to suffer the consequences. Coinciding with the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor, a bloody confrontation ensued between a large group of demonstrators and the armed military police who had been guarding the camp security building. When the smoke had cleared, the casualty list included one dead, another who died in the hospital and many wounded. Earlier that evening a large crowd had gathered and the main body of demonstrators advanced on the security building demanding the release of three of their members who were being detained. When one of the leaders of the Japanese American Citizens League had been set upon and beaten, it resulted in the arrest of the men being held at the station. As their demands were repeatedly refused, the group became more boisterous and physical and as the evening wore on the demonstrators formed a line and serpented around the front of the building. They continued chanting and weaving dangerously close to nervous guards who with gas masks and rifles with bayonet at ready set the stage for the events that followed.

According to the different sources I received varied versions of the tear gassing and the subsequent events that followed. Some say that the order to disperse had been yelled before the tear gas bombs had been lobbed into the group and others say that the gas bombs were thrown when the demonstrators' line moved in too close to the guards. I don't think anybody really knows for certain because it all happened so fast. At any rate when the blinding fumes had been released it caused the demonstrators to panic, scattering them in every direction. Some had stumbled blindly towards the guards when a nervous trigger finger of a frightened guard shot off the first round causing a panic reaction among the other guards who then fired blindly into the shadowy forms trying to escape the

December, 1975

#1415

choking gas fumes. The shooting might have been avoided if strict discipline had been exercised by the military police for the only weapons were in their hands.

Although there were many sympathizers among the persons gathered at the security station only a small percentage of the group were the actual demonstrators. Unfortunately the two young men who were killed and some of the wounded were innocent onlookers. A young kitchen worker living in our block was hospitalized with four slugs in his legs as a grim reminder of that fateful night. He related that from the time he got a whiff of the gas and to the ride to the hospital, things happened so fast that his mind was very hazy on the details of the shooting. He only remembers that his leg gave out from under him and that he remembers falling. That's all.

My own experience started at 8 P.M. on the night of the shooting for I was completely ignorant of any trouble which had been brewing for days. I was sitting in our apartment with a couple of Manzaknight boys when we heard the kitchen bells ringing off in the distance. The other blocks quickly picked it up and soon the bells in the whole camp were clanging loudly sending the sound rippling across the deathly still valley. It had an ominous sound which sent chills down my back. I joined the menfolks who were rushing to the mess hall to answer the call. "Get a club or something and meet at mess hall #2" we were told.

When we got there the meeting was in progress and a man in a bloody P-Coat was speaking. He said that the blood was that of his friend who was wounded by the MP's rifle and while he was speaking there was a loud yell and a cloud of smoke was visible near the side door. The men in the front rows all started to run to the rear. We stood on the tables to get a better look and we were knocked down by the mass of bodies bearing down on us. There were sounds of falling bodies (mine included) windows being broken as some jumped out through the windows and doors being wrenched off hinges. I guess this is about as close to mass hysteria as I would care to get. I was helpless and it was frightening.

My brother and brother-in-law had taken my Dad to the meeting and having arrived late they had to stand by the side door. They said that a jeep with 3 MPs had driven by slowly and after yelling "Break it up" they threw a couple of tear gas bombs and roared off down the street. One of the bombs had narrowly missed my father but the other rolled into the hall near the speaker. This is what had caused the men in the front rows to panic and start a stampede to the back of the room.

Needless to say, this ended the meeting, and when I finally made my way out to the streets shadowy figures reflected by the street lamps were silhouetted in the dusty fire break running for their lives to the safety of their barracks.

The following day, December 8, martial law was declared and an 8 P.M. curfew was imposed on the residents of camp. This order was not rescinded until about December 20 which left the camp literally at a standstill after dark. An observance of the 8 P.M. curfew order meant curtailing all evening activities such as school programs, church and club meetings, night school, parties and dances. The searchlights which normally chased jack rabbits in the brushy wastelands outside of camp were adjusted during the curfew period to make a sweep of the barracks and fire breaks inside of camp. Armed MPs patrolled the campgrounds in a jeep with mounted machine guns day and night. During the day, any group of three or more were quickly dispersed as this was considered an unlawful assembly.

This set the stage for another of my hairbrain escapades. We chose Moses Miyazaki's apartment in Block 6 which was in the furthest southwest corner of camp to play our penny ante poker. More than the game itself I think it was the thrill and excitement of trying to outwit the MPs. Their order was to shoot first and ask questions later. Running from barrack to barrack and dodging the lights was no sport, but to avoid being seen by the MPs on the jeep was the challenge. We crawled under many barracks on the way. No man's land were the two fire breaks of almost a 100 yards each that we had to cross. The timing had to be perfect and once the signal 'go' was given, we had to run like hell. Once, and luckily only once the jeep made a short circuit and caught us still in the fire break. Suddenly there were five new tree stumps in the sandy fire break. Personally I think I made a better looking rock than a tree stump but there was no time to be choosy. Fortunately for us it was a moonless night.

When the curfew was finally lifted around December 20 there were no happy sounds of rejoicing or gaiety. It was almost as if they were fearful of being caught standing around talking. This went on for a couple of days before the camp returned to normal. Even then something seemed to be lacking.

The new project director, Ralph P. Merritt who replaced acting director Solon T. Kimball on November 24 contacted the U.S. Forestry Service and had arranged to have a Christmas tree placed in every mess hall, the Shonien (Maryknoll Orphanage), the hospital and the administration building. This was in hopes of boosting the morale of the children

and older residents whose spirits had been severely dampened by the accounts of the past two weeks. A news article from the Manzanar Free Press (Camp newspaper) states that a total of 64 trees were brought down by the men in the Forestry Service.

Trying to return the camp back to a semblance of sanity the trees were artfully decorated by the residents of each block. Without the usual sophisticated commercial tree decorations, the people contributed talents which may never have surfaced, in making intricate tree decorations from tinfoil gathered from cigarette and gum wrappers, ornaments made from various sized tin cans and the lids. Various colored toothbrush handles bent into rings made colorful chains hanging from the branches. Then of course the popcorn balls and colored marshmallows strung into chains made the wide-eyed youngsters clap with glee. This was our first Christmas Tree in Manzanar and one of the prettiest trees that I'll ever hope to see. You see, this tree was decorated with ornaments that love had designed. In the following years the trees were decorated with Sears and Roebuck ornaments and it had somehow lost the true meaning of Christmas.

On Christmas Eve groups of young carolers had attempted to spread a little yuletide cheer around camp but it turned out to be a dismal failure. It could have been the high winds that blew all night and the next day which was Christmas Day which went on the record as the most miserable Christmas Day (weather-wise) that was experienced in Manzanar.

I think if it wasn't for the Project Director's compassionate effort to bring a little joy and happiness into the lives of "his people" (Camp residents) and commanding a semblance of normalcy back to camp, there never would have been a Christmas. Here is a simple but sincere message that I copied from the Special Christmas Edition of the Free Press written by a dedicated man who weathered his baptismal under fire during his first month as our Project Director. He handled the problems firmly and fairly to all concerned and was able to restore law and order to a troubled camp. He unknowingly inherited troubles which had been brewing for months and had he been a lesser man he would have ended up being made the scapegoat.

Quote: "For all little children of Manzanar, I hope there will be Christmas Trees and presents and parties. For all boys and girls who yet are children at heart I hope there will be carols and dances and the happiness that belongs to Christmas. And for all of us who are grown up children, I hope this day brings peace, respect and goodwill. A Merry Christmas To All."

(signed)  
Ralph P. Merritt

RALPH MERRITT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS AT MANZANAR

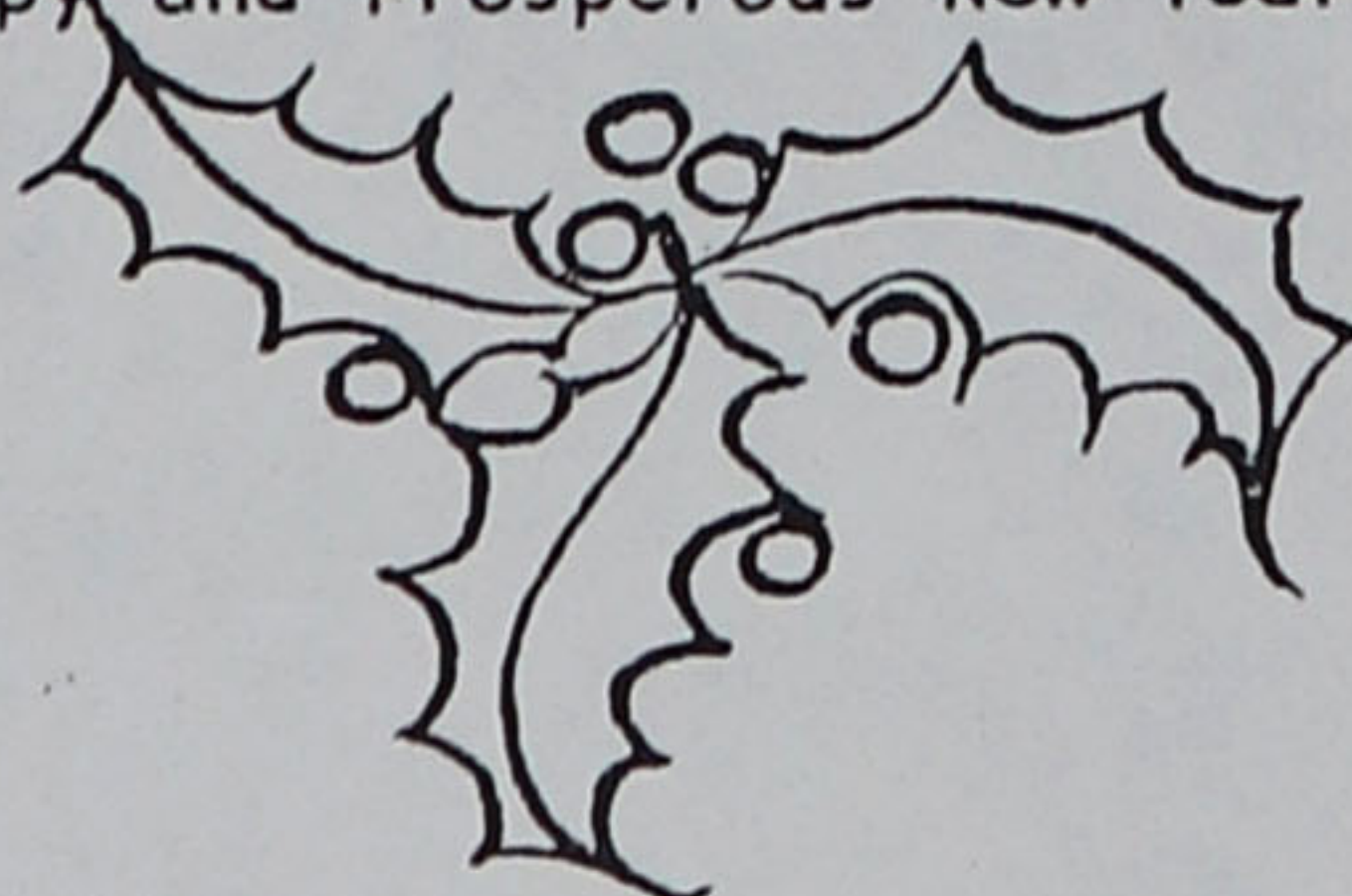
By Katharine Krater as recorded in her new book titled, EAST OF THE HIGH SIERRA on sale at Eastern California Museum for \$4.50 plus 27 cents tax or \$5.02 by mail.

Ralph Merritt told this story of his first Christmas at Manzanar. On December 7, 1942, there had been a bloody riot and all the camp went underground. No children came out to play, there were no lights in the barracks, no work crews functioned. One week, two weeks, and Manzanar remained a ghost town. Then Margaret Gleason, director of welfare, suggested they give a Christmas party for the orphans in the Childrens' Village. Tucked way in a corner of that mile-square, barbed-wire enclosure, they had not been touched by the cloud that hung over the camp. All were as excited as children anywhere would be over the gifts and entered joyously into the singing of Christmas Carols. Suddenly Mr. Merritt realized there was more music than just those childish voices. Stepping out into the sharp clear moonlit night, he found a group of boys and girls who had come to join in the carols. With Mr. and Mrs. Merritt and Miss Gleason leading, the young people walked through the dark camp, singing as they went. And, one by one, lights came on in the barracks, voices called out "Merry Christmas!" and Manzanar came to life.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVED AT INDEPENDENCE MUSEUM BY CLOSING

"And, Lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." (Matt. 1:9)

The month of December brings Christmas and with it this story of the Christmas Star which guided the Wiseman to the birthplace of Christ in Bethlehem. Astronomers have long speculated as to the inception of the Christmas Star. Whatever its origin we at Eastern California Museum take this opportunity to wish all the readers of the Museum News Bulletin a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.....As Tiny Tim observed God Bless Us, Every One!"





SHI RESUMES TOPPING BEETS WITH ONE GOOD LEG TO OFFER HIS COUNTRY  
Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 15, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

On March 21, 1942, 88 adventurous volunteers of Japanese descent first set foot on the brush covered soil soon to be known as Camp Manzanar. You might even call them the 20th century pioneers who blazed the trail north out of Los Angeles to establish temporary homesites for the upward of 10,000 displaced citizens and non-citizens who were to follow. The volunteers were greeted by a few hastily built barracks to house them, the cold wind and the suffocating dust and stacks of dust covered lumber and building supplies piled high in a clearing for building additional barracks. The giant task of clearing the million square area of brush and rocks lay ahead for them in preparation for building a total of 36 blocks of 15 barracks each. This project was completed around July of 1942.

By September of 1942, just six months later, Thomas W. Holland, WRA Chief of Employment was in Manzanar prompted by a nation in the throes of a farm labor shortage trying to recruit the imprisoned evacuees to come to the aid of the government that had put them there. It seems incredible that through lawful manipulation in Washington, D.C. thousands of able-bodied men (7,000 from the various camps) were suddenly available when the western states were faced with a labor shortage. The irony of it was, we were told to show our "patriotism" by helping to save the nation's sugar supply. How were the crops harvested in previous years? This was the situation which later found the Japanese spread out through the farmlands of Idaho, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona and East Oregon and also which had brought myself and over 400 others into Montana all the way up to the Canadian border.

After a fitful night's sleep punctuated by nightmares I was awakened by the crowing of roosters by the side of our shack. The stove I had stuffed with firewood had long been burned out and the rooms were like cold storage. I was stiff from having slept curled like a ball and my leg was still aching from the nasty crack on the shin. The bandage seemed secure so I decided to get up and get some water to wash up. I had noticed the night before that there was no running water in the room and the only available water was in the cistern about 30 yards away next to the Tjaden's house. I set up a bench and with a couple of wash pans I made a makeshift wash stand where we would wash and do our laundry.

I made a number of painful trips to the pump to fill up a large wash tub which was placed in the corner of our kitchen. Noticing that I was up and around, Mrs. Tjaden brought over some bacon and eggs, a huge jug of fresh milk and a couple of loaves of bread she had just taken out of the oven. This beautiful gesture solved our problem. She apologetically inquired about my leg and left. I thought that before this "Montana Beet Caper" was over I'd be falling in love with that woman.

I soon had a roaring fire going which took the chill out of the room and I turned to the task of cooking our first breakfast in Montana. The eggs were fresh out of the barn, the bacon was home-cured, the milk was still warm and the bread fresh out of the oven. I must admit that camp was never like this. The smell of the bacon frying soon had the crew stirring and hurriedly washing. We sat down to a regal breakfast. We all naturally agreed that this had to be one of the best breakfasts we ever had. Since I had agreed to do all of the cooking, the boys were to share in the cleaning. The only disadvantage was that I would be up first to do the cooking as well as work till sundown with the crew and start my cooking after we all returned to the shack. It was an unfair arrangement for me, but I was more concerned about topping beets for tonnage since tonnage meant money.

After breakfast we walked around the yard that seemed so dark and mysterious the night before and all around us we saw the barnyard animals and fowl that had vociferously protested our intrusion the night before. Off to the side located about 75 feet from our shack, and with a well beaten path leading to it, we found what we had been looking for. It was the deluxe "Two-holer" otherwise known as the outhouse. I appreciated the fact that it was located down wind and far enough away, but there were some cold and wet nights when we had wished it was right next door.

Our 9' X 12' sized multi-purpose room was barren except for the huge wood stove and table with four chairs. There were no cupboards except for a couple of shelves and nails in the walls where I hung our pots and pans. A wild assortment of chinaware and silverware had been placed on the shelf for our use and the one window in our shack facing the Tjaden's house had no shade but a home-made curtain had been hung there for minimal privacy. In the far corner of the room was the wash tub for our supply of water and a couple of earthen jugs for storing our drinking water. An old linoleum covered the uneven floor which made it a little easier for sweeping.

On either side of the wood stove there were two open doors which led into our (slightly bigger than a closet) bedrooms. The larger room had a bunk-type wooden plank bed built onto the wall and this was shared by Carl, Yoji and Lucky. I chose the smaller room which had a small wooden bed with hard planks. None of the beds had springs or mattresses. Had

#15B

Page 6

January, 1976

we know this we would have brought along some extra bedding. It took us awhile to get used to the metal cots and the straw filled canvas tick mattresses in Manzanar but this wood plank bed was altogether something else. It was going to be hard to get used to. Yes, very hard!

Tjaden dropped by shortly after we returned and took us out to a patch of beets that he had dug up for topping. This was a healthy plot of beets growing near the barn and the tops came well over our knees. I thought with beets like these we should top a lot of tonnage. The wicked looking "machete" that he showed us for beet topping was huge and the blade measured about 2½" X 18" which was squared off at the end and a 2" barb or hook welded on the end to pull up the beets for topping. He showed us how to pull up the beets with the hook, lay it in our hands, top it and toss it into the next row without a lost motion. The very first beet that I attacked was a huge one and buried deep. It wouldn't yield to my pull so with my left hand pulling on the beet top and the barb hooked into the beet I gave a mighty yank and the barb ripped through the beet and also ripped open the back of my left hand cutting open a vein. Another bloody mess.

Half-heartedly topping a few more beets, we decided to go into town for our supplies. We climbed into the pickup and drove through acres and acres of beets that we would top in the next 6 weeks. The tops on the beets that we passed were not as thick and heavy as those that we had just topped which meant that the beets would be much smaller. A few weeks later we found out how much smaller and that brought our average tonnage down way below our estimate. The recruiters had offered no minimum guarantee on this furlough work but inferred that we could earn good wages if we were willing to work hard. Some of the beets that we worked were so small that we couldn't hook our barb into it. Work your guts out and it was still impossible to make good wages. They had said that we would earn much more than we were making in camp and besides it was a patriotic thing to do. Working for \$12 and \$16 a month in camp, even slave labor on the outside could top that. I'll write more on the poor conditions experienced by some of the other crews, the treatment and the poor yields of some of the farms in Pondera County.

The town of Conrad was much larger than we had expected and the town which was so quiet the night we arrived was bustling with activity as we drove up to the market. There were no welcoming committees nor any banners waving in the breeze to herald our coming, but I hadn't expected any. At least a sign or two to acknowledge the fact that a group of patriotic prisoners had come to their county to save their sugar beet crops would have been acceptable. Maybe someday they will realize the important role that the evacuees played in the nation's vital farm program during the war years.

The market seemed unusually crowded as "folk hereabout" having heard that the Manzanar work force had arrived in Pondera County were out in force to catch a glimpse, and for some, their first look at an Oriental person. Feeling self-conscious as it was, all of this attention made us feel uneasy and uncomfortable. We rushed through our shopping and loading the groceries on the pickup we went across the street to the Pondera Drug Store to pick up some medical supplies and to have that soda I had often dreamed about. At long last the "drought" was about to be over. We encountered a couple of "drug-store cowboys" without incident and with curious eyes following our every move, we sat at the ice cream counter not really knowing if we would be served. I tried to act casual as I studied the menu and also the female clerks out of the corner of my eyes as they cast furtive glances in our direction. After what seemed like ages (actually only a couple of minutes) one of the girls shyly walked over and in a surprisingly friendly manner asked to take our order. Perhaps noticeably, with a small sigh of relief I ordered a double chocolate soda. I hate to admit it that I was actually expecting to be refused service. My first soda since entering Manzanar was doubly enjoyable as I relished it to the last muffled gurgle. We purchased some stationery lots of first aid supplies (for me), a big bag full of candy bars for our snacks and headed back to the pickup. Thanks to the warm sincere friends that we made in the Pondera Drug, this was our headquarters and the high light of our weekly trips into the town of Conrad.

As we headed out of town we did see one sign on the barber shop window welcoming us to Conrad. It read "Welcome Japs! Ears lowered FREE." We later encountered other signs and incidents without any unpleasant confrontations, but some of the residents of Conrad did try to make our stay a little more bearable.

That night we sat around after dinner writing letters to our family and friends back in Manzanar. I wrote of the incidents of the last couple of days and how boring the train ride was coming up here. I wrote of the lousy food on the train (a skimpy sandwich three times a day), the cold nights here in Montana and our optimistic outlook for making some money. I wrote that tomorrow was going to be the supreme test for us. Wish us luck.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by the sound of a tractor being driven out in the field and I sleepily wondered what damned fool was out in the cold. I found out later the next day that Tjaden was busily turning over the beets for us to top that day. The sound of the tractor in the middle of the night became a familiar sound and a sound

that I dreaded to hear for it was the prelude to each new torturous day. The breakfast that morning was unhurried as we tried to put off going out into the field as long as possible. We started topping trying to develop a rhythm which would make our moves smoother and less tiring but after an hour of steady topping, Carl and Lucky dropped their machete and sprawled out on the cool green leaves refusing to go any further. Stubbornly, Yoji and I kept up the pace and left them far behind. We somehow managed to work the better part of the day when Tjaden came out and suggested that we knock off early for tomorrow was another day. We unanimously agreed. We wouldn't be able to go back to Manzanar for at least six weeks so there was really no point in trying to top all of the beets in Montana in one week.

We must have been a pathetic sight as we dragged ourselves back to our shack. It was painful trying to straighten up after being bent over so long and who was it that said we Japanese were built for stoop labor? I had blisters the size of marbles on my right hand, my left hand was bandaged from the knife wound and limping badly on my right leg from the crack on the shin. Sadly, I only had one good limb left to offer to my country. My crew didn't look too healthy either. It took us a good week to get broken in which doesn't mean that the work got any easier. It just became a little easier to take. That night after a half-eaten dinner we sat around feeling sorry for each other and our mutual thoughts were, "What the hell are we doing out here?"

From Manzanar, approximately a thousand men and a sprinkling of women had signed up with the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. to work the farmlands of Idaho and Montana, and another 100 had signed up with the Amalgamated Sugar Co. This created a severe labor shortage in camp as can be expected as 25% of the employable young men had left camp for "greener pastures." Women and high school students were recruited for some of the vital positions vacated by the departing furlough workers and each block resident resorted to recruiting volunteers among block residents for various block positions normally manned by paid personnel. Every department suffered a severe setback as the furlough fever had swept through the entire camp. I understand that the Public Works Department that I had worked for was affected the most. The majority of the workers were in the 18-25 year age group, 40 members were listed under 17 years old and there were 46 women accompanying their husbands. Out of the total of 1018 furlough workers, I would hazard to guess that over 95% of the workers after their first hard day out in the field all chorused, "What the hell are we doing here!"

After cleaning up the dinner dishes, the trio, minus horseplay and letter writing, quietly dragged themselves off to bed. I stayed up to change my bandages and after stuffing the firewood in the stove, I too, crawled into my sleeping bag expecting to be awakened by Tjaden's tractor or that damned old stewing rooster.

F15

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM VINCE MATSUDAIRA

Last spring, during the pilgrimage to the site of the former concentration camp at Manzanar, I was fortunate to have visited the museum in Independence. The curator there introduced me to a subscription to the BULLETIN, which regularly features the biographical articles from the pen of Shiro Nomura, sketching his memoirs as a young internee at Manzanar.

At long last Mr. Nomura has unveiled the basis, or roots, of an incident encountered by me when I was stationed with the Air Force, in Montana, ten years ago. I have recounted this incident to many over the years, but have never had the opportunity to examine my intrigue with it until now.

I was twenty-one then (1965), stationed on a radar site near Miles City, Montana. Although I was born in a concentration camp in Idaho, I grew up knowing little about what had happened. I was, however, fully aware of the racial bigotry that had plagued me through my growing years, and thus I was understandably paranoid and self-conscious about my Japanese ancestry. Being stationed there didn't help my sensitivities much either, for I can recall seeing only two other oriental-looking people the whole three years I spent there.

One night I went to a local bar by myself, prepared to having service refused me, or being attacked by someone who might want to remember the war. As I said, I was paranoid. A few heads did turn, but I ignored the stares. Even the olive in my drink became a threat - staring at me. Then it happened. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rather raspy voice made my heart hide behind my stomach and my bladder quiver. "Hey, are you Japanese?" I froze.

"Are you Japanese?" he repeated. I thought I'd better answer before he started abbreviating the word "Japanese." So I clenched my fist, said a quick prayer, then lost my nerve. My answer, "Yeah, and what the hell do you want to do about it, buddy?" came out a rather meek and apologetic, "Yeth."

A long silence, then he yelled, lurching me out of my boots, "Hey, bartender, give this here man a drink!" I couldn't believe my ears at first, then as I recovered I got suspicious so I politely tried to refuse the drink. He growled, "You're gonna have a drink - on me!"

I was bewildered. "I don't understand." He then smiled. I noticed that the few teeth he had were in immaculate condition. He must have been in his late sixties, and his skin resembled beef jerky in both color and texture. I was terrified with the suspense.

He finally spoke again. "You see, son, you might be too young to know this, but our government did a terrible thing to your people during the war. Don't get me wrong, but I'm grateful in a way...in a selfish way." The bartender was just beginning to fill the order. The old man continued, most likely enjoying the way my face began to change from puzzled to dumfounded. "You see, our sugar beets were in great trouble because of lack of manpower and other things. But you boys came out of them camps and saved our crops. And ever since that time, I promised to buy every Japanese I see a drink, just to say I'm grateful."

I was more relieved than astounded at the time. I believe I called out to the bartender, "Make that a double!" The old man shook my hand, paid the tab, then disappeared into the night. I've not seen him since, and the incident has haunted me until Mr. Nomura's latest contribution to the BULLETIN.

Mr. Nomura, I owe you a double!

F15

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM VINCE MATSUDAIRA

Last spring, during the pilgrimage to the site of the former concentration camp at Manzanar, I was fortunate to have visited the museum in Independence. The curator there introduced me to a subscription to the BULLETIN, which regularly features the biographical articles from the pen of Shiro Nomura, sketching his memoirs as a young internee at Manzanar.

At long last Mr. Nomura has unveiled the basis, or roots, of an incident encountered by me when I was stationed with the Air Force, in Montana, ten years ago. I have recounted this incident to many over the years, but have never had the opportunity to examine my intrigue with it until now.

I was twenty-one then (1965), stationed on a radar site near Miles City, Montana. Although I was born in a concentration camp in Idaho, I grew up knowing little about what had happened. I was, however, fully aware of the racial bigotry that had plagued me through my growing years, and thus I was understandably paranoid and self-conscious about my Japanese ancestry. Being stationed there didn't help my sensitivities much either, for I can recall seeing only two other oriental-looking people the whole three years I spent there.

One night I went to a local bar by myself, prepared to having service refused me, or being attacked by someone who might want to remember the war. As I said, I was paranoid. A few heads did turn, but I ignored the stares. Even the olive in my drink became a threat - staring at me. Then it happened. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rather raspy voice made my heart hide behind my stomach and my bladder quiver. "Hey, are you Japanese?" I froze.

"Are you Japanese?" he repeated. I thought I'd better answer before he started abbreviating the word "Japanese." So I clenched my fist, said a quick prayer, then lost my nerve. My answer, "Yeah, and what the hell do you want to do about it, buddy?" came out a rather meek and apologetic, "Yeth."

A long silence, then he yelled, lurching me out of my boots, "Hey, bartender, give this here man a drink!" I couldn't believe my ears at first, then as I recovered I got suspicious so I politely tried to refuse the drink. He growled, "You're gonna have a drink - on me!"

I was bewildered. "I don't understand." He then smiled. I noticed that the few teeth he had were in immaculate condition. He must have been in his late sixties, and his skin resembled beef jerky in both color and texture. I was terrified with the suspense.

He finally spoke again. "You see, son, you might be too young to know this, but our government did a terrible thing to your people during the war. Don't get me wrong, but I'm grateful in a way...in a selfish way." The bartender was just beginning to fill the order. The old man continued, most likely enjoying the way my face began to change from puzzled to dumfounded. "You see, our sugar beets were in great trouble because of lack of manpower and other things. But you boys came out of them camps and saved our crops. And ever since that time, I promised to buy every Japanese I see a drink, just to say I'm grateful."

I was more relieved than astounded at the time. I believe I called out to the bartender, "Make that a double!!" The old man shook my hand, paid the tab, then disappeared into the night. I've not seen him since, and the incident has haunted me until Mr. Nomura's latest contribution to the BULLETIN.

Mr. Nomura, I owe you a double!

#16A

February, 1976

Page 5

SOME FARMERS PROVIDED CHICKEN COOPS AND HOG PENS FOR MANZANAR WORKERS TO LIVE IN  
Inside WW2 Manzanar, Part 16, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

Received our first correspondence from Manzanar and what a welcome piece of mail it was. Two weeks have dragged by since our arrival in this small town of Conrad and it has been like a nightmare since. When I first signed up for this furlough work the contract had called for a minimum of six weeks of work, and I signed thinking "once a farmer, always a farmer" and that it was going to be a breeze. To be frankly honest about it I was busily counting the money that this job was going to bring in.

We soon found out that this assignment was much tougher than any of us had imagined and had we known of the rough days ahead I'm certain that the number of volunteers would have been much smaller. When you step out into the beet field, its like entering into another world where time stands still for hours on end. The sun seems to hang lazily overhead for hours before slowly moving on. The beet rows which are about a half-mile long seem like at least a mile or two, but somehow in spite of our aches and pains we had managed to work two weeks of our original six weeks agreement. Normally we would have been adding up the tonnage which meant money in our pocket, but we found ourselves subtracting the days from our calendar instead.

A letter from Gracie, Kow's sister had said that everyone including my family were well but that they were concerned about my injuries which without proper medical attention had gotten worse. I shouldn't have mentioned that in my letter. The cut on my hand had become infected and had caused me considerable pain. Camp Manzanar seemed to be surviving the drain of manpower caused by the furlough and operating smoothly without our assistance with the use of volunteers and emergency crews. Gracie also wrote that the weather had turned considerably colder and the short days and the cold north winds put a damper on the popular after dinner sports that they all looked forward to. Heavy Navy P-Coats had been distributed to the adults of the families along with "long-John underwear" which was a welcome addition for the older folks as some did not have adequate clothing for the cold months ahead. The lack of proper warm clothing for the women and children was sorely missed that first winter in Manzanar and the majority of southlanders accustomed to the mild winters along the coastal area were wholly unprepared for the cold weather of Owens Valley. Churches and other sympathetic organizations had sponsored clothing drives back home and these had been distributed to some of the needy families in camp.

The mail included letters from Amy which had been forwarded to me by Kow and in her first couple of letters she didn't know that I was in Montana. I had mentioned to her my earlier correspondence that I had made application for transfer to Amache, Colorado as the screening for relocating and transferring of separated families and couples had started in September of 1942. Reuniting of families and bringing together couples from the various camps for the purpose of matrimony started up on a large scale when the applicants were cleared for transfer. It informed her that a form would be sent to her to verify my application for transfer to her camp and this would start the machinery in motion for us. Unlike transferring between camps relocating to states outside of the Western Defense Zone required a more complicated and thorough checking of individual records by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In the earlier proceedings, the applicants were limited to citizens of the United States only and the red tape required assurances from the prospective employers and acceptance by the citizens of the new community. These had to be recorded and also adequate housing had to be arranged and provided before permission for transfer was approved and granted. In my case it was simply would Amy and her Camp Amache accept me.

We had started topping beets on an optimistic note having experienced topping some of the larger beets in a very fertile area. We had estimated that if the balance of the acreage on Tjaden's farm yielded the same tonnage we would be able to average better than five dollars a day which was considered a good day's pay. This only lasted a week and from that point on the beets kept getting smaller and smaller until by the end of the season it would have been difficult to separate the sugar beets from parsnips.

There were a couple mechanical beet loaders in the Conrad area which would have improved our topping capacity but the big influential farmers held a monopoly on the use of it. Tjaden name was on the list but so far down on the list that it would be a couple of years before he had any hopes of taking advantage of it. The beet toppers working with the use of the mechanical beet loader made out, better in tonnage because they topped beets continuously without stopping to load 2 or 3 times a day. It was the same old story where the big farmer gets bigger and the small farmer stays small.

One day when Tjadens truck had broken down at the weighing station, we had topped continuously that afternoon without stopping to load so we had a sizeable load sitting out in the field when we called it a day because of darkness. Tjaden finally drove in after our dinner dishes were done, asked if we would be willing to load up to save the beets from freezing. We knew too well what a good freeze during the night would do to the beets and

#16B

Page 6

February, 1976

if we chanced leaving it out all night, our whole afternoon's work would be reduced to hog feed. On another occasion we had been forced to load beets at night by tractor light but this one particular night was a night that we would long remember.

Now, every evening when we left the field to go back to our shack, Hank, who was Mrs. Tjaden's younger brother would release the fifty head of cattle to feed on the beet tops which were cut that day. On this night not realizing that the beets hadn't been loaded up, he had released the cattle as usual and they had scattered all over the entire area when we drove up in the wagon. We must have lost a good hour trying to play cowboys and herding the cattle back into the pasture. Lucky for us that the cattle eat only the beet tops and ignore the beets itself but if they had eaten the beets also it would have saved us a lot of grief and this is where the juicy part of the story begins.

Trying to load the beets by the light of the tractor was difficult enough and rather dangerous for we could easily have knocked each other out or turned our ankle as we scrambled around in the dark picking up the slippery beets. Our progress was limited and very slow until our eyes became accustomed to the dark and while working as a team with two of us on either side of the wagon we loaded with caution trying not to overthrow and hit someone on the other side. The beets felt unusually slippery in my gloved hands but assuming that the night air had moistened the dirt on the beets, I kept loading until something hit me in the face. I brushed my face with my gloved hands which was a mistake. My hands had smelled suspiciously of cattle so I moved into the tractor's light and discovered to my horror that I was covered from my shoes to my face with fresh cow dung. My crew's first reaction was to laugh until they realized that the dirt they felt pelting them while loading the beets wasn't all dirt. We were totally smeared and intolerably smelly. I thought Tjaden was going to fall off of the tractor from laughing so much. So for the rest of the loading process we made sure that some of the "dirt" flew his way. We wouldn't want him to feel left out.

Returning to the shack we built two large bonfires on the side of the shack away from the Tjadens' house and with tubs of boiling hot water we stripped down to our shorts and bathed before entering the house. Our clothes and our shoes had to be thoroughly laundered and cleaned and it was about 2AM and 20 degrees when we finally huddled around our wood stove to thaw out before going to bed. The Tjadens must have thought we had gone off our rocker, but we were clean when we went to bed. As insignificant as an old wood burning stove may be it was the most valuable article in our shack. I learned to cook proficiently on that stove being able to control the high, medium and low heat by moving the pot around on the top of the stove. As for heat we would have frozen to death without it but during the real cold days even the stove couldn't keep us warm in the shack. I could remember standing close to white-hot stove and be warm on the side facing the stove but my back would be freezing. It's difficult to imagine that a huge wood burning stove couldn't warm up a small shack but with the thin walls the stove was inadequate in sub-freezing weather. Let me illustrate another incident and maybe I'll make you a believer. In the morning after washing up I would stand in the doorway and spray the ground with a pan full of water and in about a minute or so the water would turn to ice. Now the clincher. While standing next to the hot stove inside the shack, I would moisten my hair and as I ran the comb through my hair I would have to remove the "ice" from my comb. And this was a mild winter according to Tjaden.

One evening at the suggestion of Tjaden we drove his pickup into town to catch a movie at the town's only movie house. After purchasing our tickets amid the stares of those standing around and after a momentary delay we were coldly escorted up into the surprisingly empty balcony. I couldn't understand the empty balcony as this was my favorite section back home. I thought to myself how lucky we were to have the whole balcony to ourselves. Our seclusion was short-lived however when about a half-hour later a disturbance on the stairway leading to the balcony caught my attention. I noticed a portly woman with her mousy husband and three kids in tow who came up the stairs and sat down noisily behind us. They finally got settled and after several minutes of silence I heard a lot of whispering behind us and when I looked back I saw the large woman pulling her children after her saying to her husband, "C'mon, Joe, let's go. Now, Joe, let's go," and the Indian family casting suspicious glances back in our direction hurried down the stairs.

To admit that we were puzzled would be an understatement, but the pieces fell into place when we returned to the movie house two weeks later. We purchased our tickets and without a moments hesitation we were greeted warmly by the same usherette who practically took us by the arm and escorted us into the downstairs loge section. I had inquired about the balcony and she hesitantly told us that the balcony was full although the movie house downstairs was less than half-full. After the movie and still a little puzzled at the turn of events I mentioned this to my new friend at the Pondera Drug store soda fountain and she filled in the missing pieces to the whole puzzle. To begin with, she apologetically related that the balcony that I coveted so much was "the reserved section" for Indians only and when we had gone to the movie house a couple of weeks ago we had posed a problem and the management not wanting to risk the ire of the white patrons had hurriedly decided to send us up into the balcony. Something in the order of the "back-of-the-bus" treatment.

February, 1976

Page 7

Naive and ignorant country boys that we were we had taken the back of the bus treatment without complaining. But not so, with seven (Los Angeles city boys) other furlough workers who a week after our first visit had gone to the movie house to be escorted up into the balcony with the Indians. When the deliberate color barrier became apparent and that they were being discriminated against they stormed down from the balcony to accost the manager in the lobby and threatened to physically tear him and the joint apart. After the constable was called and order was restored the seven furlough workers were led into the loge section with the profound apologies of the management. We had missed the excitement as both of our visits to the movie house sandwiched the unpleasant incident and this explains the red carpet treatment on our last visit. It's funny, though why we never went back, but what had hurt me most was the fact that even the Indians refused to sit through a movie with us.

On various occasions during our shopping visits to town we would run into crews that worked around Conrad. There were groups who had left Manzanar after ours and were spread out on farms north of Great Falls into the smaller communities like Vaughn, Fairfield, Collins, Valier and as far north as Shelby which was another 25 miles closer to the Canada border. Stories told by the workers confirmed stories of living conditions which was disgustingly bad in all areas. It made us feel like our shack was a chateau on the Riviera. It seems that the popular sentiment and from some of the farmers point-of-view the quarters and facilities for ranch hands, "especially orientals" didn't require building new bunk-houses or remodeling to accomodate us. I, for one will attest that a popular phrase which was repeated more than once and heard by many was "After all, they're only Japs." It seems that a number of "living quarters" offered to the furlough workers were cleaned out sheds, barns and even chicken coops. In one instance a feed room leading into a pig sty had been cleaned out to serve as living quarters. This was a case in Fairfield, Montana and Frank Kageyama who had teamed with the Ichien brothers stated that their quarters stunk as much on the inside as it did on the outside. The flies were a problem and there was always the constant danger of having the house knocked off its foundation when the huge porkers would scratch their dirty bodies on the corners of the building.

A specific agreement in the contract had read in part, "In addition to the wages, the farmer agrees to furnish the workers without cost the following: a dwelling together with equipment and facilities for cooking, laundry, bathing and sanitation." The representative of each district was to have interviewed and inspected the farmer and his premises to see that it met the standards to which we were accustomed to. This like most contracts just a bunch of words that no one bothers to read or honor.

A dispute involving about 35 men erupted when they registered a complaint with the local authorities and upon investigation it was booked as a legitimate complaint and formal charges were lodged against the offending farmers. The area where the most flagrant injustices were perpetrated was in the small community of Valier, Montana. Some of the workers were made to live in pens and coops with "dirt floors" which had been raked clean of trash and droppings and canvas cots placed on the ground. The representative from the sugar company was appalled at the conditions and hurriedly relocated the groups to Blaine, Phillips and Valley Counties where conditions were more favorable. These were some of the areas of complaints and unfortunately these ignorant farmers were left without farm aid to harvest their crops and were also black-listed for future evacuee labor.

The crop yield in the entire Pondera County was disappointingly poor and the average yield for a 10 to 12-hour day was something like \$2.00-\$3.00 per day for a hard day's work. Deduct from that a dollar a day for food, not counting incidentals and we netted only a few dollars more than our friends in Manzanar. We finally quit topping when the beets got so small that it was almost impossible to get a load out after a hard day's work. It was the first contingent of furlough workers who had trail-blazed into the labor starved northwestern states to suffer the mistreatments and the poor working and living conditions, but they served to set a standard which improved conditions for the furlough groups that followed. Although areas that were uncooperative and nonproductive were constantly in an acute labor situation as reports from the past season would discourage men to sign up. Contract agreements and conditions including the pay scale had been revised and improved considerably. Also a new ruling which became very popular was passed allowing the worker to stay on with a farmer if they elected to do so. On the average, those who had signed up for work in Idaho fared considerably better financially and enjoyed better conditions than those of us who ventured further north into Montana. Idaho farmers and then later Utah popularly became the land of plenty for the hardy furlough workers that followed.

Next: My final days in Montana, then home again to Manzanar.

Wheezy Archie of Death Valley Junction went to see Dr. Christianson of Lone Pine as soon as he arrived from the smog blanketed wastelands of Southern California. "You've got a lung disease," the doctor announced, "but I wouldn't worry about it," he added. Wheezy replied that he wouldn't worry about it either, if the doctor had a lung disease.



BEET TOPPING DAYS IN MONTANA CLOSE WITH A SNOW STORM

Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 17, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

Twenty-eight days have been checked off on our kitchen calendar from the month of October. This was our record of many countless hours of back-breaking toil endured under the guise of serving our country on the farm front as we pursued the evasive dollar. To be perfectly frank I wasn't really as concerned about getting the highly rationed sugar on the American table during that period as I was in putting a little jingle in my pocket. That was our main objective. Freedom from camp was equally important but in my case that was secondary. It felt real good to be able to walk the streets again as a "free citizen," a privilege that other American Citizens had taken for granted, but somehow it lacked the complete feeling of true freedom. Six months restriction behind barbed wire fences had instilled in us a hidden fear. We had freedom of movement although limited to areas as we were still bound by contracts with the sugar company and our employers.

To some, freedom would mean doing the things they were not able to do in camp. The fortunate ones who worked on farms near the big cities were able to frequent bowling alleys, movies, good restaurants and even bars. But for those of us in smaller towns we met with more prejudice and consequently our activities were very limited. In the town of Conrad one of the "off limits" areas was the town's only rinky-dink skating rink which apparently in these parts was quite an attraction for the young people for miles around. On a Saturday night while my crew was busy with other things my friend at the Pondera Drug Store invited me to escort her to a skating party being held at the local rink. The thought occurred to me that I would be an object of curiosity among her friends and other such thoughts crossed my mind, but I accepted *hesitantly*, but I accepted because I liked her.

Fearing the worst, I opened the door to the rink and she grabbed me by my arm as we entered. There was a stunned silence as all eyes turned in our direction and when she smilingly waved to her friends the room gradually came back to life. My initial uneasiness was soon overcome by their friendliness and sincerity. That night possibly opened up another form of recreation for the furlough workers in that area. We got along famously with the young people of Conrad from that time on. All it took was to get to know and understand each other.

My interpretation of freedom was more emotional than physical. I would take long walks in the hillsides and it was especially enjoyable after the first snow had fallen. This, to me was freedom. To be able to walk for miles in either direction without the guard towers looking down on my every move. While back in camp I remember crawling under the barbed wire when the camp was going to sleep, and by dodging the long sweeping arms of the searchlights scanning the lonely desert I would run, crawl and hide behind sagebrushes until I was out of range of the probing lights. All this for the thrill and a shot of freedom. I'd crawl atop a huge rock and watch the lights of our camp and the lights from the town of Independence blot out one by one as sleep settled down in the valley. Then I would start my perilous way back, running and dodging to crawl back under the fence leaving freedom behind me. I looked forward to my escapades in the lonely desert under the stars in my solitude I would find solace and warmth knowing that the same blanket of stars looked down upon Amy in Camp Amache.

With another day of beet topping behind us and with the dinner dishes cleared away, we would stuff the stove with firewood and our evening's ritual of reading and writing letters would begin. The tri-weekly Manzanar FREE PRESS which came to us in batches were always popular with us with news which kept us abreast of the latest developments in camp. An article in the paper stated that the camp co-op barber shop had recently opened in my block 21 with four barber chairs to trim the whole camp. It would have been physically impossible for only four barbers to handle all of the male heads in camp but with bootleg Tonsorial Parlors located throughout the camp they maintained a full schedule daily and were able to handle the load. Prices were reasonable but at our rate of pay it was still a dear price. Adults, 15 cents; children 10 cents; a shave was 15 cents and a trim for ladies was 25 cents. Private enterprises plagued the Camp Co-op System with barbering, ladies hair styling, sewing and carpentry to name but a few which were being operated by private individuals. It was deemed unlawful by the administration for any individual to conduct business of any nature where their services would be compensated with money.

During the first year, there were no drafting of Japanese for furlough work in most parts of the state of Utah and mainly in the Salt Lake City area. In spite of the plea of Governor Herbert B. Maw that Washington officials make provisions for the conscription of Japanese labor to save Utah crops, Chas. F. Ernst, director of the Central Relocation Project in Abraham stated that there will be no regimenting of evacuee labor. A letter from the regional Director of the Mountain Region further states, "Salt Lake County has not been approved for evacuee labor-most of the state restricted since this is in the Military Zone." (Manzanar FREE PRESS, September, 1942) The following year restrictions were eased which opened up the state and again the evacuees were instrumental when called upon to save the crops in Utah.

The FREE PRESS goes on to say that by September 24 the population of Manzanar peaked at 10,044 (including the furlough workers). Counting the Caucasian employees that were housed in Manzanar the total number of inhabitants within the mile square barbed wire compound came to a grand total of 10,136, thus making Manzanar one of the larger camps and by far the largest settlement in the whole of the Inyo-Mono County area. A warning was also issued in the FREE PRESS directed to the men on furlough work outside of camp which read in part that all alcoholic beverages would be confiscated at the gate if found in their possession or their baggages. Some of the early returnees had been found to have in their possession, bottles of whiskey which they had tried to smuggle into their friends. This was very interesting. I'll relate later how I accepted the challenge and how I outwitted the stooges in uniform. They weren't going to get drunk on my booze.

A humorous note: Japanese workers failed as cotton-pickers down south. The officials dismissed the whole affair as a noble experiment and the inexperienced men were absolved of all blame. Tired and discouraged after their first day in the fields, they had averaged about 22 pounds where an experienced picker would be gathering about 200 pounds daily. They weren't so dumb for after all who would want to carry that much cotton around all day. They probably couldn't get used to the altitude up where the cotton bolls grew for stoop labor was the name of their game.

After reading my last article, I may have led the readers to form the wrong opinion of the majority of the farmers in Montana. True, although general conditions and the treatment of furlough workers may not have been up to standard, it would be grossly unjust for me to allow you to form a conclusive opinion on the basis of my article for the whole operation. The terrible conditions that were experienced by some of our men were isolated cases and the flagrant disrespect for a fellow man was not practised on all of the farms. There were some fortunate ones among us with good housing and proper facilities and too, there were some whose meals were prepared by the farmer's wife and also dining with the family. Incidents such as these were few and very seldom mentioned, but to maintain a fair balance I want it to be known. My personal view on the matter is that an important factor on some of the conditions can be attributed to the fact that some of the farmers themselves were sorely in need of proper housing and facilities.

Another point that bothered me was the opposite side of the ledger which did little for our reputation and this involved some young groups with a "devil-may-care" attitude who came out of camp to raise a little hell. Their work habits were generally very poor, with no prior farm experience and entirely without the initiative nor the desire to consider the plight of the farmer and his valuable crop. One such case was brought to my attention when Tjaden approached me one day to ask our aid in helping a farmer friend of his with most of his beets still in the ground and the threat of a snow storm in the air. It seems he had the misfortune of signing up a crew that I have just mentioned. We had just finished our contract with Tjaden and with nothing to do we welcomed the opportunity to make some extra money.

The next day we started to work as soon as it became light. The ominous looking snow clouds completely covered the beautiful blue skies that I had become so fond of and the air was damp and cold with the overcast skies threatening snow or surely rain. The beets were unbelievably larger than the beets we had been working and the possibility of doubling the tonnage started our adrenelin flowing. An hour or so later the regular crew of 5 young men dragged themselves into the opposite side of the field and after a lengthy cigarette session they made an attempt to top beets. They paced themselves well at a snail's pace, occasionally standing up to smoke or talk and didn't seem too concerned with the work at hand or the potential money to be made on this farm. This accounts for the reason the farmer was left with so much acreage to be harvested when the snows finally came. The five young men had logged very few hours but their tonnage exceeded ours by far for the same four weeks worked because of the size of the beets. It seemed so unfair and such a waste for there were so many of us who would have jumped at a chance to work a farm with this yield.

The automatic beet loader was scheduled to load up in a couple of days so we topped continuously for two days with only a short break for lunch from daylight to nightfall. We could see the tonnage pile up as we charged through the field like a horde of locusts. At night we would sit around the table completely exhausted as we happily discussed the possibility of finally making some money with another five days of hard topping ahead of us. On that happy note I stuffed the stove with firewood and we all jumped into bed to rest up for another big day.

I dreamed that I was walking in the snow with the wet snow pelting me in the face and as I brushed my face I awoke to find soft wet snow falling on my face from a hole under the eaves. I jumped out of bed and looked out of the window to see a white blanket of snow on the ground. I stuffed the hole in the eaves with some paper and climbed back into my sleeping bag and innocently thought how fun it would be to top beets in the snow. Little did I realize that this snow would bring to a close our Montana beet episode.

(OVER)

17C

Page 10

March, 1976

By daylight I could see that the snow had fallen all night and steadily falling without a sign of letting up. I could see by the drifts of snow that beet topping was out for today. But if the snow should stop by afternoon, we might be able to get out in the fields the next day. But alas, it snowed and snowed for a day and a half leaving about fifteen inches of snow on the ground, completely covering the fruits of our labor. They had activated the beet loader at the first sign of snow but according to Tjaden the loader and the truck got bogged down in the field and rendered inoperable. Two days of blood and sweat, 24 hours of hard labor buried under all this beautiful snow and in spite of such a disappointing loss to us, I couldn't help but feel sorry for the unfortunate farmer as a good portion of his whole year's work was lost. What a heartbreak ending for all of us.

The snow season shortened our work schedule and it would be 10 days before we would entrain at Great Falls for our trip back to Manzanar. The snow had changed the appearance of the whole countryside and the fields that we had recently worked had mysteriously disappeared during the night. The hundreds of pheasants normally hiding in the grain fields had been driven into the brush which lined the Pondera Creek along Tjaden's property. The cattle stood silently in the fields unmindful of the cold, blowing steam from their noses as they chewed on strands of straw protruding out of the snow. Everything was peaceful and clean. The air was so still and crisp but surprisingly not as cold as expected. These were the familiar scenes in our final days in Montana as we would try to cram into 10 days as much memory as possible to take back to camp to share with our family and friends. Looking forward to seeing Manzanar, my family and friends, but dreading to have to say goodbye to the Tjadens whom I have learned to respect and especially to my friend at the Pondera Drug Store. How will I say goodbye?

UNYO COUNTY IS SECOND LARGEST COUNTY IN THE UNITED STATES

April, 1976

SHI MAKES TOOTHBRUSH RING FOR SODA FOUNTAIN GIRL AND BIDS MONTANA FAREWELLInside WW2 Manzanar, Part 18, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department Historian for Manzanar

With the dreaded beet-topping behind us, we were now able to look forward to a few days of complete relaxation, but the last week of our work furlough in Montana sped by rapidly as we made final preparation for our return to Manzanar. We spent part of our days shopping, shaping up our living quarters and settling up our account with Tjaden. We had set up a charge account at the Conrad Grocery Store where, in spite of our conservative life-style, we had run up a sizeable bill. When all of our accounts had been cleared and the money had been divided the end result was that we had averaged less than two dollars per day for 12 hours of extremely hard work. Our chances of making a few extra dollars on another farm was snowed under and when we left Conrad our two days of frantic topping was still under 12 inches of snow.

We busied ourselves for a day getting the shack back in order by mopping the floor, scouring the pans, cleaning the stove and chopping extra firewood for Mrs. Tjaden. I had noticed when I pumped water from the cistern to do my laundry that pieces of grey furry matter was floating in the tub. When I informed Mr. Tjaden he looked into the dark depths with his flashlight and made out what appeared to be a furry animal. We pumped out the remaining water and found out that a small rodent had somehow fallen in. After cleaning out the cistern, we spent hours transporting water from a natural spring several miles from the farm. Following this incident I used the water for cooking and bathing, but I couldn't get myself to drink it.

With the many packages deluging the various camp post offices, articles considered as contraband would be readily available to the furlough workers, so a new order was put into effect to try to control the flow. Lt. Gen. John L. Dewitt, Commanding Officer of the Western Defense Zone, ordered that all parcel post packages and express shipments coming into camp be inspected in the presence of the recipient and to confiscate any articles considered as contraband. But many articles on the contraband list used expressly by artisans and professional people were deemed permissible setting up a thin line between right and wrong. In spite of their tight security, various articles would find their way into the camp and heading the list was the camera. The ban on privately taking pictures lasted through 1943. The administration eased regulations when they opened up a Co-op Film Service Department for the convenience of the camp residents.

According to Archie Miyatake, at the request of the Manzanar Co-op, and with the consent of the War Relocation Authorities and the Ralph P. Merritt administration, an official photography studio was opened in the block 30 ironing room in the early months of 1943. In accordance with the WRA stipulation that the position of official photographer had to be a caucasian employee, Alan Hannibal was appointed to that position. Prior to this, all official camp photography was in the service of Alan Ramsey of the neighboring town of Lone Pine. Hannibal's inexperience in the photography field prompted a request for a replacement or to employ an experienced resident photographer to be assigned as assistant to the photographer.

Mr. Toyo Miyatake, a well known photographer from the downtown Los Angeles area, entered Manzanar with his wife, Hiro, sons; Archie, Bobby and Richard and daughter, Minnie in the spring of '42. Carefully packed among his personal belongings he brought into camp a couple of his famous lenses from his camera he had left stored in a federal warehouse in Los Angeles. Some will say that he had smuggled in contraband, but on the other hand these were the tools of his trade and Lt. Gen. Dewitt's new order a few months later placed Mr. Miyatake in a separate category as an artisan and a professional person. This is the thin line that separated us. During the early months he busied himself in the privacy of his apartment sorting through scrap lumber to build a box camera which housed the lens and made it operable with a mechanism that he fashioned himself. With this home-made model he carefully started taking shots of camp realizing with his professional knowledge the importance of his project and that someday his pictorial story in print would become priceless and famous. No personal gain intended, these black and white prints were to become the shameful evidence of a black page in our American history. (A replica of Miyatake's original model is on display in the Manzanar display case at the Eastern California Museum. This copy was built to be used in the television special production, "Farewell To Manzanar" directed by John Korty.)

With official authorization from the administration the members of the Manzanar Co-op approached Toyo Miyatake to become assistant to the photographer, Alan Hannibal. Seizing the opportunity to pursue his trade, Mr. Miyatake readily accepted and as it turned out Toyo Miyatake did all the work and Hannibal took all of the credit. Although one stringent rule had to be followed which stated that only the caucasian photographer was allowed to snap the shutter. So Toyo Miyatake arranged or posed the subject, adjusted and set the camera and with his head under the black cloth he would signal the official photographer and Hannibal would reach over from his easy chair, disengage his forefinger from his fist and snap the shutter. What a team and for this he was getting some of the taxpayers' money.

April, 1978

#18B

Page 3

Toyo Miyatake's home-made box camera was used in the studio and after about six months Mr. Hannibal was sent to Los Angeles to purchase new equipment to be used in the Manzanar studio. Archie goes on to say that he came back loaded down with old and obsolete equipment and that some were quite useless. It was soon after this incident that Alan Hannibal quit the masquerade and left Manzanar for parts unknown. In accordance with the regulation of a caucasian employee in the studio a wife of one of the camp officials was put on the pay roll as a photographer and assigned to the studio. Information is that she spent the day knitting on taxpayers' money. The stupidity of this whole set-up so aggravated Mr. Miyatake that he and Archie held an audience with Mr. Merritt in his office to rescind the caucasian clause which was not necessary and a hinderance in the operation. They also discussed the possibility of having his own equipment sent up from Los Angeles to be used in the studio.

Mr. Merritt was an understanding and compassionate man; Manzanar and its residents benefited by his appointment to the camp. When he felt that an issue involving his people required attention, he pursued it to the final result. He was gifted with the necessary qualifications to be a camp director. He commanded respect (not demanded) and got it. Again he was confronted with a decision. Mr. Miyatake's request was an honest and legitimate one. After some thought and some regulation bending he called in Mr. Miyatake and consented to his request to have his equipment sent up from Los Angeles. As for his permission to add to his library of camp pictures Mr. Merritt's reply was, "When I look to the right, I cannot see to the left." Mr. Miyatake's future was "signed, sealed and to be delivered." Before my departure for Amache, Colorado, my friend Kow and I were one of the first to have our portraits taken by the newly assigned official photographer of Manzanar, Mr. Toyo Miyatake.

Another article which was a source of "headache" to the camp authorities, especially to the inspector that found it and to the recipient, if it got to him, was the alcoholic beverages from the outside world. The camp brands brewed in the secrecy of the apartments or in cellars under the barracks were being distributed around camp but the real thing from the outside was the most sought after. The word was out that the baggage of the returning furlough workers and their persons would be searched so it offered a challenge for me to devise a plan for getting some of this amber liquid into camp. After giving this matter considerable thought I went into town and purchased six half pints of this precious liquid and also a round carton of Quaker Oats, a bag of sugar, a bag of flour among other packages and a bottle of glue. Opening up the bottom of the packages, I removed some of the contents and placing a bottle of whiskey in each one then I resealed the packages. I placed these with the rest of my kitchen supplies and nailed on the lid for the trip back to camp. Bring on the inspectors.....I was ready for them.

The whiskey caper was almost a 100% success as only my candies and cookies were taken and most conspicuously missing was the 5 lb. bag of sugar (with a bottle) which was a gift from Mrs. Tjaden using her sugar coupon from her ration book. My other "special packages" reached me but I often wondered who the "honest inspector" was that "confiscated" my bag of sugar.

The snow on the ground never melted as the temperature remained near the freezing point and a couple of light snowfalls had us wondering if we could travel the 60 miles down south to Great Falls to catch our train. Stranded for the winter? Not such a bad idea at that. Realizing that our stay in Montana was nearly over and our brief moment of freedom from the barbed wire fences was coming into its final days, we tried to fill our waking hours with as much activity as our little time afforded us. I had mentioned earlier, furlough workers had been offered the opportunity to remain on the job outside of the Western Defense Zone if they could be guaranteed permanent employment. Mr. Tjaden had approached me with an offer and I had given this matter considerable thought as my fickle heart urged me to stay. Tjaden had noticed my friendship with the girl at the Pondera Drug had deepened and he had hoped it would influence my decision, but my family ties were too strong and I had to go back before I could decide.

My last day in Conrad was spent shopping and saying my goodbyes to people who had befriended us. I was deeply moved by the sincerity of some of those I had met and it was difficult to keep a dry eye. I ran into some of the furlough workers doing their last minute shopping and it seems that this year was a poor season for most of the farmers. I walked past the barber shop which had displayed the sign, "Japs Welcome, Ears Lowered Free" and it was still there. Slightly soiled and torn at the edges but crying out to remind us that "all is not well." I stopped in J.C. Penney's to buy a furry green 3/4 length jacket which was the envy of my friends back in camp. It served me well during the cold winters.

I hurried over to the Pondera Drug to see my friend and to present her with a ring I had made from a couple of toothbrush handles. I had worked on the ring for the last three nights carefully carving and fusing in my initial "S" in white into the corner of a black ring with a white stripe running diagonally across the face of it. This was only my second attempt at it but it finished out all right.

April, 1976

During our early camp days there was a mystery of disappearing toothbrushes and at one time the canteen was completely sold out of them. Shortly after I became timekeeper I noticed a group of boys in block 9 filing strips of colored sticks. I later found out that these were the plastic handles of some of the missing toothbrushes. I watched them as they heated a strip of plastic under hot water until it became pliable, then they rolled it around a rat tail file and fused the ends together with acetone (nail polish remover). This was in its crude form, a circle, the first phase in the making of a ring. Then it required hours of filing, sizing and shaping and then adding on strips of colored plastics for designs or initials before the ring was ready for the final buffing with a soft cloth or suede. The result was a colorful ring, a finished product, each a one of a kind work of art. Later, clever artisans and craftsmen designed lapel pins, brooches, pendants, earrings, and many other forms of costume jewelry made from toothbrush handles, peach pits and pieces of scrap wood.

My crew of Carl, Yoji and Lucky joined me at the Pondera Drug to say goodbye to the employees there and also to the owner who was very suspicious of us when we first appeared on the scene six weeks ago. In fact the whole town was on a 48-hour alert until they got to know us better. As a parting gesture the owner treated us to a final round of drinks (sodas and malts) and on this happy note we took leave and bid goodbye to the town of Conrad and the people, but the memories we took with us. It was very difficult to say goodbye to someone I had become so fond of and I thought to myself as I said goodbye that if things didn't work out in Amache, Colorado, I was coming back to Montana. It was on this word we parted.

Early the next morning we tidied up the shack and after a leisurely breakfast we rolled up our sleeping bags and loaded our belongings on the back of Tjaden's pick-up. After a sad but warm farewell to Mrs. Tjaden and her brother I climbed into the back of the pick-up truck for I had volunteered to ride the first half of the trip on the back with Carl. The sun was out and in spite of the snow in the fields there was warmth in the air. The roads were clear and all indications were that it would be a pleasant ride down into Great Falls. As we drove out of the yard onto the highway, I can still remember Mrs. Tjaden and their child at her side standing in the slushy snow waving goodbye to us until we disappeared down the highway. I settled back among the sleeping bags for a nice comfortable ride back not having forgotten the miserable ride on our arrival. True, we had talked about my returning to Montana some day but with mixed feelings I knew deep down inside that I wouldn't be coming back.

ANCIENT RAILROAD COACH AND GREYHOUND BUS RETURNS SHIRO TO MANZANAR  
Inside WW 2 Manzanar, Part 19, By Shiro Nomura  
Inyo Museums Department, Historian for Manzanar

As we sped along the highway leading to Great Falls we left the town of Conrad far behind and I said goodbye to another chapter in my life. We passed vast expanses of open ranges and seemingly endless miles of farmland still covered with large patches of snow and occasionally breaking the monotony was the famous buttes of Montana. As far as the eye could see, every acre of available land was under cultivation and according to Tjaden, most of the land in this area was originally homesteaded during the turn of the century. The farmers here are completely at the mercy of the unpredictable weather for most are dry land farmers and they rely almost 100% on the yearly rain for ground moisture. Sparse rain as was experienced in the Conrad farm area in that year of 1942, affected the growth of the sugar beets and wheat and the total yield was far below expectation.

That first year's work furlough hadn't been a very profitable venture for most of us but we were going back with immeasurable experiences and some pleasant memories. I could only feel sorry for the Tjadens and the many farmers like him, working hard year after year fighting the odds and the elements, trying to eke out a living. In bleak years like this they find themselves hard-pressed to meet the deadline for a loan payment or perhaps to meet a note for the mortgage on their farms. Someday I hope the Tjadens get a break. They deserve it.

We pulled into Great Falls a little ahead of schedule and after loading our baggage on the platform we bade Mr. Tjaden goodbye. After reminding me that his offer would still be open he jumped into his pickup for that long lonely ride back to his farm in Conrad. Having a little time before we boarded the train we decided to go for a burger and a malt which could be our last for a long time to come.

The city of Great Falls was much too large for us to try to explore in the short period allotted us so we stayed near the railroad area afraid to stray too far for fear of getting confused and lost. We did hear from the others that had come in earlier, who had stayed at a hotel that the city was clean and indeed, large. The people in the city took little notice of the furlough workers, perhaps thinking that they were Indians off of the reservation. It was just as well that we didn't take in the town because in our unkempt condition with long hair and beards and dressed as we were in our heavy navy P-coats we looked like a bunch of toughs.

The ride through the Great Rockies was just as I had imagined it to be. Perhaps even more so. The trees and mountains were blanketed with its mantle of virgin snow and some of the most magnificent sights that I'll ever hope to see were being unveiled before my eyes. Scene after scene of nature's unspoiled beauty flashed by as I viewed them through the large old fashioned picture frame windows of the ancient railroad cars provided for us. This was about the only favorable comment that I could make about this uncomfortable, old, dilapidated coach that we were made to ride in. While some of us were enjoying the unspoiled, unequalled beauties of winter, others were grouped around a makeshift table, seriously studying their cards in a poker game. At the other end of the coach a group of men were crouched over a pair of dice in the narrow aisle and as I had mentioned in an earlier article, the professionals were slowly taking charge of the situation. Some of the men would be going into camp poorer than when they left and possibly with money owing. At sixteen dollars a month, just how did they intend to pay back their debts? Damned fools!

Only hours since we had left Conrad and already it seemed like ages ago that we had busied ourselves preparing for our departure. Our arrival in Conrad that first cold night, the nasty crack on my shin, the tender Mrs. Tjaden, the gash on my hand, the many hours of desperate beet-topping, the cattle dung shower, our trips into town for our weekly grocery shopping, the movie episode, getting to know a special friend and the skating rink party; somehow it all seemed like a dream as I lay back and watched the landscape flit by. Conrad, Montana may soon forget us but I'll remember Conrad a long time: everytime I see a beautiful clear blue sky or a night when the star-studded sky seems so close that I could reach up and pluck the stars one by one, or hear a pheasant's call and the sudden flap of their wings in flight when I had frightened them during my lonely walks in the fields. Yes, I'll remember Conrad when I hear the chugging of a tractor off in the distance, the rooster crowing as dawn breaks, a wind-blown figure of a lass off in a distance with her light silky hair flying in the breeze and I won't need the scars that I carry to remind me of all this. I'll remember Montana without them.

My first experience with the Aurora Borealis in Conrad was very humorous and the thought of it makes me smile. About four in the morning I had walked outside of the shack and while sleepily standing there in the cold, I noticed the northern sky alive with what I first thought in my half stupor, to be dozens of searchlights on Broadway during one of their movie premier nights. The fingers of light were constantly moving across the northern horizon and some of the beams were slowly moving upwards and then disappearing into the darkness of the predawn sky. I was rooted to the spot, partly from fear but mostly

June, 1976

Page 3

fascination. Funny, I had completely forgotten what had brought me out into the cold night. As soon as I regained my senses, I ran inside to awaken the crew and like hypnotized dummies we stood out in the cold in our "long Johns" gaping at the nocturnal display until suddenly, I remembered my original mission. The next day I mentioned our experience to Mr. Tjaden and he told us that it happens frequently up here due to atmospheric conditions. I'm glad to have witnessed it.

A few days before our departure I had purchased a small camera that I intended to smuggle into camp. I took rolls and rolls of pictures hoping to take back a pictorial story of Conrad and our new found friends, but the films were misplaced during the course of our packing and when I returned to Manzanar, only the film in the camera was all that I had to show. These were the only pictures of the shack that we lived in and pictures of myself and the crew showing our long hair and our stubby growth of beard. My cherished rolls of films must have been thrown into the stove when we were burning the trash. I was able to get the camera passed the guards and the inspectors without any difficulty and it became a very special property which was passed from hand to hand in our group.

I kept wondering what camp life would be like after a taste of our restricted freedom on the outside. Would we be able to pace ourselves with the old lifestyle within the tight security of our barbed wire existence or would we be constantly aware of the freedom of the "outside" and become restless and bored? With each clackity-clack of the wheels, the train was taking me further away from my newly found interest but bringing me closer to my family and friends and to some of the answers to the questions that had been racing through my mind. Maybe I'll sneak out of camp again some night and go to my favorite spot by the stream and meditate.

The food on our return trip hadn't improved in quality but the portions had been increased. We were now getting two sandwiches and extra fruits. The box lunches were picked up at designated train stops and then distributed to the men for breakfast, lunch and dinner. The menu rarely varied, so after a couple days of this, even the mess hall food sounded awfully good. A couple of bottles were making the rounds of our coach but only a few of the men were taking advantage of it. For lack of good drinking water we had cold sodas brought in at every stop, if the opportunity was available.

The balance of the trip was uneventful and very tiring. We had to bundle up in our P-coats for lack of proper heating and there was also talk of burning newspapers in the aisles for a little extra heat. We welcomed the news that we were approaching Barstow, which meant that our travels were nearly over. The men, bedraggled, tired and irritable, perked up a little as we scrambled to get seats on the Greyhound buses which would take us on the final leg of our trip. The weather in California had cooled considerably from the day we left but hardly any comparison to what we experienced in Montana. We were told that we had just missed a period of Indian Summer weather with the temperature peaking up in the ninety's which was hard to imagine.

The bus driver confided to us that he had witnessed the personal baggage check at the inspection station near the entrance to camp and he said that it was conducted very strictly. He told of bottles and other contraband being confiscated which had me worrying about my camera. Others, who had bottles on their person brought them out and started to drink it rather than have it taken away. As you can imagine we had a few very inebriated men on our bus by the time the bus pulled off of the highway at the gateway to Manzanar. Surprisingly and contrary to the bus driver's story, the inspection was only routine and not very thorough. The fact that it was nearing the dinner hour might have contributed to our good fortune. Everyone was in a hurry. The camera that I had shoved under my belt went unnoticed and without the clothes check I could have left it in my pocket. After a short delay, we were registered and readmitted back into our war time home.

As I anxiously hurried to my home in Block 21 my appearance caused a number of heads to turn, but unmindful of the stares, I rushed on. I hungrily took in all of the familiar sights around me, the guard towers, the ugly tar-papered barracks and the children at play. The smell of Manzanar was all around me, the heady fragrance of sage, the cottonwood trees and the very familiar smell of the mess hall foods cooking. The sound of the crunching sand under my feet and the children's voices at play was music to my ears. But the sound that I had longed to hear was the kitchen bells which as if by a planned signal had started to clang noisily but beautifully as if to herald my returning. These are some of the things that I had secretly longed for during our stay in Montana.

Nearing my block, a lone figure had recognized me and came rushing out to greet me in the middle of the firebreak. Appropriately so, my favorite, Kow's younger sister, Rosie. Yes, I was back home again among my family and friends. It was indeed, good to be home.

---

#### BICENTENNIAL

Don't forget to visit Independence on July 3 and 4! Don't miss two days of picturesque and sensational Bicentennial pageantry! Celebrate your Nation's birthday at Independence!



SHIRO RETURNS TO MANZANAR

Shiro Nomura

#204

It was good to be back! How I had missed the sights, the sounds and scents of Manzanar. With tears in my eyes, I waved and nodded to my acquaintances along the way, hastening my steps as I neared my "home" in Block 21. I hadn't forgotten my hurts and embarrassments, the angry frustrations and fears experienced during the trying evacuation period, but coming "home" to my family and friends somehow softened the nightmare of only a few months ago. Strangely, I was overcome with a warm feeling of comfort and relief when I found myself back among the familiar surroundings of cottonwood trees and tar-papered barracks. A brief taste of rightful freedom among my fellow citizens and an opportunity to make a fresh start in Montana was easily forgotten.

The first morning back in camp was a welcome change from my recent furlough experience in Conrad, Montana. I awakened from a troubled sleep to the concert of the mess hall bells. It would be weeks before I could sleep soundly. On a few occasions I sat up in bed in the middle of the night imagining I heard Tjaden's tractor digging beets in the distance. Realizing it was only my father snoring, I went back to sleep. What a wonderful feeling to be awakened by those mess hall bells compared to the crowing of a quartet of roosters that gathered every morning outside our window in Montana and noisily serenaded us as we tried to catch a little extra sleep. I vowed to stew a couple of those darn birds before we left there but decided they would be too tough for eating.

I hurriedly washed in the community washroom (I dreaded to use the "too public" latrine) and joined my friend Kow and his sisters Gracie and Rosie for breakfast of toast and coffee and a generous homecoming portion of scrambled eggs made with powdered eggs and milk. On each table was a large aluminum pitcher (on display at the museum) of water and a jar of nobody's favorite, apple butter, just as I remembered it. Occasionally a jar of peach or orange marmalade would arrive only to disappear and magically reappear in our barracks during toast and cocoa sessions.

Bacon for breakfast was a rarity and ham or sausages were unheard of. Yet the popular idea of the meat-starved public on the outside was different. An incident involving the camp Caucasian music teacher, Louis Frizzell, which took place in a Lone Pine cafe is indicative of the general feeling in the neighboring towns. Frizzell went to Lone Pine on business and stopped for breakfast. He unthinkingly ordered bacon and eggs and was immediately set upon by the waitress and a truck driver sitting at the counter. The waitress said because of the bacon being shipped into Manzanar to feed the Japs, none was available for the trade. The burly truckdriver verified the statement and added he just unloaded a shipment of beef and bacon at the meat locker at the camp. In spite of the hostile mood in the cafe, Frizzell tried to explain that the bulk of the shipment was ear-marked for the Caucasian employees that numbered nearly one hundred people. Realizing his words were falling on deaf ears, he bolted down his eggs and potatoes and made a hasty retreat to his evacuee friends in camp.

#20B

Page 3

November 1976

The camp hadn't changed much in my absence but the activities in the industrial area had picked up considerably. New buildings housing various factories were being built. By summer of 1943 the camp boasted a mattress factory busy trying to meet the demands of the camp, replacing the original straw and canvas mattresses. The furniture manufacturing department built office furniture and cabinets for the school and hospital. The sewing factory made most of the work clothes issued by the Government to the evacuees. Other articles of clothing were made to be sold by the Co-op in the department store canteen. Project Director Ralph P. Merritt arranged (at the suggestion of the internees) to have dried soy beans shipped into camp. Soon the camp was manufacturing its own shoyu (soy sauce) and tofu (soybean curd). Mung beans to grow fresh bean sprouts were also brought in and a section of the tofu factory was designated for that purpose.

The sage and brush covered area directly outside of camp on the southwest side had been cleared and the dry, rocky wasteland had been transformed into a green, productive farmland. Beyond the picnic area immediately outside the barbed wire fence, the chicken ranch was located. Soon egg production was sufficient to meet the demands of the many mess halls. At last the residents were occasionally able to enjoy honest-to-goodness, unadulterated, fresh eggs. Adjoining the chicken ranch to the south was the Manzanar hog farm. It was located "down wind", of course. We never did see ham or pork chops on the mess hall tables but it was rumored if one knew the right people such treats were available.

Soon over 400 acres of the valley wasteland were under cultivation. The apple and pear orchards, many sorely in need of care and attention, were heavily foliated and producing fresh fruit to feed the 10,000 residents of the camp. The fertile valley soil, coupled with the green thumb knowledge of the internees, produced a heavy yield of vegetables on the farm. This necessitated the sale of the surplus to outlying towns and also to our sister camps in Poston and Gila, Arizona.

Living in a community with a population of 10,000 people jammed into a mile square area, we had the necessary ingredients for much fun with new-found friends, if we shut out the world and closed our minds to our present predicament and the Hell to which we were subjected. Close community living was an accepted thing to those who had been living in the urban areas, but for many of us who had come from the farming country, where socializing was limited to a week-end treat, camp living was novel and hungrily accepted. It seemed like a continuous picnic, almost like a month of Sundays. The same situation was noted in all ten permanent camps spread throughout the seven states. These were carefree times for the many "young at heart".

While in Montana there was always the nagging feeling there were a few among the people we had met who still looked upon us as enemies and we were subjected to stares wherever we went. Of course, some had never seen a Japanese before, but it was evident biased news media had blanketed the nation with propaganda. In spite of this, I believe our worst enemies were ourselves. Once inside the protective folds of barbed wire fences we immediately let down our guards and fell victims to a false state of contentment, loss of ambition and sight of the future.

November 1976

Even in later months, as the relocation authorities provided job opportunities, initially in the Midwestern states, the general feeling of many in the eligible age group was a "wait and see" and "they can take care of us for what they did" attitude.

Understandably, memories were still vivid from the traumatic experiences of evacuation. This attitude can also be attributed partly to the fears of the outside world and not being willing to accept the cold challenge offered them. The salaries and hourly wages were considerably higher than the maximum of sixteen and nineteen dollars paid in camp but still considered sub-standard.

When regulations were eased and relocation rumors became a reality, the Relocation office in Manzanar was besieged with internees making inquiries and seeking applications for F.B.I. clearance. This usually involved one to six months. It was accepted as welcome news as part of America opened its doors to the aggressive and adventurous and to students seeking higher education.

The inevitable exposure of Japanese-Americans to a sorely misinformed public started in the Summer and Fall of 1942 with thousands of furlough workers spreading throughout the farming states west of the Rockies. Now, through Relocation, it would be up to the early relocaters, the true pioneers of our group, to serve as ambassadors of goodwill. Special recognition should be bestowed on the majority of this group for the tremendous images created by them wherever they settled. They performed well in business, school and especially as model citizens. Their true acceptance was evidenced by the heavy flow of job opportunities flooding the Relocation Office. The news of a warm reception in widespread areas was recorded in letters to friends back in camp. Relocation outside the Western Defense Zone had started.

I received my F.B.I. clearance on November 30, 1942. Now, what was I going to do? Go back to Montana? Fulfill my promises in Amache, Colorado, or stay with my family and friends in Manzanar? Next issue: My decision.... Also Guayule Rubber Experiment.

MANZANAR EXPERIENCES

Shiro Nomura

The barbed wire fence, the fence that separated us from the rest of the world, was barely 50 yards from the end barracks. Another hop, skip and jump away was Highway 395 leading to Reno north and Los Angeles south. Although we had been spared the ultimate insult of an electrically charged chain link like those surrounding correctional institutions, there were eight huge guard towers, standing like sentries, guarding the entire camp.

Curiosity led us to the fence on numerous occasions but, with the shouted warnings from the armed guards on the towers, we learned to keep our distance. There were exceptions on those nights I had slipped through the fence, dodging the searchlights, seeking adventure and solitude out in the desert.

The nights in Manzanar were beautiful. At dusk, when the sun dropped behind the towering Sierras, the descending shadows would cloak the valley and engulf the bushes, trees and tar-papered barracks. Night would gently settle over the quiet camp, covering the entire valley with a solid blanket of stars. Mercifully, the menacing towers and barbed wire fence would gradually disappear from sight, but the searchlights were an everlasting reminder that the giant sentries were on constant duty. As the days went by, we paid less attention to them and learned to accept them as objects of the landscape.

On November 30, 1942, 74 names were cleared and released by the FBI. This made those persons eligible for relocation outside the Western Defense Zone or for transfer to another camp. I intended to transfer to another camp. Seeing my name among those listed on the bulletin board, caught me by surprise. I was totally unprepared for such an early release. I immediately started having second thoughts about leaving Manzanar, my family and new-found friends. Would I be the first to leave home? My sister, Sadae, had planned to join her fiance in Little Rock, Arkansas where he was stationed with the 442nd United States Army unit, but her clearance had not come through. Possibly her pre-camp employment, writing for the English section of a Japanese newspaper in Los Angeles, had delayed her release.

My original intentions after clearance had been to transfer to Camp Amache where Amy had been sent from the Santa Anita Assembly Center. My family had also been scheduled to enter the Santa Anita Assembly Center, but a last minute change in our orders had separated us and we were sent to Manzanar. There must have been many incidents similar to ours. When I notified Amy of my clearance, she immediately requested permission from the authorities for my admission to Amache. She wrote I would be notified. But, so much had happened in the 12 months we had been separated. I was not really certain of her true feelings, or mine so I purposely delayed filing my request for transfer.

Montana had meant security for me, a job, a home and a chance to marry a lovely local girl. Coming back to camp and seeing myself behind barbed wire awakened me to the fact I was still considered an enemy and a prisoner in a concentration camp. What did I have to offer? Living as man and wife on the outside would invite many distasteful experiences for her and living in camp certainly would not have been any easier. This had happened in the wrong era. I felt it would never work out. Seeing other people leaving Manzanar to be reunited with loved ones, who had been separated

#21B

Page 3

February 1977

by the evacuation, made me realize my first duty would be to fulfill my obligations to Amy. But, I needed time.

I busied myself with camp activities. I coached a couple of young girls' baseball teams and also played for the Manzaknights. Joe Okabe and I were selected as Athletic Directors and I was kept busy coordinating the young mens' sports for the evenings and week-ends. I also applied and was accepted for a job as sportswriter for the camp paper, The Free Press. I held this job until I left camp for Amache, Colorado in June, 1943.

With my farming experience I should have applied for work on the camp farm. I could have been making top wages of \$19.00 a month, but I had my belly full of farming. There was another area of farming that might have proved interesting and that was the Guayule farm located just south of Block 6.

The experimental Guayule project in Manzanar was started and developed largely through the efforts of the late Dr. Robert Emerson of the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Emerson was a foremost authority on photosynthesis. A genuinely warm and generous person of strong Quaker beliefs, he devoted a major portion of his spare time from Cal Tech on the Guayule project. With the full cooperation of his lovely wife and children, he had adopted the Japanese people and the guayule as his personal projects. With little or no Government funding available, he dug into his family savings to experiment further with the controversial rubber plant.

Due to war efforts, gasoline was tightly rationed and traveling was curtailed. To make it possible for his periodic missions to Manzanar, the entire Emerson family sacrificed the luxury of their cars and conducted their business and errands on bicycles, thus saving up the gasoline stamps for trips to Manzanar. Even in adverse weather, Dr. Emerson was seen commuting daily to his job at Cal Tech on his bicycle.

Why, you might ask. The answer is simple -- love for his fellow man. He felt so strongly he altered the lifestyle of his household, sacrificed the luxuries he had worked so hard to provide for his family. He felt he alone could not right the wrong the Government had perpetrated on his fellow citizens because of the slant of their eyes or the color of their skin, nor could he soothe the pain or erase the stigma of humiliation suffered by this proud race of people, but he did what he thought was right. He involved them in something that could open the eyes of the nation and make believers out of the 'Doubting Thomases'.

He firmly believed in the honesty and loyalty of these imprisoned people. He wanted to involve them in Guayule work as their contribution in the war effort, to help bring relief to a nation shut off from its main source of rubber, the *Hevea* rubber from Malaya. Dr. Emerson wanted the internees to experiment and develop this sorely needed product. He was thwarted in his efforts by large corporations that would have been affected by this new and better method of producing quality rubber. His sacrifices were many, his rewards few -- a sincere handshake, the respect and admiration of every one he came in contact with.

As soon as the Experimental Laboratory was opened at Manzanar, Dr. Emerson brought some mature plants from Salinas, California, where a government-funded Guayule project had been established earlier. Experiments conducted at the Manzanar Laboratory by head chemist, Shinpei Nishimura, produced high-quality rubber that proved to be far superior to the *Hevea* rubber. Chemist Nishimura developed a

JAPANESE AMERICANS IN INTERNMENT CAMPS  
DECEMBER 8, 1941 — OCTOBER 30, 1946  
LOCATIONS AND PHYSICAL LAYOUTS OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS  
BY  
TAKASUMI KOJIMA  
ARCHITECT

PREPARED FOR THE WORKSHOP ON TEACHING ABOUT THE INTERNMENT CAMPS  
FEBRUARY 5, 1994 FLORIN, CALIFORNIA

## INTRODUCTION

They say that a plan is worth 10,000 words. These plans were prepared to record the historical sites and the physical layouts of the actual camps. If these plans are displayed in the classrooms as visual aids, the students will be able to comprehend the overall picture of the relocation period. Along with these plans are short narratives of various events and situations that took place during the tumultuous era.

## TYPES OF INTERNMENT CENTERS

There were four different types of internment centers. Each type was differentiated by chronology, type of occupants., and administered by different government agencies. The types were:

1. *Isolation and Detention Centers* operated by the Justice Department.  
(first type of center to open December 8, 1941-closed October 30, 1946)
2. *Assembly Centers* operated by the Western Defense Command, US Army  
(second type of center to open March 22, 1942 - closed October 16, 1942)
3. *Relocation Centers* operated by the War Relocation Authority (WRA), a civilian agency, in the Executive Office of the US President  
(third type of center to open May 16, 1942 - closed May 30, 1946)
4. *Segregation Center* at Tule Lake operated by WRA and later after the riots by the US Army. (Opened July 1943 and closed on March 20, 1946.)

## ISOLATION AND DETENTION CENTERS

During the initial phases of the entrapment period from December 7, 1941 through December 31, 1941, the various governmental agencies had a list of personnel to pick up and detain. The personnel were picked up by the FBI, Naval Intelligence and the Immigration authorities and placed in four centers; Ft. Leupp, Winslow, Arizona, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Crystal City, Texas and Bismark, North Dakota.

The personnel considered for 'high risk' of espionage and sabotage were the following categories:

1. Religious leaders; especially the Shinto priests; Shinto religion has close affinity to the Emperor of Japan. Ruth Benedict in *Chrysanthemum and the Sword* mistakenly thought that the Shinto religion was militaristic.
2. Prefecture leaders; a social and welfare organization; During the 1930's there were not the 'safety nets' as presently and the prefecture leaders arranged for the seriously needed medical and unemployment needs by their group. The leader did not seek their positions but the group of elders prevailed on the person to serve, again and again. The principle here was to round up the community leaders to break the backs of the community.
3. Japanese language teachers; each moderate sized ethnic community had a Japanese language school. Many Japanese parents thought that they would return to Japan after making a bundle of money and wanted their children to learn the language.

This situation turned ironic; the teachers were placed in the Federal detention centers, while their students interned in the concentration camps were heavily recruited to serve in the Military Intelligence Service (MIS - Pacific). There were over 3,200 who served and 1,634 were from the internment camps (the remaining were from Hawaii).

The MIS-Pacific served in all theaters of operation from the initial battle in the Aleutian, to the battle of Guadalcanal, the Burma campaign, the battle of Okinawa and finally on the General MacArthur's staff at the signing of the surrender on the battleship USS Missouri. This group was not publicized but accomplished more to end the war than the 442 RCT because they gathered intelligence and intercepted enemy messages.

The highlight of the intercept was the travel plans of Admiral Yamamoto to the Solomon Islands which led to the downing of his plane.

The capturing and translation of the battle plans for the defense of Midway Island led to the destruction of the major part of the Japanese navy and the tide of the Pacific War had changed forever in the Allies favor.

The military intelligence personnel were not ordinary recruits but many were university graduates. They were not given officers ranks even though other Caucasians classmates were given officers ranks.

4. Labor leaders; in urban areas these included longshoreman, and union leaders, but in the rural areas the farm labor leaders were migratory harvesters going from valley to valley to contract the harvest.
5. Veterans of the Japanese Imperial navy and the army.

There were 2,700 personnel who were placed in these isolation and detention centers and usually remained in the center until the cessation of the war; some were allowed to join their families in the relocation centers. Some were deported to Japan during and after the war.

In hindsight the Americans in 1940 had no real knowledge of the Japanese American society, nor did many understand the Japanese culture or the language.

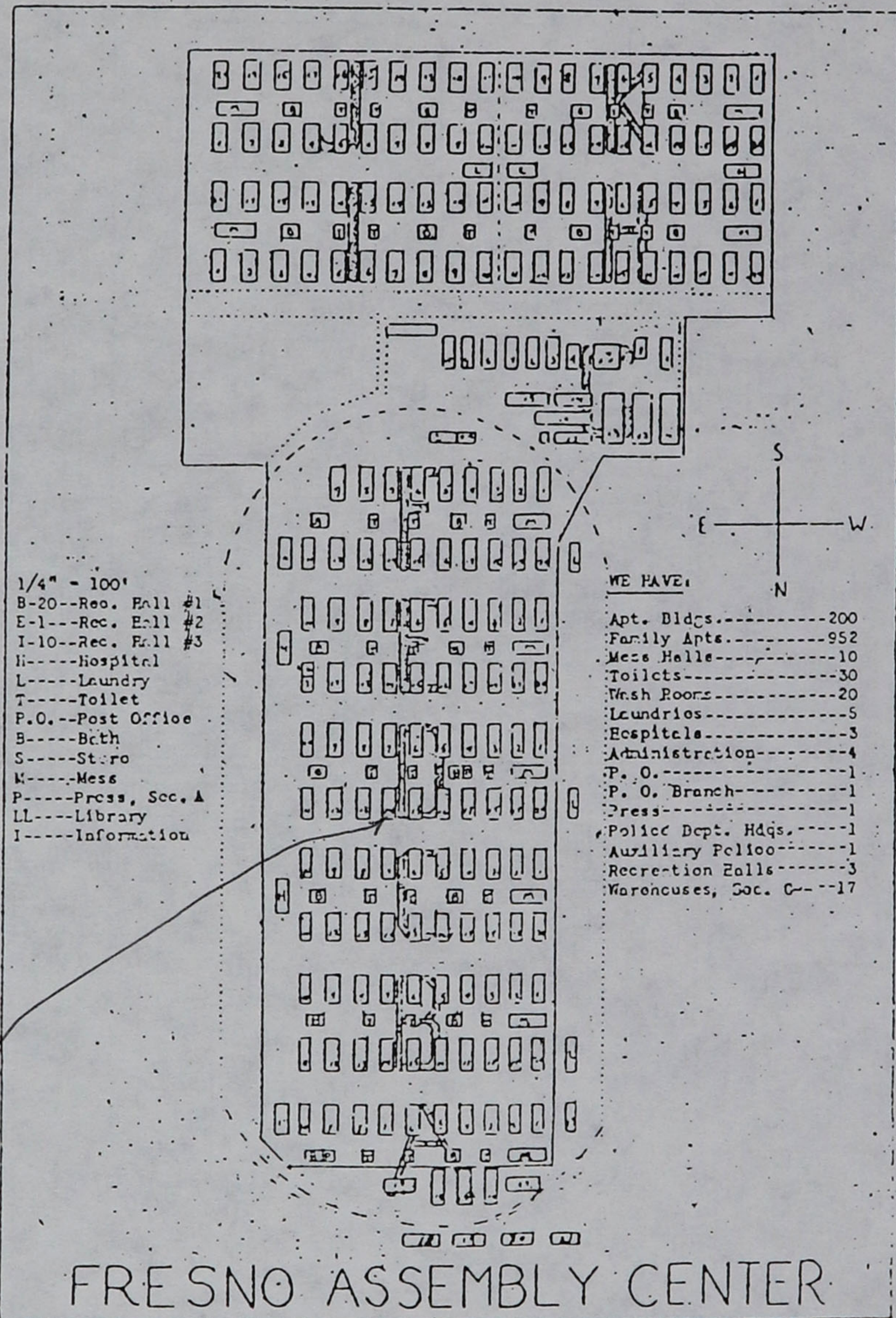
#### ASSEMBLY CENTERS

While the permanent centers were being designed and constructed; a period from March 1942 through October 1942, the Japanese were rounded up and held in the detention which were called Assembly Centers (A. C.). The round up began in late February and completed late April 1942 by the Western Defense Command under Lt. General DeWitt.

Even though General De Witt said "you can't trust the Japs even though they were born in this country"; for unknown reasons; large groups of personnel did not go into the Assembly Centers but remained in their residences and were under curfew until sent to the WRA Internment Camps; starting on May 16, 1942. For example, in the Marysville, (CA) area, on one side of the highway the personnel were sent to Merced A.C. while on the west side of the Highway 99 they were under curfew but allowed freedom during the daylight hours.

There were four different types of Assembly Centers. The most noted type were at the race tracks; Tanforan in the Bay Area and Santa Anita in the Los Angeles area.

# BIRD'S EYE VIEW



- 1/4" = 100'
- B-20--Rec. Hall #1
- E-1--Rec. Hall #2
- I-10--Rec. Hall #3
- H--Hospital
- L--Laundry
- T--Toilet
- P.O.--Post Office
- B--Bath
- S--Store
- M--Mess
- P--Press, Sec. A
- LL--Library
- I--Information

- WE HAVE:
- Apt. Bldgs.-----200
  - Family Apts.-----952
  - Mess Halls-----10
  - Toilets-----30
  - Wash Rooms-----20
  - Laundries-----5
  - Hospitals-----3
  - Administration-----4
  - P. O.-----1
  - P. O. Branch-----1
  - Press-----1
  - Police Dept. Hdqs.-----1
  - Auxiliary Police-----1
  - Recreation Halls-----3
  - Warehouses, Soc. C-----17

## FRE SNO ASSEMBLY CENTER

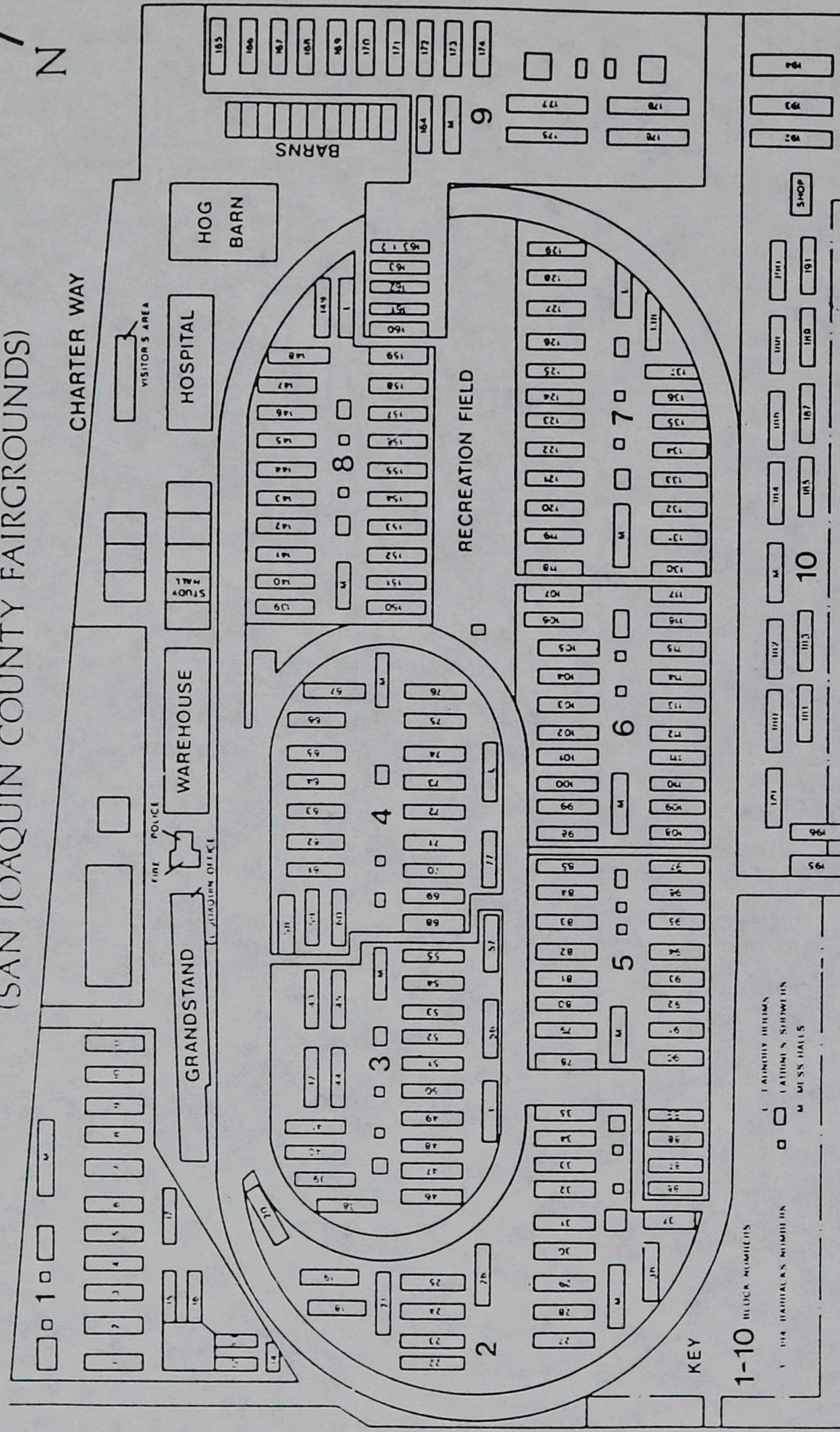
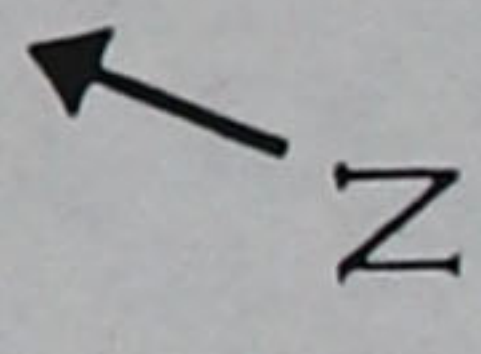
### ADMINISTRATION

- Bldg. 18--Works Division
- Mess & Lodging
- Council Room
- Bldg. 19--Center Manager
- Fire Department
- Supply Division
- Bldg. 20--Finance and Employment Division
- Service Division
- Bldg. 21--Police Headquarters
- Reception Hall

SEKIGUCHI FAMILY WAS IN D-14-4



# STOCKTON ASSEMBLY CENTER (SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS)



SHARPE'S LANE (NOW AIRPORT WAY)

**KEY**

1-10 BUCKLE NUMBERS

1 MAJORITY BUILDING  
 2 LADIES'S SHOWROOM  
 3 MISS HALLS

The Map of the Assembly Center was specially drawn for the special exhibition held at the Haggan Museum and permission was received for its use in this booklet by Mr. Todd Kuhnhauser, Executive Director of Haggan Museum.

Map

The second type were those located at the county fair grounds. These included Fresno and Stockton. See enclosed site plans.

The third type, which very few people know about were located in the migratory farm labor camps. This type was the most primitive, with substandard sanitation facilities.

The fourth type was located in the Hawaiian Islands. The location was at Sand Island in the harbor of Honolulu. This could be classified more of a detention center as only certain classification of personnel were detained and later transferred to the WRA internment camps.

Nearly all Japanese Hawaiians were not interned even though they were closer to the war zone. The reasons given were that Hawaiian economy would collapse if the Japanese Americans were to be interned as they represented over 35% (160,000) of the Hawaiian population.

LIST OF ASSEMBLY CENTERS (AC)		
1.	Fresno AC	4,917
2.	Marysville AC	2,431
3.	Mayer AC	386
4.	Merced AC	4,554
5.	Pinedale AC	4,746
6.	Pomona AC	5,260
7.	Portland AC	3,630
8.	Puyallup AC	7,399
9.	Sacramento AC	4,655
10.	Salinas AC	3,580
11.	Santa Anita AC	18,491
12.	Stockton AC	4,033
13.	Tanforan AC	7,673
14.	Tulare AC	4,942
15.	Turlock AC	3,573
	subtotal	80,170
16.	Sand Island, HA AC	1,700
	Direct Evacuation	27,695
	TOTAL	109,665

#### TRANSITION FROM THE ASSEMBLY CENTERS TO THE WRA CENTERS

During this period an advance party of 40 -50 personnel were selected from each Assembly Center to proceed to the permanent relocation centers and to prepare for the arrival of the internees. As each ward or nine to ten blocks were constructed at the permanent centers, Assembly Centers were notified and each Assembly Centers contributed about 500 to the total of 2,000 peoples (in each phase) were moved to the permanent centers. The wards were completed every three weeks and the entire camp construction took four month to complete. The last group to leave the Assembly Center was in October 1942.

#### DIRECT EVACUATION

During the initial period of confusion after Pearl Harbor, the Western Defense Command set up two Military Zones. Military Zone 1 was the area adjacent to the Pacific Ocean and extended inland for one half of the states and Military Zone 2 were the remaining area of the States including Washington, Oregon, California and south west Arizona.

Voluntary evacuation were encouraged from military zone 1 into military zone 2 or further inland and many personnel left areas such as Terminal Island and San Pedro in southern California for the central valley and other states such Utah and Colorado. The governors of the receiving states objected to the voluntary relocation. There were potential for widespread disorder and risk of violence; therefore on

March 29, 1942 all voluntary evacuation out of military zone 1 and 2 were prohibited. The Japanese were then trapped and curfew was imposed.

Direct evacuation was first tried at the Manzanar center. The people from Los Angeles area gathered at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena and proceed in their own vehicles lead by military police and conveyed to the internment center . The trip took ten hours for the two hundred and thirty miles distance.

Other centers where direct evacuation were tried were at Tule Lake, Poston and Gila River centers. Generally at these centers Greyhound buses were used for transportation.

A total of 27,695 (25%) were directly evacuated.

#### WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY (WRA) INTERNMENT CENTERS

The Army did not want to have anything to do with running the internment camps. This lead to the creation of a civilian agency in the *Office of Emergency Management* of the *Executive Office of the President*. President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9102 creating War Relocation Authority (WRA) to assist persons evacuated by the military under Executive Order 9066.

The first director on March 21, 1942 was Milton Eisenhower, the younger brother of General Dwight Eisenhower. Milton Eisenhower stayed for four months, than his assistant Dillon S. Myer took over for the remaining duration and until closure of WRA on June 30, 1946

Eisenhower and Myer both came from the Department of Agriculture and named their colleagues as project directors of the internment camps. Each had worked or known the directors for a long time at the Agriculture Department.

Milton Eisenhower felt uncomfortable in the unprecedented problems of imprisonment of American citizens and left the director's position to take a job as deputy to the Office of War Information.

Dillon Seymour Myer (1891-) became director on June 17, 1942; BS in agriculture , Ohio State U., Master of Education, Columbia U. was Agriculture Conservator Adjustment Administer prior to his position as WRA director.

On February 16, 1944 President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9423 transferring WRA to the Department of the Interior.

One person who took direct interest in the internment camps was Eleanor Roosevelt, the President's wife. She tried her best in keeping the camps as humane as possible. Several nisei had direct talks with her in resolving the question of serving in the military, especially her interest in having the nisei women service in the Women Army Corps (WAC). She was also instrumental in many young people leaving the camps for colleges. Most nisei have fond affection for Eleanor Roosevelt.

#### LOCATION MAP

The maps and legends are self explanatory and would raise the student's curiosity. The first question is where were the ten relocation projects located. The map shows the ten project sites; however there were some projects which had more than one camp site.

There were 13 separate camp sites. The two projects in Arizona had multiple camps; Poston had three camps and Gila River project had two camps. Each camp was self sufficient but governed under one administrator.

## INTERNMENT CAMP POPULATIONS

	Camps	Bancroft*	Myer*	J/A His*
1.	Amache, CO	7,554	7,656	7,318
2.	Gila River, AZ		13,420	13,348
	A. Butte Camp	9,480		
	B. Canal Camp	5,097		
3.	Heart Mountain, WY	10,954	11,062	10,767
4.	Jerome, AR	7,674	7,932	8,497
5.	Manzanar, CA	9,927	10,121	10,046
6.	Minidoka, ID	9,467	9,861	9,397
7.	Poston, AZ		18,039	17,814
	A. Poston I	9,483		
	B. Poston II	5,952		
	C. Poston III	2,987		
8.	Rohwer, AR	8,232	8,548	8,475
9.	Topaz, UT	8,223	8,232	8,130
10.	Tule Lake, CA	14,984	15,369	18,789
	TOTAL**	110,014	110,310	112,581

\*Sources (1) Bancroft Library, (2) Dillon Myer; *Uprooted Americans*; (3) Japanese American Historical Society, *Americans of Japanese Ancestry and US Constitution*.

\*\* See Population Section for explanation to the discrepancies.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WRA INTERNMENT CAMPS

All of the internment camps had similar characteristics:

1. Each center was about the same size with a population between 8,000 to 10,000.
2. The project area was large tract of land of over 3,500 acres.
3. The inhabited area was one square mile or 640 acres
4. The block arrangement were similar
5. The barracks or apartment units were similar in size 20 feet by 100 feet. (Camp Amache was the only center with barracks of 20 feet by 120 feet.)
6. The occupants came from same geographic areas of the west coast. The blocks and the wards had people from the same Assembly Centers, but the entire camp often contained people from several states or regions of the state.
7. Each project consisted of a farm area and the residential area.

### FARM AREA

The farming operation was one of the easiest tasks to set up at each of the ten internment projects. During 1930's the Japanese in the United States were predominately in the agriculture and related industries; these activities included fruit and vegetable farming, horticultural and ornamental nurseries, and

wholesale and retail floral trades. The Japanese dominated the wholesale floral and certain vegetables in the late 1930's.

Many of the American farmers on the west coast resented the resourcefulness and the work ethics of the Japanese farmers and the nurserymen. The Japanese nurserymen were continuously improving the variety of fruits and flowers in order to have earlier and later maturity to obtain maximum marketing prices. The American farmers and organization like the Sons of the Golden West were happy to see the nisei farmers put in the concentration camps and later opposed their release from the camps.

Each center started vegetable farms, poultry and hog production for use by the mess halls. The farm was in production within four months and a variety including Japanese types of vegetable were produced.

Beef and dairy production were not undertaken by the Japanese because of cultural aversion to this type of work. Some Caucasians were employed to direct this activity. In Japan people in beef and slaughtering occupation were considered outcast or 'eta' and even today they avoid people associated as *Burakumin* (modern term for *eta*). This caste system was carried to this country by the emigrants and certain attitudes about marriage to an 'eta' was prolonged during the nisei generation.

The farm activities were a safety valve for people in the concentration camps. Most men (and boys in the summer) left the restrictions of the camp and worked all day in the open fields. They were creative in their attempt to develop agriculture in the desert and swampy environment. The combination of greenhouse and transplanting techniques familiar to certain types of Japanese farmers and nurserymen extended the growing season in the harsh climate.

Lot of the men left the camps during the summer to harvest crops on the outside and returned after the harvest. They journeyed to the interior of the rural states including Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Arizona. What they encountered was appalling, compared to the west coast farms; the farmers of the interior states were poverty stricken. Many of the farms had no running water and still used outdoor toilets. The return to the camps with warm bath and indoor plumbing was a luxury. The main harvest crops were sugar beets, potatoes, onions, cotton and flax.

#### INHABITANT CORE AREA

The core area of most centers were one mile by one mile or 640 acres. Several sites were larger because of the unusual configuration of the camps (see site maps). Within this space were two functional areas; the project administrative area and the internees residential area.

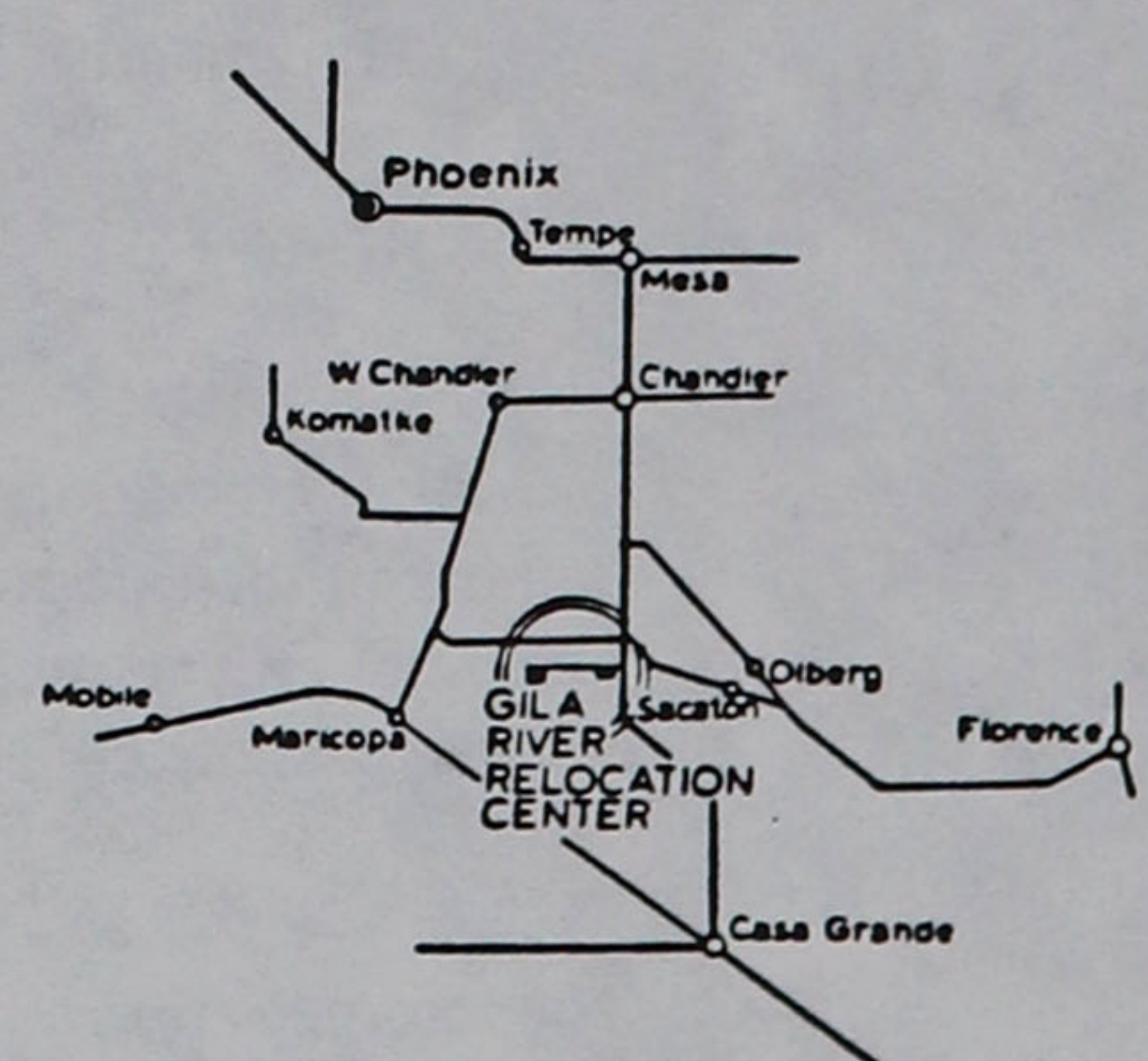
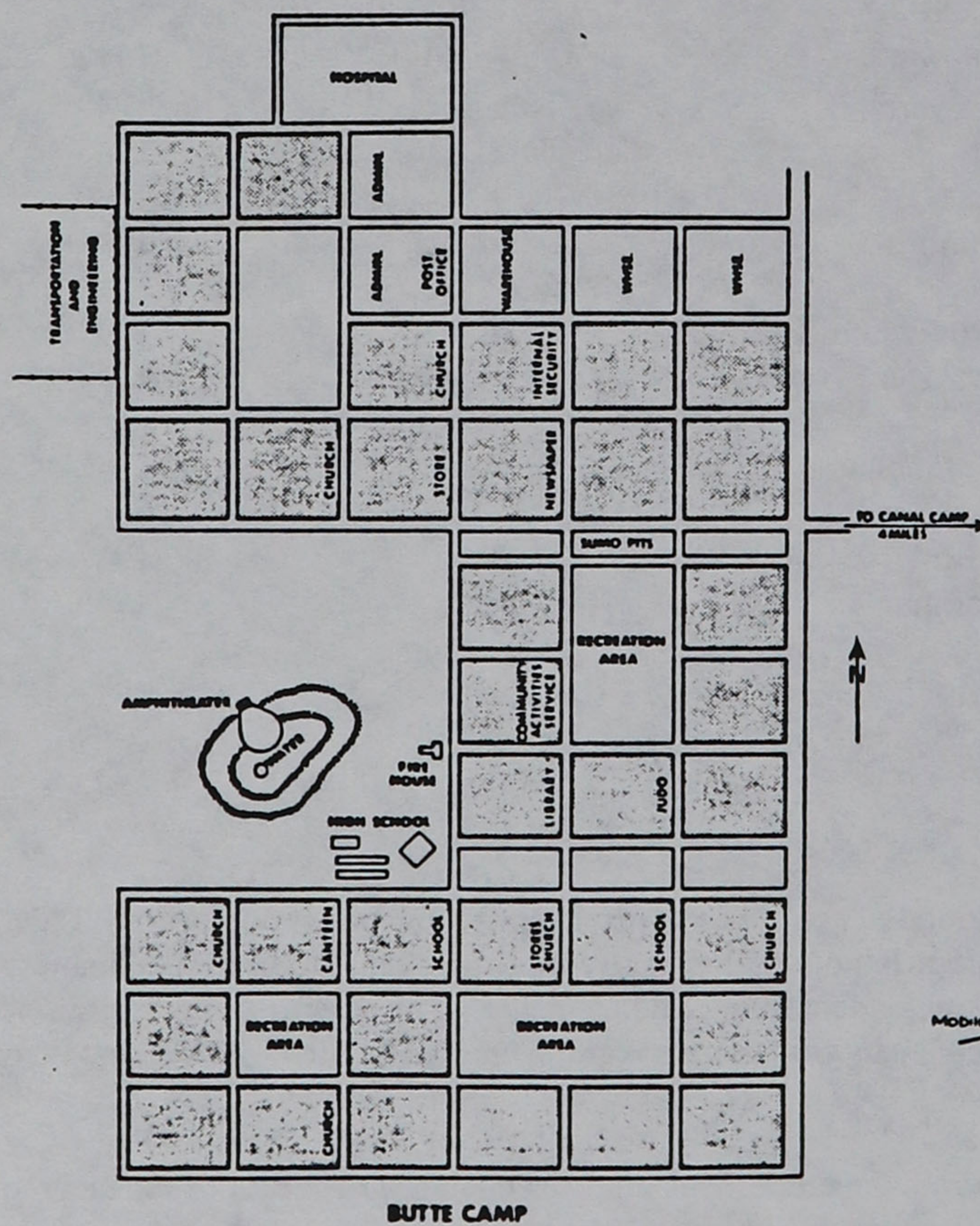
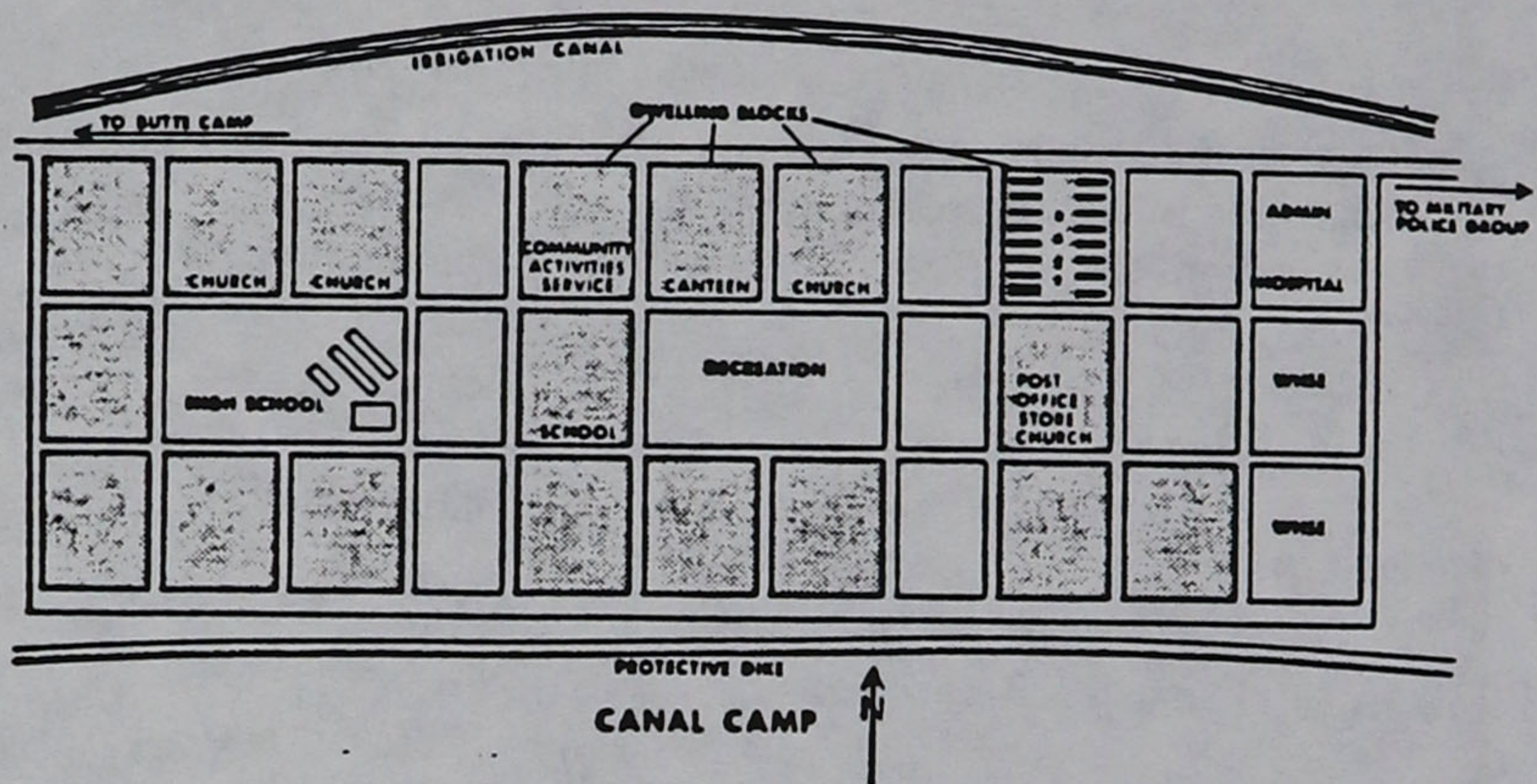
#### PROJECT ADMINISTRATIVE AREA

This area includes the military police company (MP), the Caucasian staff housing and the office area.

The company (140-150 personnel) of military police were responsible for the security of the outside of the camp. The internees area had a perimeter fence of barbed wire and the MP patrolled the fenced area by a series of guard towers located in strategic points. The guard tower usually had search light for night patrols and machine guns for protection. The MP were not to enter the camp interior nor to socialize with the camp residents, especially the women.

The interior of the camp were patrolled by the internal security force which consisted of the Japanese personnel.

Many of the Caucasian staff lived in apartment units within this compound however some found housing in nearby towns.



The administrative area included office function of the project manager and his staff. The staff included the project director, assistant director, and his department heads. The department included :agriculture, education, medical, engineering, maintenance, fire internal security, transportation, supply and warehousing and recreation.

#### PROJECT DIRECTORS

The project directors came from the Agriculture Department and his assistant from the engineering side such as the Bureau of Reclamation. Because they were previously involved in some form of large organization; the camp operations were efficient and humane.

Project Directors	Centers	Dates
Roy Nash	Manzanar	June 1942-Sep 42
Ralph Merritt	Manzanar	1942-46
Wade Head	Poston	1942-43
Duncan Mills	Poston	1944-45
Eastburn Smith	Gila River	1942
Roy Bennett	Gila River	1943-45
Douglas Todd	Gila River	1946
Elmer Shirrell	Tule Lake	1942
Harvey Coverly	Tule Lake	1943
Ray Best	Tule Lake	1943-46
Harry Stafford	Minidoka	1942-45
Christford Rachford	Heart Mtn	1942
Guy Robertson	Heart Mtn	1943-45
James C. Lindley	Granada	1942-46
Charles Ernt	Topaz	1942-44
Louis Hoffman	Topaz	1945
Raymond Johnson	Rohwer	1942-45
Paul Taylor	Jerome	1943-44

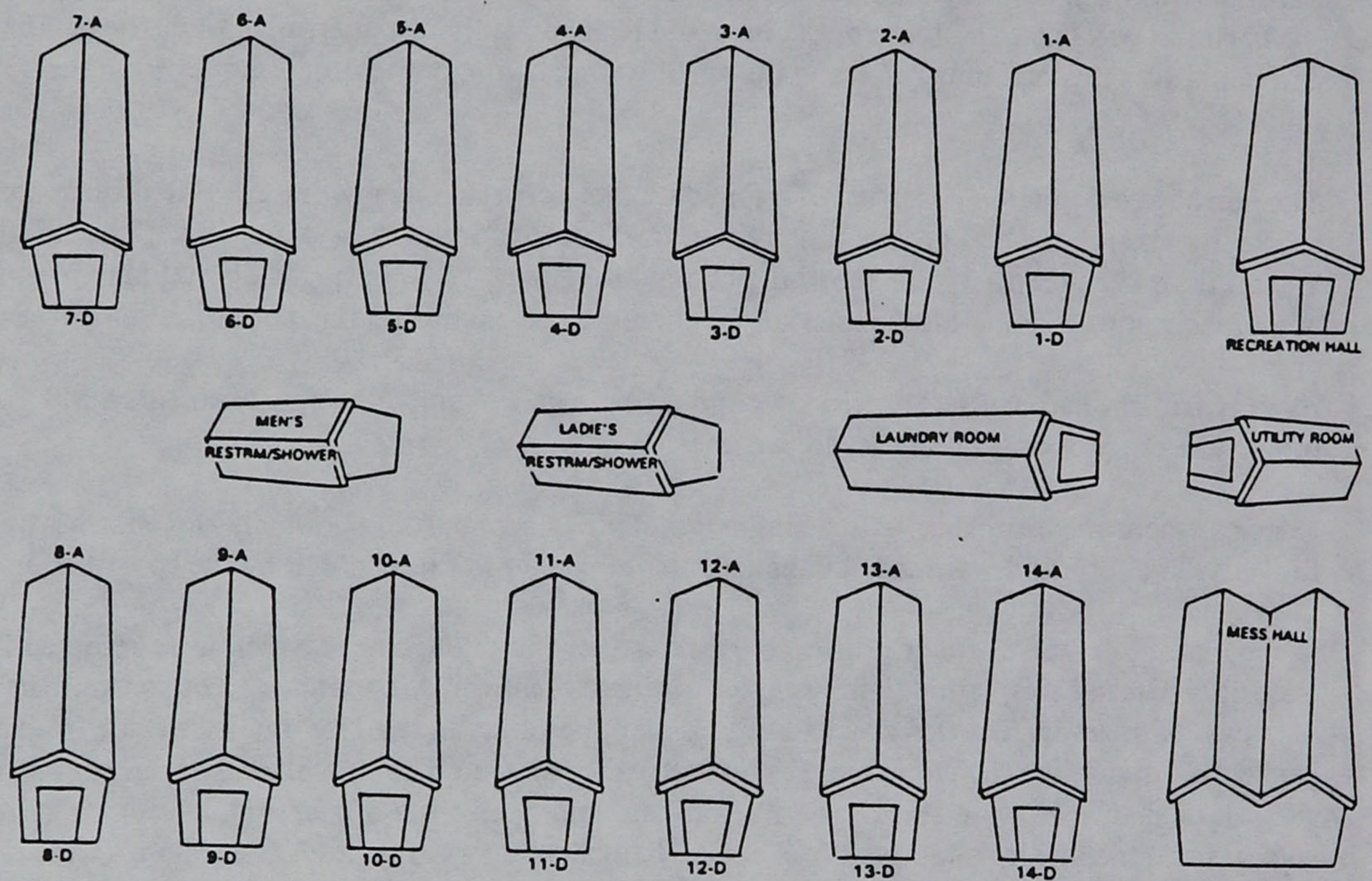
#### DAY-TO-DAY OPERATIONS

Like all organization the head of the department set the policy and overall leadership but the actual running of the camps fell on the Japanese American staff. By 1940 the Japanese American had developed a cadre of university graduates in all fields including engineering and health sciences and many were employed in the civil services; this nisei group essentially directed the day-to-day operation of the camps.

#### THE INTERNEE RESIDENTIAL AREA

The internees lived in the block. This unit was managed by the block manager and 90% of all activities happened at the block level. The typical block was the same for all centers; it consisted of two rows of six or seven barracks or apartment units on both sides of a utility core. The utility core were grouped in the center for efficiency and economy of building materials and consisted of the men and women toilet facilities, shower, laundry, ironing facility, the boiler room, and sometimes the mess hall. The recreation hall was on the perimeter of the block.

#### BARRACKS (APARTMENTS)



Gila River War Relocation Center, Gross Acreage - 16,467 Acres  
 Community Area: Canal, 209.50 Acres Butte, 789.25 Acres Total, 998.75 Acres  
 Approximate population: between 13,000 to 14,000 at any given time  
 Resident barrack structure; 20 ft x 100 ft.

Barracks were divided into 4 rectangular Units: 3 rooms - 20 ft x 24 ft and one large unit - 20 x 28 ft.

These units were labelled as: (Block No.) 1-A, 1-B, 1-C, and 1-D, etc. (ie., Blk. 30-4-A)

Exposed beams were 4 ft apart. There were no ceilings or inner walls.

Eventual alteration of room space was according to family size:

Families of 2 were given a space covered by 3 beams.

Families of 3 had 4 beams.

Families of 4 or 5 were allotted 5 beams.

Those with 6 members received 7 beams.

Larger families received 2 rooms.

275 new partitions were installed and 44 partitions moved to accommodate the families.

Each block consisted of:

One Mess Hall (There were 56 kitchens and mess halls).

Men's and Women's restroom/shower. Partitioned toilets had no doors. Doors were installed later. There was a long trough with faucets for hand/face washing and teethbrushing. Shower rooms were without partitions for privacy.

One Laundry Room with double sink tubs were lined up on two sides of the room.

Utility Room - Originally it was an ironing room but was never used as such. It was eventually used as a storage room for mess hall supplies.

Recreation Hall Some of these halls were converted into churches, meeting rooms, classrooms, community libraries, etc.

In time the residents beautified the grounds by planting gardens, building fish ponds, and planting trees for shade and for a little relief from the heat.

Other structures in the communities consisted of Warehouses, hospitals, post offices, administration buildings, stores and community enterprises, schools, model shipbuilding (Canal Camp I), camouflage net bldg. (Butte Camp II), cold storage plants, and fire stations. Later one of the buildings was converted into a tofu factory.



The barracks consisted of 20 feet by 100 feet, (except for Camp Amache) which were divided into room of several sizes, depending on the family size, the usual sizes were 16 feet, 20 feet, and 25 feet. The room partition was from the finished floor to the underside of the roof truss or 8 feet in height. The area above the partition was open and therefore noise could be heard from one apartment to the next. The major complaint was the lack of privacy and the smell from cooking or making of liquor from the adjoining units.

The barrack construction consisted of a foundation of concrete piers with a 2 x 6 floor joist and 1 x 10 subfloor and a tongue and groove finish flooring. The walls were 2 x 4 stud wall with no interior finish and on the exterior with 1 x 10 sheathing and building paper. The barracks did not have any insulation at any of the camps. The building materials were hard to obtain during this period.

Each apartment had two sets of windows and a single door. Some ingenious residents build a vestibule to protect the entry door from the severe weather.

The apartment was furnished with a single light bulb, a coal burning pot-belly stove for heating and cots for beds. The furniture was made by the tenants from scraps of lumber left by the construction.

In most of the centers there one or two barracks at the end of the blocks which were reserved for the bachelors. During this period there were lot of single men who did not have an opportunity to find marriage partners in America and had missed an opportunity to send for a picture bride from Japan. Many bachelors did not like the close quarters and after the MP were withdrawn, these men built a lean-to shelters (a shantytown) outside the perimeter fence and lived a life of a hermit, except for taking their showers and the meals; some even cooked and bathed outdoors and didn't associate with the rest of the inhabitants.

The camp construction took about four month from start to the finish. The construction crew consisted of about 3,000 unskilled workers. The skilled crew consisted of 12 lead carpenters, 3 electricians and 3 plumbers and one engineer from the Corp of Engineers.

The general construction were crude and use of green lumber were prevalent, and later when the lumber dried the flooring had become a sieve. Some residents added a skirt around the barracks hoping to reduce the air infiltration; however a bad design and poor construction could not be easily remedied.

#### MESS HALL

The mess hall was essentially double the barracks size or 40 feet by 100 feet. On one end was the kitchen and open dinning area in the remaining space. The kitchen stoves and oven were fueled by coal. One of the Arizona center had a gas line through their camp.

All personnel took their meals at the dining hall. The kitchen staff were the residents of the block. The meals were bland and no matter how the chef prepared the meals after several month each meal tasted the same. The term SOS was often used. Many preferred eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

During the initial few weeks the family eat together, but soon the family unit broke down and different group would eat in their section, teenage boys were in one area and the adult men in another.

The mess hall was heated from all the kitchen activity throughout the day and night. The mess hall was useful for gathering when not in use as a dining hall. The ladies used the mess hall for the netting sessions and as a social hall. The mess hall also was the setting for group activities such as dances and during the holiday season they would decorate the hall with Christmas scenery. The Christmas decorations irked lot of the Buddhist.

#### BOILER ROOM

In the core area attached to the laundry room was the boiler room which heated the water for the toilets, showers, laundry and the mess hall. Because the unit could not produce enough hot water, the occupants were allocated time slots for the laundry and showering activities. The boiler units were undersized primarily because the designers did not understand that Japanese people usually took a bath once (or twice) a day. During this period (1930's depression era) most other people economized by taking a bath occasionally.

The boiler room was one of two constantly heated rooms in the block and developed as an activity center for the older men (the *issei*). The room provided areas for the Japanese game of *go(h)* and *shogi* a form of chess and checkers.

In the collective group, there was always a bootleg production of liquor which the inhabitants engaged in. The raw materials were rice, potato and sweet potato. These ingredients produced a *sake* (a wine), a *shochu* (form of vodka) and *awamori* (a rum). The men enjoyed their drinks in the boiler room where after a few drinks a round of *karaoke* type songs were sung. The camp life was characterized as *monotonous* and *lackadaisical*.

#### RECREATION HALL

Because of living in the close quarters and also monotony of living in the camps, the recreation section of the administration made an effort to provide organized activities.

Each block had a barrack which was used for recreation or social activities. The hall was used for various clubs activities and for meetings. There were almost any types of youth organization from scouting to flower arrangement. The sports were the largest activities including baseball and sumo wrestling. These sports were good for drawing lot of crowds and with nothing to do in the camps; the spectator sports were enjoyed by everyone. Sometimes the recreation director would arrange to have the camp all star team play nearby American Legions teams. The results were that the all stars would swamp the opposition teams.

For young adult, some ad hoc organization would throw a dance for the ward in some mess hall. Lot of romances started in the camps and one good results of the relocation movement were that *nisei* from different parts of the west coast got to know each other. After leaving the camps the relationships continued and many couples eventually married.

#### BLOCK MANAGER

The key to running an orderly operation was the block manager. He controlled all the administrative functions and was the direct link with the administration. Some of his duties included ; mail operation, issuing passes, sick calls, issuance of supplies, and most of all mediating disputes.

The population of each block ranged from 250 to 300 depending on the family composition.

The block managers were chosen from the advance party and had experience in running a farm labor camps or boarding houses in the Japanese section of their city.

There were two types of mangers; the *nisei* and the *kibei*. The *nisei* were born in the USA and never had gone to Japan, while the *kibei* were born here but had gone to Japan for their education and returned to USA prior to the W.W.II.

The *nisei* seem to be more open and friendly toward the internees, while the *kibei* were more authoritative. The backgrounds of each type were decisively different and later created considerable difficulty for the internees.

The difficulty occurred during the loyalty questionnaire period and the beginning of the draft movement.

Most activities happened at the block level and the residents hardly socialized with other parts of the center. It was hard to find any one who had traveled from one end of the center to the other.

#### THE WARD

The next level of organization was the ward. This unit consisted of nine or ten blocks separated by the fire breaks. At some centers the ward was called sections. There were three functions at the ward level:

1. Fire Control
2. Internal Security
3. Food and Fuel Supply

The ward unit was in charge of fire control for each of the blocks within the ward. There were usually three or four fire stations scattered throughout the camp. Each fire station provided protection to two or three wards. There were no major fires reported in any of the centers. The major reason was that there were people in the barracks and around the blocks at all times.

The internal security were performed at the ward level. The individual were older men in ill-fitting uniform with an arm band and usually walked around the blocks acting like someone with authority. This group did not want to be known as policeman so they used the designation as wardens. Later this group received a nick name as 'inu' or spies for the administration. Even the block managers avoided calling on the wardens but relied on their own staff for any emergencies.

After about one and one half years the MPs were removed and the guard towers were vacant except for the Tule Lake Center. The internal security personnel became more noticeable.

The third function of the ward was to provide daily supplies to the mess hall. A truck from the motor pool assigned to the ward would go to the warehouse area, pick up and deliver the daily rations to each of the mess halls. The meals at each center was the same except for the local variation in vegetables. The menus were prepared one month ahead of schedule.

The ward also had a dump truck which picked up the coal supply and delivered it to the blocks on a rotating basis so each block received the coal once a week. The coals were delivered to the mess hall, boiler room, and at the end of each block. Each family was responsible to pick up the coals for their pot-belly stove.

#### CAMP WIDE FUNCTIONS

##### HOSPITAL

The hospital served the entire camp and was directed by the administration but operated by an internee staff of doctors and nurses. After the initial settlement, the Japanese American doctors were transferred between camps in order to equally balance the supply of medical personnel.

The supplies and equipment were insufficient and outdated but the staff did their best for the patients.

There were roughly 300 births and 150 deaths at each of the centers. Each center had a room used for a mortuary.

There exists a small cemetery at each camp site which reminds us of the difficult years of internment.

##### SCHOOLS

There was one combined junior and senior high school at each center staffed by Caucasian and Japanese personnel. There were usually two or three elementary schools at each center. The education and

Most activities happened at the block level and the residents hardly socialized with other parts of the center. It was hard to find any one who had traveled from one end of the center to the other.

#### THE WARD

The next level of organization was the ward. This unit consisted of nine or ten blocks separated by the fire breaks. At some centers the ward was called sections. There were three functions at the ward level:

1. Fire Control
2. Internal Security
3. Food and Fuel Supply

The ward unit was in charge of fire control for each of the blocks within the ward. There were usually three or four fire stations scattered throughout the camp. Each fire station provided protection to two or three wards. There were no major fires reported in any of the centers. The major reason was that there were people in the barracks and around the blocks at all times.

The internal security were performed at the ward level. The individual were older men in ill-fitting uniform with an arm band and usually walked around the blocks acting like someone with authority. This group did not want to be known as policeman so they used the designation as wardens. Later this group received a nick name as 'inu' or spies for the administration. Even the block managers avoided calling on the wardens but relied on their own staff for any emergencies.

After about one and one half years the MPs were removed and the guard towers were vacant except for the Tule Lake Center. The internal security personnel became more noticeable.

The third function of the ward was to provide daily supplies to the mess hall. A truck from the motor pool assigned to the ward would go to the warehouse area, pick up and deliver the daily rations to each of the mess halls. The meals at each center was the same except for the local variation in vegetables. The menus were prepared one month ahead of schedule.

The ward also had a dump truck which picked up the coal supply and delivered it to the blocks on a rotating basis so each block received the coal once a week. The coals were delivered to the mess hall, boiler room, and at the end of each block. Each family was responsible to pick up the coals for their pot-belly stove.

#### CAMP WIDE FUNCTIONS

##### HOSPITAL

The hospital served the entire camp and was directed by the administration but operated by an internee staff of doctors and nurses. After the initial settlement, the Japanese American doctors were transferred between camps in order to equally balance the supply of medical personnel.

The supplies and equipment were insufficient and outdated but the staff did their best for the patients.

There were roughly 300 births and 150 deaths at each of the centers. Each center had a room used for a mortuary.

There exists a small cemetery at each camp site which reminds us of the difficult years of internment.

##### SCHOOLS

There was one combined junior and senior high school at each center staffed by Caucasian and Japanese personnel. There were usually two or three elementary schools at each center. The education and

attendance were excellent as the Japanese had high respect for the teachers .Even today fifty years later, many students remember their teachers as encouraging them on to colleges.

After the camp years many nisei continued their college education and many became prominent especially in the arts, architecture and landscape design. They were prominent in the professions as well as becoming deans or professors at leading universities; the nisei names; Yamasaki, Obata, Okamoto, Ishikawa, Hisaka, Matsumoto, Sasaki, Hanamoto, Azawa, Noguchi, and Nakashima were household names in the design fields.

#### CHURCHES

There were rooms made for use as churches for different denomination. The predominate religion were Buddhists, Shinto, and Christians. The churches provided an important functions as many internee had a hard time adjusting to the camp life and dependent on their religion to carry them through this difficult period.

#### POST OFFICE

Each relocation center had a postal address. There was a main post office and each block manager's office distributed the mail. The distribution of the mail was a big event as the residents of the camps had nothing to do but wait for some news from the outside of the camps. When some one received a package or a letter from the outside of the camp each neighbor immediately heard the news and the gossip grapevine went to work. When terrible news such as 'Killed in Action' (KIA) was reported, the block manager, the church leaders and the neighbors immediately consoled their fellow internees. This news announcement was the most painful for the block manager, as he invariably was instrumental in the drafting of the young man and saw him leave for the overseas assignment. The all nisei unit 442 Regimental Combat Team (RCT) had one of the highest casualty rate of any unit during W.W.II. For many families where the only son was killed in action , it was devastating.

#### CANTEENS ( STORES )

There were stores similar to '7-11' stores located in several areas of the center. They were operated under the Co-op system. The problem was that no one had any money to spend in the camps as the banking accounts of the internees were frozen by the government immediately after Pearl Harbor. During the evacuation each family was limited to bringing \$300. The lifting of the banking restrictions did not take place until January 2, 1945.

#### CLOTHING ALLOWANCES

Each person was allowed between \$1.25, \$2.75 or \$3.75 monthly depending on their age for the clothing allowances. Ninety percent of the evacuees were from the warm climate of California and the internment camps were located in cold and harsh climate. It was necessary to obtain warm clothing immediately to ward off the chill in the barracks and the outdoor.

During the first fall season (1942) as many residents were without any funds to buy warm clothing, the block managers arranged to purchase woolen yarns by the gross and started netting sessions for each family to provide woolen socks, mittens and sweaters for their family. At first the clothing design were simple pattern but as time went by more elaborate design became prevalent.

When their men, drafted into the US Army, went off to the war, these same women began to net khaki colored garments for the boys going to overseas theater. Even today, all the women from the camp era could net clothing for their younger relatives.

#### UTILITIES

The electricity was obtained from the local utility and distributed to each blocks and barracks.

Each apartment unit was heated by a potbelly stove fueled by coals.

The domestic water was obtained from a series of deep well, (except at Heart Mountain center which obtain the water from the river), filtered through a plant and stored in elevated storage tanks. There was a domestic water and fire water main to each block. About one and one-half million gallons per day were used at each camp.

Each project center had its own sewage treatment system and a disposal field.

Major street were paved but most areas around the blocks were graveled and during the winter there was a field of mud. Most internees traversed the mud by wearing a home made elevated *geta* (wooden clogs). The occupants later built a board walk from their living unit to the core area to avoid this situation.

#### EMPLOYMENT AND SALARY

The project management budgeted money to employ as many people as possible in order to keep every one busy. The wages were set at minimum level in order to create as many positions as possible.

The wage levels were:

- |    |                                |            |
|----|--------------------------------|------------|
| 1. | Professional, block managers   | \$19/month |
| 2. | Skilled, foreman, teachers     | 16/month   |
| 3. | Unskilled labor, farm, kitchen | 12/month   |

The comparable salary of the Caucasian staff ranged from \$100 to 200 per month. The inequalities created friction between the Caucasian and the Japanese American professional staffs and sometimes led to a minor disruption of services.

#### NEWSPAPERS

There was a newspaper started at each centers. Each newspaper was professionally produced as the core editorial staff came from the former Japanese vernacular.

In the 1930's, each major Japanese centers such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, Seattle and Portland had a Japanese language newspaper. Several editors and writers after leaving the camp newspaper were employed at major news organization. Some became editors or writers and were quite famous; nisei like Hosokawa, Uchida, Omura and Togashi.

#### POPULATION

Because the project centers were located in sparse rural states, the internment camps with population of 10,000 became second, third and fourth largest cities in that particular state., including Wyoming, Idaho, Utah and Arkansas.

The camp population was always in a continuous flux for several reasons. The census were not taken on a certain date so each camp reported their total on different dates. The variables factors were:

#### OUTWARD-BOUND OR INTER-CAMP TRANSFERS

1. There were constant transfers between camps to accommodate:
  - A.. The family members who were separated.
  - B. To balance the supply and demand of the technical personnel such as doctors, engineers, and agricultural specialists.
2. The seasonal farm laborer were allowed to go outside the camp and return after the harvest. Several thousands could be out when the census were taken.
3. The recruitment of the Japanese speaking personnel in the Military Intelligence Service (1,634) and later the draft and volunteers (11,780).
4. Immediately after the transfer from the Assembly Center, the project directors allowed application to colleges. There were 3,812 personnel who applied for schooling and many left the camps bound for technical schools and colleges.

5. After arrival at the WRA camps, progressive project directors encouraged families to relocate to the midwest or the eastern seaboard. Thousands began to relocate; most were older nisei who were better educated or had industrial skills needed by the employers.

#### INWARD-BOUND

1. Japanese people in extreme western Idaho, (near Ontario, Oregon), such communities as Payette, Nampa, Caldwell and Weiser were sent to the Minidoka, Idaho internment center even though State of Idaho was outside of the Military Zone 2 and did not have to evacuate.
2. In late 1942 and early 1943, there were 1,700 Japanese - Hawaiians transferred from Sand Island, A. C., Hawaii to the two WRA Internment Centers; Jerome and Poston.
3. There were number of migratory farm and railroad workers who followed their family into the internment center in late 1942. The typical pattern of these workers :in spring; March or April they would leave their home base which was located in the Japantown section usually a boarding houses or (flop)hotels and follow the harvest route or the railroad maintenance route in the High Sierra or the Rocky Mountains. They would return to the home base in the late fall and winter there. The home base were located in larger Japanese communities such as Los Angeles, Fresno, Stockton, Sacramento, Portland, Seattle and Spokane. When the internment notice came and the boarding houses and hotels closed, these migratory workers did not have a home base to return to and most (were bachelors) joined their relatives or friends at the internment camps.

#### UNIQUENESS OF SEVERAL CENTERS

The uniqueness of the Arizona centers were that both center; Poston I, II, & III and Gila River (Canal & Butte) were on the Indian Reservation lands and were administrated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs during the first year of operation; this administration was very relaxed and because of the complaints; the administration was then switched over to the War Relocation Authority (WRA). Many nisei enjoyed the close relations with the Native Americans and later in their retirement volunteered their professional services to the Indian communities especially in the medical and design professions.

Heart Mountain center located in Wyoming had the only layout with a super block arrangement (see site layout) This center was known for the protest against the draft. Heart Mountain draft resister some 120 nisei who were interned and refused to report for induction into the US Army until their constitutional rights were restored. Estella Ishigo, a Caucasian married to a Japanese actor, was an exceptional artist and a writer. She wrote and included art works in her book *Lone Heart Mountain*.

Minidoka center had the most creative site layout and probably the camp was designed by a landscape architect. This camp produced Lt. Comd. Takeshi Yoshihara the first nisei to attend the US Naval Academy (1949-53) lived in the same block as this author.

Manzanar center was almost entirely populated by direct evacuation. Included was a sixteen year old Ralph Lazo, a Mexican American, who joined his nisei friend into the internment camp voluntarily.

The centers in Arkansas, Jerome and Rohwer were only 30 miles apart It was unusual to have centers so close together. The records indicate that construction of two camps was a mistake. In the site selection process, Jerome site had more merits than Rohwer, but each site was under different Engineering District jurisdiction and each district wanted to build the center and proceeded to construct the center. Bureaucracy and architecture at its best.

#### IRONIC SITUATIONS

While the internment centers were located in the interior of America and held Americans of Japanese ancestry from the west coast states, many Japanese Americans were living only few miles from the internment centers as free people because they resided outside the restricted zone. For example the Japanese people of Idaho (1,200), Wyoming (650), Montana (508), Utah (2,200), Colorado (2,750),

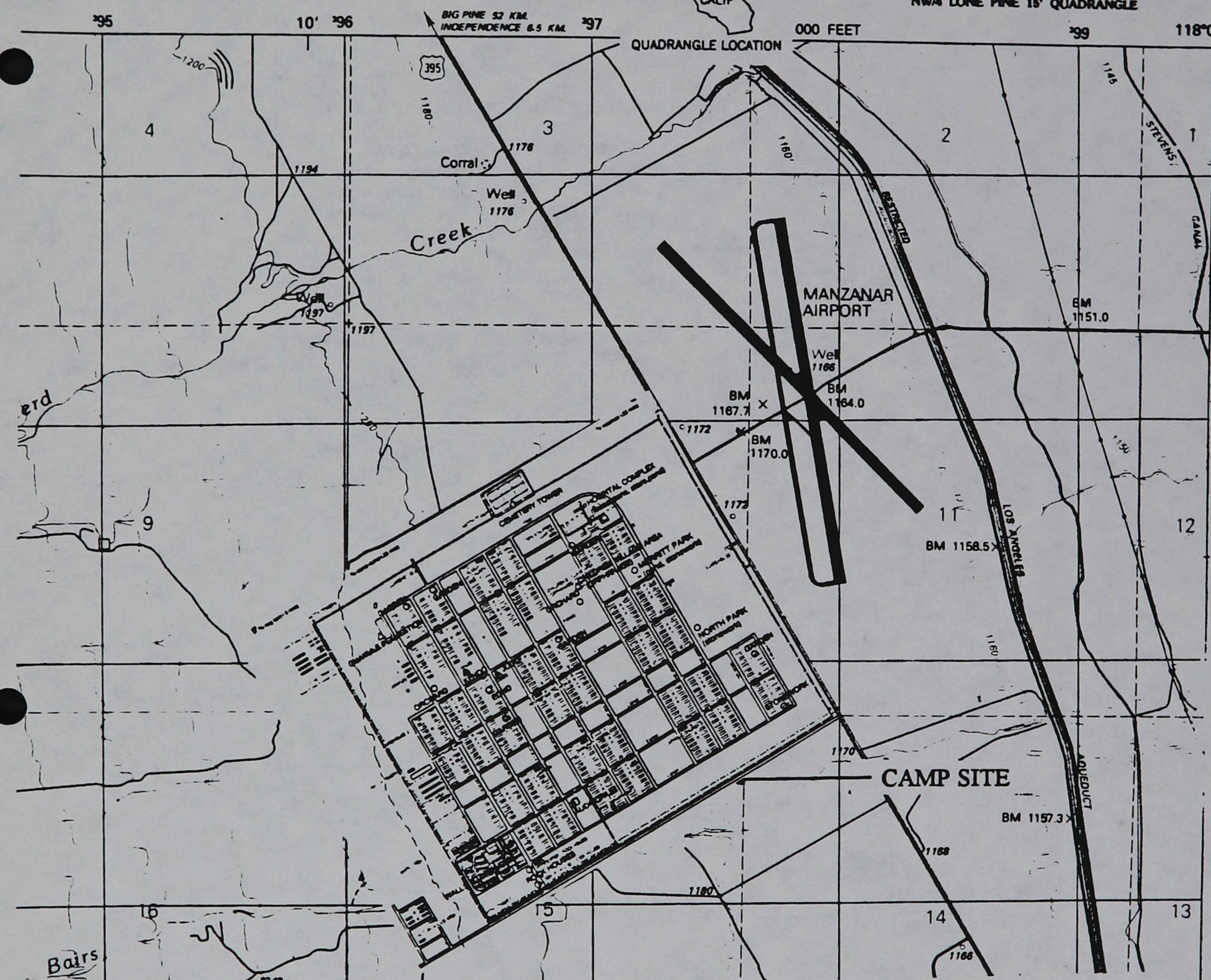




CONTOURS AND ELEVATIONS  
IN METERS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
CALIFORNIA-INO CO.  
7.5 MINUTE SERIES (TOPOGRAPHIC)  
NW/4 LONE PINE 15' QUADRANGLE

ACES



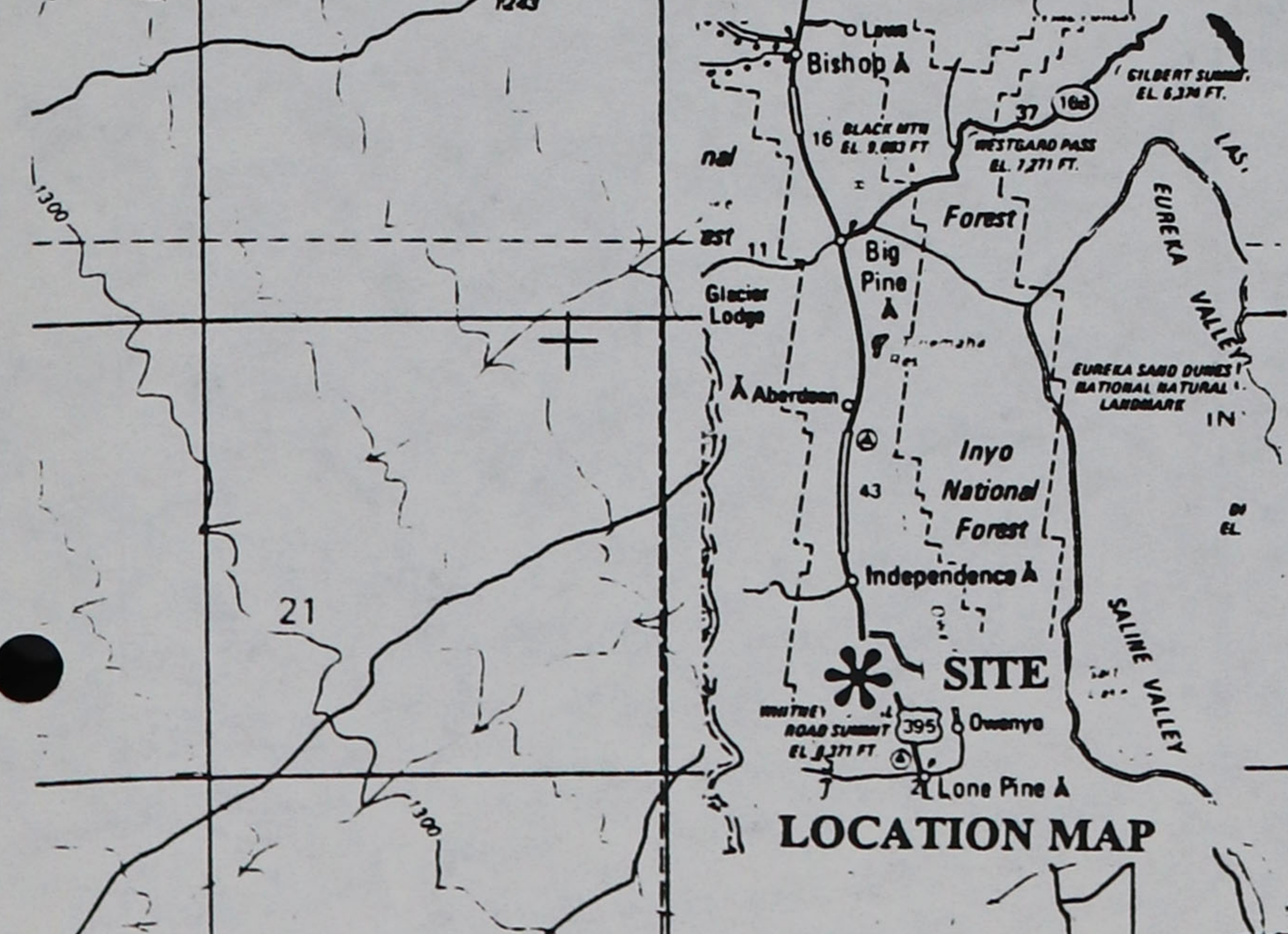
MANZANAR, INYO COUNTY, CA

OPENED FEBRUARY 19, 1942  
CLOSED NOVEMBER 21, 1945  
FIRST BUILDING MARCH 14, 1942  
ROY NASH: FIRST PROJECT DIRECTOR  
RALPH P. MERRIT PROJECT DIRECTOR  
PROJECT AREA 5,700 ACRES  
POPULATION:

SANTA ANITA 65  
DIRECT EVACUATION:  
MILITARY AREA 1 9,862

MANZANAR WAS ONE OF THE CAMPS WHICH HOUSED PEOPLE DIRECTLY FROM THEIR HOMES. A CONVOY STARTED AT THE ROSE BOWL (SOUTH END) ON MARCH 23, 1942 AT 5:45 AM AND PROCEEDED TO THE MANZANAR CAMP.

LOCATION MAP



MANZANAR WRA CAMP  
INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

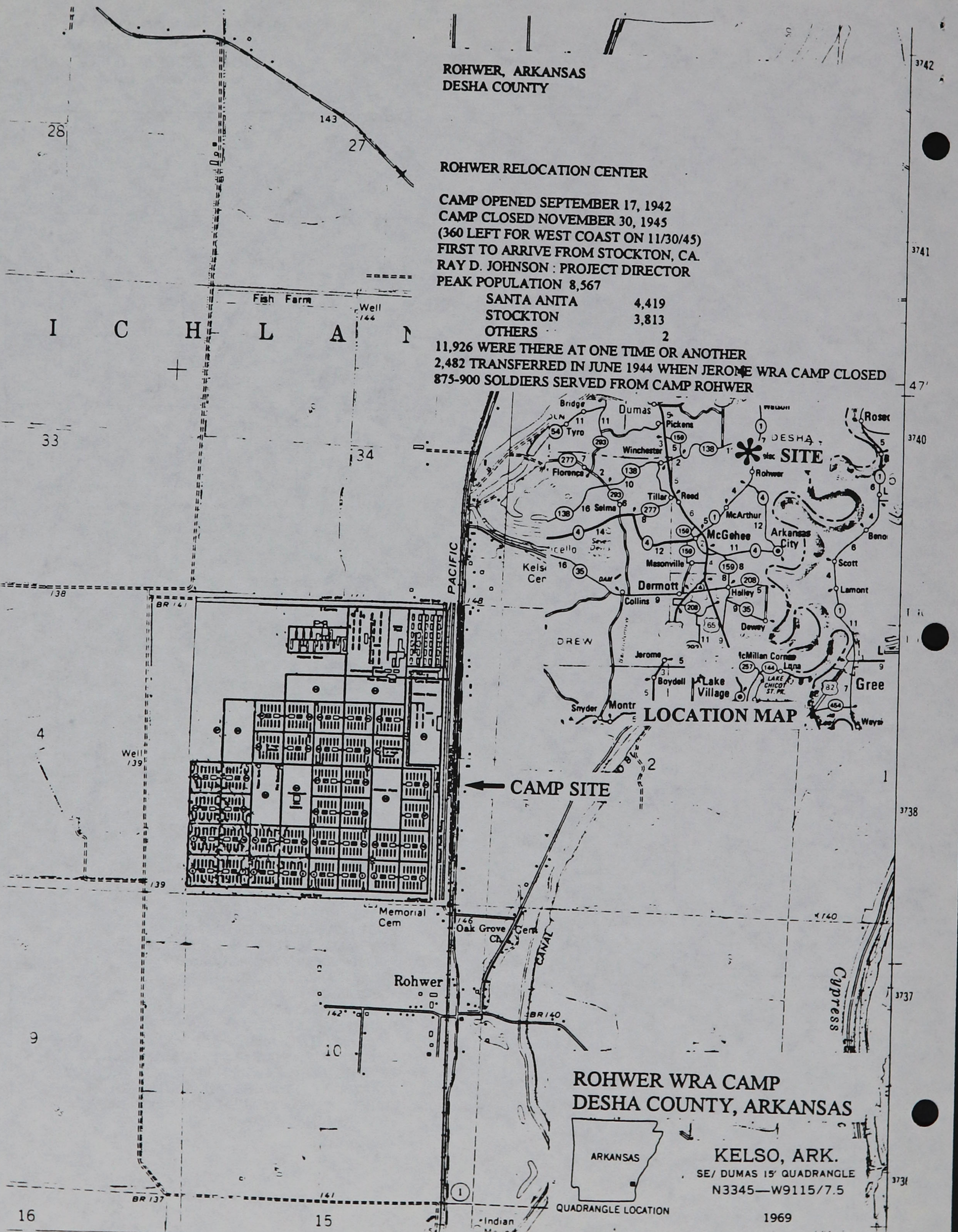
ROHWER, ARKANSAS  
DESHA COUNTY

ROHWER RELOCATION CENTER

CAMP OPENED SEPTEMBER 17, 1942  
 CAMP CLOSED NOVEMBER 30, 1945  
 (360 LEFT FOR WEST COAST ON 11/30/45)  
 FIRST TO ARRIVE FROM STOCKTON, CA.  
 RAY D. JOHNSON : PROJECT DIRECTOR  
 PEAK POPULATION 8,567

SANTA ANITA	4,419
STOCKTON	3,813
OTHERS	2

11,926 WERE THERE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER  
 2,482 TRANSFERRED IN JUNE 1944 WHEN JEROME WRA CAMP CLOSED  
 875-900 SOLDIERS SERVED FROM CAMP ROHWER

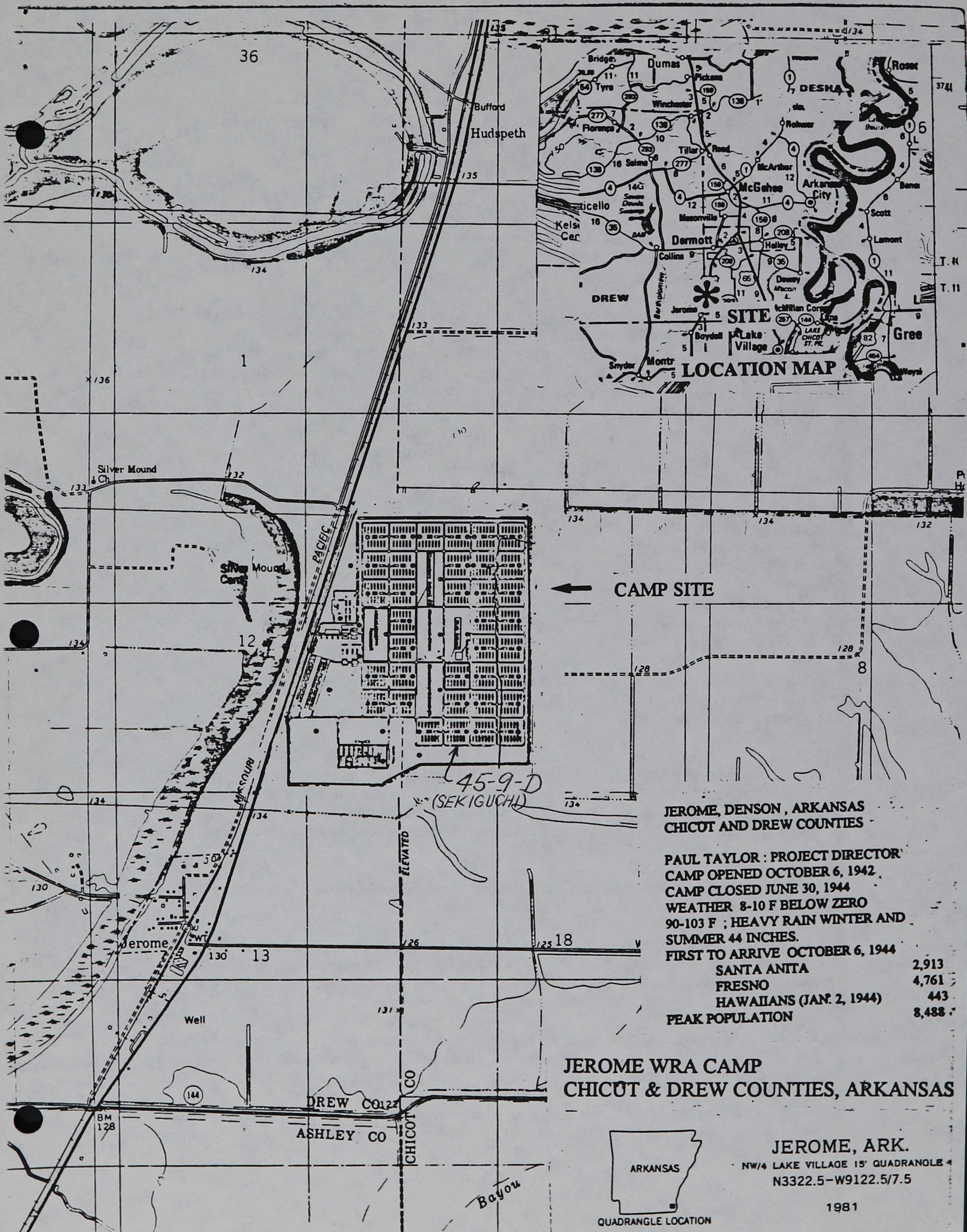


LOCATION MAP

← CAMP SITE

ROHWER WRA CAMP  
DESHA COUNTY, ARKANSAS

ARKANSAS  
 QUADRANGLE LOCATION  
 KELSO, ARK.  
 SE/ DUMAS 15' QUADRANGLE  
 N3345—W9115/7.5



← CAMP SITE

45-9-D  
(SEKIGUCHI)

JEROME, DENSON, ARKANSAS  
CHICOT AND DREW COUNTIES

PAUL TAYLOR : PROJECT DIRECTOR  
CAMP OPENED OCTOBER 6, 1942  
CAMP CLOSED JUNE 30, 1944  
WEATHER 8-10 F BELOW ZERO  
90-103 F ; HEAVY RAIN WINTER AND  
SUMMER 44 INCHES.

FIRST TO ARRIVE OCTOBER 6, 1944

SANTA ANITA	2,913
FRESNO	4,761
HAWAIIANS (JAN. 2, 1944)	443
<b>PEAK POPULATION</b>	<b>8,488</b>

**JEROME WRA CAMP  
CHICOT & DREW COUNTIES, ARKANSAS**



**JEROME, ARK.**  
NW/4 LAKE VILLAGE 15' QUADRANGLE  
N3322.5-W9122.5/7.5

1981

QUADRANGLE LOCATION

Kansas (17) and Texas (458) lived within miles of the internment camps and could come and go as free citizens while others were under guard and restricted in their movements. *The U. S. Constitution explicitly guarantees equal protection of the laws to every American regardless of the race . . . . (?)*.

Unknown to the camp residents but known to a select few administrators, a group of Japanese American social scientists, many were graduate students from the west coast universities, tracked and recorded the events happening in the centers in order to experiment and quantify the endurance level of personnel living under the stressful conditions. This group later published a series of reports of their research. Who needed enemies when you had relatives like these.

*Oddly*, each main player during the relocation years were well educated, each with several degrees from well known universities, including John J. McCloy: (the chief architect, among the civilian brass there is an Assistant Secretary of War, already a power in the Pentagon, who in his 'moral blindness' pressed for "relocation camps" for the west coast Japanese Americans), General DeWitt, their military assistance, the WRA directors Eisenhower and Myer, and the camp project managers. *Each had taken an oath to support the constitution and defend the rights of the individual.* One wonders what is the purpose of a oath!

#### PROGRESSIVE PROJECT DIRECTORS

The project managers of Amache, Colorado, Rohwer, and Jerome, Arkansas were not sympathetic for keeping the internees locked up in the concentration camps. They quickly and aggressively found ways to relocate the families outside the camps. Usually they found sponsors with large agri-business to take the internees to areas where labor was in short supply. The residents relocated to Colorado, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois and the eastern seaboard, especially to Seabrook, New Jersey.

The project manager of Jerome was so successful that the population declined from 8500 to less than 3,000 within a year and one half. This created a less efficient camp and led to the camp closure on June 30, 1944 about one and one half year prior to other camp closures.

When the Jerome center closed the remaining personnel who could not be relocated were distributed to camps Rohwer (2,482) and Amache (530). Because of the early closure the camp records are not as complete as the remaining centers.

#### CAMP CLOSING

The camp closing were systematic and project directors were to file a final report of his administration. The directors in turn asked his staff to write up the departments final reports before they were paid their final salary and left for other jobs. These reports are filed in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, Ca. Most reports are short because of the time limitation but there are final reports for all the WRA centers.

All WRA camps closed within one and one half months time, between October 15, 1945 and December 1, 1945, except for Tule Lake which closed in May, 1946.

During July, August, and September 1945 the internees who had residences, business, or farms quickly left as transportation were arranged. Upon return to their homes, many met initial resistance and discrimination from the public. To counter these incidents, several organizations publicized the heroics of the 442 Regimental Combat Team and the concept of fair play.

The remaining personnel in camp could not move as they did not have a home to return to. A lot of the personnel were migratory railroad or farm workers and the fall season is a bad time to be left without a housing or an employment.

What took place in October, 1945 was not the happiest moment of the camp experience. The camp officials were told to close by the end of October and these personnel were paid a bonus to remain until the closure.

They decided to dump the remaining occupants on a train with 25 dollars and a ticket to the last place of former residence.

The closure staff called the destination and told the Japanese in the area to take care of their own people. In order to house this new influx of people, the local Japanese people opened up the churches and hostels for temporary residences. The winter of 1945-46 was a period of hardship for lot of these families; however by spring as the weather turned delightful the families found both jobs and housing and slowly began the recovery from the long relocation experience. *Because of these shared hardship experiences the nisei generation has retained a certain bonding to each other apart from the other generations.*

#### TULE LAKE CLOSURE

Camp Tule Lake was a segregation camp from 1943 to the end. The camp housed people who were considered as disloyal and wanting to be repatriated to Japan. Many of the citizen had renounced their citizenship for variety of reasons and by intimidation. When the time to close Tule Lake came there were a lot of confusion as the residence realized that going to defeated and starving Japan was not in their interest.

The Department of Justice also made it difficult to leave the camp, even though the camp administration had written to the Justice Department of letting all remaining internees go home since the war was over for six month. The only way to leave the camp was by individual petition and this cumbersome process took up a long period. When March of 1946 rolled around many internees still had not heard from the Justice Department and in the last few weeks before closure, the families were in panic.

On the last day , March 19, 1945, the remaining personnel were put on a train going to Crystal City , Texas and later to be shipped to Japan. There were over 5,100 who were sent to Japan and of these over 3,500 were Japanese American. These people suffered great hardship in the war torn country and from their lack of speaking the Japanese language.

#### CRYSTAL CITY DETENTION CENTER, TEXAS

This center was the last stop for the internees from Tule Lake Center before departing for Japan and also for several different classification of personnel. See notes on the site plan. This camp was operated by the Justice Department and held several different classification of Japanese American personnel. The records are not clear as to the site layouts, the distribution of population, and disposition of these personnel. Several groups have laid claim to being at the camp and then returning to the west coast and others have been sent to Japan. Since the camp was operated under the Justice Department, both the UCLA and Bancroft libraries have scant records in their files. The original records could be in the National Archives in Washington D. C.

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NISEI IN THE IMMEDIATE POST WAR YEARS

##### CONTINENTAL USA

Those that relocated to the midwest, or eastern seaboard states and inter-mountain states were accepted by the public without the discrimination of the West Coast and prospered in their jobs and housing. As the years went by it was around 1955 to 1963 when the parents suddenly realized that their children had come of age and was approaching the period in which their children should be meeting eligible mates. But in isolated areas of the midwest there were few to be met. Suddenly they almost in mass uprooted again and returned to the west coast, especially to southern California.

The return to the west coast had cost the nisei or issei another ten or fifteen years of their productive lives. If the progressive directors had left them in the centers until the end and let them return to the west coast they would have lost only four years. The Japanese were similar to other people, always seeking a hospitable environment for their children.

**CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS DETENTION CENTER  
OPERATED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT**

THIS CENTER WAS ONE OF THE FOUR CENTERS WHICH HELD JAPANESE AMERICANS AND ALIENS WHO WERE CONSIDERED AS BEING "HIGH RISKS" OF COMMITTING ESPIONAGE OR SABOTAGE.

THERE WERE 1,560 FROM THE CONTINENTAL USA AND HAWAII

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA AND PERU THERE WERE 2,711 JAPANESE WHO WERE HELD AS HOSTAGE TO BE USED FOR THE EXCHANGE OF AMERICAN PERSONNEL HELD IN JAPAN.

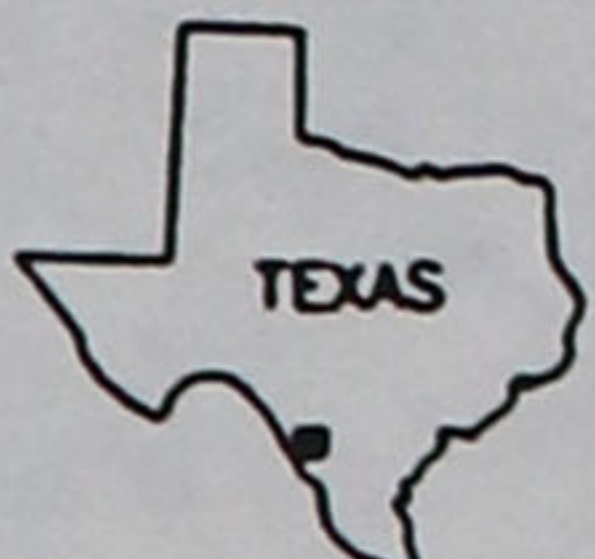
CRYSTAL CITY CENTER ALSO WAS THE ASSEMBLY CENTER FOR JAPANESE NATIONALS, INCLUDING DIPLOMATS, BUSINESS AND ACADEMICS WHO WAS REPATRIATED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE START OF THE PACIFIC WAR. TWO SHIP LOADS LEFT THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS IN FEBRUARY 1942 AND OCTOBER 1942. THE TRANSPORTATION WAS ARRANGED BY THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS. ABOUT 750 JAPANESE NATIONALS WERE REPATRIATED.

BECAUSE THIS CENTER HOUSED PERSONNEL OF HIGHER IMPORTANCE (DIPLOMATS) THE HOUSING WAS COMPOSED OF DUPLEX, TRIPLEX, AND QUADPLEX. EACH UNIT HAD A KITCHEN AND BATHROOM FACILITIES.

DURING EARLY 1945, THE PERSONNEL FROM THE SEGREGATION CAMP AT TULE LAKE WERE TRANSPORTED TO CRYSTAL CITY FOR LATER SHIPMENT TO WAR TORN AND DEFEATED JAPAN. A TOTAL OF 5,100 PERSONNEL INCLUDING 1,700 JAPANESE PERUVIANS AND OVER 2,500 AMERICANS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY WHO WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP WERE TRANSPORTED TO THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS AND LEFT FOR THE PORTS OF YOKOHAMA AND KOBE, JAPAN. THE SHIPS LEFT AT REGULAR INTERVALS CARRYING 500 - 600 PERSONNEL STARTING IN NOVEMBER 1945 AND CONTINUING UNTIL JUNE 1946.

*THIS DETENTION CENTER REPRESENTED THE SADDEST CHAPTER OF THE AMERICAN JUSTICE SYSTEM.*

**CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS DETENTION CENTER  
OPERATED BY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT**



QUADRANGLE LOCATION

**CRYSTAL CITY, TEX.**  
N2837.5—W9945/7.5

1972



Even today, fifty years later, the long exodus is continuing as the nisei retire from their jobs in the midwest and the east coast. Many professionals are coming back to the west coast to retire and be buried in their old haunting grounds similar to a salmon swimming to their place of birth to gasp the last breath of air.

#### JAPANESE HAWAIIANS

There were two groups of Japanese people from the Hawaiian Island. Those who migrated to the west coast prior to December 1941 but were always referred as Hawaiians; these people evacuated with the other Japanese Americans to the relocation camps and then returned to their homes on the west coast. Many mainland nisei mistakenly thought that this group had evacuated from Hawaii.

Another group considered as 'high risk' from Hawaii were first detained on Sand Island (an Assembly Center), located in the Honolulu harbor and then sent to the mainland in early 1943. The personnel were generally people who lived and worked along the shores such as fisherman, longshoreman and waterfront labor leaders. There were 1,700 personnel who were sent to two WRA internment camps; Jerome, Arkansas and Poston, Arizona. After the war these personnel were sent to Los Angeles and awaited for transportation to their homes in Hawaii.

A significant number of Japanese Hawaiians after a taste of the west coast remained in California. These personnel settled in two areas; in northern California in San Jose - Sunnyvale area and in the southern California many settled in the Long Beach - Torrance - Gardena area.

#### JAPAN

After the cessation of the Pacific War; several distinctly different groups of Japanese Americans and nationals were delivered to Japan. Some were repatriates but for others it was their first encounter with Japan:

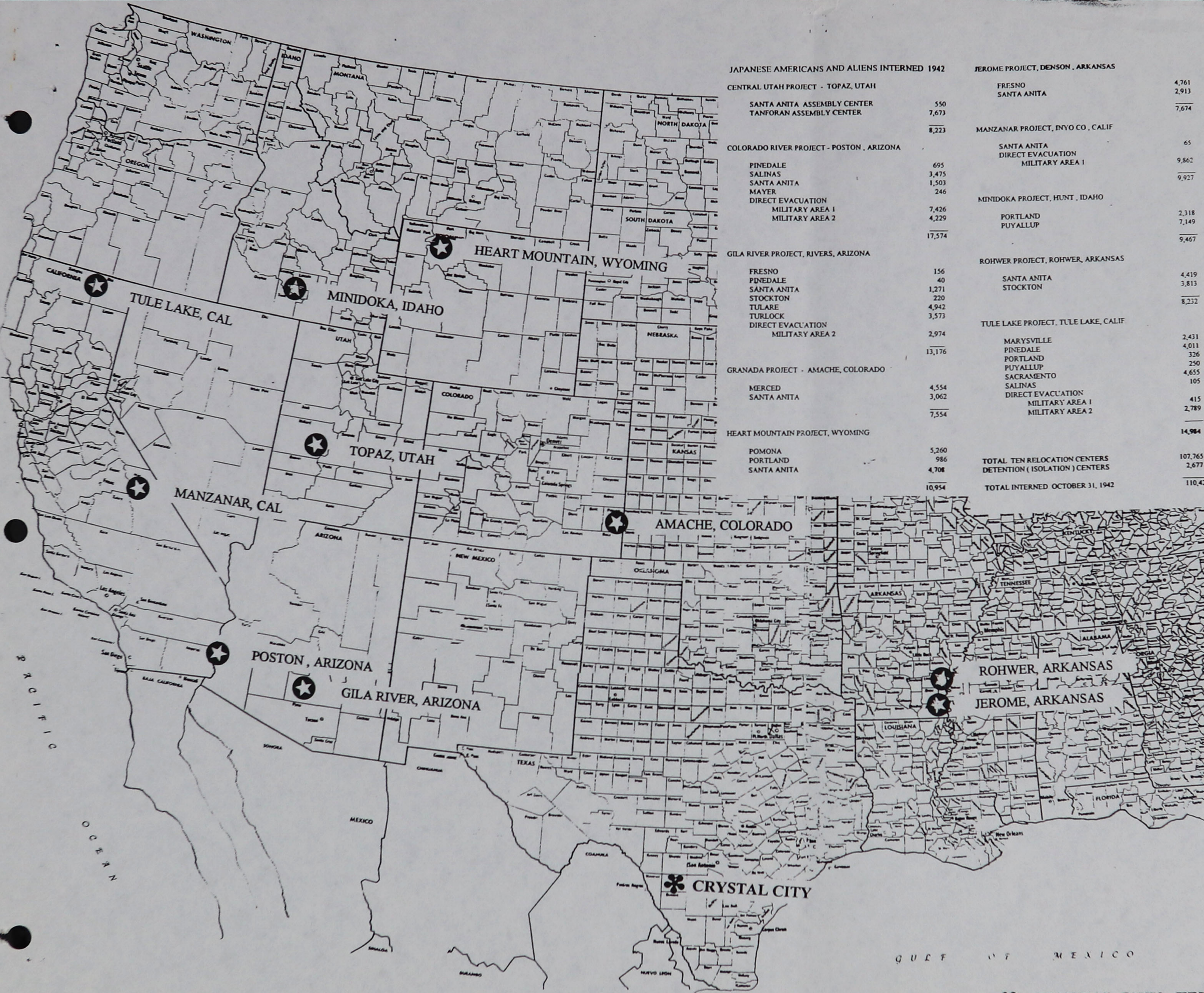
1.	Tule Lake Segregation Camp	3,100
2.	Japanese Peruvians from Crystal City, Texas	1,700
3	Other detention centers	300
	Total sent to Japan	5,100

The Japanese from North, Central and South America including issei, nisei and kibe were transported through the port of New Orleans starting in September 1945 and at regular monthly intervals into 1946. They left New Orleans and took over a month traveling through the Panama Canal and arriving in Yokohama and Kobe, Japan. They departed by trains arranged by the occupation army to their destinations which were located near their family prefectures.

During the winter of 1945 - 46, the living and supply of food were near starvation level. It was especially hard for the younger nisei who needed to attend the Japanese schools as many did not know the rudimentary of the language. Many were treated by their relatives as outcasts and were branded by the classmates as neither a fish nor a fowl.

As the Korean War started in 1950 and American forces still occupied Japan, many expatriate Japanese Americans because of their skill in English language worked for the US Armed Forces facilities throughout Japan. Ironically, these personnel were treated as indigenous (native) and some worked under the nisei of the occupation forces.

During 1948-1953, the Justice Department began to authorize these citizen-less personnel to individually petition to regain their lost American citizenship. This was a tedious and costly process and without help from the mainland lawyers and relatives most gave up the effort and remained in Japan. Those that returned to the USA faced the dilemma of reeducation in the English language. As years had gone by and the difficult task of catching up were too formidable, they settled to be forgotten citizens..



**JAPANESE AMERICANS AND ALIENS INTERNED 1942**

<b>CENTRAL UTAH PROJECT - TOPAZ, UTAH</b>	
SANTA ANITA ASSEMBLY CENTER	550
TANFORAN ASSEMBLY CENTER	7,673
	<b>8,223</b>
<b>COLORADO RIVER PROJECT - POSTON, ARIZONA</b>	
PINEDALE	695
SALINAS	3,475
SANTA ANITA	1,503
MAYER	246
DIRECT EVACUATION	7,426
MILITARY AREA 1	4,229
MILITARY AREA 2	17,574
<b>GILA RIVER PROJECT, RIVERS, ARIZONA</b>	
FRESNO	156
PINEDALE	40
SANTA ANITA	1,271
STOCKTON	220
TULARE	4,942
TURLOCK	3,573
DIRECT EVACUATION	2,974
MILITARY AREA 2	13,176
<b>GRANADA PROJECT - AMACHE, COLORADO</b>	
MERCED	4,554
SANTA ANITA	3,062
	<b>7,554</b>
<b>HEART MOUNTAIN PROJECT, WYOMING</b>	
POMONA	5,260
PORTLAND	986
SANTA ANITA	4,708
	<b>10,954</b>
<b>JEROME PROJECT, DENSON, ARKANSAS</b>	
FRESNO	4,761
SANTA ANITA	2,913
	<b>7,674</b>
<b>MANZANAR PROJECT, INYO CO., CALIF</b>	
SANTA ANITA	65
DIRECT EVACUATION	9,862
MILITARY AREA 1	9,927
<b>MINIDOKA PROJECT, HUNT, IDAHO</b>	
PORTLAND	2,318
PUYALLUP	7,149
	<b>9,467</b>
<b>ROHWER PROJECT, ROHWER, ARKANSAS</b>	
SANTA ANITA	4,419
STOCKTON	3,813
	<b>8,232</b>
<b>TULE LAKE PROJECT, TULE LAKE, CALIF</b>	
MARYSVILLE	2,431
PINEDALE	4,011
PORTLAND	326
PUYALLUP	250
SACRAMENTO	4,655
SALINAS	105
DIRECT EVACUATION	415
MILITARY AREA 1	2,789
MILITARY AREA 2	14,984
	<b>107,765</b>
<b>TOTAL TEN RELOCATION CENTERS</b>	<b>2,677</b>
<b>DETENTION (ISOLATION) CENTERS</b>	<b>110,422</b>
<b>TOTAL INTERNED OCTOBER 31, 1942</b>	<b>113,099</b>

NOTE  
 1. COLORADO RIVER, POSTON, GILA RIVER, MANZANAR AND TULE LAKE RELOCATION CENTERS SERVED AS ASSEMBLY CENTERS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE EVACUATION AND LARGE SEGMENTS OF THE EVACUEES WERE SENT DIRECTLY TO THESE FOUR PROJECTS

2. THE DETENTION CENTERS HELD PERSONNEL PICKED UP BY THE FEDERAL AGENCIES ( FBI, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND IMMIGRATION) THESE PERSONNEL WERE PICKED UP DECEMBER 8, 1941 - DECEMBER 31, 1941 AND HELD FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR. THE DETENTION CENTERS WERE LOCATED AT FORT LEUPEP, ARIZONA, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS, AND BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

3. RESEARCH NOTE - - - THESE ARE THE MOST ACCURATE NUMBERS ON THE RECORD HOWEVER THE PEAK POPULATION AT EACH CAMP VARIES AND THE TOTAL IS SLIGHTLY HIGHER (113,163) THE VARIATION OCCURS BECAUSE SOME PERSONNEL MOVED FROM MILITARY AREA 1 TO MILITARY AREA 2 AND LATER WERE REQUIRED TO MOVE TO THE RELOCATION CAMPS AFTER OCTOBER 1942 ALSO MANY MIGRATORY FARM AND RAILROAD LABORERS WERE WORKING OUTSIDE OF THE EXCLUSION AREA AND LATER CHOSE TO JOIN THEIR FAMILY AT THE RELOCATION CAMPS. JAPANESE HAWAIIANS (443) WERE SENT TO CAMP JEROME IN JANUARY, 1943 THE PEAK POPULATION OCCURRED BETWEEN OCTOBER 31, 1942 - NOVEMBER 30, 1942 THEREAFTER THE RELOCATION POPULATION SLOWLY DECLINED AT EACH CAMP FROM NOVEMBER 1942 TO JUNE 1943 THEN DROPPED SHARPLY AT EACH CAMP EXCEPT FOR TULE LAKE WHICH GAINED POPULATION THE REASON FOR THE DECLINE INCLUDED PERSONNEL WERE ALLOWED TO LEAVE FOR THE MIDWEST AND THE EASTERN SEABOARD. THE STUDENTS DEPARTED FOR THE COLLEGES, AND THE PERSONNEL THAT VOLUNTEERED FOR THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (MIS) AND THOSE WHICH SERVED IN THE ARMED SERVICES

FROM HAWAII	109
OFFICERS	10,598
ENLISTED	
FROM INTERNMENT CAMP AND OTHERS	
OFFICERS	142
ENLISTED	11,683
<b>TOTAL SERVED</b>	<b>22,532</b>

FOR PERSONAL JUDGEMENT REVIEW THE ORIGINAL SOURCE DOCUMENTS AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS

1. BANCROFT LIBRARY AT UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY (ALL MATERIALS)
2. UCLA LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA (DETAILED REPORT ON MANZANAR CAMP)
3. NATIONAL ARCHIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C. (POLICY AND DECISION MAKING DOCUMENTS OF THE WRA AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT)

\*REFERENCE SOURCE  
 BANCROFT LIBRARY, JAPANESE AMERICAN INTERNMENT FILES 67/14C (E 2.44, T 7.00)

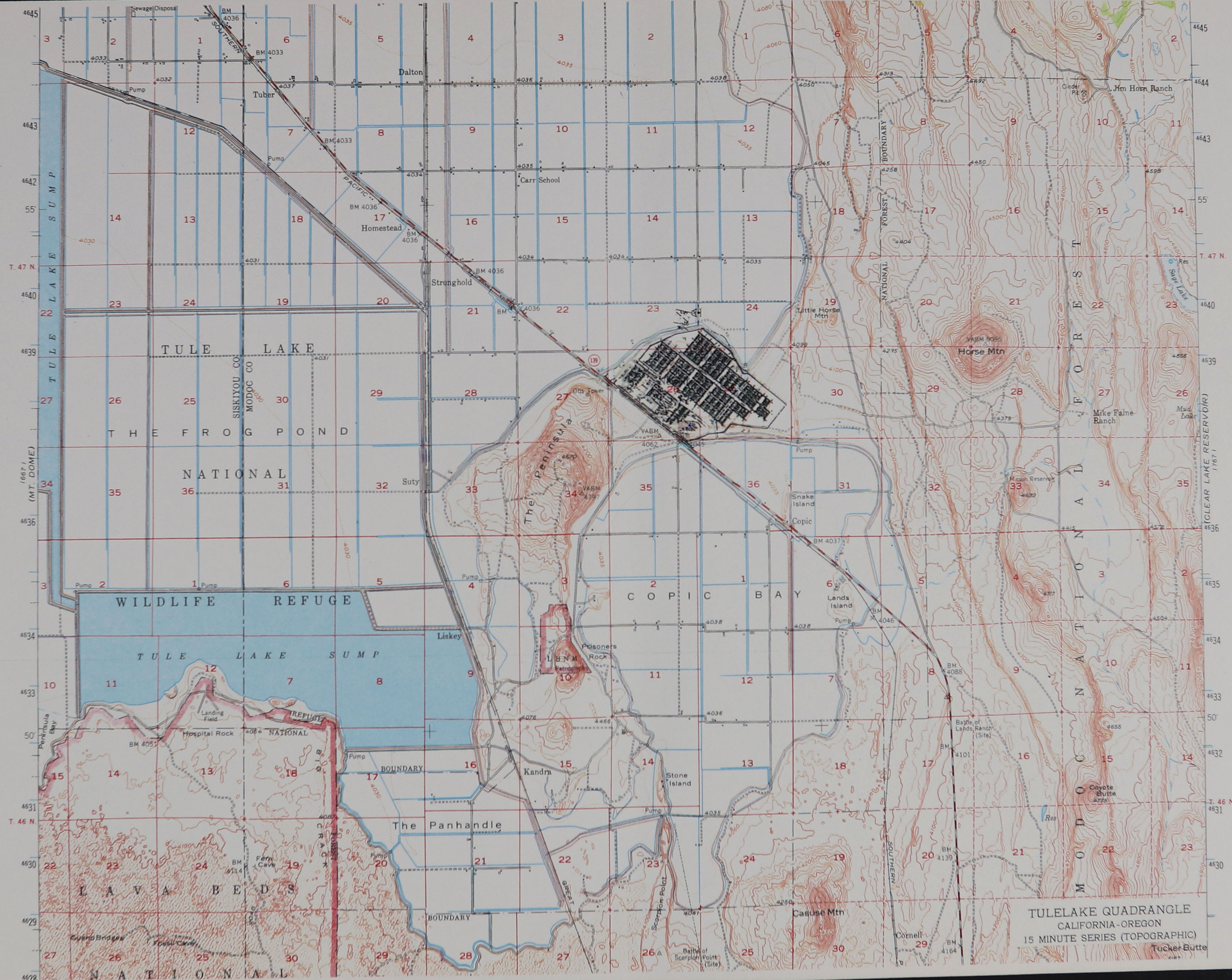
**1940 CENSUS**  
**POPULATION OF JAPANESE IN UNITED STATES IN 1940**

WASHINGTON	14,565	MARYLAND	36
OREGON	4,071	DELAWARE	22
CALIFORNIA	93,717	PENNSYLVANIA	224
IDAHO	1,191	NEW JERSEY	298
NEVADA	470	NEW YORK	2,538
UTAH	2,210	CONNECTICUT	164
ARIZONA	632	RHODE ISLAND	6
NEW MEXICO	186	MASSACHUSETTS	158
COLORADO	2,734	VERMONT	3
WYOMING	643	NEW HAMPSHIRE	4
MONTANA	508	MAINE	5
TENNESSEE	12	TEXAS	458
KENTUCKY	9	OKLAHOMA	51
ILLINOIS	46	KANSAS	17
WISCONSIN	27	NEBRASKA	480
MICHIGAN	139	SOUTH DAKOTA	19
INDIANA	29	NORTH DAKOTA	83
OHIO	167	MINNESOTA	51
WEST VIRGINIA	3	IOWA	29
NORTH CAROLINA	21	MISSOURI	74
SOUTH CAROLINA	33	ARKANSAS	3
GEORGIA	31	LOUISIANA	46
FLORIDA	154	MISSISSIPPI	1
D. C.	68	ALABAMA	21
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>126,527</b>		

★ LOCATIONS OF WRA CENTERS  
 BANCROFT LIBRARY FILE 67/14C

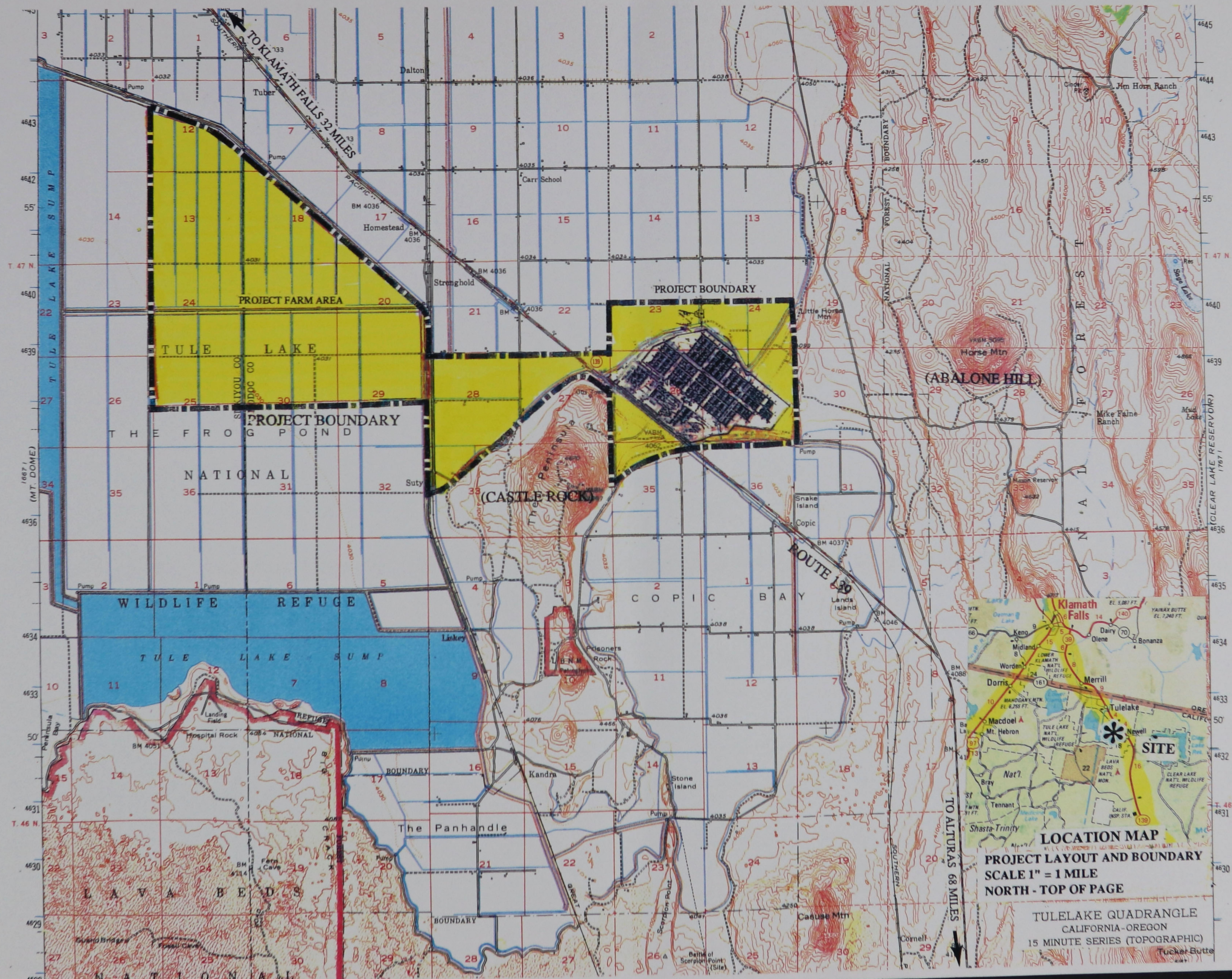
✿ CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS ISOLATION AND DETENTION CENTER





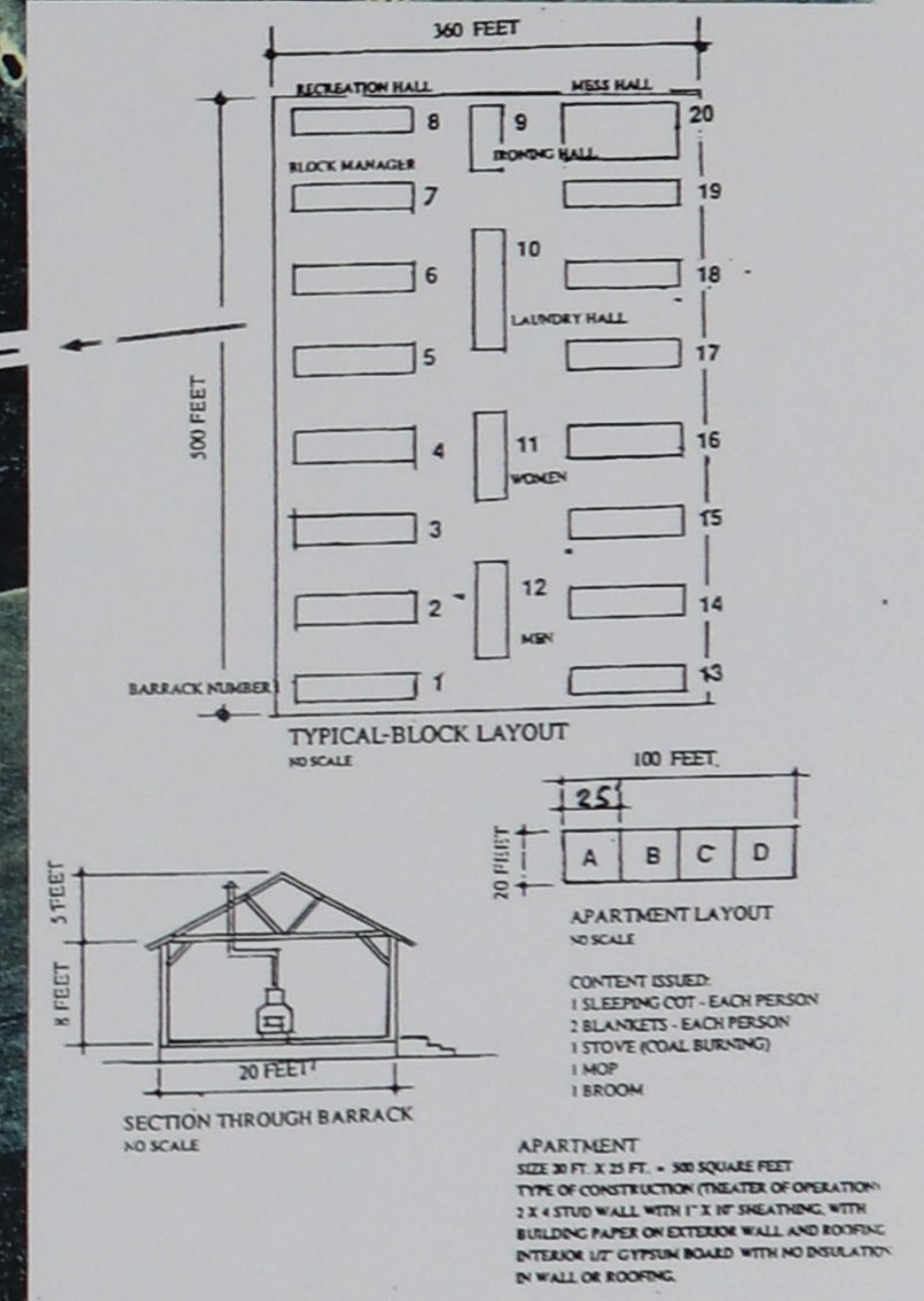
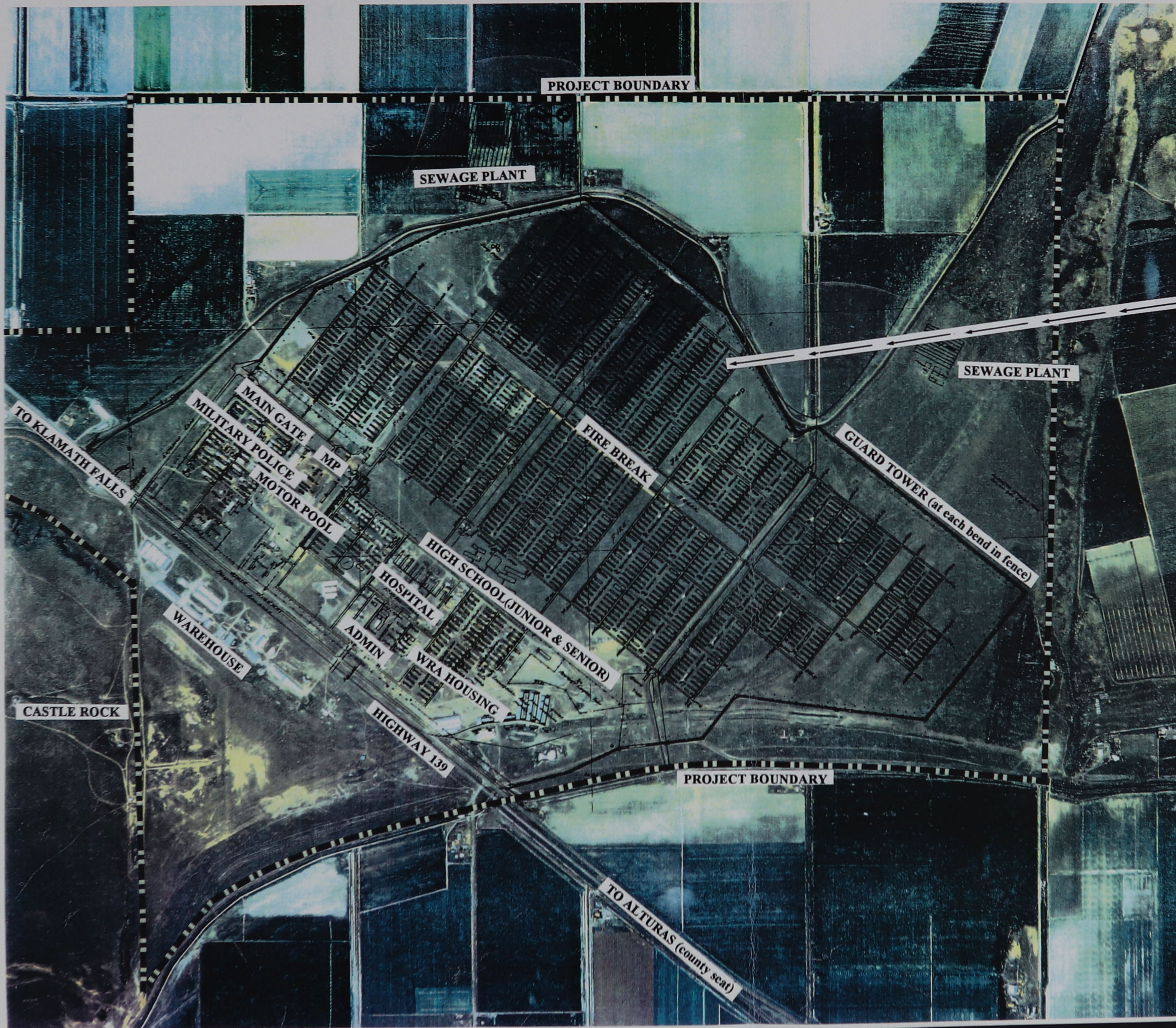
TULELAKE QUADRANGLE  
CALIFORNIA-OREGON  
15 MINUTE SERIES (TOPOGRAPHIC)  
Tucker Butte

Handwritten notes and diagrams, possibly a technical drawing or a set of instructions, located in the center of the page. The text is faint and difficult to read, but appears to be organized into sections or columns. There are some lines and boxes drawn around the text, suggesting a structured layout. The handwriting is cursive and somewhat illegible due to fading.



**LOCATION MAP**  
**PROJECT LAYOUT AND BOUNDARY**  
 SCALE 1" = 1 MILE  
 NORTH - TOP OF PAGE

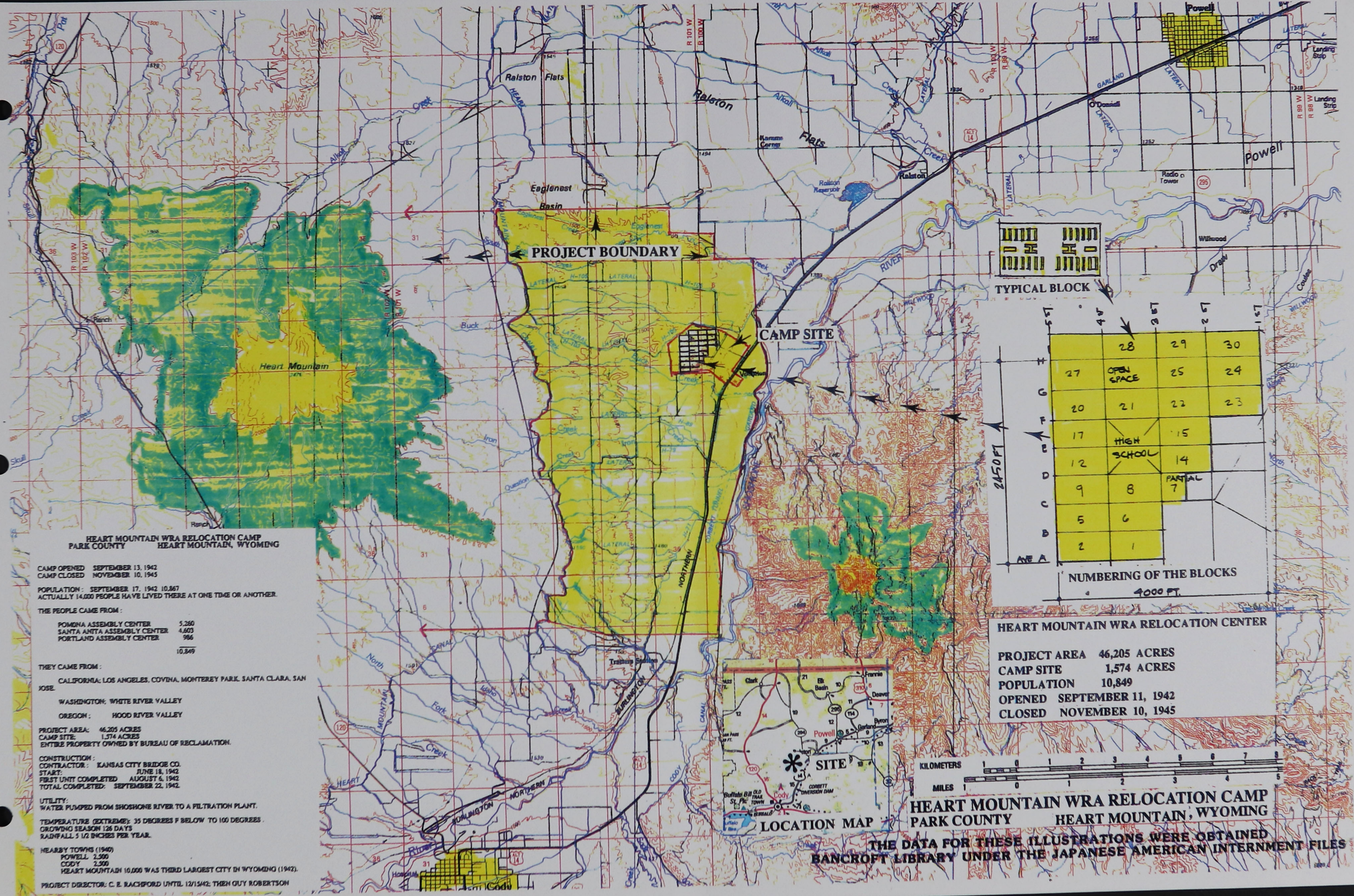
TULELAKE QUADRANGLE  
 CALIFORNIA-OREGON  
 15 MINUTE SERIES (TOPOGRAPHIC)



**TULE LAKE WRA CENTER**  
**MODOC COUNTY NEWELL, CA**







**HEART MOUNTAIN WRA RELOCATION CAMP  
PARK COUNTY HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING**

CAMP OPENED SEPTEMBER 13, 1942  
 CAMP CLOSED NOVEMBER 10, 1945  
 POPULATION: SEPTEMBER 17, 1942 10,847  
 ACTUALLY 14,000 PEOPLE HAVE LIVED THERE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER

THE PEOPLE CAME FROM:

POIMONA ASSEMBLY CENTER	5,260
SANTA ANITA ASSEMBLY CENTER	4,603
PORTLAND ASSEMBLY CENTER	986
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>10,849</b>

THEY CAME FROM:

CALIFORNIA: LOS ANGELES, COVINA, MONTEREY PARK, SANTA CLARA, SAN JOSE

WASHINGTON: WHITE RIVER VALLEY

OREGON: HOOD RIVER VALLEY

PROJECT AREA: 46,205 ACRES  
 CAMP SITE: 1,574 ACRES  
 ENTIRE PROPERTY OWNED BY BUREAU OF RECLAMATION.

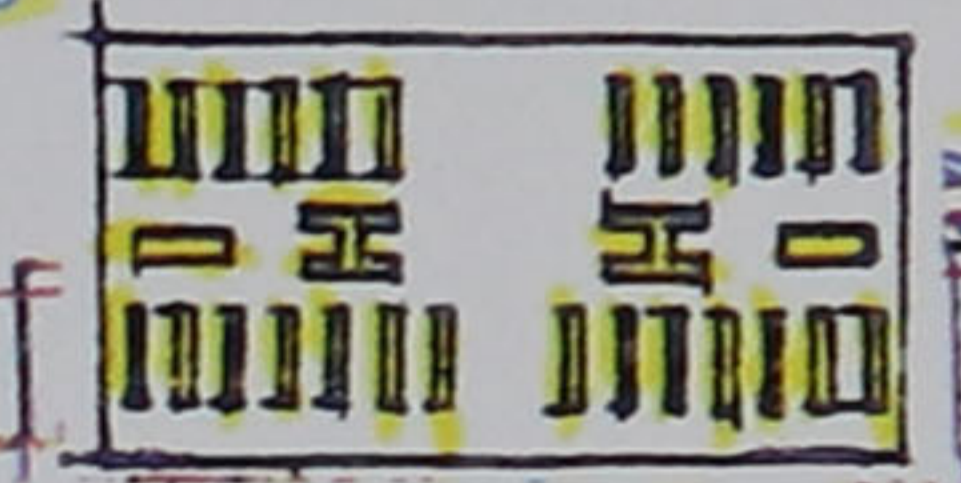
CONSTRUCTION: KANSAS CITY BRIDGE CO.  
 START: JUNE 18, 1942  
 FIRST UNIT COMPLETED: AUGUST 6, 1942  
 TOTAL COMPLETED: SEPTEMBER 22, 1942

UTILITY: WATER PUMPED FROM SHOSHONE RIVER TO A FILTRATION PLANT.

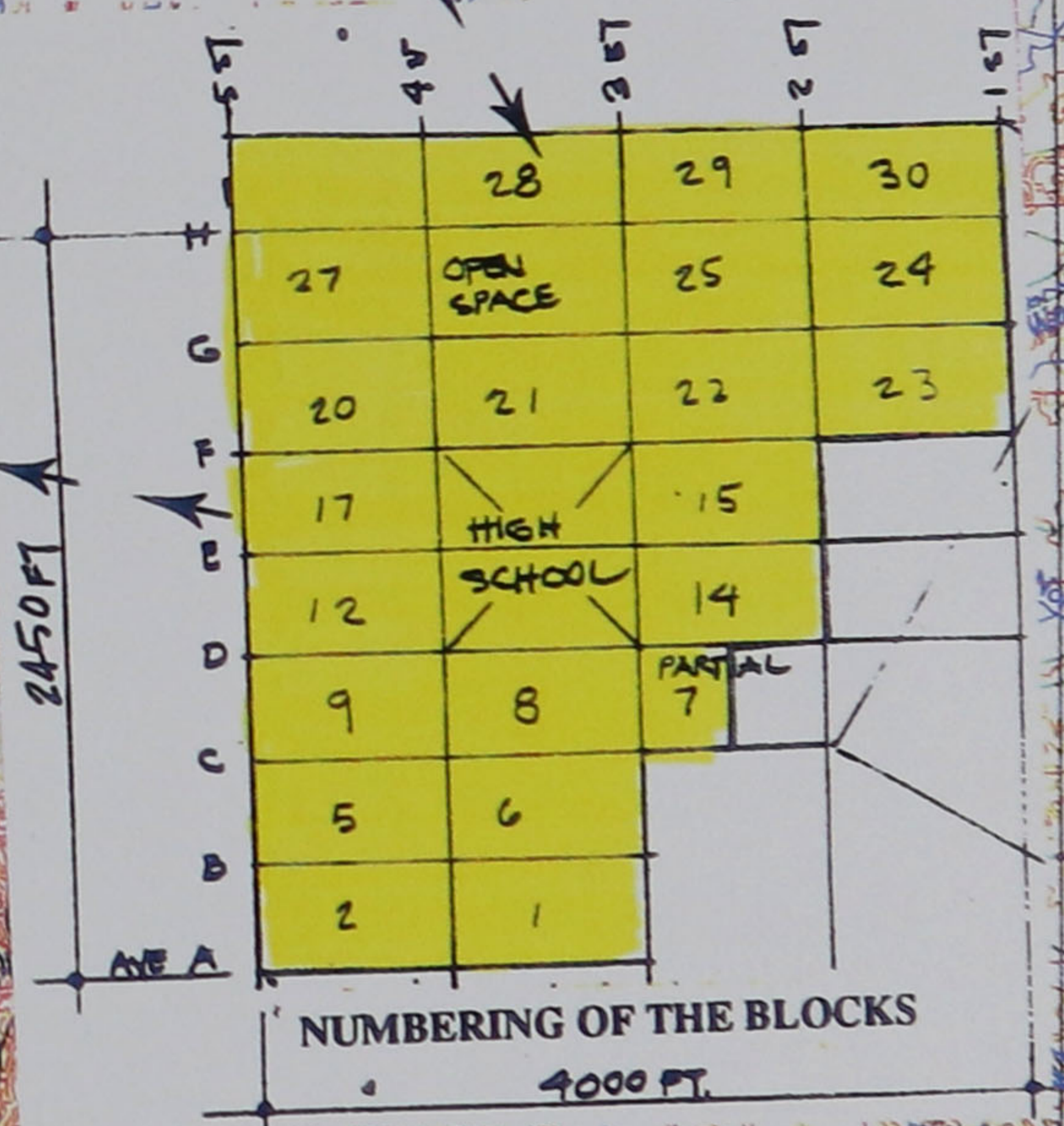
TEMPERATURE (EXTREME): 35 DEGREES F BELOW TO 100 DEGREES  
 GROWING SEASON 126 DAYS  
 RAINFALL 5 1/2 INCHES PER YEAR.

NEARBY TOWNS (1940)  
 POWELL 2,500  
 CODY 2,500  
 HEART MOUNTAIN 10,000 WAS THIRD LARGEST CITY IN WYOMING (1942).

PROJECT DIRECTOR: C. E. BACHFORD UNTIL 12/1/42; THEN GUY ROBERTSON



TYPICAL BLOCK



**HEART MOUNTAIN WRA RELOCATION CENTER**

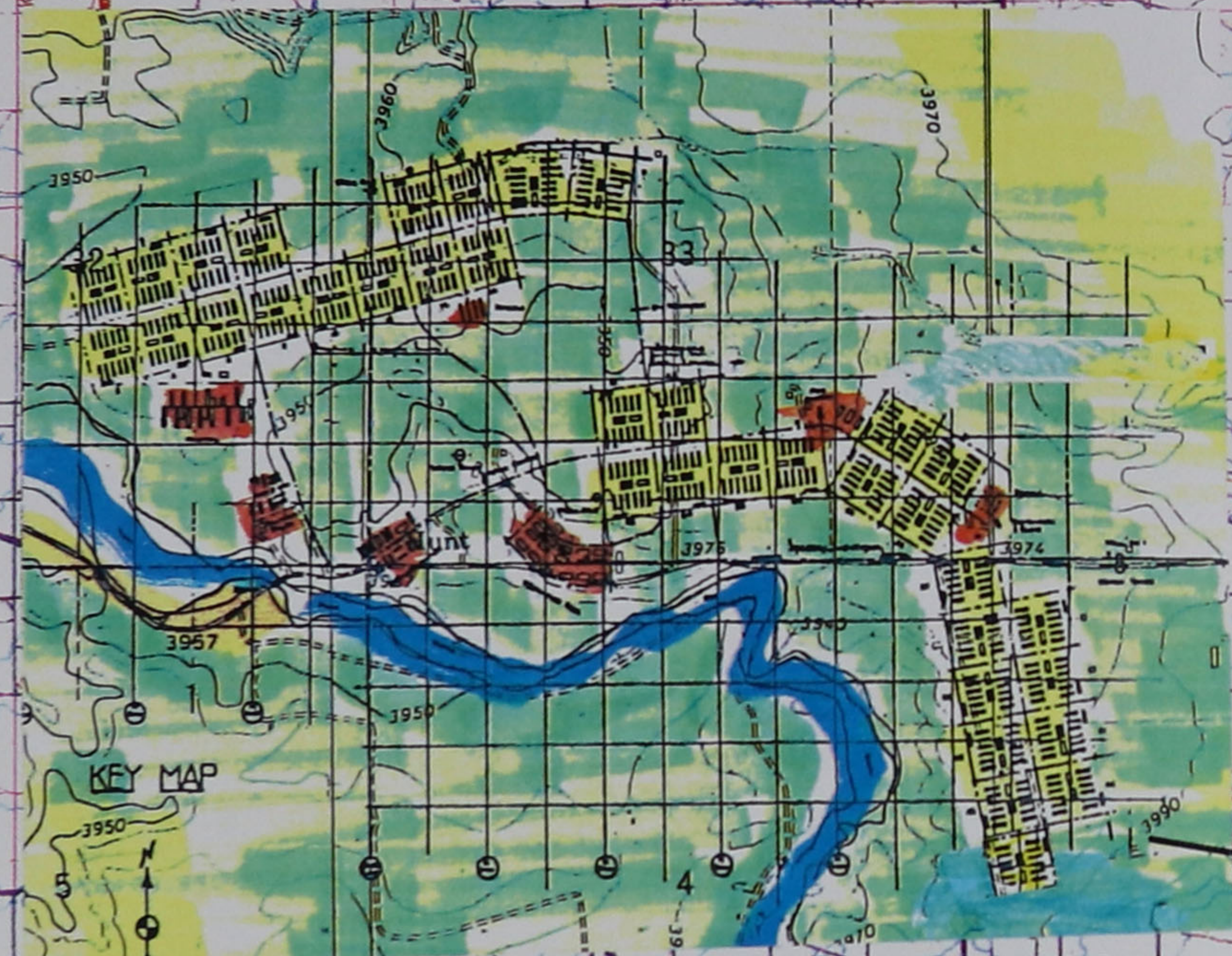
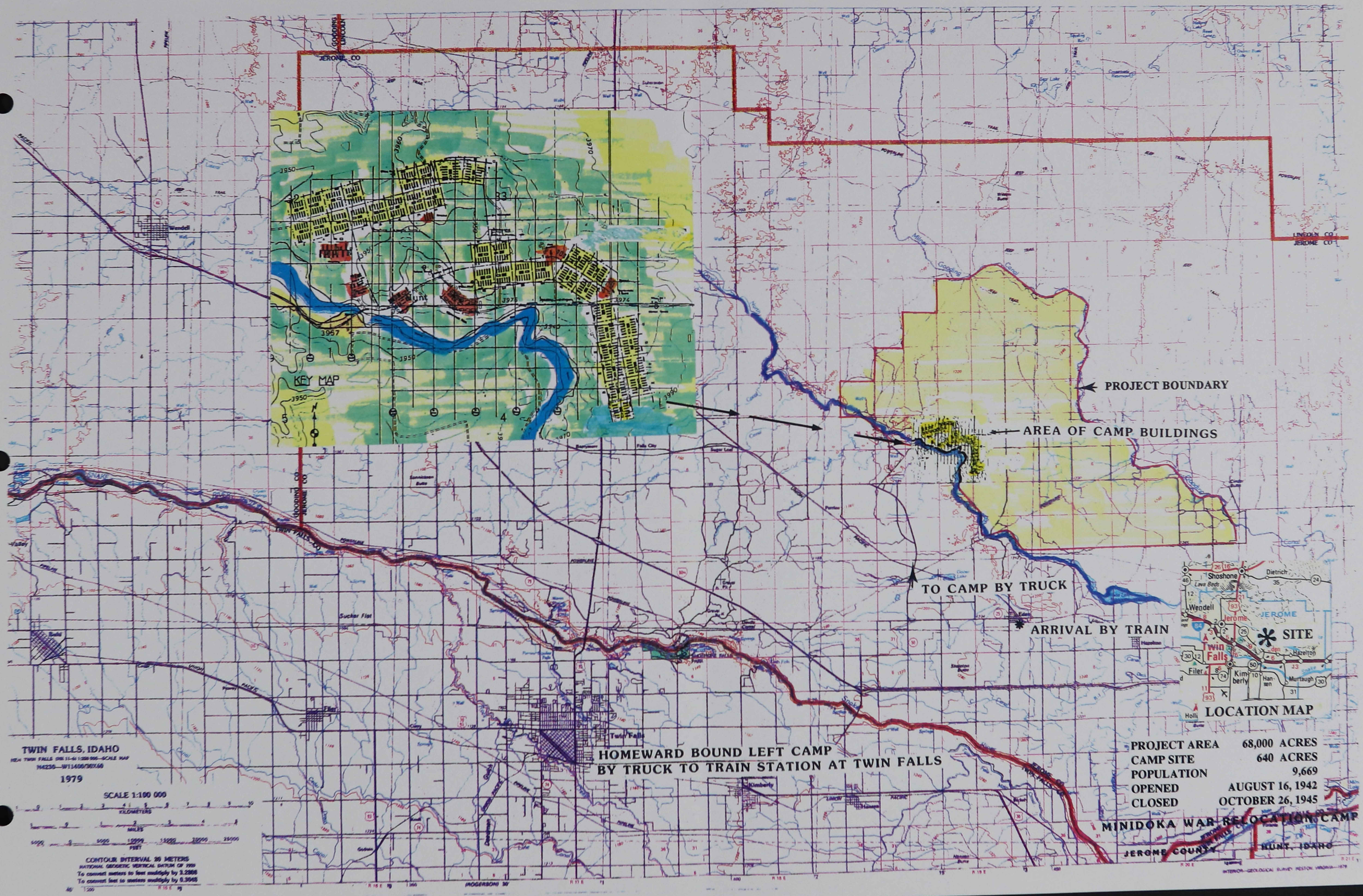
PROJECT AREA 46,205 ACRES  
 CAMP SITE 1,574 ACRES  
 POPULATION 10,849  
 OPENED SEPTEMBER 11, 1942  
 CLOSED NOVEMBER 10, 1945



LOCATION MAP

**HEART MOUNTAIN WRA RELOCATION CAMP  
PARK COUNTY HEART MOUNTAIN, WYOMING**

THE DATA FOR THESE ILLUSTRATIONS WERE OBTAINED  
 BANCROFT LIBRARY UNDER THE JAPANESE AMERICAN INTERNMENT FILES



PROJECT BOUNDARY

AREA OF CAMP BUILDINGS

TO CAMP BY TRUCK

ARRIVAL BY TRAIN



LOCATION MAP

HOMeward BOUND LEFT CAMP  
BY TRUCK TO TRAIN STATION AT TWIN FALLS

PROJECT AREA	68,000 ACRES
CAMP SITE	640 ACRES
POPULATION	9,669
OPENED	AUGUST 16, 1942
CLOSED	OCTOBER 26, 1945

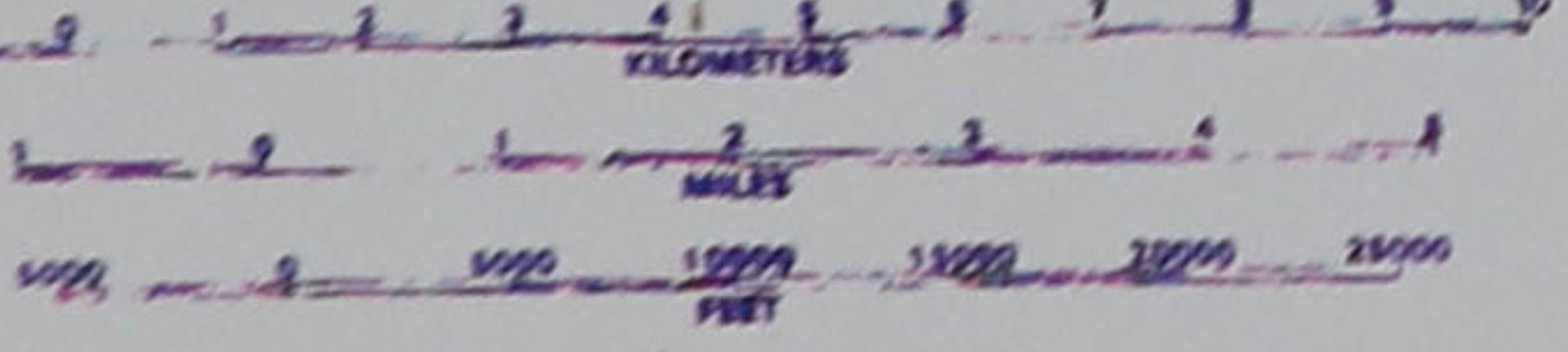
MINIDOKA WAR RELOCATION CAMP

JEROME COUNTY, IDAHO

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO  
NEAR TWIN FALLS, ORS 51-46 1:250,000 - SCALE MAP  
144230 - W11460/30156

1979

SCALE 1:100,000



CONTOUR INTERVAL 20 METERS  
NATIONAL GEODETIC VERTICAL DATUM OF 1989  
To convert meters to feet multiply by 3.2808  
To convert feet to meters multiply by 0.3048



# MINIDOKA WAR RELOCATION PROJECT\*

HUNT, IDAHO JEROME COUNTY, IDAHO

CAMP OPENED AUGUST 16, 1942  
CAMP CLOSED OCTOBER 26, 1945

POPULATION (PEAK): 9,669 (DECEMBER 1943)  
ACTUALLY SOME 12,800 HAVE LIVED THERE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER

SIZE OF PROJECT AREA  
9 MILES X 7 MILES  
68,000 ACRES

CAMP HOUSING AREA 3 1/2 MILES X 1 MILE

CONSTRUCTION:  
NORSE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY MAY 1942  
"3,000 WHITE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS ARE BUILDING MINIDOKA UNDER THE DIRECTION OF U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS."

UTILITIES:  
WATER - 4 DEEP WELL 400-500 FEET DEEP  
ELECTRICITY - IDAHO LIGHT AND POWER FROM JEROME OFFICE

POPULATION OF NEARBY TOWNS 1940  
JEROME 3,357  
EDEN 413  
HAZELTON 417  
KIMBERLY 968  
TWIN FALLS 10,000

FIRST TO ARRIVE WERE FROM PUYALLUP AND PORTLAND ASSEMBLY CENTERS

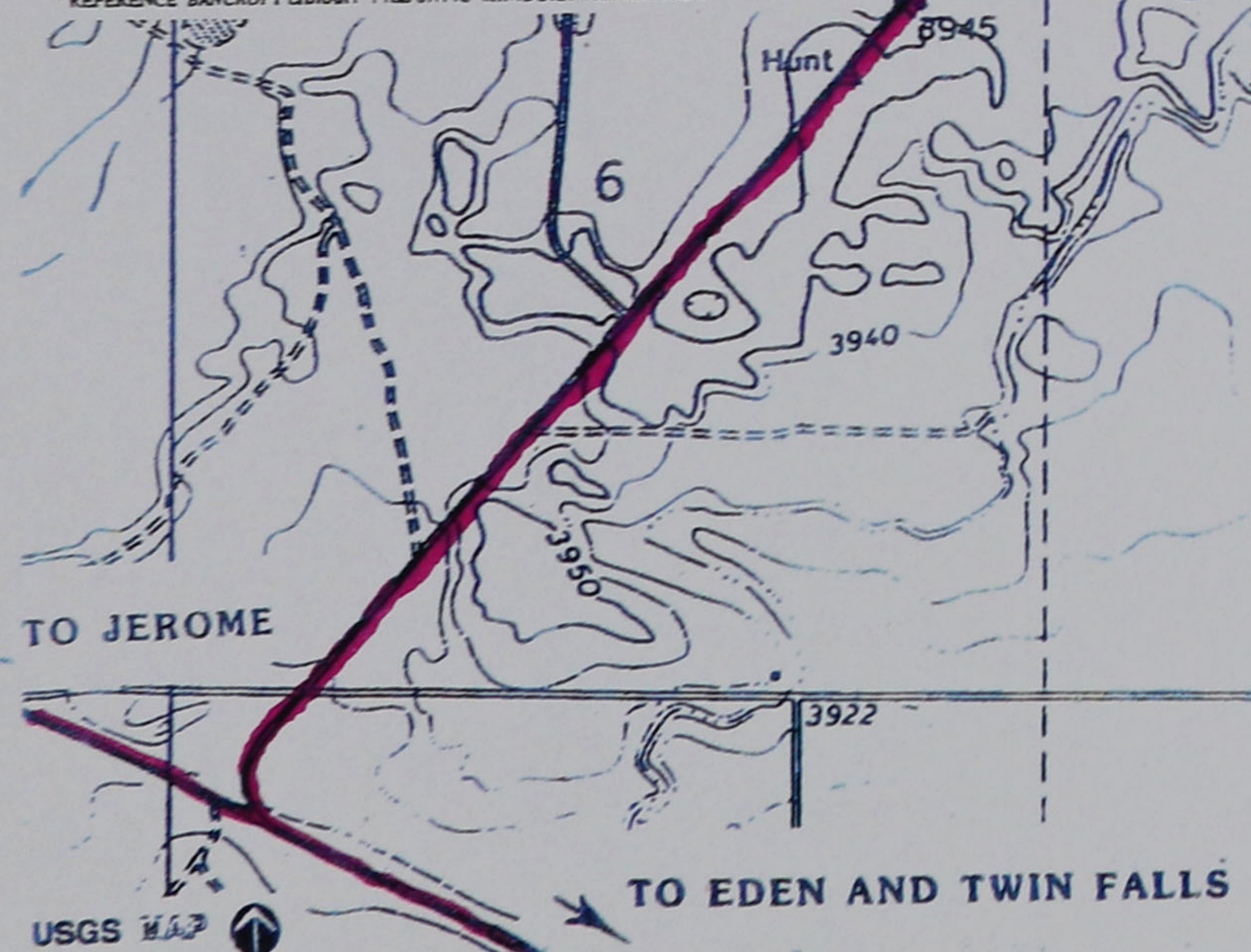
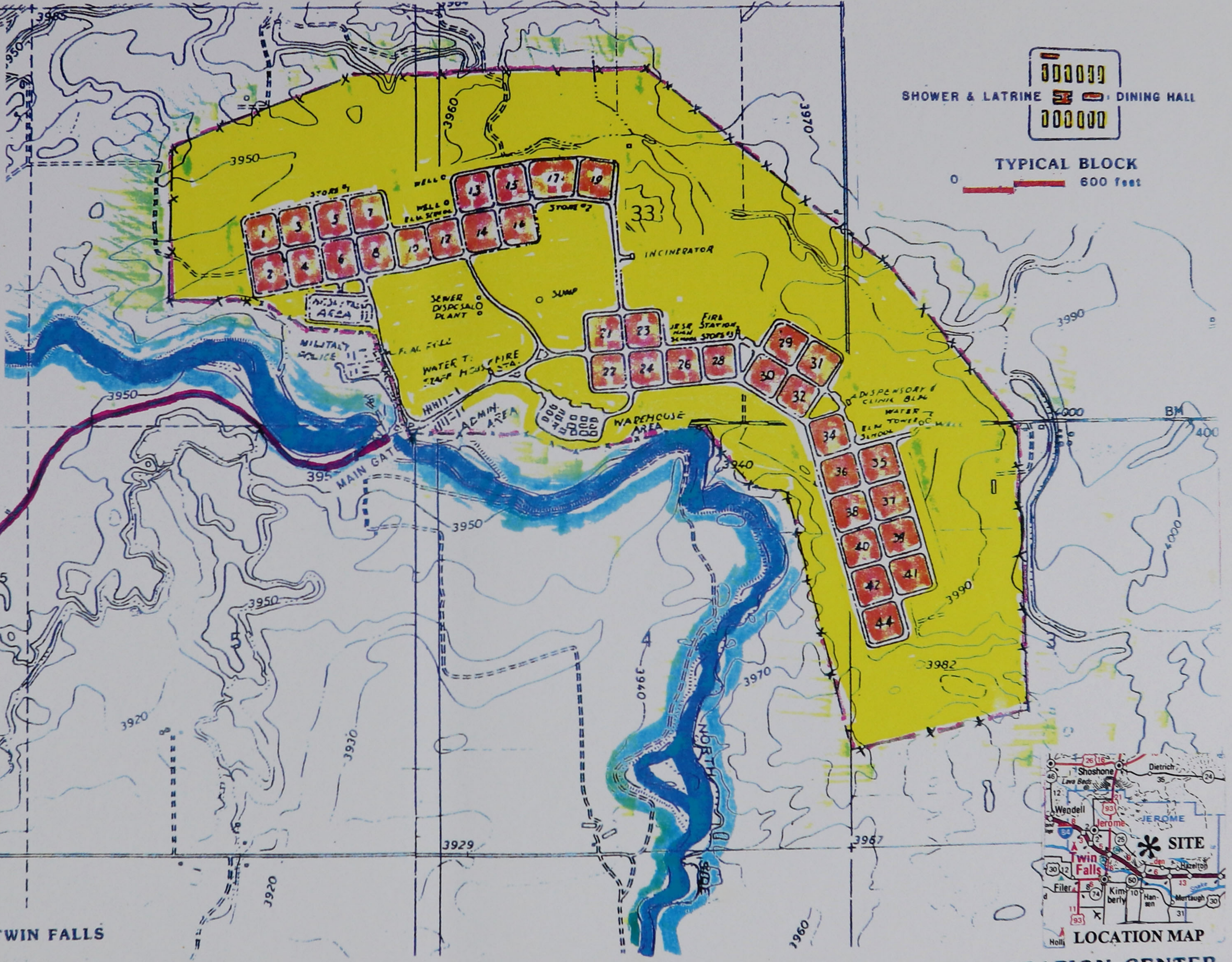
THE PROJECT DIRECTOR IS HARRY L. STAFFORD, AN ENGINEER FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. HIS ASSISTANCE IS PHILIP SCHAFER, FORMERLY OF THE FEDERAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION.

THE BARRACKS ARE OF THE ARMY'S T. O. (THEATER OF OPERATION) TYPE WITH SLIGHT MODIFICATION FOR FAMILY OCCUPANCY. IT CONSISTED OF A RECTANGULAR ROOM WITH A COAL STOVE FOR HEATING. THE ROOM WAS LINED WITH CELOTEX. THE BARRACKS HAVE THE USUAL OUTER COVERING OF TARPAPER.

EACH BLOCK HAS ITS SHOWER ROOMS AND ITS LAUNDRY AND WASH ROOMS. THE WOMEN'S SHOWERS ARE PARTITIONED, ALTHOUGH THE MEN'S SHOWERS ARE NOT

AS IN OTHER CENTERS, THE COLONIST UPON ARRIVAL AT THEIR NEW BARRACKS HOME ARE GIVEN A BARE ROOM AND ONLY BEDS AND MATTRESSES. THEY ARE NOT ISSUED A SINGLE PIECE OF FURNITURE. A SCRAP PILE OF LUMBER LEFT BY THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS WILL SERVE AS THE RAW MATERIAL SUPPLY FOR THE FURNITURE WHICH THE EVACUEES WILL BUILD.

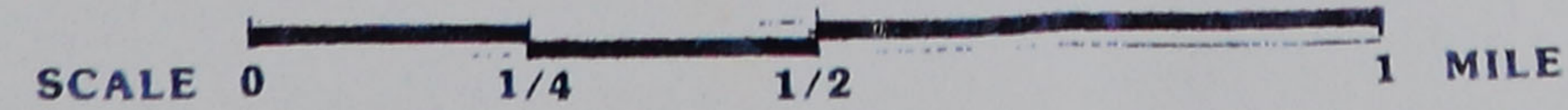
\*REFERENCE BANCROFT LIBRARY FILE 67114C MINIDOKA WRA RECORDS



## CAMP LAYOUT

## MINIDOKA RELOCATION CENTER

JEROME COUNTY HUNT, IDAHO



**TOPAZ WRA RELOCATION PROJECT  
MILLARD COUNTY TOPAZ, UTAH**

CAMP OPENED SEPTEMBER 11, 1942  
CAMP CLOSED OCTOBER 31, 1942

POPULATION  
OCTOBER 1, 1942 5,803  
DECEMBER 30, 1944 8,255  
PEAK (DATE?) 9,408

A TOTAL OF 11,230 LIVED AT TOPAZ AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.

BIRTH 384  
DEATH 144

PROJECT AREA 18,891 ACRES  
CAMP SITE 360 ACRES

WEATHER  
RAINFALL 8.0 INCHES PER YEAR.  
GROWING SEASON WAS EXTREMELY SHORT. JUNE 1 TO SEPTEMBER 15.

UTILITY  
WATER FROM 3 DEEP WELL WITH 4 STORAGE TANKS WITH 1,500,000 GALLONS CAPACITY.  
ELECTRICITY FROM TELLURIDE POWER COMPANY

PROJECT DIRECTOR  
CHARLES F ERNEST UNTIL JUNE 1944, THEN LUTHER HOFFMAN

POPULATION OF NEARBY CITY 1940

DELTA, UTAH 4,000

FIRST TO ARRIVE:  
SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA FROM TANFORAN ASSEMBLY CENTER  
LOS ANGELES AREA FROM SANTA ANITA ASSEMBLY CENTER.

**PROJECT BOUNDARY**

**CAMP SITE**

**TYPICAL BLOCK**

WAREHOUSE	ADMIN	HOSPITAL	MP			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
OPEN	16	OPEN	19	20	OPEN	
22	23		26	27	28	
29	30	31	H.S. 32 J.H.S.	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42

**NUMBERING OF THE BLOCKS**

**SITE**

**LOCATION MAP**

**TOPAZ WRA RELOCATION CENTER**

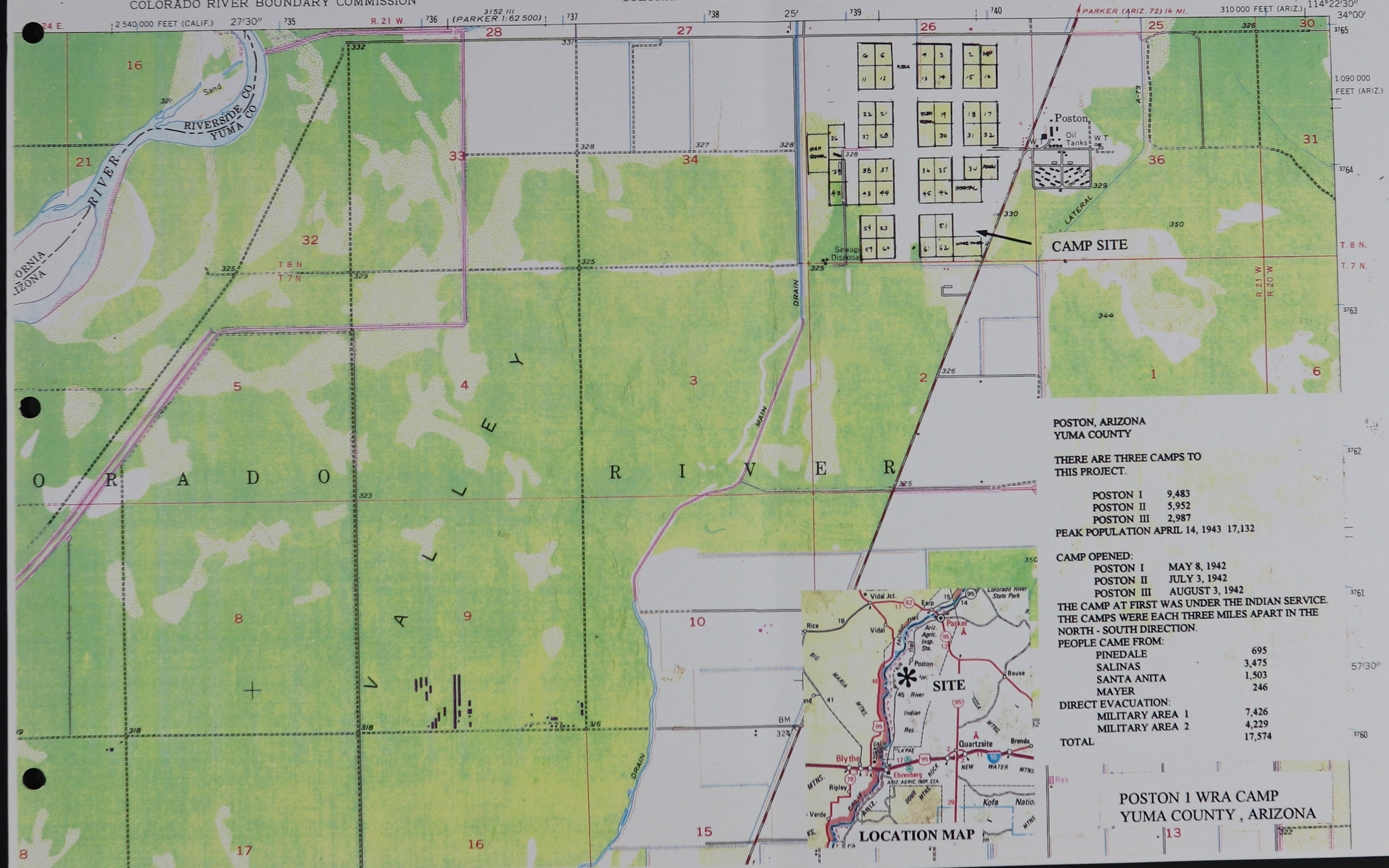
PROJECT AREA 18,891 ACRES  
CAMP SITE 640 ACRES  
POPULATION 9,408  
OPENED SEPTEMBER 11, 1942  
CLOSED OCTOBER 31, 1945

KILOMETERS

MILES

**TOPAZ WRA RELOCATION CAMP  
MILLARD COUNTY TOPAZ, UTAH**

3152 III  
(PARKER 1:62,500)



**POSTON, ARIZONA  
YUMA COUNTY**

THERE ARE THREE CAMPS TO  
THIS PROJECT.

POSTON I	9,483
POSTON II	5,952
POSTON III	2,987
<b>PEAK POPULATION APRIL 14, 1943</b>	<b>17,132</b>

**CAMP OPENED:**

POSTON I	MAY 8, 1942
POSTON II	JULY 3, 1942
POSTON III	AUGUST 3, 1942

THE CAMP AT FIRST WAS UNDER THE INDIAN SERVICE.  
THE CAMPS WERE EACH THREE MILES APART IN THE  
NORTH - SOUTH DIRECTION.

PEOPLE CAME FROM:

PINEDALE	695
SALINAS	3,475
SANTA ANITA	1,503
MAYER	246
<b>DIRECT EVACUATION:</b>	
MILITARY AREA 1	7,426
MILITARY AREA 2	4,229
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>17,574</b>



**POSTON I WRA CAMP  
YUMA COUNTY, ARIZONA**



**POSTON, ARIZONA  
YUMA COUNTY**

THERE ARE THREE CAMPS TO THIS PROJECT.

POSTON I	9,483
POSTON II	5,952
POSTON III	2,987
PEAK POPULATION APRIL 14, 1943	17,132

CAMP OPENED:

POSTON I	MAY 8, 1942
POSTON II	JULY 3, 1942
POSTON III	AUGUST 3, 1942

THE CAMP AT FIRST WAS UNDER THE INDIAN SERVICE. THE CAMPS WERE EACH THREE MILES APART IN THE NORTH - SOUTH DIRECTION.

PEOPLE CAME FROM:

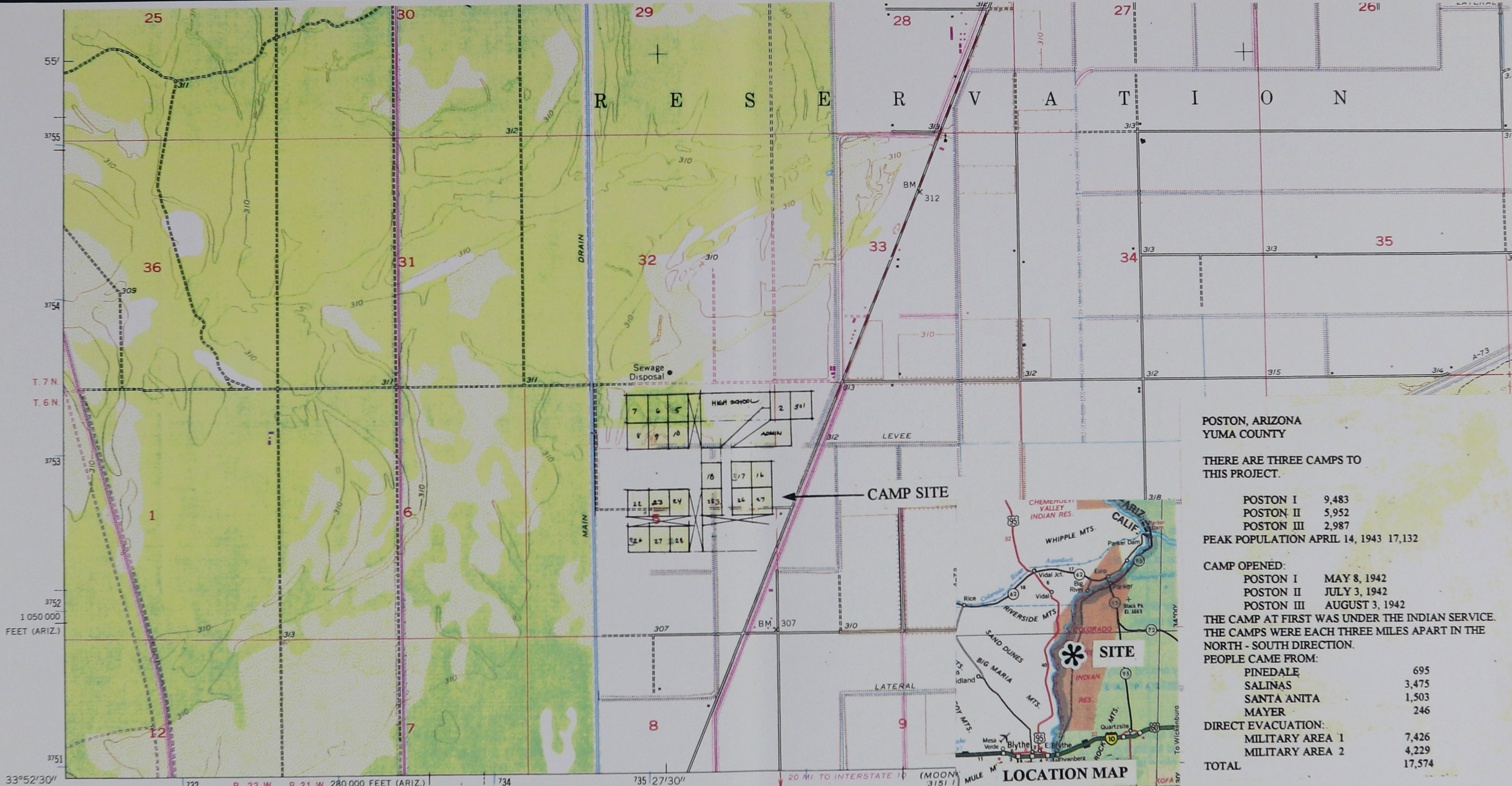
PINEDALE	695
SALINAS	3,475
SANTA ANITA	1,503
MAYER	246

DIRECT EVACUATION:

MILITARY AREA 1	7,426
MILITARY AREA 2	4,229
TOTAL	17,574



**POSTON 2 WRA CAMP  
YUMA COUNTY, ARIZONA**



**POSTON, ARIZONA  
YUMA COUNTY**

THERE ARE THREE CAMPS TO THIS PROJECT.

POSTON I	9,483
POSTON II	5,952
POSTON III	2,987
<b>PEAK POPULATION APRIL 14, 1943</b>	<b>17,132</b>

**CAMP OPENED:**

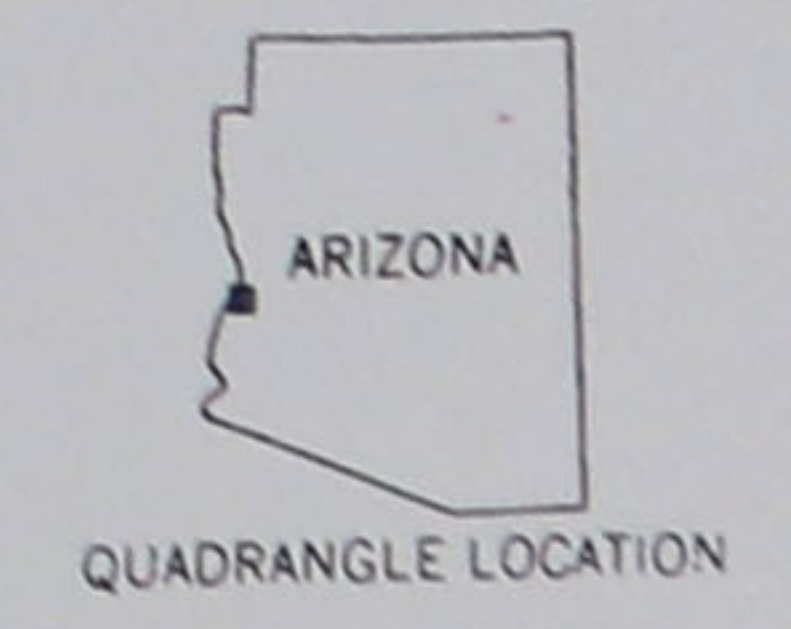
POSTON I	MAY 8, 1942
POSTON II	JULY 3, 1942
POSTON III	AUGUST 3, 1942

THE CAMP AT FIRST WAS UNDER THE INDIAN SERVICE. THE CAMPS WERE EACH THREE MILES APART IN THE NORTH - SOUTH DIRECTION.

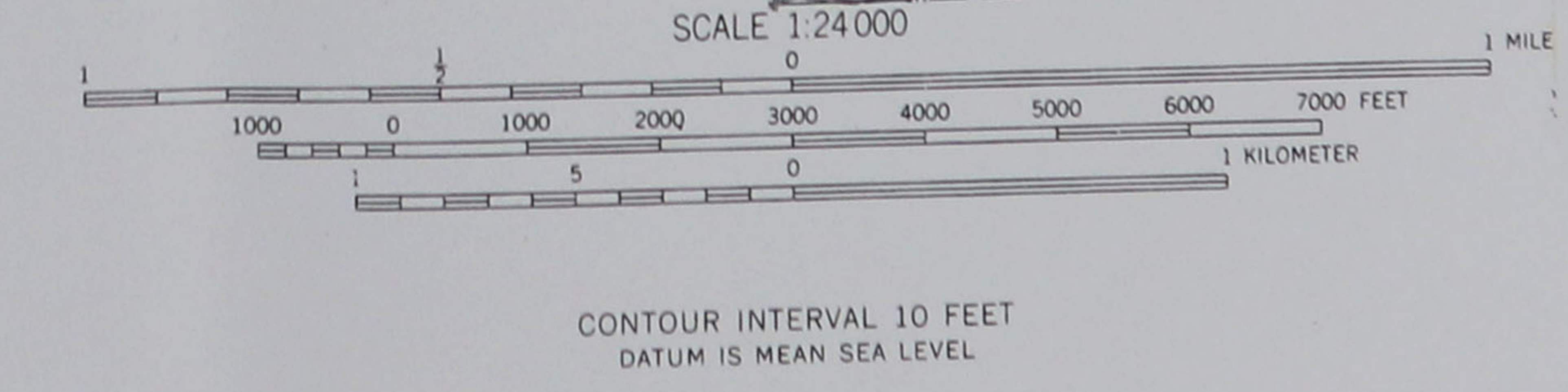
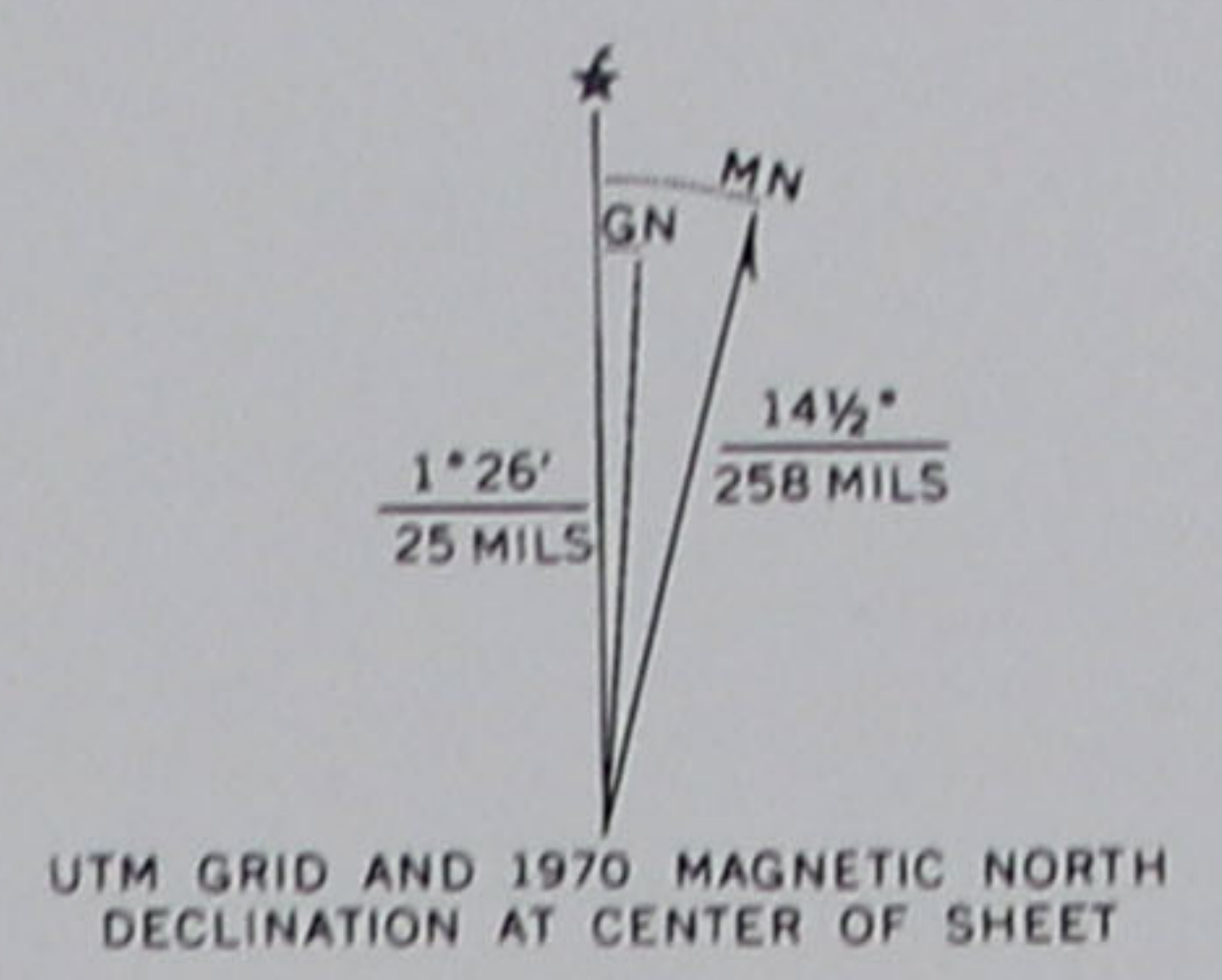
PEOPLE CAME FROM:

PINEDALE	695
SALINAS	3,475
SANTA ANITA	1,503
MAYER	246
<b>DIRECT EVACUATION:</b>	
MILITARY AREA 1	7,426
MILITARY AREA 2	4,229
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>17,574</b>

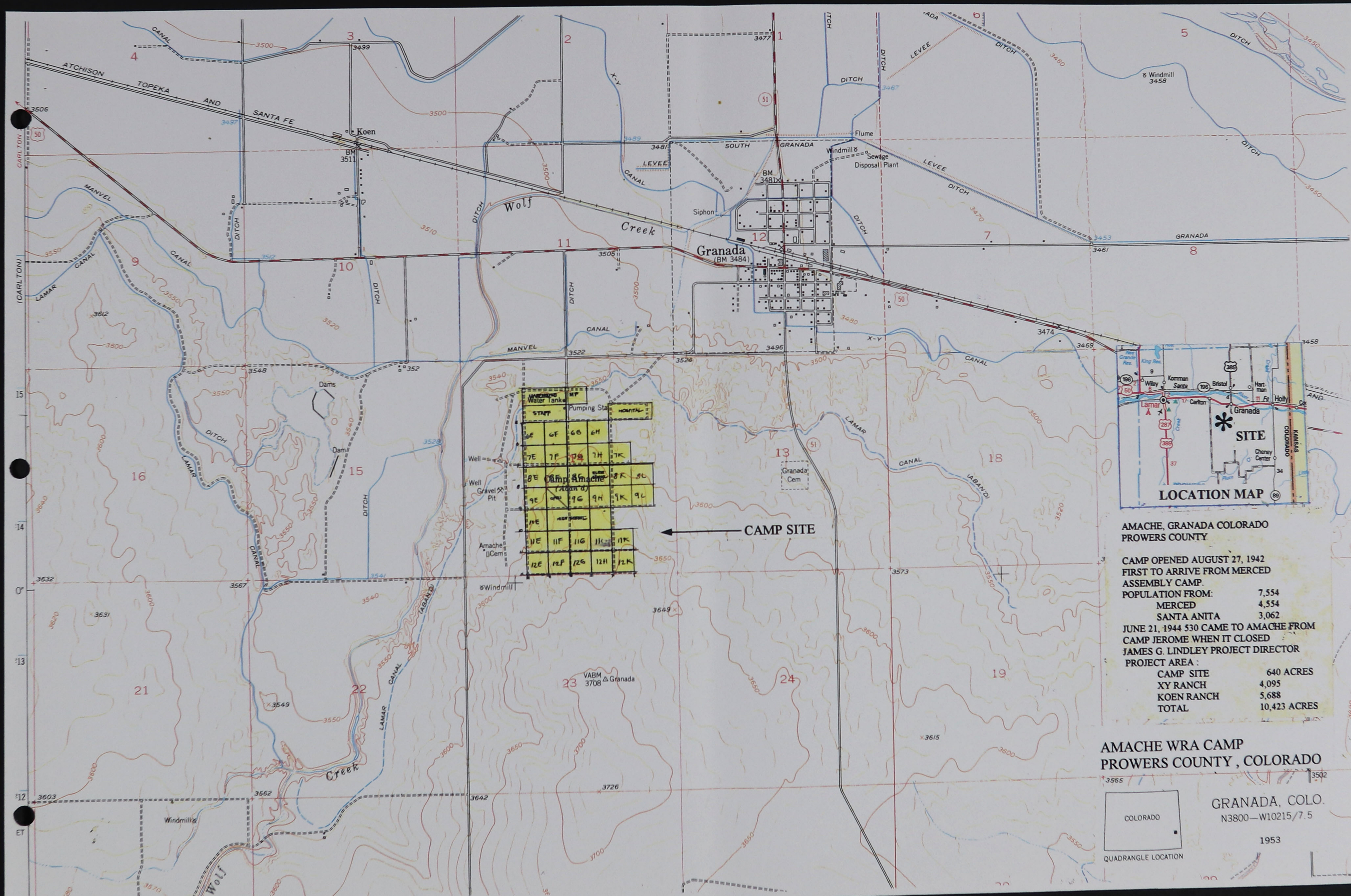
**POSTON 3 WRA CAMP  
YUMA COUNTY, ARIZONA**



Mapped, edited, and published by the Geological Survey  
Control by USGS and USC&GS  
Topography from aerial photographs by photogrammetric methods  
Aerial photographs taken 1953. Field check 1955  
Polyconic projection. 1927 North American datum  
10,000-foot grids based on Arizona coordinate system, west zone,  
and California coordinate system, zone 6  
1000-meter Universal Transverse Mercator grid ticks,  
zone 11, shown in blue  
Revisions shown in purple compiled from aerial photographs  
taken 1970. This information not field checked



THIS MAP COMPLIES WITH NATIONAL MAP ACCURACY STANDARDS  
FOR SALE BY U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, DENVER, COLORADO 80225, OR WASHINGTON, D. C. 20242  
A FOLDER DESCRIBING TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS AND SYMBOLS IS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST



**AMACHE, GRANADA COLORADO  
PROWERS COUNTY**

CAMP OPENED AUGUST 27, 1942  
FIRST TO ARRIVE FROM MERCED  
ASSEMBLY CAMP.

POPULATION FROM:	7,554
MERCED	4,554
SANTA ANITA	3,062
JUNE 21, 1944 530 CAME TO AMACHE FROM CAMP JEROME WHEN IT CLOSED	
JAMES G. LINDLEY PROJECT DIRECTOR	
PROJECT AREA :	
CAMP SITE	640 ACRES
XY RANCH	4,095
KOEN RANCH	5,688
TOTAL	10,423 ACRES

**AMACHE WRA CAMP  
PROWERS COUNTY, COLORADO**

GRANADA, COLO.  
N3800—W10215/7.5

COLORADO

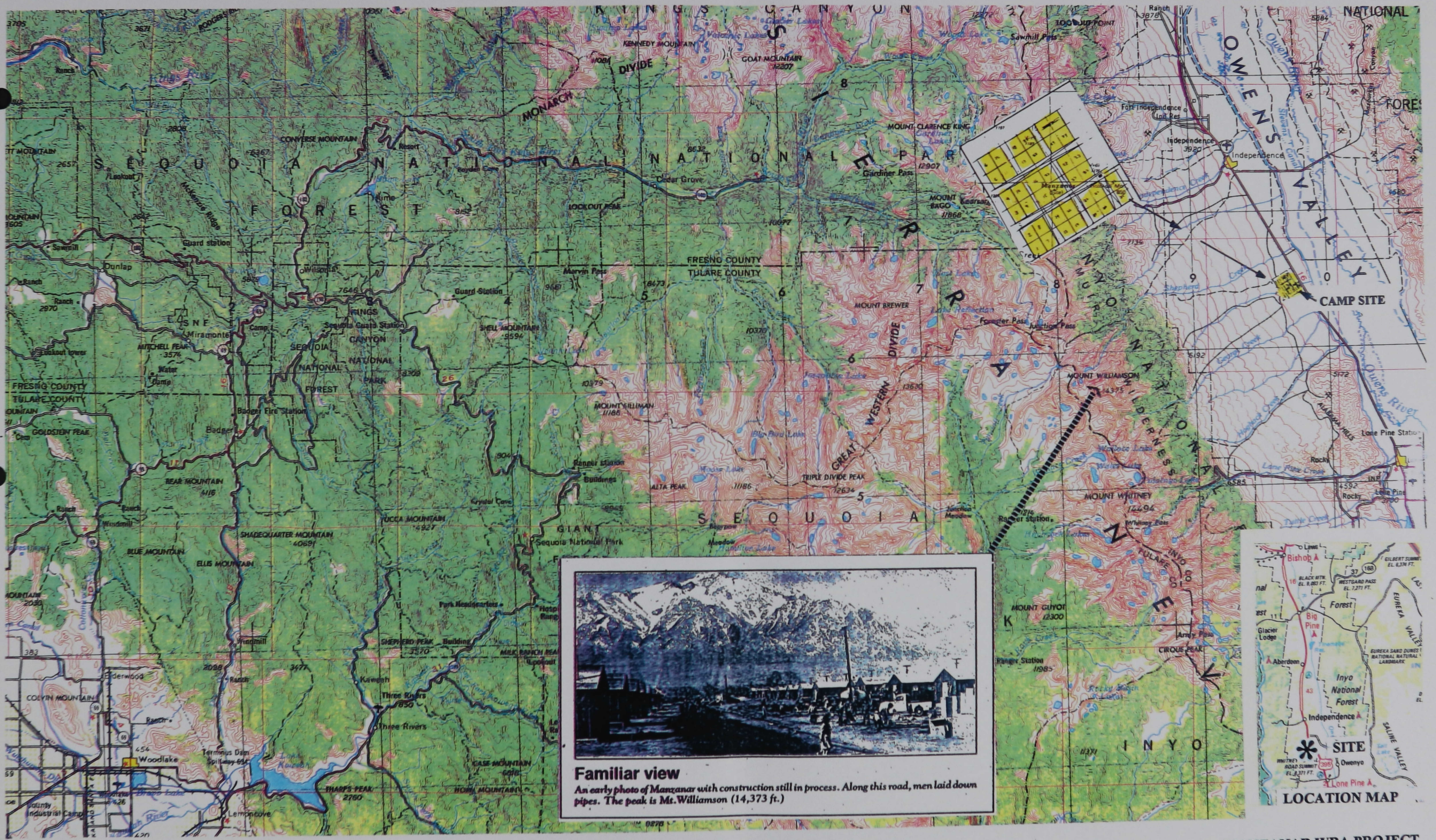
QUADRANGLE LOCATION

1953









**Familiar view**  
 An early photo of Manzanar with construction still in process. Along this road, men laid down pipes. The peak is Mt. Williamson (14,373 ft.)



**MANZANAR WRA PROJECT**  
 INYO CO. MANZANAR, CA

CONTOURS AND ELEVATIONS  
IN METERS

MANZANAR QUADRANGLE  
CALIFORNIA—INYO CO.  
7.5 MINUTE SERIES (TOPOGRAPHIC)  
NW/4 LONE PINE 15' QUADRANGLE

CES

395

10' 396

397

000 FEET

399



MANZANAR, INYO COUNTY, CA

**OPENED FEBRUARY 19, 1942**  
**CLOSED NOVEMBER 21, 1945**  
**FIRST BUILDING MARCH 14, 1942**  
**ROY NASH : FIRST PROJECT DIRECTOR**  
**RALPH P. MERRIT PROJECT DIRECTOR**  
**PROJECT AREA 5,700 ACRES**  
**POPULATION:**  
     **SANTA ANITA 65**  
**DIRECT EVACUATION :**  
     **MILITARY AREA 1 9,862**  
**MANZANAR WAS ONE OF THE CAMPS WHICH HOUSED PEOPLE DIRECTLY FROM THEIR HOMES. A CONVOY STARTED AT THE ROSE BOWL (SOUTH END) ON MARCH 23, 1942 AT 5:45 AM AND PROCEEDED TO THE MANZANAR CAMP.**

MANZANAR WRA CAMP  
INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

CONTOURS AND ELEVATIONS  
IN METERS

MANZANAR QUADRANGLE  
CALIFORNIA—INYO CO.  
7.5 MINUTE SERIES (TOPOGRAPHIC)  
NW/4 LONE PINE 15' QUADRANGLE

CES

95

10' 96

97

000 FEET

99



MANZANAR, INYO COUNTY, CA

OPENED FEBRUARY 19, 1942  
CLOSED NOVEMBER 21, 1945  
FIRST BUILDING MARCH 14, 1942  
ROY NASH : FIRST PROJECT DIRECTOR  
RALPH P. MERRIT PROJECT DIRECTOR  
PROJECT AREA 5,700 ACRES  
POPULATION:

SANTA ANITA 65  
DIRECT EVACUATION :  
MILITARY AREA 1 9,862  
MANZANAR WAS ONE OF THE CAMPS WHICH HOUSED  
PEOPLE DIRECTLY FROM THEIR HOMES. A CONVOY  
STARTED AT THE ROSE BOWL (SOUTH END) ON  
MARCH 23, 1942 AT 5:45 AM AND PROCEEDED TO  
THE MANZANAR CAMP.

MANZANAR WRA CAMP  
INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



HOSPITAL					
73	74	75			
72		70	69	68	67
61		63	64	65	66
60	59	58	57	56	55

HIGH SCHOOL					
	52				54
	51				49
	46	47	48		

45	44	43	42	41	40
34		36			39
33	32	31	30	29	28

BUTTE CAMP IS 3 MILES TO THE WEST

**BUTTE CAMP LAYOUT**  
PINAL COUNTY ARIZONA

WAREHOUSE 19	20	21
WAREHOUSE 18	17	16
ADMIN 1	VACANT 2	3

22	23	24
VACANT 15	REC 14	SCHOL 13
4	5	6

25	26	27
SCHOL 12	SCHOL 11	10
7	8	9

**CANAL CAMP LAYOUT**

GILA RIVER, ARIZONA  
PINAL COUNTY

OPENED JULY 20, 1942  
CLOSED NOVEMBER 20, 1945  
POPULATION 5,000

THERE ARE TWO CAMPS:

CANAL CAMP AND BUTTE CAMP  
LOCATED 4 MILES APART IN  
EAST - WEST DIRECTION  
TOTAL 17,000 ACRES AND 1,000 ACRES  
COMPRISES 2 CAMPS.

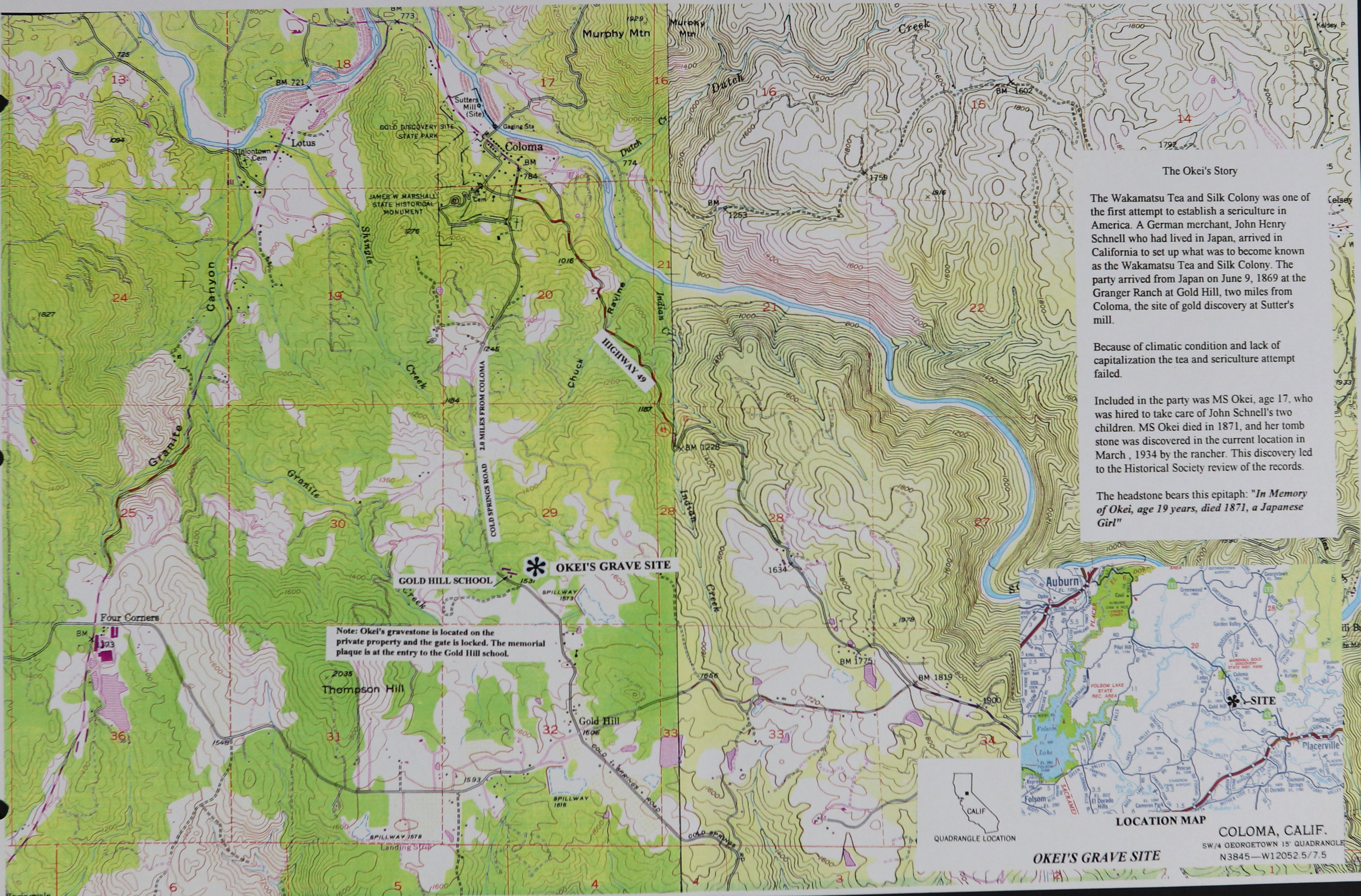
GILA RIVER PROJECT POPULATION	13,176
FRESNO	156
PINEDALE	40
SANTA ANITA	1,271
STOCKTON	220
TULARE	4,942
TURLOCK	3,573
DIRECT EVACUATION:	
MILITARY AREA 2	2,974



**VICINITY MAP**  
GILA RIVER WRA CAMP  
PINAL COUNTY ARIZONA



GILA BUTTE SE, ARIZ.  
SE 1/4 GILA BUTTE 15' QUADRANGLE



**The Okei's Story**

The Wakamatsu Tea and Silk Colony was one of the first attempt to establish a sericulture in America. A German merchant, John Henry Schnell who had lived in Japan, arrived in California to set up what was to become known as the Wakamatsu Tea and Silk Colony. The party arrived from Japan on June 9, 1869 at the Granger Ranch at Gold Hill, two miles from Coloma, the site of gold discovery at Sutter's mill.

Because of climatic condition and lack of capitalization the tea and sericulture attempt failed.

Included in the party was MS Okei, age 17, who was hired to take care of John Schnell's two children. MS Okei died in 1871, and her tomb stone was discovered in the current location in March, 1934 by the rancher. This discovery led to the Historical Society review of the records.

The headstone bears this epitaph: *"In Memory of Okei, age 19 years, died 1871, a Japanese Girl"*

Note: Okei's gravestone is located on the private property and the gate is locked. The memorial plaque is at the entry to the Gold Hill school.



**OKEI'S GRAVE SITE**  
 COLOMA, CALIF.  
 SW/4 GEORGETOWN 15' QUADRANGLE  
 N3845—W12052.5/7.5

# **Civilian Exclusion Order No. 5**

**WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY  
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION**

**Presidio of San Francisco, California  
April 1, 1942**

## **INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY**

**LIVING IN THE FOLLOWING AREA:**

All that portion of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, lying generally west of the north-south line established by Junipero Serra Boulevard, Worchester Avenue, and Nineteenth Avenue, and lying generally north of the east-west line established by California Street, to the intersection of Market Street, and thence on Market Street to San Francisco Bay.

All Japanese persons, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above designated area by 12:00 o'clock noon, Tuesday, April 7, 1942.

No Japanese person will be permitted to enter or leave the above described area after 8:00 a. m., Thursday, April 2, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the Provost Marshal at the Civil Control Station located at:

**1701 Van Ness Avenue  
San Francisco, California**

The Civil Control Station is equipped to assist the Japanese population affected by this evacuation in the following ways:

1. Give advice and instructions on the evacuation.
2. Provide services with respect to the management, leasing, sale, storage or other disposition of most kinds of property including: real estate, business and professional equipment, buildings, household goods, boats, automobiles, livestock, etc.
3. Provide temporary residence elsewhere for all Japanese in family groups.
4. Transport persons and a limited amount of clothing and equipment to their new residence, as specified below.

**THE FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS MUST BE OBSERVED:**

1. A responsible member of each family, preferably the head of the family, or the person in whose name most of the property is held, and each individual living alone, will report to the Civil Control Station to receive further instructions. This must be done between 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., Thursday, April 2, 1942, or between 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., Friday, April 3, 1942.

2. Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Reception Center, the following property:

(a) Bedding and linens (no mattress) for each member of the family;

(b) Toilet articles for each member of the family;

(c) Extra clothing for each member of the family;

(d) Sufficient knives, forks, spoons, plates, bowls and cups for each member of the family;

(e) Essential personal effects for each member of the family.

All items carried will be securely packaged, tied and plainly marked with the name of the owner and numbered in accordance with instructions received at the Civil Control Station.

The size and number of packages is limited to that which can be carried by the individual or family group.

No contraband items as described in paragraph 6, Public Proclamation No. 3, Headquarters Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, dated March 24, 1942, will be carried.

3. The United States Government through its agencies will provide for the storage at the sole risk of the owner of the more substantial household items, such as iceboxes, washing machines, pianos and other heavy furniture. Cooking utensils and other small items will be accepted if crated, packed and plainly marked with the name and address of the owner. Only one name and address will be used by a given family.

4. Each family, and individual living alone, will be furnished transportation to the Reception Center. Private means of transportation will not be utilized. All instructions pertaining to the movement will be obtained at the Civil Control Station.

**Go to the Civil Control Station at 1701 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, between 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., Thursday, April 2, 1942, or between 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m., Friday, April 3, 1942, to receive further instructions.**

**J. L. DeWITT**

Lieutenant General, U. S. Army

February 19, 1942

Authorizing the Secretary of War to Prescribe  
Military Areas

Whereas, The successful prosecution of the war requires every possible protection against espionage and against sabotage to national-defense material, national-defense premises and national-defense utilities as defined in Section 4, Act of April 20, 1918, 40 Stat. 533, as amended by the Act of November 30, 1940, 54 Stat. 1220, and the Act of August 21, 1941, 55 Stat. 655 (U.S.C., Title 50, Sec. 104):

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, I hereby authorized and direct the Secretary of War, and the Military Commanders whom he may from time to time designate, whenever he or any designated Commander deems such action necessary or desirable, to prescribe military areas in such places and of such extent as he or the appropriate Military Commander may determine, from which any or all persons may be excluded, and with respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restriction the Secretary of War or the appropriate Military Commander may impose in his discretion. The Secretary of War is hereby authorized to provide for residents of any such area who are excluded therefrom, such transportation, food, shelter, and other accommodations as may be necessary, in the judgment of the Secretary of War or the said Military Commander, and until other arrangements are made, to accomplish the purpose of this order. The designation of military areas in any region or locality shall supersede designations of prohibited and restricted areas by the Attorney General under the Proclamation of December 7 and 8, 1941, and shall supersede the responsibility and authority of the Attorney General under the said Proclamations in respect of such prohibited and restricted areas.

I hereby further authorize and direct the Secretary of War and the said Military Commanders to take such other steps as he or the appropriate Military Commander may deem advisable to enforce compliance with the restrictions applicable to each Military area hereinabove authorized to be designated, including the use of Federal troops and other Federal Agencies, with authority to accept assistance of state and local agencies.

I hereby further authorize and direct all Executive Departments, Independent establishments and other Federal Agencies, to assist the Secretary of War or the said Military Commanders in carrying out this Executive Order, including the furnishing of medical aid, hospitalization, food, clothing, transportation, use of land, shelter, and other supplies, equipment, utilities, facilities, and services.

This order shall not be construed as modifying or limiting in any way

the authority heretofore granted under Executive Order No. 8972, dated December 12, 1941, nor shall it be construed as limiting or modifying the duty and responsibility of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with respect to the investigations of alleged acts of sabotage or the duty and responsibility of the Attorney General and the Department of Justice under the Proclamations of December 7 and 8, 1941, prescribing regulations for the conduct and control of alien enemies, except as such duty and responsibility is superseded by the designation of military areas hereunder.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The White House, February 19, 1942.



# Fifth Amendment Violated

The Fifth Amendment guarantees that no individual shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. A fair decision-making process is required before the government may take action impairing a person's life, liberty or property.

The fundamental requirements are that individuals be given meaningful notice and an opportunity to be heard. Yet, neither of these procedural guarantees were afforded Japanese Americans.

Secondly, the clause protects individual freedom of action. Ensuring this protection requires the Court to review the underlying factual bases for the governmental action to see whether a compelling governmental purpose exists with no less restrictive alternative. The court *erroneously* accepted the government's justification of military necessity without inquiring into the factual basis of its claim.

Prior to the the expulsion of Japanese Americans, evidence showed that:

- The government had compiled information identifying enemy aliens suspected of disloyalty, concluding that Japanese Americans posed no threat, and showing that a wholesale round-up was unnecessary.
- No concrete evidence of sabotage or impending sabotage was produced, even though the government had conducted searches and seizures before the expulsion.
- The expulsion could not be justified as an emergency measure, because the process took almost 11 months before completion and the government believed that the Japanese could not attack the West Coast even before the expulsion was completed. The justification for the exclusion applied with even greater force to the Japanese in Hawaii, but the government did not see that such action was necessary in Hawaii.
- The Court in *Korematsu* based its holding on statements without factual justification. In order to justify its actions, the government stated that instruments of espionage were found, signal lights were being sent by Japanese Americans, radio transmissions were being intercepted by Japanese Americans, nationalist propaganda was being spread by Japanese language schools and fascistic or militaristic organizations, connecting Japanese Americans with the Japanese government.

All of the above assumptions have been found to be baseless. In addition, the government was concerned about Japanese American occupation in areas near lines of communication, powerlines and utility lines; the dual citizenship system of the Japanese, the lack of assimilation of the Japanese, education of Kibei in Japan, and the results of the loyalty oath taken in camp. None of the assumptions provide substantive evidence of disloyalty. The government clearly had alternatives available to them to meet their purposes, including individual hearings, which were provided to all other enemy aliens.

# Racial Motivations Behind 1942 Actions

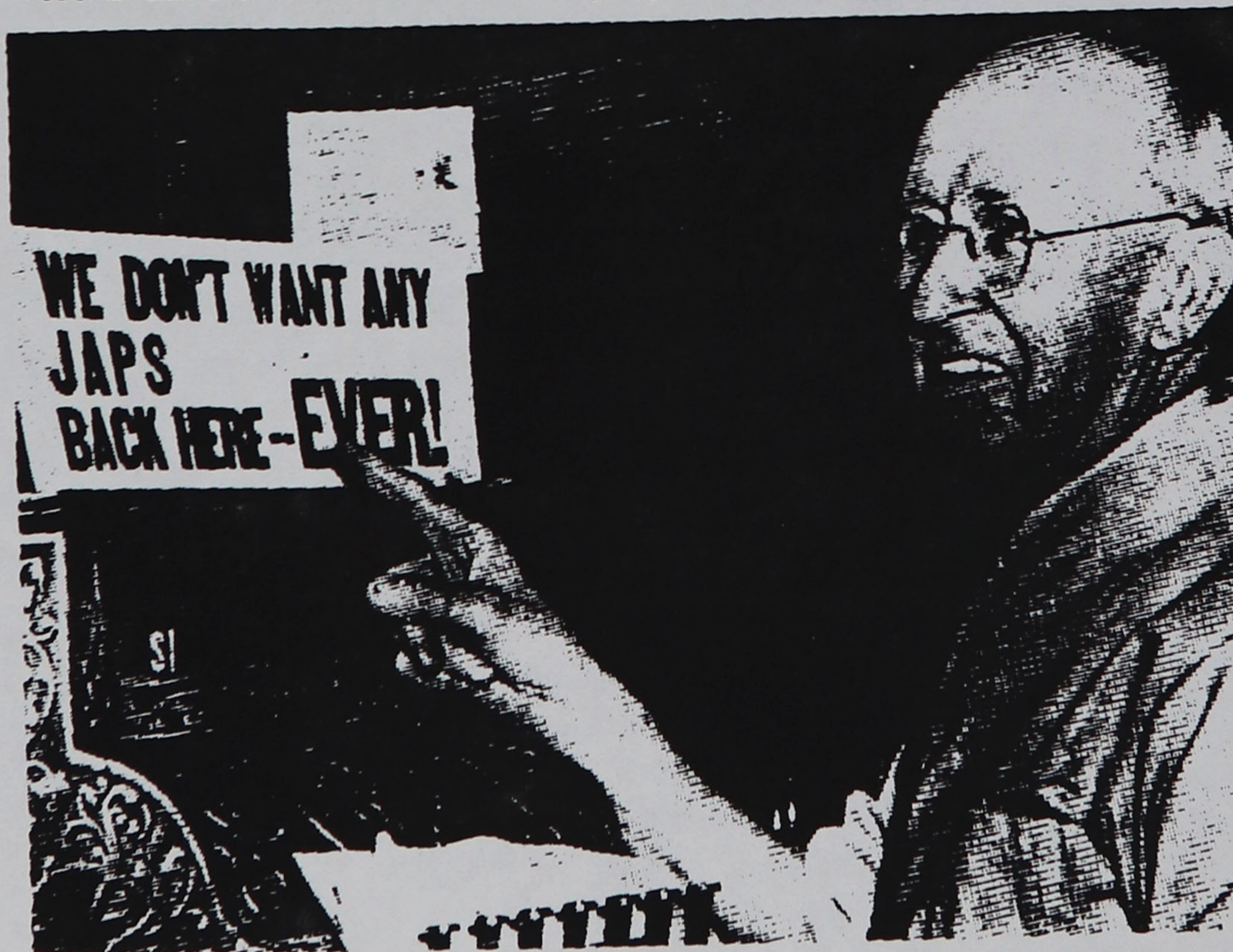
The 1942 orders and actions detaining and incarcerating 110,000 Japanese Americans were found to be *lawful* by the U.S. Supreme Court. The Court upheld each of these racially discriminatory invasions of individual rights in the *Hirabayashi*, *Korematsu* and *Endo* cases.

The 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution guarantees equal protection under the law. Where the government may inflict differential treatment on persons based on their race, it must prove that 1) such treatment is necessary to meet a compelling governmental interest and 2) there are no alternative means in meeting the interest that are less severe.

BAAR contends that these governmental actions violate the 5th Amendment and therefore constituted an illegal racial discrimination. BAAR believes that:

1) Japanese Americans were incarcerated without notice or an opportunity to be heard while enemy alien Germans and Italians were not incarcerated as a race and were given individual hearings if suspected of any enemy activity. Government and military leaders clearly stated their intent to discriminate against Japanese Americans as Lt. Gen. DeWitt explicitly stated, ". . . a Jap's a Jap. They are a dangerous element, whether loyal or not . . . you need'nt worry about Italians at all except in individual cases. But we must worry about the Japanese all the time until he is wiped off the map."

2) The government failed to produce evidence of potential espionage or sabotage in justifying "military necessity" as a compelling state interest. Less restrictive measures such as hearings, interviews and loyalty oaths were available to meet the stated purpose.



## Other Rights Violated



Government actions also violated certain rights guaranteed under the Bill of Rights.

- Japanese Americans were penalized for exercising their freedom of speech and freedom of religion by being subject to harsher punishment for involvement in community activities and opposing the expulsion.
- Freedom of association was totally denied Japanese Americans.
- In addition to First Amendment rights, the 4th Amendment Right to be secure in one's person, houses, persons and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures was also violated. No warrants were obtained to legally detain and search Japanese Americans and no probable cause existed for such searches and seizures.
- The Fifth Amendment requirement of indictment by Grand Jury was also not satisfied.
- The Sixth Amendment rights to speedy and public trial, right to jury, right to counsel, right to be confronted with witnesses in opposition and right to secure witnesses in support of Japanese Americans were also violated.
- The Eighth Amendment proscription against cruel and unusual punishment was also violated.

Several other rights, not specifically mentioned in the Constitution, but deriving their life from the Court's interpretation of the Constitution, were also violated. These include the right to personal privacy, the right to travel

President Reagan signed into law a national act of contrition for a grievous lapse in this country's cherished standards of liberty almost half a century ago: The wartime incarceration of more than 100,000 Japanese-American citizens and Japanese resident aliens in concentration camps. The legislation provided for recompense of \$20,000 to each surviving internee, whether citizen or alien, and, more significantly, an unprecedented apology by the United States Government. What follows is an account of how that injustice came about.

**O**N MARCH 31, 1942, THERE APPEARED ON NOTICE boards in certain communities on the Western Seaboard of the United States a number of broadsides bearing the ominous title, "Civilian Exclusion Orders." These bulletins warned all residents of Japanese descent that they were going to have to move out of their homes. No mention was made of where they would have to go. One member of each family was directed to report for instructions at neighboring control stations.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor had taken place a little less than four months earlier. These Exclusion Orders cast a wide net. There were about 125,000 persons of Japanese ancestry scattered along the coastal tier of states then, and 7 out of 10 of them, having been born there, were full-

fledged citizens of the United States; yet no distinction between alien and native was made among those summoned to control stations. The United States had declared war on Germany and Italy, as well as Japan, but no German or Italian enemy aliens, to say nothing of German-Americans or Italian-Americans, were subjected to these blanket Exclusion Orders. Only "Japanese aliens and non-aliens," as the official euphemism put it.

Each person who responded to the summons had to register the names of all family members and was told

to show up at a certain time and place, a few days later, with all of them, bringing along only such baggage as they could carry by hand — for a trip to a destination unknown. Names had become numbers.

"Henry went to the control station to register the family," wrote a Japanese-American woman years later. "He came home with 20 tags, all numbered 10710, tags to be attached to each piece of baggage, and one to hang from our coat lapels. From then on, we were known as Family No. 10710." "I lost my identity," another woman would assert, describing the replacement of her name by a number. "I lost my privacy and dignity."

There followed a period of devastating uncertainty and anxiety. "We were given eight days to liquidate our possessions," one of the evacuees testified at an investigation by the Department of Justice many years later. The time allowed varied from place to place. "We had about two weeks," another recalled, "to do something. Either lease the property or sell everything." Another: "While in Modesto, the final notice for evacuation came with a four-day notice." Under the circumstances, the evacuees had to dispose of their

businesses, their homes and their personal possessions at panic prices to hostile buyers.

"It is difficult," one man would later testify, "to describe the feeling of despair and humiliation experienced by all of us as we watched the Caucasians coming to look over our possessions and offering such nominal amounts, knowing we had no recourse but to accept whatever they were offering because we did not know what the future held for us." One woman sold a 37-room hotel for \$300. A man who owned a pickup truck, and had just bought a set of new tires and a new battery for \$125,

asked only that amount of a prospective buyer. "The man 'bought' our pickup for \$25." One homeowner, in despair, wanted to burn his house down. "I went to the storage shed to get the gasoline tank and pour the gasoline on my house, but my wife ... said don't do it, maybe somebody can use this house; we are civilized people, not savages."

By far the greatest number of Nisei — the term for first-generation Japanese-Americans that came to be used as the generic word for all ethnic Japanese living in America — were in agriculture, growing fruit, vegetables, nursery plants and specialty crops. They had worked wonders in the soil. They owned about one-fiftieth of the arable land in the three Pacific Coast states, and what they had made of their farms is suggested by the fact that the average value per acre of all farms in the three states in 1940 was roughly \$38, while an acre on a Nisei farm was worth, on average, \$280.

But now the farmers had to clear out in a matter of days. The Mother's Day crop of flowers, the richest harvest of the year, was about to be gathered; it had to be abandoned. An owner of one of the largest nurseries in southern California, unable to dis-

pose of his stock, gave it all to the Veterans' Hospital adjoining his land. A strawberry grower asked for a deferral of his evacuation summons for a few days, so he could harvest his crop. Denied the permission, he bitterly plowed the berries under. The next day, the Federal Bureau of Investigation charged him with an act of sabotage and put him in jail.

Assured by authorities that they could store property and reclaim it after the war, many put their chattels in impromptu warehouses — homes and garages and outbuildings — only to have the stored goods, before long, vandalized or stolen. Some leased their property but never received rents. Some were cheated by their tenants, who sold the property as if it were their own.

**O**N THE DAY OF departure, evacuees found themselves herded into groups of about 500, mostly at railroad and bus stations. They wore their numbered tags and carried hand-baggage containing possessions that they had packed in fear and perplexity, not knowing where they were going. They embarked on buses and trains.

Some trains had blacked-out windows. Uniformed guards carrying weapons patrolled the cars. "To this day," one woman recalled long afterward, "I can remember vividly the plight of the elderly, some on stretchers, orphans herded onto the train by caretakers, and especially a young couple with four preschool children.

"The mother had two frightened toddlers hanging on to her coat. In her arms, she carried two crying babies. The father had diapers and other baby paraphernalia strapped to his back. In his hands he struggled with duffel bag and suitcase."

Each group was unloaded, after its trip, at one of 16 assembly centers, most of which were located at fairgrounds and racetracks. There, seeing barbed wire and searchlights, and under the guard of guns, these "aliens and non-aliens" were forced to realize that all among them — even those who had sons or brothers in the United States Army — were considered to be dangerous people. At the entrance to the Tanforan Assembly Center, one man later remembered, "stood two lines of troops with rifles and fixed bayonets pointed at the evacuees as they walked between the soldiers to the prison compound. Overwhelmed with bitterness and blind with rage, I screamed every obscenity I knew at the armed guards, daring them

to shoot me." Most evacuees were silent, dazed. Many wept.

A typical assembly center was at the Santa Anita race track. Each family was allotted a space in the horse stalls of about 200 square feet, furnished with cots, blankets and pillows; the evacuees had to make their own pallets, filling mattress shells with straw. There were three large mess halls, in which 2,000 people at a time stood in line with tin plates and cups, to be served mass-cooked food that cost an average of 39 cents per person per day — rough fare, usually overcooked, such as brined liver, which, one testified, "would bounce if dropped."

"We lined up," another later wrote, "for mail, for checks, for meals, for showers, for washrooms, for laundry tubs, for toilets ..."

Medical care, under jurisdiction of the Public Health Service, was provided by evacuee doctors and nurses who were recruited to serve their fellow inmates in an improvised clinic, supplied at first with nothing more than mineral oil, iodine, aspirin, sulfa ointment, Kaopectate and alcohol. Toilets were communal, without compartments. The evacuees bathed in what had been horse showers, with a partition between the men's and the women's section. When the women complained that men were climbing the partition and looking at them, a camp official responded, "Are you sure you women are not climbing the walls to look at the men?"

Toward the end of May 1942, evacuees began to be transferred from these temporary assembly centers to 13 permanent concentration camps — generally called by the more decorous name of "relocation centers" — where they would be held prisoner until several months before the end of the war. By Nov. 1, some 106,770 internees had been put behind barbed wire in six western states and Arkansas.

Thus began the bitterest national shame of the Second World War for the sweet land of liberty: the mass incarceration, on racial grounds alone, on false evidence of military necessity, and in contempt of their supposedly inalienable rights, of an entire class of American citizens — along with others who were not citizens in the country of their choice only because that country had long denied people of their race the right to naturalize. (A 1924 Federal law had cut off

all Japanese immigration and naturalization; it was not rescinded until 1952.)

"My mother, two sisters, niece, nephew, and I left" by train, one recalled in later years. "Father joined us later. Brother left earlier by bus. We took whatever we could carry. So much we left behind, but the most valuable thing I lost was my freedom."

THE MANZANAR camp was quickly built in the desert country of east-central California. Its second director, a humane and farsighted man named Ralph Merritt, realized that history ought to have some testimony of what its victims had managed to salvage from an unprecedented American social crime. He had seen the consummate artistry of photographs taken in nearby Yosemite National Park by a friend of his, Ansel Adams, and he invited the great photographer to come to the camp to capture its woes and its marvels on film.

"Moved," Adams would later write, "by the human story unfolding in the encirclement of desert and mountains, and by the wish to identify my photography . . . with the tragic momentum of the times, I came to Manzanar with my cameras in the fall of 1943."

Adams's photographs restore energy to the sorry record — and remind us that this very word "record" in its ancient origins meant "to bring back the heart."

But first it seems appropriate to re-engage the mind, for the stories of Manzanar and the other camps raise grave questions for the American polity: Could such a thing occur again? How did this slippage in the most precious traditions of a free country come about?

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, threw the American psyche into a state of shock. Despite four years' demonstration of the skill and dispatch — and cruelty — of the Japanese invasion of China, American military commanders in the Philippines and elsewhere had issued boastful statements, over and over again, about how quickly the "Japs," as they were scornfully called, would be wiped out if they dared attack American installations.

Then suddenly, within hours, the United States Pacific Fleet was crippled at anchor. Most of the United States air arm in the Philippines was wrecked on the ground. American pride dissolved overnight into American rage and hysteria — and nowhere so disastrously as on the country's Western shores.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt promptly proclaimed, and Congress voted, a state of war against Japan, and within days the other Axis powers, Germany and Italy, also became belligerents. The President issued orders that classified nationals of those countries as enemy aliens. These orders gave responsibility for carrying out certain restrictions against enemy aliens of all three countries to Attorney General Francis Biddle and the Department of Justice. Biddle was given authority to establish prohibited zones, from which enemy aliens could be moved at will;

to seize as contraband any weapons and other articles as required for national security; to freeze enemy aliens' funds, and to intern any of them who might be deemed dangerous. These were perfectly normal wartime precautions against enemy aliens only, for which there had been statutory precedent under President Woodrow Wilson in the First World War.

With great speed and efficiency, beginning on the very night of the attack, the Justice Department arrested certain marked enemy aliens of all three belligerent nations. Within three days, 857 Germans, 147 Italians and 1,291 Japanese (367 of them on the Hawaiian Islands, 924 on the continent) had been rounded up.

On the night of Dec. 8, when Pearl Harbor jitters were at their highest pitch, San Francisco suffered a false alarm of an air incursion. Military and/or naval radio trackers reported that enemy aircraft were soaring in over the Bay Area and later that they had turned back to sea without attacking. Planes of the Second Interceptor Command took off from Portland, Ore., and searched as far as 600 miles offshore for a nonexistent Japanese aircraft carrier, from which the enemy planes were assumed to have been

launched. At the first alarm, sirens sounded a warning, and San Francisco was supposed to be blacked out at once. But skyscrapers blazed, neon lights winked at hundreds of night spots, and Alcatraz was like a heap of sparkling diamonds in the bay.

Enter, the next morning, to center stage, a military figure in a high state of excitation. As commanding officer of the Fourth Army and Western Defense Command, Lieut. Gen. John L. DeWitt was charged with making sure that there would be no Pearl Harbors on the West Coast. That morning, a meeting at City Hall was called with Mayor Angelo Rossi and 200 of the city's civic leaders, and, as Life magazine would put it, DeWitt "almost split with rage."

"You people," he said to them, "do not seem to realize we are at war. So get this: Last night there were planes over this community. They were enemy planes. I mean Japanese planes. And they were tracked out to sea. You think it was a hoax? It is damned nonsense for sensible people to think that the Army and Navy would practice such a hoax on San Francisco."

He shouted that it might have been "a good thing" if some bombs had been dropped. "It might have awakened some of the fools in this community who refuse to realize that this is a war."

On the night of this "air attack," one of DeWitt's subordinates, Maj. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, later to be the famous "Vinegar Joe" of the doomed campaigns in Burma and China, wrote in pencil in a dime-store notebook that he used as a diary, "Fourth Army" — obviously meaning its headquarters — "kind of jittery." Two nights later, DeWitt and his staff, hearing that there was to be an armed uprising of 20,000 Nisei in the San Francisco area, whipped up a plan to put all of them in military custody. The plan fortunately was aborted by the local F.B.I. chief of station, Nat Pieper, who told the Army that the "reliable source" for their news of the uprising was a flake whom Pieper had once employed and had had to dismiss because of his "wild imaginings."

Next, on Dec. 13, came "reliable information" that an enemy attack on Los Angeles was imminent, and DeWitt's staff drafted a general alarm that would have advised all civilians to leave the city. Fortunately, it was never broadcast. That night, General Stilwell wrote in his notebook that General DeWitt was a "jackass."

The first week of the war brought news of one setback after another. The Japanese struck at Midway, Wake, the Philippines, Hong Kong, the Malay Peninsula and Thailand. On Dec. 13, they captured Guam. The American dream of invulnerability had suddenly been replaced by a feeling that the Japanese could do just about anything

they wanted to do — including landing at any point along DeWitt's vast coastal command.

Two days after Pearl Harbor, Navy Secretary Frank Knox went to Hawaii to try to find out what had gone wrong there. On Dec. 15, he returned to the mainland from his scouting trip and called a press conference at which he said, "I think the most effective fifth-column work of the entire war was done in Hawaii, with the possible exception of Norway." He carried back to Washington this report of treachery by resident Japanese, "both from the shores and from the sampans," and his absurdly impracticable recommendation that all those with Japanese blood be evacuated from Oahu.

His charges were quickly denied, in confidential reports, by J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I.; by John Franklin Carter, a journalist whom Roosevelt had enlisted to give him intelligence reports; and, after a few days, by Lieut. Gen. Delos C. Emmons, the newly appointed commanding officer in the Hawaiian Islands. But Frank Knox's statement was never denied by the Government — which, from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day, would record not a single case of sabotage by a Japanese alien or a Japanese-American worse than the plowing under of strawberries.

In 1943, when General DeWitt would submit to the Secretary of War his "Final Report" on the removal of the Japanese from the West

Coast, one of its first assertions would be: "The evacuation was impelled by military necessity." DeWitt wrote, "There were hundreds of reports nightly of signal lights visible from the coast, and of intercepts of unidentified radio transmissions."

Hoover scornfully ridiculed the "hysteria and lack of judgment" of DeWitt's Military Intelligence Division. An official of the Federal Communications Commission reported on the question of radio intercepts: "I have never seen an organization that was so nervous as to cope with radio intelligence requirements. . . . The personnel is unskilled and untrained. . . . As a matter of fact, the Army air stations have been reported by the Signal Corps station as Jap enemy stations."

DeWitt urged random spot raids on homes of ethnic Japanese to seize "subversive" weapons and cameras.

Attorney General Biddle stipulated that raiders should follow the constitutional requirement of finding probable cause for arrest, but DeWitt argued that being of Japanese descent was in itself probable cause. He insisted on searches without warrants, even of the homes of citizens. Yet the Justice Department concluded from F.B.I. reports: "We have not found a single machine gun, nor have we found any gun in any circumstances indicating that it was to be used in a manner helpful to our enemies. We have not found a camera which we have reason to believe was for use in espionage."

When it came right down to it, the mere fact of having Japanese blood and skin was, to DeWitt, enough basis for suspicion. When he wrote in his "Final Report" of the way the ethnic Japanese population was scattered through his Defense Command, he used the military term "deployed" — "in excess of 115,000 persons deployed along the Pacific Coast" — as if these people, these farmers and merchants and house servants, had been posted by plan, poised for attack.

Testifying before a Congressional subcommittee, DeWitt would say, as if this alone proved the military necessity he was trying to assert, "A Jap is a Jap."

**T**HE NEWS FROM the Pacific after the first shock of Pearl Harbor grew worse and worse, and nerves in the Presidio tightened. On Dec. 24 and 25, 1941, the Japanese took Wake Island and Hong Kong. On Dec. 27, Manila fell, and United States forces retreated to the Bataan Peninsula.

On Dec. 19, DeWitt urged on the War Department "that action be initiated at the earliest practicable date to collect all alien subjects 14 years of age and over, of enemy nations and remove them" to inland places, where they should be kept "under restraint after removal." This recommendation covered only aliens — Germans and Italians as well as Japanese.

Toward the end of the month, according to Roger Daniels, who has written two authoritative books on the evacuation, DeWitt began talking by phone — outside the normal chain of command, without telling his superiors — with an officer he knew in Washington, Maj. Gen. Allen W. Gullion. Gullion was Provost Marshal General, the Army's top law enforcement officer. Since the fall of France in June 1940, he had been concerning himself with the question of how the military could acquire legal control over civilians in wartime — in case there should be a domestic fifth column — and DeWitt, evidently stung by the ridicule of his alarms by civilian agencies like the F.B.I. and the F.C.C., was much attracted by Gullion's views.

Gullion had the chief of his Allens Division, Major Karl R. Bendetsen, draft a memorandum proposing that the President "place in the hands of the Secretary of War the right to take over aliens when he thought it was necessary."

In one of their turn-of-the-year conferences, Bendetsen outlined to DeWitt plans for surveillance and control of West Coast Nisei; if the Justice Department wouldn't do the job, Bendetsen told DeWitt, then it would be up to the Army — really, to the two of them — to do it. According to notes taken at the session, DeWitt went along with Bendetsen, saying that he had "little confidence that the enemy aliens are law-abiding or loyal in any sense of the

word. Some of them, yes; many, no. Particularly the Japanese. I have no confidence in their loyalty whatsoever."

In organizations like the Native Sons of the Golden West and the American Legion, clamor for the incarceration of all Nisei was growing. Congressman Leland Ford of Los Angeles argued for their removal with a most peculiar logic. On Jan. 16, he wrote to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson a formal recommendation "that all Japanese, whether citizens or not, be placed in inland concentration camps. As justification for this, I submit that if an American-born Japanese, who is a citizen, is really patriotic and wishes to make his contribution to the safety and welfare of this country, right here is his opportunity to do so. . . . Millions of other native-born citizens are willing to lay down their lives, which is a far greater sacrifice, of course, than being placed in a concentration camp."

There were, in fact, lots of patriotic Nisei. Many of them were fiercely and showily patriotic precisely because so many "real Americans" doubted their fidelity. Some had joined together in the Japanese-American Citizens League, which did all it could to flaunt its members' loyalty. Their idealistic creed, adopted before Pearl Harbor, said, "Although some individuals may discriminate against me, I shall never become bitter or lose faith, for I know that such persons are not representative of the majority of American people."

Nisei in many cities and towns helped with civil defense. Furthermore, many young Nisei volunteered for the Army. (In Italy and France, the Japanese-American 442d Combat Regimental Team would turn out to be one of the most decorated units in the entire United States Army — with seven Presidential Distinguished Unit Citations, one Congressional Medal of Honor, 47 Distinguished Service Crosses, 350 Silver Stars, 810 Bronze Stars and more than 3,600 Purple Hearts. President Truman, attaching a Presidential Distinguished Unit Citation to the regimental colors, would say,

"You fought not only the enemy, but you fought prejudice. . . .")

DeWitt's anxieties, however, flowered more and more, and they soon bore fruit. On Jan. 21, 1942, he recommended to Secretary Stimson the establishment of 86 "prohibited zones" in California, from which all "enemy" aliens would be removed, as well as a handful of larger "restricted zones," where they would be kept under close surveillance.

On Jan. 25, persuaded by DeWitt's reports of danger, Stimson recommended to Biddle that these zones be established. Since this request touched only enemy aliens, and meant moving them in most cases for very short distances, Biddle acceded.

At the beginning of February, voices raised on the West Coast against Japanese-Americans became more and more shrill. The Los Angeles Times took up the cry that Japanese citizens were just as much enemies as Japanese aliens: "A viper is nonetheless a viper wherever the egg is hatched — so a Japanese-American, born of Japanese parents, grows up to be a Japanese, not an American." California's liberal Governor, Culbert L. Olson, who had earlier taken the position that Japanese-Americans should continue in wartime to enjoy their constitutional rights, reversed himself in a radio address. Evidently on information from DeWitt, he said: "It is known that there are Japanese residents of California who have sought to aid the Japanese enemy by way of communicating information, or have shown indications of preparation for fifth-column activities." He hinted that there might have to be large-scale removals.

Biddle wanted to issue a press release jointly with the Army, designed to calm public fears on the West Coast about sabotage and espionage, and on Feb. 4, he, Assistant Attorney General James Rowe Jr., J. Edgar Hoover, Stimson, McCloy, Gullion and Bendetsen met to discuss it. Gullion later described this encounter:

"[The Justice officials] said there is too much hysteria about this thing; said these Western Congressmen

are just nuts about it and the people getting hysterical and there is no evidence whatsoever of any reason for disturbing citizens, and the Department of Justice — Rowe started it and Biddle finished it — the Department of Justice will [have] nothing whatsoever to do with any interference with citizens, whether they are Japanese or not. They made me a little sore, and I said, well listen, Mr. Biddle, do you mean to tell me that if the Army, the men on the ground, determine it is a military necessity to move citizens, Jap citizens, that you won't help me? He didn't give a direct answer, he said the Department of Justice would be through if we interfered with citizens and writ of habeas corpus, etc."

When DeWitt, on Feb. 9, asked for the establishment of much larger prohibited zones in Washington, Oregon and Arizona, Biddle refused to go along. "Your recommendation of prohibited areas... includes the cities of Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma," he wrote, "and therefore contemplate a mass evacuation of many thousands. ... No reasons were given for this mass evacuation. ... The Department of Justice is not physically equipped to carry out any mass evacuation."

If there were to be any question of evacuating citizens, the Attorney General wanted no part of it — yet in washing his hands of this eventuality, he now conceded that the Army might justify doing this as a "military necessity. ... Such action, therefore, should in my opinion, be taken by the War Department and not by the Department of Justice."

Two days later, Stimson went over Biddle's head to Roosevelt. Unable to fit an appointment into a busy day, the President talked with Stimson on the phone. The Secretary told Roosevelt that the Justice Department was dragging its feet and asked if he would authorize the Army to move American citizens of Japanese ancestry as well as aliens away from sensitive areas. Further, he asked whether the President would favor evacuating more than 100,000 from the entire West Coast; 70,000 living in major urban areas; or small num-

bers living around critical zones, such as aircraft factories, "even though that would be more complicated and tension-producing than total evacuation."

Right after Stimson hung up, Assistant Secretary John J. McCloy jubilantly called Bendetsen in San Francisco to say that the President had declined to make a specific decision about numbers himself but had decided to cut out the Justice Department and had given the Army "carte blanche to do what we want to." Roosevelt's only urging was to "be as reasonable as you can."

The very next day — so promptly as to suggest that there had been some orchestration — the most influential newspaper pundit in the country, Walter Lippmann, in a column entitled, "The Fifth Column on the Coast," lay out the basis for advocating the removal of citizens as well as aliens. "The Pacific Coast," he wrote, "is in imminent danger of a combined attack from within and without. ... It is a fact that the Japanese Navy has been reconnoitering the coast more or less continuously. ... There is an assumption [in Washington] that a citizen may not be interfered with unless he has committed an overt act. ... The Pacific Coast is officially a combat zone. Some part of it may at any moment be a battlefield. And nobody ought to be on a battlefield who has no good reason for being there. There is plenty of room elsewhere for him to exercise his rights."

The day after the Lippmann article, the entire Pacific Coast Congressional delegation signed and delivered to Roosevelt a resolution urging "the immediate evacuation of all persons of Japanese lineage and all others, aliens and citizens alike, whose presence shall be deemed dangerous or inimical to the defense of the United States from ... the entire strategic areas of the states of California, Oregon, and Washington, and the Territory of Alaska."

On Feb. 14, freed by Roosevelt's green light to the Army, doubtless encouraged by Lippmann and by the vociferousness of the West Coast press and West Coast Congressmen, DeWitt finally submitted to Stimson his

recommendation for "Evacuation of Japanese and Other Subversive Persons From the Pacific Coast," to be carried out by his command. In justifying the "military necessity" of such an action, DeWitt wrote that, "... along the vital Pacific Coast over 112,000 potential enemies, of Japanese extraction, are at large today. There are indications that these are organized and ready for concerted action at a favorable opportunity. The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken."

Here was logic worthy of "Animal Farm": Proof that all ethnic Japanese were "ready for concerted action" lay in their not having taken it yet.

On Feb. 17, Biddle, in a letter to the President, made a last-ditch protest. "My last advice from the War Department," he wrote, "is that there is no evidence of imminent attack and from the F.B.I. that there is no evidence of planned sabotage."

The protest came too late. By this time, the Attorney General — whose voice had been absolutely solo in reminding those in power of central values in the Bill of Rights — was not only ignored; he was brutally vilified. Congressman Leland Ford told later of a call to Biddle:

"I gave them 24 hours' notice that unless they would issue a mass evacuation notice I would drag the whole matter out on the floor of the House and of the Senate and give the bastards everything we could with both barrels. I told them they had given us the runaround long enough ... and that if they would not take immediate action, we would clean the goddamned office out in one sweep..."

On the day Biddle transmitted his final protest to Roosevelt, Stimson convened a meeting with War Department aides to plan a Presidential order enabling a mass evacuation under Army supervision. Gullion was sent off to draft it.

That evening, McCloy, Gullion and Bendetsen went to Biddle's house, and Gullion read his draft aloud to the Attorney General. The order was to be sweeping and open-ended. Basing the President's

right as Commander in Chief to issue it on a war powers act that dated back to the First World War, it authorized "the Secretary of War, and the military commanders whom he may from time to time designate ... to prescribe military areas ... from which any or all persons may be excluded, and with respect to which, the right of any person to enter, remain in, or leave shall be subject to whatever restriction the Secretary of War or the appropriate military commander may impose in his discretion."

On Feb. 19, 1942, Roosevelt set his signature to Executive Order No. 9066, "Authorizing the Secretary of War to Prescribe Military Areas."

The next day, Secretary Stimson formally appointed DeWitt "the military commander to carry out the duties and responsibilities" under Executive Order 9066. He specified that DeWitt should not bother to remove persons of Italian descent. There was widespread affection for Italian-Americans. The Mayor of San Francisco was one, and the baseball stars Joe and Dom DiMaggio, whose parents were aliens, were among the most popular idols in the country. "I don't care so much about the Italians," Biddle later quoted Roosevelt as having said in his cavalier way. "They are a lot of opera singers..."

Stimson took a slightly harder line on German aliens, though he never authorized evacuating German-Americans. Instructions to DeWitt were that German aliens who were "bona fide refugees" should be given "special consideration." In any case, the F.B.I. had long since taken into custody German aliens who had been marked as potentially subversive.

As to ethnic Japanese, the message was clear. Classes 1 and 2 of those who were to be moved out were "Japanese Aliens" and "American Citizens of Japanese Lineage." A sharp racist line had been drawn.

Congress had set up a Select Committee to investigate the need for what it euphemistically called "National Defense Migration." Testifying in San Francisco on Feb. 21, Earl Warren, then Attorney General of California,

echoed DeWitt's amazing "proof" of trouble to come. "Unfortunately (many) are of the opinion that because we have had no sabotage and no fifth column activities in this State ... that none have been planned for us," Warren said. "But I take the view that this is the most ominous sign in our whole situation. It convinces me more than perhaps any other factor that the sabotage we are to get, the fifth column activities we are to get, are timed just like Pearl Harbor was timed and just like the invasion of France, and of Denmark, and of Norway, and all of those other countries."

Two evenings later, almost as if designed to make irrational fears like these seem plausible, a Japanese submarine, the I-17, having recently returned to the coastal waters, fired about 25 five-and-a-half-inch shells at some oil storage tanks on an otherwise empty hillside west of Santa Barbara. There were no casualties. But was this a prelude to an invasion?

The next night, the Army detected nonexistent enemy airplanes over Los Angeles, and at 2:25 A.M., an anti-aircraft battery opened fire. Other gun crews, hearing the explosions, began firing, and within a couple of hours, 1,430 three-inch shells had gone off above the city. Their fragments rained down, causing a fair amount of damage to automobiles. It took quite a while before this happening could be given the joking title it came finally to bear: "The Battle of Los Angeles." At the time, it reinforced the public's panic.

On Feb. 27, the Cabinet in Washington met to discuss how the evacuations should be carried out. Bendetsen had been arguing that the Army should not bear the burden of administering the removals because, as he said in a phone call to the State Department, the Army's job was "to kill Japanese, not to save Japanese." And indeed, the Cabinet did decide that day that the "resettlement" should be handled by a new civilian agency, which would eventually be called the War Relocation Authority. Milton S. Eisenhower, an official of the Department of Agriculture, brother of the popular general who would one day be elected President, was put in

charge of it. The Army would round up the evacuees and move them to temporary collection centers, and then the civilian W.R.A. would settle and hold them for the duration of the war in permanent camps.

On March 2, Dewitt established as Military Area No. 1 — the field of hottest imaginary danger — the entire western halves of Washington, Oregon and California, and the southern half of Arizona. Presumably somewhat cooler was Military Area No. 2, comprising the remainder of the four states.

DeWitt did not yet, however, issue any orders for actual removals, because in Washington, Gullion had realized that there was no law on the books that made a civilian's disobedience of a military command a crime, so there was no way for DeWitt to force anyone to move. Gullion's office therefore went to work drawing up a statute — something absolutely new in American legal history — that would invent such a crime. DeWitt urged that imprisonment be mandatory, and that the crime be classified as a felony because, he argued, "you have greater liberty to enforce a felony than you have to enforce a misdemeanor, viz. You can shoot a man to prevent the commission of a felony."

On March 9, Stimson submitted to Congress the proposed legislation, which would subject any civilian who flouted a military order in a military area to a year in jail and a fine of \$5,000. Only one person in either House rose in debate to challenge the measure: the archconservative Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, who would be known in later years as "Mr. Republican." This bill, he said, was "the 'sloppiest' criminal law I have ever read or seen anywhere."

When it came to a vote, not a single member of either House voted against the bill, which was signed into law by Roosevelt on March 21. The way was cleared. On March 31, 1942, with the posting of Civilian Exclusion Orders, the cruel capture of the ethnic Japanese was set in motion.

**B**Y EARLY 1943, McCloy and others in the War Department and Army had clearly seen that "military necessity" could no longer, by the wildest imagining, justify keeping loyal American citizens of Japanese ancestry — or loyal aliens — away from the West Coast in "pens." DeWitt was horrified, but the War Department had had enough of his obsessive fears and complaints. He was relieved of his Western Defense Command that fall.

In the spring of 1944, the War Department finally urged the President to dissolve the camps. Others, however, urged caution. "The question appears to be largely a political one," wrote Under Secretary of State Edward Stettinius Jr., in a memo to the President. Roosevelt would be running for a fourth term in November. The evacuees would have to wait.

At the first Cabinet meeting after Roosevelt's re-election, it was decided that all evacuees who passed loyalty reviews could, at last, go home.

They went home to a bitter freedom. It took more than a year to empty all the camps. Given train fare and \$25, the evacuees returned to the coast, many to learn that their goods had been stolen or sold; their land had been seized for unpaid taxes; strangers had taken possession of their homes. Jobs were plentiful, but not for the returning detainees, who met with notices: "No Japs Wanted." Housing was hard to find; whole families moved into single rooms.

One man, who had a brother still overseas with the 442d Regimental Combat Team, would testify that his mother "finally had enough money for a down payment on a house. We purchased the house in 1946 and tried to move in, only to find two Caucasian men sitting on the front steps with a court injunction prohibiting us from moving in because of a restrictive covenant. If we moved in, we would be subject to a \$1,000 fine and/or one year in the County Jail."

One ordeal had ended; another had begun. ■

After the war,  
the internees  
returned to  
a bitter peace;  
they were  
greeted with  
the notices: 'No  
Japs Wanted.'



## Racial Motivations Behind 1942 Actions

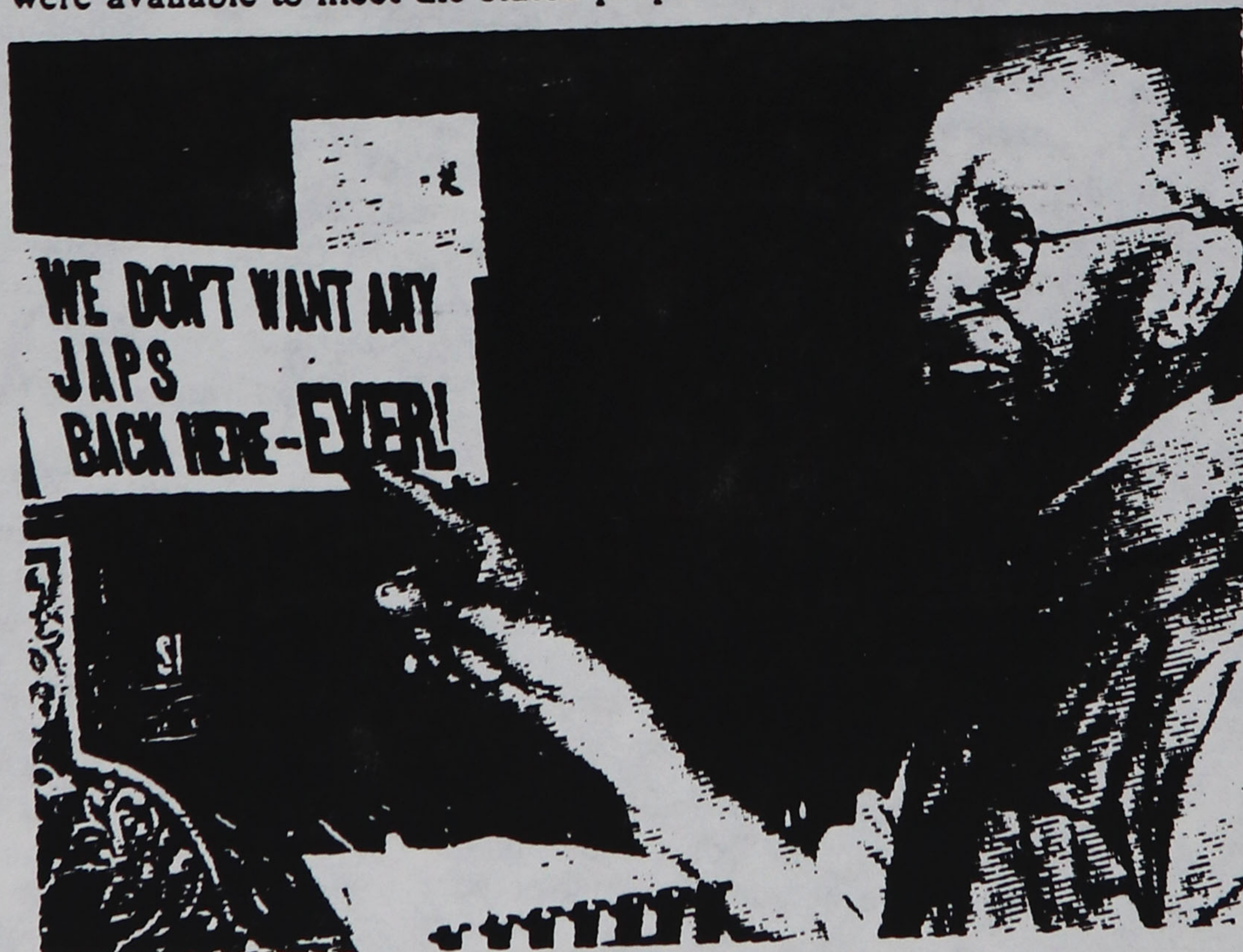
The 1942 orders and actions detaining and incarcerating 110,000 Japanese Americans were found to be *lawful* by the U.S. Supreme Court. The Court upheld each of these racially discriminatory invasions of individual rights in the *Hirabayashi*, *Korematsu* and *Endo* cases.

The 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution guarantees equal protection under the law. Where the government may inflict differential treatment on persons based on their race, it must prove that 1) such treatment is necessary to meet a compelling governmental interest and 2) there are no alternative means in meeting the interest that are less severe.

BAAR contends that these governmental actions violate the 5th Amendment and therefore constituted an illegal racial discrimination. BAAR believes that:

1) Japanese Americans were incarcerated without notice or an opportunity to be heard while enemy alien Germans and Italians were not incarcerated as a race and were given individual hearings if suspected of any enemy activity. Government and military leaders clearly stated their intent to discriminate against Japanese Americans as Lt. Gen. DeWitt explicitly stated, ". . . a Jap's a Jap. They are a dangerous element, whether loyal or not. . . you need'nt worry about Italians at all except in individual cases. But we must worry about the Japanese all the time until he is wiped off the map."

2) The government failed to produce evidence of potential espionage or sabotage in justifying "military necessity" as a compelling state interest. Less restrictive measures such as hearings, interviews and loyalty oaths were available to meet the stated purpose.



## Other Rights Violated



Government actions also violated certain rights guaranteed under the Bill of Rights.

- Japanese Americans were penalized for exercising their freedom of speech and freedom of religion by being subject to harsher punishment for involvement in community activities and opposing the expulsion.
- Freedom of association was totally denied Japanese Americans.
- In addition to First Amendment rights, the 4th Amendment Right to be secure in one's person, houses, persons and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures was also violated. No warrants were obtained to legally detain and search Japanese Americans and no probable cause existed for such searches and seizures.
- The Fifth Amendment requirement of indictment by Grand Jury was also not satisfied.
- The Sixth Amendment rights to speedy and public trial, right to jury, right to counsel, right to be confronted with witnesses in opposition and right to secure witnesses in support of Japanese Americans were also violated.
- The Eighth Amendment proscription against cruel and unusual punishment was also violated.

Several other rights, not specifically mentioned in the Constitution, but deriving their life from the Court's interpretation of the Constitution, were also violated. These include the right to personal privacy, the right to travel

## Fifth Amendment Violated

The Fifth Amendment guarantees that no individual shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. A fair decision-making process is required before the government may take action impairing a person's life, liberty or property.

The fundamental requirements are that individuals be given meaningful notice and an opportunity to be heard. Yet, neither of these procedural guarantees were afforded Japanese Americans.

Secondly, the clause protects individual freedom of action. Ensuring this protection requires the Court to review the underlying factual bases for the governmental action to see whether a compelling governmental purpose exists with no less restrictive alternative. The court *erroneously* accepted the government's justification of military necessity without inquiring into the factual basis of its claim.

Prior to the the expulsion of Japanese Americans, evidence showed that:

- The government had compiled information identifying enemy aliens suspected of disloyalty, concluding that Japanese Americans posed no threat, and showing that a wholesale round-up was unnecessary.
- No concrete evidence of sabotage or impending sabotage was produced, even though the government had conducted searches and seizures before the expulsion.
- The expulsion could not be justified as an emergency measure, because the process took almost 11 months before completion and the government believed that the Japanese could not attack the West Coast even before the expulsion was completed. The justification for the exclusion applied with even greater force to the Japanese in Hawaii, but the government did not see that such action was necessary in Hawaii.
- The Court in *Korematsu* based its holding on statements without factual justification. In order to justify its actions, the government stated that instruments of espionage were found, signal lights were being sent by Japanese Americans, radio transmissions were being intercepted by Japanese Americans, nationalist propaganda was being spread by Japanese language schools and fascistic or militaristic organizations, connecting Japanese Americans with the Japanese government.

All of the above assumptions have been found to be baseless. In addition, the government was concerned about Japanese American occupation in areas near lines of communication, powerlines and utility lines; the dual citizenship system of the Japanese, the lack of assimilation of the Japanese, education of Kibei in Japan, and the results of the loyalty oath taken in camp. None of the assumptions provide substantive evidence of disloyalty. The government clearly had alternatives available to them to meet their purposes, including individual hearings, which were provided to all other enemy aliens.

## How Internment May Have Led to Improved Rights

**D**URING President Bush's visit to Japan, it is possible that we as Americans can reflect on many aspects of our relationship with the Japanese — including restrictions placed on Japanese Americans after Pearl Harbor.

A lot has been written, criticizing the unlawful arrest of innocent people, but little, if anything, has been written about how this regrettable chapter in history actually may have strengthened our legal rights.

I am thinking about Earl Warren and his evolution from being a tough law-and-order politician to a compassionate U.S. Supreme Court chief justice. Warren, one of the staunchest proponents of the Japanese internment, ended up an ardent advocate of a defendant's rights during an arrest.

Was his evolution the natural consequence of a self-examination of his position on the internment? We can never know for sure. But if you subscribe to the notion that recognition of one's past mistakes becomes the foundation for future good deeds, then Warren's insight into his own actions may have paved the way for the creation of a more viable privacy interest for all of us.

Warren had earned a reputation as a tough prosecutor in Alameda County in the 1930s before being elected attorney general. To some, his prosecutorial zeal bordered on ruthlessness. His prosecution of the "Point Lobos" murder case resulted in allegations of a frame-up and the use of illegally obtained electronic evidence.

When Warren ran successfully for governor in 1942, he defeated incumbent Culbert Olson. In 1952, the Gallop Poll had Warren beating Harry Truman 52 to 29 percent, but Warren never won the nomination, running a distant second to Dwight Eisenhower at the GOP conven-

tion grew that Warren would be Ike's running mate, another prominent Californian emerged, Richard Nixon, then the state's junior U.S. senator.

Up until the day he was appointed chief justice, Warren's career was based on shrewd political expediency, which arguably influenced his decision to favor the Japanese internment. From a legal point of view, the internment was unconscionable, since race alone determined incarceration. Politically, however, it was smart.

Warren rarely spoke about the internment while sitting as chief justice, but when he did, the remorse was unmistakable. "I have since deeply regretted the removal order and my own testimony advocating it," he was quoted as saying, "because it was not in keeping with our American concept of freedom and the rights of citizens ... It was wrong to react so impulsively, without positive evidence of disloyalty, even though we felt we had a good motive in the security of our state."

Columnist Anthony Lewis has concluded that the Warren Court was "an instrument of national moral values." He stood at the front of the court during that inexplicable era known as "The Sixties," when traditional values and precepts were shaken. "If the Court has changed," Lewis said, "it is because we have changed."

As chief justice, Warren established an indelible mark on the way law enforcement procedures are carried out. Criminal defendants' rights found expression to a degree surpassing that of any other court.

Indeed, the rights of the accused took on a deeper meaning before Warren's Court.

---

*John Wacowicz is an attorney who writes about privacy issues. He lives in*

# Cherry Tree Planting to Complete Walerga Park

By THELMA BURNSIDE

SACRAMENTO — There will be a ceremony at Walerga Park, Palm and College Oak dr., Saturday, March 10, 2 p.m., to celebrate the planting of 26 flowering cherry trees to complete the Commemorative Area of the Park. Pioneer Garden Club will serve refreshments.

This area was known as Walerga/Camp Kohler in 1942 during World War II and served as a temporary center where 4,739 local aliens and Americans of Japanese descent were forced to live until they were later sent to Tule Lake Internment Camp in California.

The area contained a building foundation from a structure dating back to Camp Walerga and a very large Oak tree.

Approval of a housing development included a provision for a historical survey and parksite. The park was to be developed with the cooperation of interested Japanese American citizens and groups to commemorate its historic use.

A "Day of Remembrance" on Monday, Feb. 19, was proclaimed by then Governor Brown to make certain a citizens evacuation shall never again occur. It was on this day in 1976, President Ford rescinded Executive Order 9066, which had ordered the evacuation.

On February 19, 1979, a "Day of Remembrance" was held at the barren site of the camp and future Walerga Park. Many of the Japanese Americans who attended had been evacuees detained at Walerga Camp; they remembered the old Oak tree.

Before any construction of the Park commenced, Sunrise Recreation and Park District held many meetings starting in 1979, for the purpose of getting input and cooperation from neighbors, clubs, etc., as funding for the park would depend a lot on donations.

Meetings were attended by members of Pioneer Garden Club, JAACL (Japanese American Citizens League), VFW Nisei Post 8985, Lions Club, Sacramento County Park and Recreation, Assemblyman Mori, Foothill Farms Improvement Assn., and Imai Wang Associates.

Roy Imai, landscape architect, donated the company's services

to the project to include a historic Commemorative Area. All publicity and donation requests were handled by Pioneer Garden Club. The first donor was John North, age 95, who had been director of Camp Walerga in 1945.

Over the years as finances permitted, the Commemorative Area grew according to the plan. On February 19, 1987, another "Day of Remembrance" was celebrated in the beautiful fan-shaped patio shaded by a Japanese-styled structure.

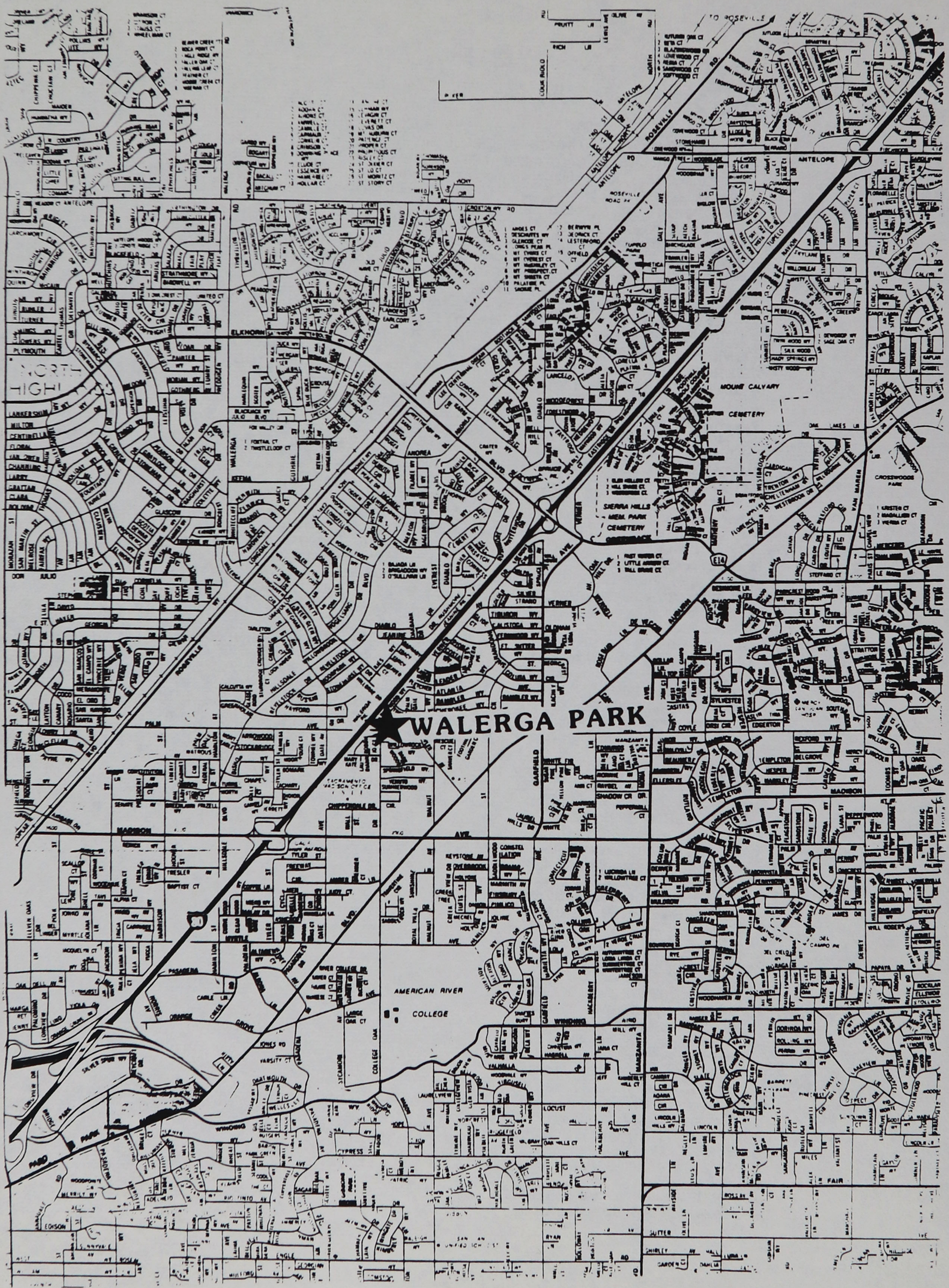
A plaque "Lest We Forget" purchased by donations was mounted on a large boulder donated by George Yamasaki, was placed facing the patio.

In 1989 Pioneer Garden Club wrote letters to all concerned regarding bringing the Commemorative Area to completion by planting the cherry trees as planned.

After many more meetings, the Flowering Cherry Tree Grove is finally a reality. Twenty-six trees of three varieties, early, midseason, and late, planted in clusters will ensure blooms throughout the season.

The Japanese community financed the purchase of the trees, other donors included Nisei Post 8985, Pioneer Garden Club, Foothill Farms Garden Club, and other individuals.

This neighborhood Park is an asset, a restful spot of beauty, a play area for children, and forever a memorial to a loyal and patriotic group of Japanese Americans who were detained there.



# WALERGA PARK

AMERICAN RIVER  
COLLEGE

NORTH HIGH

10

## **TULE LAKE AT FIFTY YEARS**

**THE FIFTY YEARS SINCE PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S EXECUTIVE ORDER NUMBER 9066 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 19, 1942, WHICH LED TO THE INTERNMENT OF 120,000 JAPANESE AMERICAN, HAS SPEED BY SWIFTLY, THE CHANGING TIMES FROM RACIAL DISCRIMINATION TO A MORE NORMAL LIFE OF LEISURE ENJOYED BY OUR POSTERITY.**

**WE, THE JAPANESE AMERICAN WERE SINGLED- OUT FOR AN UNUSAL TREATMENT ON A RACIALLY DISCRIMINATING BASIS BY BEING DETAINED.**

**THE CONSTITUTION WHICH WE STUDIED IN OUR CIVIC CLASS STATED: ... NO PERSON SHALL BE ... DEPRIVED OF LIFE, LIBERTY, OR PROPERTY WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW ...**

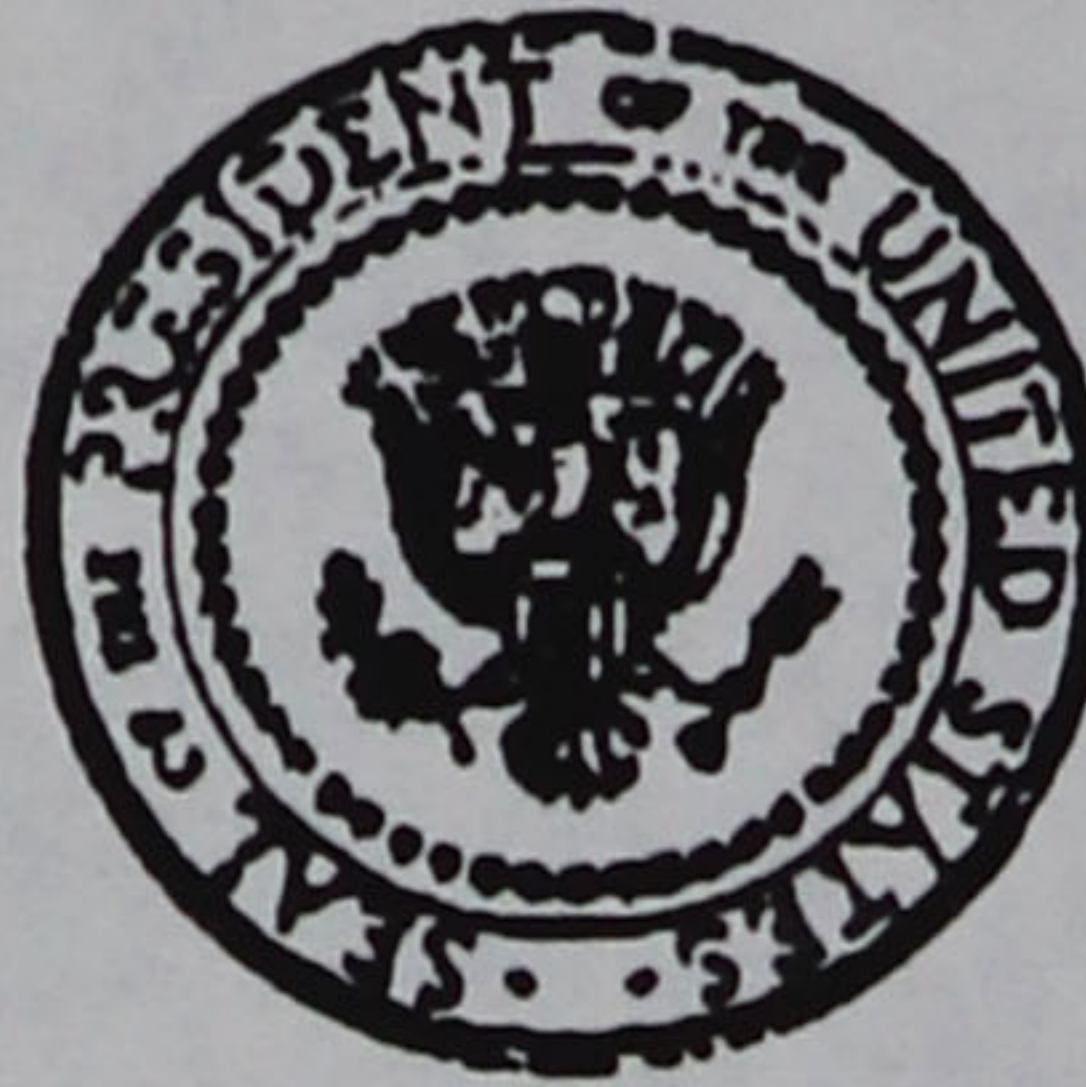
**NOW WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME AND THE BETTERMENT OF OUR STATUS IN LIFE, WE CAN LOOK BACK AND HOLD OUR HEADS UP HIGH WITH PRIDE AND THANK OUR COLLEGUES , PRESENT HERE TODAY, FOR JOURNEYING THE PERILOUS PERIOD AND STILL TO HAVE SURVIVED AND RETAINED THE DIGINTY WITHOUT INVIDIOUSNESS.**

**WHILE MOST OF US ARE IN THE MID-FIFTIES TO MID-SEVENTIES, THE YOUNGEST OF OUR GENERATION IS NOW IN THEIR EARLY FIFTIES AND SADLY SOME HAVE NOW PASSED ON, BUT THE GLUE THAT HELD OUR GENERATION TOGETHER WAS THE "CAMP EXPERIENCE"**

**TULE LAKE AND ALL ITS EXPERIENCE, BOTH TRAGIC AND JOYFUL, HAS MEANT A PERIOD IN OUR LIFE WHICH WE CONSTANTLY REFLECT . . . "WHAT IF IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED".**

**THE CENTRAL QUESTION FOR JAPANESE AMERICAN IN THE POST TULE LAKE AT FIFTY ERA - A DIVERSE AMERICA, WHOSE CULTURE ARE RAPIDLY FUSING WITH THE CULTURE OF THE REST OF THE GLOBE - IS WHETHER IT IS POSSIBLE TO RETAIN OUR IDENTITY, AND OUR MUTUAL RESPONSIBILITY WITHOUT CREATING OUR OWN STEREOTYPE BASHING.**

**THE PLANS, DATA AND PHOTOGRAPHS ARE YOUR ROAD MAP TO REMIND THE FUTURE GENERATIONS OF OUR JOURNEY THAT TOOK PLACE TO A PLACE CALLED "TULE LAKE".**



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

A monetary sum and words alone cannot restore lost years or erase painful memories; neither can they fully convey our Nation's resolve to rectify injustice and to uphold the rights of individuals. We can never fully right the wrongs of the past. But we can take a clear stand for justice and recognize that serious injustices were done to Japanese Americans during World War II.

In enacting a law calling for restitution and offering a sincere apology, your fellow Americans have, in a very real sense, renewed their traditional commitment to the ideals of freedom, equality, and justice. You and your family have our best wishes for the future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "G. H. W. Bush".

GEORGE BUSH  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

OCTOBER 1990





**PROJECT AREA:**

CAMP SITE: 1,286 ACRES  
FARM AREA: 4,047  
LEASED: 355

---

TOTAL 5,688 ACRES

ELEVATION ABOVE SEA LEVEL : 4,036 FEET

GEOMORPHIC UNIT: MODOC PLATEAU

TEMPERATURES ( EXTREMES ): DURING 1942 - 1945

WINTER : 29 degrees F BELOW  
SUMMER: 101 degrees F

GROWING SEASON JUNE- AUGUST - 75 DAYS (FOR AMERICAN FARMERS)  
The Japanese farmers at Tule Lake, mostly from northern California, were extremely knowledgeable in farming techniques. By applying their skills, Japanese farmers were able to lengthen the growing season from March to October. No wonder the American farmers ( Farm Bureau) wanted them excluded from the West Coast.

**POLITICAL JURISDICTION:**

SITE: KLAMATH RECLAMATION DISTRICT  
COUNTY SEAT: ALTURAS, CA. 68 MILES SOUTHEAST (FOR RATION CARDS)  
POSTAL ADDRESS: NEWELL, CALIFORNIA  
NEAREST LARGE CITY: KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON, 32 MILES NORTHWEST.  
POPULATION 16,000 - 1944

**SITE UTILITIES:**

DOMESTIC WATER: 7 DEEP WELLS (150 - 450 FEET) WITH 3 STORAGE TANKS  
WITH 2,500,000 GALLONS CAPACITY. AVERAGE DAILY USE 1,500,000 GAL.

SEWAGE SYSTEM: TWO TREATMENT PLANTS WITH SEPARATE LEACHING  
FIELDS.

ELECTRICITY: CALIFORNIA - OREGON POWER CO. 4,000 KVA SUBSTATION  
WITH 60 KV TRANSMISSION LINES.

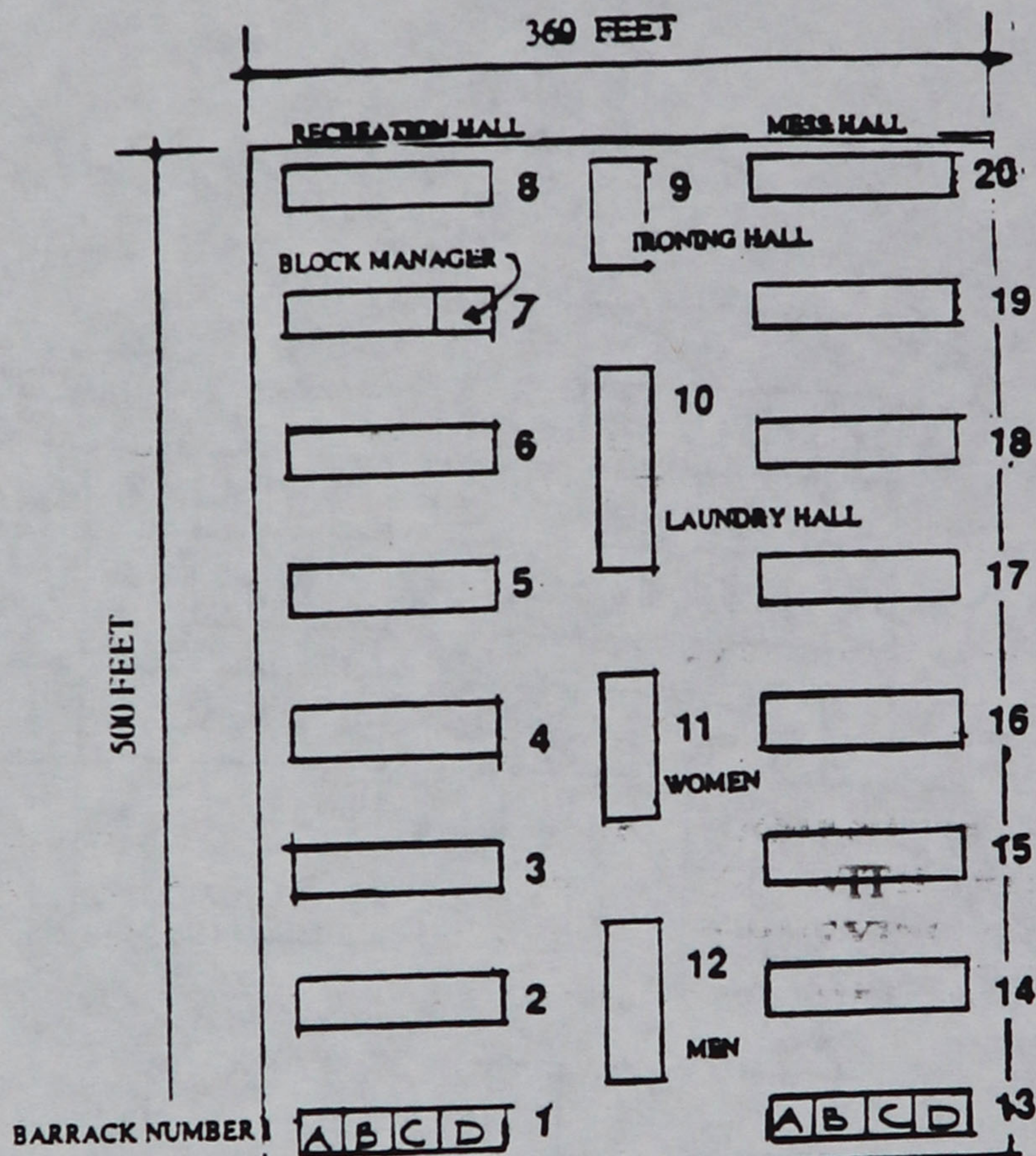
HEATING: COAL 52,000 TONS PER YEAR  
KEROSENE AND OIL ( FOR PARTIAL COOKING) 340,000 GALLONS PER YEAR.  
COOKING WAS DONE MAINLY BY COAL.

**NUMBER OF BUILDINGS:**

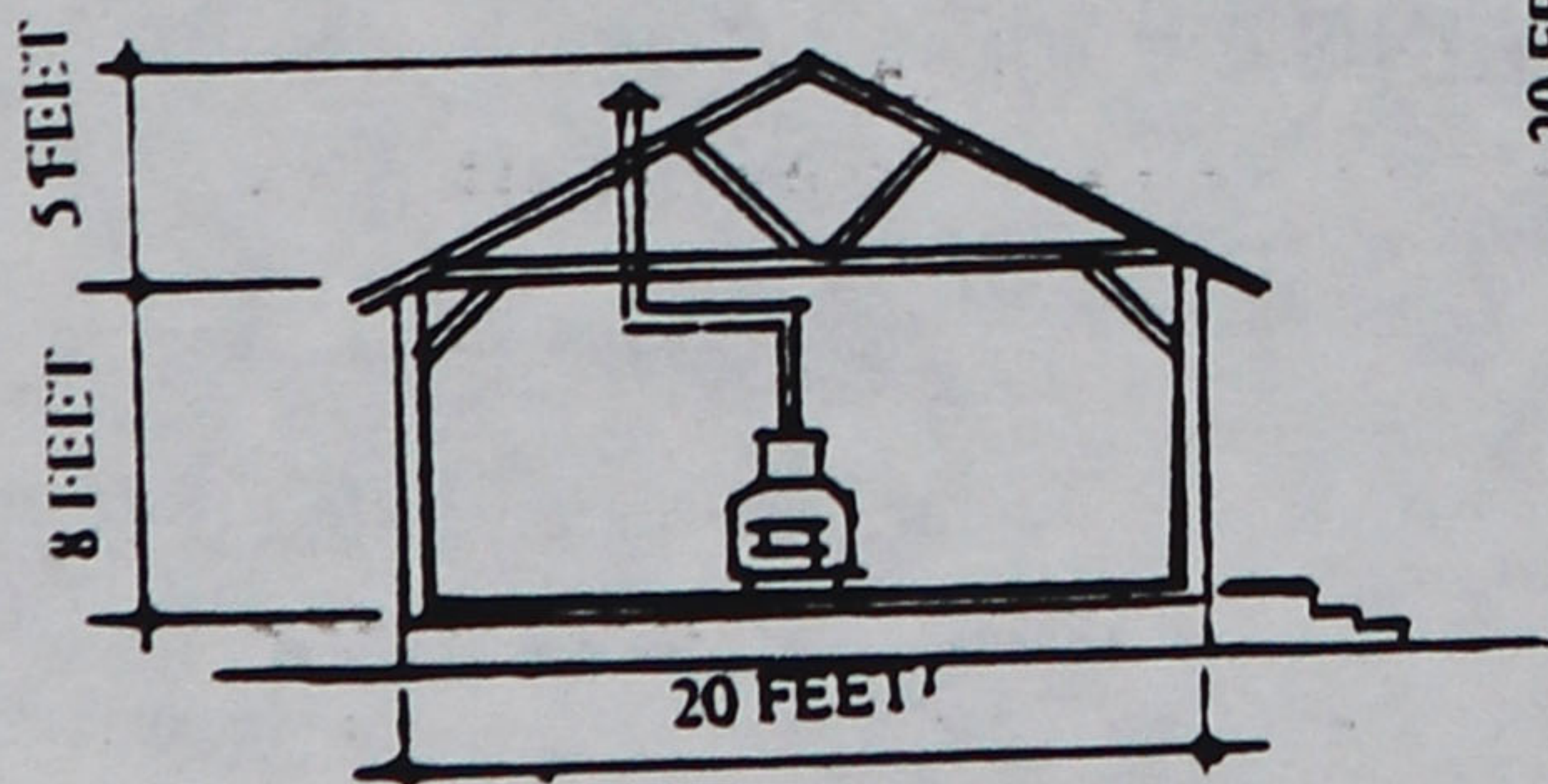
CAMP SITE: 1,469 BUILDINGS 2,851,000 SQUARE FEET  
FARM: 306

---

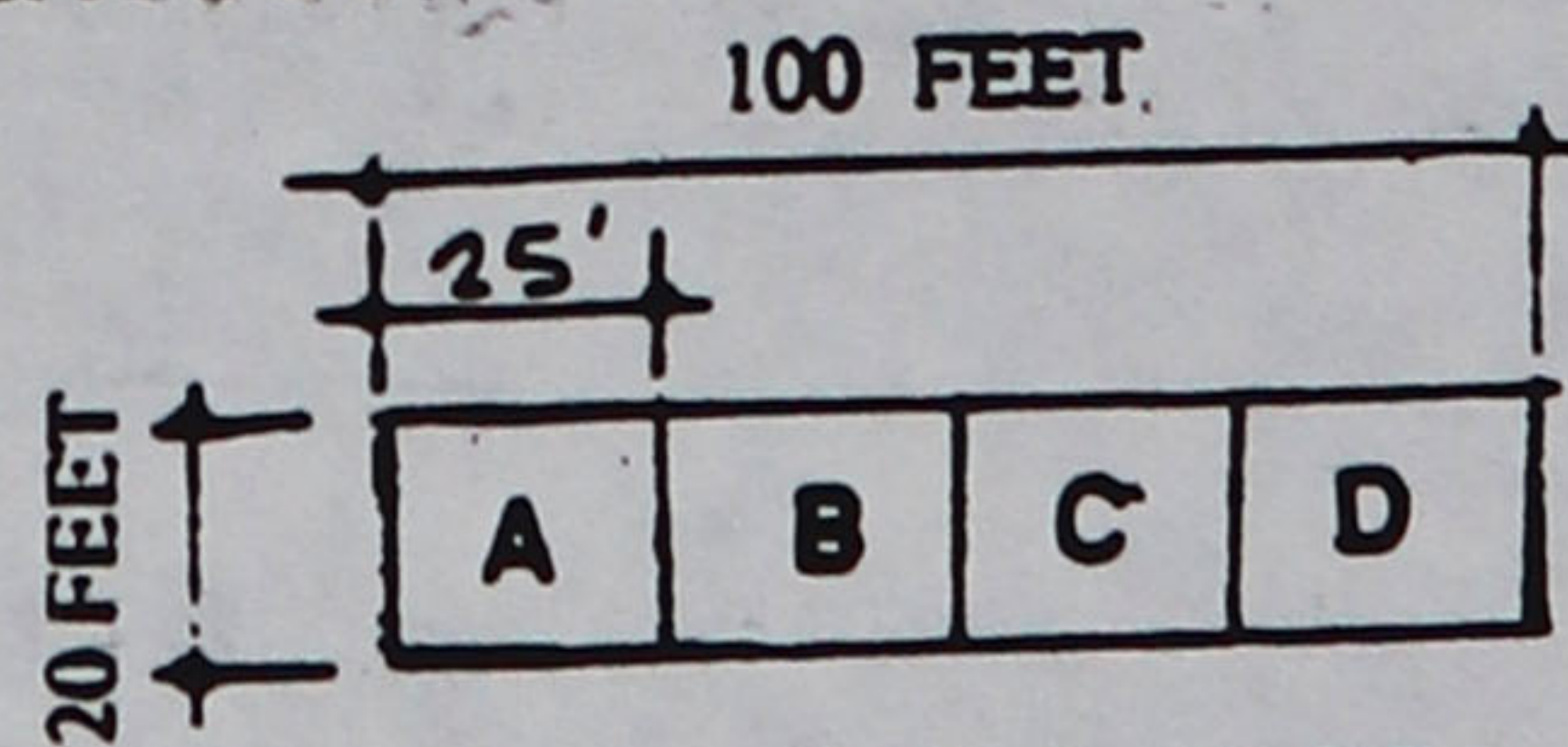
TOTAL 1,775 BUILDINGS



TYPICAL-BLOCK LAYOUT  
NO SCALE



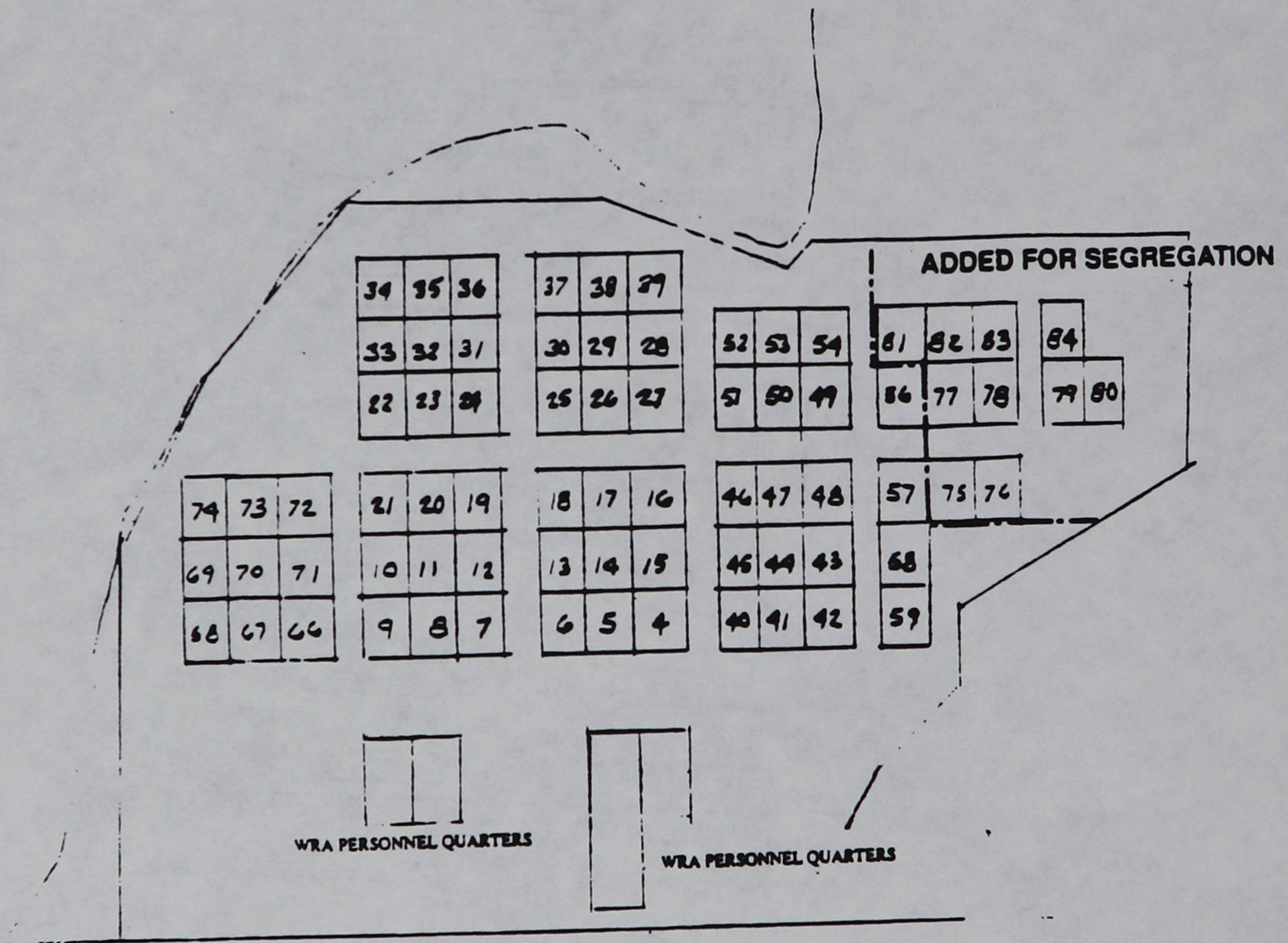
SECTION THROUGH BARRACK  
NO SCALE



APARTMENT LAYOUT  
NO SCALE

- CONTENT ISSUED:
- 1 SLEEPING COT - EACH PERSON
  - 2 BLANKETS - EACH PERSON
  - 1 STOVE (COAL BURNING)
  - 1 MOP
  - 1 BROOM

APARTMENT  
SIZE 20 FT. X 25 FT. = 500 SQUARE FEET  
TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION (THEATER OF OPERATION):  
2 X 4 STUD WALL WITH 1" X 10" SHEATHING, WITH  
BUILDING PAPER ON EXTERIOR WALL AND ROOFING  
INTERIOR 1/2" GYPSUM BOARD WITH NO INSULATION  
IN WALL OR ROOFING.



### NUMBERING OF BLOCKS

NO SCALE

## Poem Written by Kashiwagi Read at Tule Lake Pilgrimage

The 1991 Tule Lake Pilgrimage which is scheduled for the weekend of Sept. 27-30 is the first since the Redress and Reparations Victory and comes just before the 50th anniversary of the signing of Executive Order 9066.

The Pilgrimage will kickoff a series of events and reunions that will take place in the Japanese American community to commemorate the camp experience and to remind the country that such injustices should never occur again.

The 1991 Tule Lake Pilgrimage is the seventh one and the first

since 1984 and will provide participants with a unique opportunity to learn firsthand about the camp experience from former Tule Lake internees, through a tour of the Tule Lake campsite and through a photo and artifact exhibit compiled by the National Japanese American Historical Society.

This year's Pilgrimage will continue this important legacy through the theme, "Our Journey Continues ..."

Following is a poem written by Hiroshi Kashiwagi during one of the past Tule Lake Pilgrimages. He will be reading it at the 1991 Tule Lake Pilgrimage:

### *A Meeting at Tulelake*

*The busride to Tulelake  
in the night over dark highways  
rain through the flatlands  
and snow beyond Weed  
up, up to the roof of California  
was a movement back in time  
back to the years 1943, 44, & 45  
When I was 19, 20, & 21.  
Being among you  
sensing your youthfulness  
hearing your strong voices  
I search for reasons why  
I came after 30 some years.  
Tulelake, Tulelake — that  
was a name I dared not mention  
spoken verily, always with  
hesitation, never voluntarily.  
But you have made it  
a common name again  
of a small sleepy town  
that it was  
before we came here  
before we were confined here  
before it became Tulelake Reloca-  
tion Center  
before it became Tulelake Segre-  
gation Center  
for disloyal Japanese Americans.  
Yes, it's right that we're here  
to see first hand where  
18,000 of us lived  
for three years or more  
to see again  
the barbed wire fence,  
the guard towers, the MPs  
the machine guns, bayonets  
and tanks, the barracks,  
the messhalls, the shower rooms  
and latrines.  
Yes, it's right to feel  
the bitter cold  
of the severe winters  
the warmth of the pot-bellied  
stoves  
and the dust storms  
how can we forget  
the sand biting into your skin  
filling your eyes and nose and  
mouth*

*and ears, graying your hair  
in an instant.*

*Yes, it's right to recall  
the directives  
of the War Relocation Authority  
their threats and lies  
the meetings, the strikes  
the resistance, arrests  
stockades, violence, attacks  
murder, derangement  
pain, grief, separation  
departure, informers  
recriminations, disagreements  
loyalty, disloyalty  
yes yes, no no, no yes  
Issei, Nisei, Kibei.*

*These are words now  
but they were lived here.  
There were deaths and births  
and lovemaking in the firebreak  
with the warden's flashlight  
shining on you.  
Yes, and movies, socials, dances  
sports, card games  
and religion.  
Sewing classes, flower  
arrangement, doll making, wood  
carving*

*bantry behind barbed wires.  
Recreation was big  
it was encouraged.*

*"Keep 'em busy  
keep 'em occupied  
keep 'em sane,  
for heaven's sake!"*

*But a Chronicle reporter  
observed; "There are  
18,000 mental patients living  
in confinement at Tulelake."  
So it is right that we are here  
it is right that I remember  
and tell it.*

*I wish I could share  
the feeling I have now  
with the Issei and Nisei  
they who lived here  
they who do not speak of it  
who pass it off  
as a good time experience,  
whatever we did here  
the commitments we made  
loyal or disloyal  
compliance or resistance  
yes or no  
it was right!*

*Because the young people  
make it so  
because they seek the history  
from those of us who lived it.  
So we must remember  
and tell it.*

*We must acknowledge it  
and tell it.*

*So we are here  
the Abalone Mountain  
the Castle Rock  
the dry lake bed  
where tulips still grow.  
But the barracks  
where are the barracks?  
And where Apt. 40 05 D?  
home once long ago  
sold? demolished? gone.*

*Little remains  
except what's trapped  
in our heads  
far back somewhere.  
I'm glad I made this trip.  
Somehow I feel  
a meeting of youths  
your youth, your energy  
your enthusiasm, your  
sense of justice  
with the youth that I was  
idealistic, intense, angry.  
It's a happy meeting  
it is even better  
that I can stand aside  
after 30 odd years  
and see it, this meeting  
to meet, to share, to learn  
to struggle, to continue.  
I sense an immense feeling  
of continuity  
with  
you — all of you.  
Yes, it's right, it's right  
and I'm glad I came  
back to Tulelake  
with you.*

*(Written and read at Tulelake,  
California, April 19, 1975)*

# Nisei Experience

By HIROSHI KASHIWAGI

It has been my observation that we nisei are very much alike no matter how different we might think we are. There are so many things that we share in our background.

Recently, I was among nisei who were strangers to me; I did not know them. They were JACLers and probably Christians. They seemed very different and I felt uncomfortable but as I listened to the conversation, I realized that we had many things in common.

First of all, we lived in the same period — we were born before World War II (many of us were even delivered by a midwife). We lived through the depression and spent time in the camps. After the war, we went to work, married, raised a family; now most of us are retired.

We grew up in Japanese American environment — in Nihonmachi or Japanese community. We communicated with our parents in Japanese. Most of us went to Japanese language school where we spent many hours trying to learn a difficult language. Some of us had kendo and judo training. Of course, there were basketball and baseball too. Even sumo was a common experience; some issei were real fanatics. Going to see silent Japanese movies with a benshi or narrator was a familiar experience.

But when the people talked about Tenchosetsu — that was the clincher. I remember we had this ceremony observing the birthday of the Emperor in Nihongakko — two issei men dressed in black and wearing white gloves would ceremoniously unveil the photograph of the Emperor and command us to bow deeply and reverently. Then we would sing the Japanese anthem.

Another experience that some of us share is working as a schoolboy or schoolgirl while going to college or even high school. My experience was when I was a senior in high school, I put an ad in the Los Angeles Times and

found a job with a doctor's family. On the first night I overheard the little boy telling his father, "There's a Jap in our house." I felt like some kind of an animal and wondered what I had got myself into. The father must have talked to the boy because I never heard that expression again during the 10 months that I was a schoolboy there.

In the house I had to wear a white shirt and well-starched white duck pants. There was no mistaking who I was. I worked hard for my room and board and \$10 a month, doing housework, child-sitting (there were two boys), and even cooking and serving. Company and parties meant a lot of dishes to wash for which sometimes I got an extra dollar or two.

I learned some simple cooking like baking ham and fixing macaroni. When I came home I tried my cooking on my parents who ate the macaroni without complaints but were strangely noncommittal about it.

It was a lonely life. I went to a lot of movies on my days off. Once I was on a streetcar daydreaming, which was my favorite pastime, and before I knew it the conductor was calling out "End of the line." I panicked and got off somewhere in the outskirts of Los Angeles. After walking for a while I caught a streetcar that brought me back to the city. What was scary was that it was at night, way past curfew.

Many of us remember working long hours in the hot sun picking fruits. Even those who lived in the city went to pick fruits in the summer. It was hard work but excellent training; nothing I did later compared to that work of my youth.

When I was 14 I was a regular fruitpicker working 10 hours a day. I am ambidextrous and I used to pick the plums, peaches and pears with my left hand. I was also skillful handling the ladder. I made sure I was faster than the adult workers and I was often told to take it easy. I think

I was paid 40 cents an hour.

My father had a grocery store and my paycheck helped to appease his creditors. I never saw any of the money I had earned and I never expected to. But I always looked forward to the beginning of school and I was glad when summer was over.

Of course evacuation and the camp experience are part of our make up.

I was in Seattle recently doing a theater workshop and I had a young couple read a scene set in camp about two young lovers torn apart by the loyalty registration. It was a short scene but it triggered a spontaneous discussion that was quite astounding. I realized that those people had not talked about the camps, that they were giving vent to their deep feelings for the first time. Everyone, it seemed, had something to say and it would not stop. As it was getting late, I excused myself and went to bed.

Having lived through the depression, being poor is nothing strange to most of us. I still find it hard to part with my money, especially for non-essentials.

My biggest joy is repairing something and re-using it. Recycling. It's no big deal when someone breaks something in our house; I get to fix it. The challenge is to make it look and work like new again. Most newly-bought things I consider shoddy anyway which is probably unfair but I just happen to like old things. I treasure the old Elgin wristwatch that my late brother-in-law gave me when he bought a fancy new Seiko.

Most of us have been trained and conditioned to practice enryo and gaman. Enryo is reticence or reserve and gaman is to suffer or endure philosophically pain, setbacks, disappointments or even failure.

Once when I was around 12, I fell while playing basketball and skinned my arm quite badly; when the teacher looked at the wound she clucked her tongue and warned me that it would be painful before applying iodine on the open wound. When I didn't flinch, she asked me if I was a Boy Scout which I was not. Of course it hurt like hell but she didn't know I was practicing gaman to the hilt.

Enryo and gaman work better among ourselves — nisei who understand it. In the workaday world one learns quickly that there's no place for such wimpy behavior.

When I was working as a librarian, I had a supervisor with a reputation for intimidating her staff, especially males. I decided she wasn't going to emasculate me as she had done the others. But one day she questioned my attitude and we got into an argument which she of course won. Enryo was already out the window and I was far from thinking about gaman.

There was a dying plant in a pot which she would not discard and which was a constant eyesore to me. Well, I pulled that plant out of the pot and flung it in the wastebasket. This story travelled quickly throughout the main library, up and down the three floors, then went out to all 27 branches in the system. After that the woman and I were civil, even respectful of each other. But the story of the feisty Asian and his encounter with the Dragon Lady, I have not been able to live down to this day.

## QUOTES AND PROVERBS

"Our ignorance of history makes us libel our own times. People have always been like this." *Gustave Flaubert*

# Tule Lake Pilgrimage

By CHIZU IYAMA

It was a brilliant, clear morning, as we gathered at the Linkville Cemetery, around the gravesite of 11 babies and one adult from the Tule Lake Detention Center. There were 169 who died in this camp during World War II; these were the ones. Especially poignant was a rough, hand carved stone with the words "Our baby — Matsubara baby."

Ceremonies included both Christian and Buddhist services. As Rev. Bruce Nakamura chanted softly, former Tule Lake residents and children laid wreaths of paper folded cranes on the graves. It was a moving and befitting climax to a wonderful weekend of memories, reunion, friendship, healing, sadness, and joy — a deep sense of history.

The Tule Lake Pilgrimage took place from September 27-29, 1991 to commemorate the unconstitutional incarceration of Japanese Americans in concentration camps during World War II. The Pilgrimage was also an educational experience, and renewed our resolve to make sure that no group will ever be deprived of their civil liberties again.

Over 400 people came from all over the United States, including New York and Hawaii. This was the seventh pilgrimage since the camp closed in March 1946 — and the first time there were so many nisei, especially ex-Tule Lake people present. There was such a response to the event, that committee members had to close enrollment.

Some of us who attended previous pilgrimages were sad to note the lack of issei present — a grim reminder of the passing years. But there were over 200 nisei, a large number of sansei and yonsei, a sprinkling of gosei young children, and some Caucasians. Professor Larry Shinagawa of Sonoma State College chartered a bus for his students in Asian American studies.

From the moment the East Bay contingent met at the BART station in Berkeley, we had a sense of "deja-vu" — of people with Japanese faces, with large family name tags dangling from their necks, bringing "only what they could carry," asking questions about parking, when the bus would leave, how long it would take.

But such a difference! Forty-nine years ago we didn't know where we were going, how long we were going to stay, what conditions we would face, what would happen to us after the war. And then, when we got to our

scene of torture and suffering on the part of some internees in the camp. For Tule Lake was not just one of the 10 "relocation" centers set up by the government to incarcerate Japanese Americans during World War II. It was first a center for people from Sacramento and Washington, but it became a "segregation" camp in July, 1943 for those whom the government designated as "disloyal" on the basis of an ill conceived questionnaire. Over 18,000 Nikkei were placed in this desolate area.

The conditions in this camp and the treatment of the inmates were the harshest of any of the centers. This led to strikes, violence, and martial law. A few of the people at the Pilgrimage spoke quietly about them; most were busy meeting old friends, sharing their memories of social activities, and school, and catching up on news of their friends and life after camp.

The National Japanese American Historical Center set up an exhibit of pictures and artifacts which drew a large crowd throughout the day. Amy Punabiki, staff member, felt that "the pictures helped people see what the camp was really like" and stimulated discussion. She stated that "Sansei tried to match the photos with their present view of the site, and asked questions about the camp scenes."

Artifacts included shell art, a fingerprint kit and many camp publications. A photo album by Ivy Downs and quotations from oral interviews with detainees made their experiences come alive. Of special interest was a photo of children at the Tule Lake Japanese School with a request for the names of the students.

The program included a panel presentation of former Tule Lake residents: Yoshinori Butsuda, Mrs. Eva Kodani, Al Nakai, and Mits Koshiyama of Heart Mountain, with Rev. Michael Yoshii as facilitator.

Butsuda read from his diary, which graphically illustrated the tedium of daily life in camp. Koshiyama spoke movingly about the trials and tribulations of young men in the Heart Mountain Center in Wyoming, and their principled stand against joining the U.S. Army, while their civil rights were denied.

This was followed by an inter-generational dialogue in smaller groups, with former internees speaking about their experiences during that wartime period.

stand the chaos, difficulties, and dilemmas facing Japanese Americans in camp.

The day ended with a thoughtful keynote address by Susan Hayashi, emphasizing the need to go forward to ensure justice for all Americans. The program included beautiful songs by Toru Saito, dramatic readings by Hiroshi Kashiwagi and Lance Yokota, an exciting taiko performance by One World Taiko, and a delightful children's chorus.

But it was at the meals, during the bus tour, and at free time, that one heard fascinating stories of camp life. Kay Nakagiri was an engineering student at University of Oregon, who came with the initial group to survey the camp site.

"In the first four weeks we had officer's mess — eggs, bacon, butter, porridge, milk cream — all that good stuff. But that was because the Caucasians were there. After the first Japanese Americans came in we were on 13 cents a day for food — powdered eggs, powdered milk." He spoke of the intense cold, of seeing little issei women trying to pick up large pieces of coal from a pile which had frozen over, how they had to use pickaxes. "It was awful, especially for older people."

Florence Miyashiro talked about how issei made sake in camp. "It was really easy, because all you needed was rice. And in the barracks, the ceilings were all open, so that I learned to live with the smell of brewing sake."

There were a few Caucasians who made the trek. John McElheney was at U.C. Berkeley at the time Japanese Americans were excluded from the West Coast. He became interested in the wartime experiences of Japanese

Americans about six years ago. He spoke of being a member of a 50th reunion committee of Berkeley High, where he suggested that they make copies of the yearbook for the Japanese American students who were sent to camp. Some committee members "didn't want to get involved in a controversial issue"; another felt "they got what they deserved." He felt it was very important to educate the public.

For most of the nisei on the pilgrimage, it was their first and possibly their last visit to Tule Lake. But Toshi Kawamoto who attended with her husband David declared "We were hurt. We struggled in Heart Mountain. But this Pilgrimage helped to heal the wounds." She smiled at the children present. "And next time, I'm going to bring the rest of my family."

The Tule Lake Committee did a wonderful job of organizing the pilgrimage. We'll long remember the stories told here, of the heroism of ordinary people under terrible conditions, of the sharing of laughter and sorrow, and of understanding that the trip to Tule Lake was another stop "on a journey for justice that continues."

Chairperson for the pilgrimage was Tom Izu with a committee of over 100 members who took care of registration, fundraising, logistics, program, oral interviews, workshops, bus monitors, and medical volunteers. In addition, everyone helped with the food, cleanup, and security.

Co-sponsors included the National Coalition for Redress/Reparations, Nihonmachi Outreach Committee, National Japanese American Historical Society, Asian Pacific Islanders Student Union, and the NC-WN-P District JACL.

## Tule Lake Committee Keynote Address . . .

# 1991 Tule Lake Pilgrimage: Our Journey Continues . . .

The following address was delivered by Susan Hayase at the recent Tule Lake Pilgrimage on September 28 at the Modoc County Fairgrounds:

By SUSAN HAYASE

I'm very honored to speak to you this evening on behalf of the Tule Lake Committee and on behalf of the sponsoring organizations.

This year's pilgrimage is very interesting. Compared to all of the other pilgrimages that I have worked on — and I went in '79, '80, '82 and '84 — the response has been phenomenal. An incredible number of people wanted to go this year. I think that this is the first year that we've had to turn anyone away, the first year we've had a waiting list. And we've never had anywhere near the 370 people who are here this weekend.

There's been a feeling of urgency. Maybe it's because it's been so long since the last one. A friend of mine, George Yoshioka, told me, "Susan, some of us are on the last lap, and there's nothing that's going to stop me from going." Why is that? This is the first pilgrimage since the redress victory, the first since Japanese American started receiving redress payments. It's also the year before the 50th anniversary of E.O. 9066, a significant date.

I think that this urgency has to do with why the Tule Lake Pilgrimage has always been a unique, very special event. It's not just any trip, any educational experience, but it's something that I feel very strongly has helped us get to where we are today, post-redress.

In the late 70's/early 80's, Japanese Americans were at a crossroad, we didn't know for sure if we would go after redress. The TLP played a key role in helping us decide. How did it do that? It did what other kinds of events couldn't do: it helped to nurture and develop Japanese American sentiments for redress. It helped to liberate us and built a grassroots movement to empower us to go against the odds.

I don't know if you can remember a time when nobody talked about the camps. The TLP helped former internees deal with a traumatic episode in their lives, to face the past in order to take on the future. This was crucial for without the drive and commitment of former internees, without their willingness to speak out, we couldn't have built the redress movement.

The TLP educated and activated hundreds of young people over the years. Many sansei had never learned of their parents' experiences, were cut off from their people, their history. Without the pilgrimages, the link from second to third generation might have re-

mained broken and silent. The TLPs helped mend that chain and inspired many sansei to spend a decade working for a redress victory.

The TLP united us in a collective experience and feeling. In the aftermath of the concentration camps, for many of us this was a first after years of dispersal and isolation. For many of us, it was the first time we felt that we were part of our people. This was very inspiring and helped us to fortify each other for what was to be a long struggle.

This is what past pilgrimages have meant. What does it mean this year — the first Tule Lake Pilgrimage in seven years?

I think that it's kind of a strange time for many of us. Do you remember the way we felt after the redress bill was signed? After the first payments came? We were excited, almost unbelieving. We were very happy, many felt vindicated.

Yet it was a bittersweet victory, too. For many of us, something that had been clenched inside for years was finally allowed to relax, and with it came tears and grieving, for ourselves, but also for those who had died too soon. We were like a victim of a crime, of rape. After the conviction and punishment of the rapist, we are relieved, but we are not the way we would have been if it had never happened.

It's a strange time. I feel like I've suddenly awakened to find that I'm 35 years old. Where did the last 12 years go since my first pilgrimage? I know many people here tonight who, like me, have spent their entire adult lives working for redress. And there are many who spent a large chunk of their retirement years doing the same. After so many years, it's hard to get used to victory; it's hard to comprehend the impact that all of this has had on us.

It's a strange time. After redress victory, the focus of the Japanese American community is no longer crystal clear. Now that we've won, what is the significance of the camps? Having confronted them, can we now finally allow them to recede into the past?

It is a strange time. But what this means is that we again find ourselves at a crossroads, and it's fitting that we are together again here at Tule Lake.

We're in a different place than 12 years ago. Through our redress victory, we've demanded the right to tell the truth about our story. Our desire to make the truth known has been institutionalized with the formation of Japanese American museums and historical and curriculum projects. That's one thing that's really changed.

Unfortunately, some things haven't changed.

Norman O. Payne of the Vacaville Reporter said in his August

15 column, that redress was undeserved, that classified documents soon to be revealed at Pearl Harbor's 50th anniversary will prove this, that there was a fifth column, that the redress campaign was motivated by Japan's desire to excuse their attack on Pearl Harbor, etc. He basically is saying that all of us are liars, that the events we are commemorating, the people we are remembering, are all a big lie. This was actually published in a newspaper. Maybe not a big paper, maybe not a big deal. But I'm afraid we'll see more of these as we near December 7th and the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

This summer, three Japanese American women were physically attacked in a Red Onion Bar in Orange County, while other customers chanted "speak English!" Later, the management responded that there was no problem. He told the women, "You have no witnesses. Nothing happened."

Just last month, at the Daruma Festival in San Jose, I was sitting in the Tule Lake booth, giving out Pilgrimage brochures, when a young kid, probably high school age, came by, read the brochure, then started asking  
(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from first page) questions. I discussed it with him for awhile, but then, he blurted out "well, I wonder how Americans were treated by Japan!" I threw the brochure back in my face and left. This was appalling to me. This was not some old foggy, but a kid, fresh out of our educational system spewing such ignorance and racism.

And I'm sure that nobody has forgotten the ugly surge in hostility against Arab Americans during the Persian Gulf War, 1942 all over again.

WE ARE at a crossroads today. We fought for redress and we won. We hoped that we wouldn't have to fight anymore, but we can see the writing on the wall. We learned what our legacy really is, and that it means that we have to do something. . . .

We've seen our civil rights attacked and eroded, and the trends in the Supreme Court are very ominous.

The writing is on the wall, and now is not the time for civil rights activists to retire.

The writing is on the wall, and now is not the time to keep a low profile and hope that the bad stuff will pass us by. We know it only festers if left unchecked.

The writing is on the wall, and now is not the time to retreat deep into family life — one version of kodomo no tame ni. If we really want to do it all for the sake of the children, then we can't retreat or what will be left for them when they grow up?

The writing is on the wall, and we're at a crossroads, but if we refer to our experiences, to what is an impressive legacy, we may find we are not so directionless after all. This legacy holds some very pointed lessons.

The first lesson is:

### DO THE RIGHT THING

Japanese Americans have always stood up for what's right, no matter how difficult that stand has been. The Coram Nobis cases, the Heart Mountain draft resisters, countless anonymous acts of conscience — many stories, some of which you've heard this weekend testify to this fact. A decade ago, the call for redress was not universally supported, but our strong desire to do whatever it took to make sure it didn't happen to anyone else won out because redress was the right thing to do.

### WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

I think that Japanese Americans are very organized with many people helping out and anyone who has seen the booths at our festival go up and come down like clockwork will probably agree. Everyone plays a role; everyone's efforts contribute to the whole. From letter writing to lobbying trips to Washington, D.C., we know that it was the thousands of ordinary people working together that helped make redress a reality.

### GAMBARO! NEVER GIVE UP!

Gambaro is a Japanese word that means to struggle, to persevere. We have inherited a legacy of courage, determination, and sacrifice. The redress campaign was fought against tremendous odds — even we didn't know if we would get anywhere — but we didn't stop until we won.

### KEEP OUR EYES ON THE PRIZE

The redress efforts was rooted in a vision of equality and respect for all people. We've tried to stand alongside other Asian Americans, African Americans, Native Americans, Chicanos and Latinos, and others, whether it be for civil rights, educational rights, or other important issues. We've tried to work to build a society where everyone is respected and valued, and where justice and people's needs are the priority.

This is an impressive legacy, and we can, we have to live up to it. This is our responsibility to those who have passed away — our pledge so they won't have struggled and died in vain.

What can we do?

1. Join organizations that are fighting for civil rights, fighting against the backlash.
2. If you already belong to a group, get them to take up these issues.

3. Start writing letters in response to obvious distortions of reality in the media or elsewhere. Don't anyone get away with it.

4. Beware of the hype about Pearl Harbor's 50th anniversary. Look out for an increase in this backlash.

On a final note: We've been through a lot as a people and as individuals. We've worked hard to regain our sense of pride, self-respect, justice, and redress. We've been through a lot and we've worked hard. Don't let anyone take that away.

Thank you.



## AS I WAS SAYING

### I Was There . . .

When they showed those E.O. 9066 photographs at our local art gallery, I went to see them and they brought back a lot of memories. When they made that memorial trip to Tule Lake, I wanted to go, but prior commitments kept me away.

When that television movie, "Farewell to Manzanar," came on my home screen, I watched with anxiety, and altho it did remind me of some parts of my own life as an internee, none of those things in the film actually happened to me. Nor did I even witness any events of those sorts or comparable to them.

You see, I was perhaps one of thousands of Nisei in the age group of 17-18-19, fresh out of high school, or for that matter, my graduating diploma was mailed to me at the assembly center, which was Walerga nearby Sacramento, my hometown. I was perhaps, and undoubtedly, part of the average age of Nisei at that time.

Truthfully, at age 18, the severest aspects of the evacuation didn't really affect me, although I know that it was quite different and difficult to my parents. But I was just another easy-going Nisei, carefree and undisturbed by what was happening to the Japanese people.

Before being evacuated, we used to mingle around the candy store after school. Our talks concerned buying some heavy boots as we might have to work out on the farm, buying tough clothing (levi) to keep out the chill and the dust, and commenting on the long vacation (the war).

We thought we were going on a long bus ride, but it only ended at Walerga Assembly Center just north of Sacramento city limits. Can't seem to remember how long we were there, but I do know that we didn't, repeat did not, encounter any hardships in this transfer.

It was the train trip, a shade down all the way with guards on each end of the cars, that was the monotonous ride to Tule Lake camp. With non scenery to watch, it was the people's faces,

At Tulelake entrance, we all said, "Wow, helluva big camp!" Kurt added, "Lookie, guard towers and the guys got a gun too!" and concluded, "Hey, maybe there's lots of rattle snakes here, maybe we go hunting for them later, huh?" I told him, "No chance, we can't get thru those barbed wires . . ."

Kurt was 19 and so was Nish. The three of us used to group together back Home and it continued in Tulelake. Later, as things settled, two, three, four and twelve others began to mingle with us and in that sort of way, like other groups elsewhere in the five wards designated Tulelake Camp, people began to call us gangs just because we roamed in-groups. Mischievous as we may have been, as teenagers, we really didn't consider ourselves as troublemakers, as people identified us. But in reality we really sought out in a harmless way.

Contrary to published reports of hardships, inconveniences and sufferings in these camps: I found it different. I recall the many messhall dances we used to attend as each block Nisei members used to sponsor, charging 25 cents and furnishing sandwiches and jello for refreshments, with dancing under the PA system and sometimes even Woody Ishibashi's six piece orchestra or Mickey Tanaka's Stardusters.

Our group didn't quite get along too well with the block wardens, meaning they used to accuse us of sneaking into the dances by the window or the back door. One particular warden, a hulking Kibei, was a menace to us, but we were never pinched.

We even went to church on Sundays, especially the evening adult prayer hours, but not to pray. Rather to seek dates for the coming week of messhall dances. I even got a job at canteen No. 1 and manned the veg and fruit department with Frank Hattori and used to give away those Washington delicious to those good looking chicks who worked at the ad building. Tombo & Toru, two Oregonians, ran the pop station across and goodness, I think they drank more of the stuff than selling them.

One of the funniest things to ever happen in Tulelake, if I may say so, was the time this hakujin fella from Newell or Klamath Falls, wherever, came

into camp and displayed his clothing wares and shoes right out in the open firebreak for sale to the internees and in one swoop, some 15,000 of them converged to the site and in five minutes, every stitch of item that was put on sale disappeared. In five minutes. In their place were left the worn out dungarees, levis and battered straw hats.

It was the first time for me that I ever owned a stetson hat, Florsheim shoes and two pairs of name brand slacks. I hung them over the orange crates and went about my business selling fruits.

Today, I feel guilty about that. But in those days, we were given a lump sum of \$3.75 a month for "clothing" allowance and were paid \$16 a month to work in that canteen. My dad worked as a cook at our messhall, and he did manage to bring home a lot of leftovers, but who needs them when they're heavily sprinkled with salt peter?

### At Tule Lake W.R.A. Center

When we first arrived in Tule Lake, I don't know how it started but a feud immediately sprung up. The people from Washington and Oregon were advance segments of evacuees already settled when the vanguard of Californians finally arrived. Possibly a rumor spread campwise among the northwesterners that Californians were considered generally bad people where males wore heavy boots, levis and ducktail haircuts and all sported deep tans.

Contrary, the Californians saw their counterparts as pale-faced, wearing washed courdurois that turned white matched with brown and white saddle shoes. And a square haircut.

It got to a point that many parents would not let their daughters out of their barracks after dark, fearful of the Nisei from California peckups.

One thing led to another and with proper communication between the groups and even thru rightful introductions amongst themselves, the feud, as it turned out, was purely fictional and harmony was restored. Interstate couples became abundant, leading to later marriages.

Would you believe, the camp being like a city in itself, a facsimile of a big Buddhahead town right in a middle of a dried up lake bottom crawling with li-

One enterprising issei cut off a chunk of wall off his barracks and made it resemble a snack shop counter, and the gent was selling home-made noodles. Do not know where he acquired all the ingredients to get into this business, but it's not nice to ask questions in camp.

~~One enterprising issei got~~ into making sake or shochu and was selling them for \$5 a gallon. The gallon we bought from him one day was still green, and three of us were sick for two weeks. It served us right for drinking while still underage.

And in block of Ward Two, there was even a growing gambling house. The warden of the block was smoking a pretty good expensive cigar. Oh well, free enterprise wherever you go. One of the chief worries of a block manager was the quick disappearances of those long chain sink stoppers in the laundry rooms. The thief used them as a key chain which added class to the choker pants and extra long levi jackets, that were the fashion of camp clothing.

The recreation department went to work immediately. They formed slow pitch and fast pitch softball leagues, hard ball leagues, basketball leagues for all ages and boxing matches. We even had dance classes featuring pitterbugging and ballet. We had variety shows and kabuki shows and movies in the mess-halls.

As months went by, restriction rules eased considerably and people were able to hike up to the nearby mountains, go rattlesnake hunting to make belts and wallets, suspenders and to use as pets, and some even made vegetable gardens. And also day by day, many internees were leaving camp upon getting clearance to the east or transfer to another camp. When the eventual time arrived when Tule Lake was designated as the main Segregation Center, over half of the population left to transfer to another inland camp or to migrate eastward to a new life.

Tule Lake immediately was filled up once more with other internees from other camps who chose the segregated life and consequently were transferred there.

For me, it was to be my first separation from my family as I chose to leave, as my parents could not decide what to do and made plans to go to Topaz but were side-tracked by and at the last minute, I decided to go to Granada to join a relative there.

In Amache, in Colorado, the camp was freer, the atmosphere the same, but a terrific feud existed which I thought I got rid of back in Tule Lake. This particular feud existed between the Nisei of Southern California and those of Northern California.

How silly this feud is looked upon today.

In Granada I experienced new happenings and horrendous moments, and eventually I moved to Chicago for three months, then to Denver, where I spent three years before returning to

the west coast.

This, in essence, is my own experience as an internee. I can say that I did enjoy every bit of my time during my confinements and in the state of mind that I was in, at that age, I certainly was every bit one of those care-free, easy-going Nisei.

## AS I WAS SAYING

### I Was There . . .

When they showed those E.O. 9066 photographs at our local art gallery, I went to see them and they brought back a lot of memories. When they made that memorial trip to Tule Lake, I wanted to go, but prior commitments kept me away.

When that television movie, "Farewell to Manzanar," came on my home screen, I watched with anxiety, and altho it did remind me of some parts of my own life as an internee, none of those things in the film actually happened to me. Nor did I even witness any events of those sorts or comparable to them.

You see, I was perhaps one of thousands of Nisei in the age group of 17-18-19, fresh out of high school, or for that matter, my graduating diploma was mailed to me at the assembly center, which was Walerga nearby Sacramento, my hometown. I was perhaps, and undoubtedly, part of the average age of Nisei at that time.

Truthfully, at age 18, the severest aspects of the evacuation didn't really affect me, although I know that it was quite different and difficult to my parents. But I was just another easy-going Nisei, carefree and undisturbed by what was happening to the Japanese people.

Before being evacuated, we used to mingle around the candy store after school. Our talks concerned buying some heavy boots as we might have to work out on the farm, buying tough clothing (levi) to keep out the chill and the dust, and commenting on the long vacation (the war).

We thought we were going on a long bus ride, but it only ended at Walerga Assembly Center just north of Sacramento city limits. Can't seem to remember how long we stayed in Walerga but I do know that we didn't repeat did not, encounter any hardships in this transfer.

It was the train trip, a shade down all the way with guards on each end of the cars, that was the monotonous ride to Tule Lake camp. With non scenery to watch, it was the people's faces, the kids crying and munching on dried up box lunches, and occasional stops to let you step off the train for leg stretching. Big

At Tulelake entrance, we all said, "Wow, helluva big camp!" Kurt added, "Lookie, guard towers and the guys got a gun too!" and concluded, "Hey, maybe there's lots of rattle snakes here, maybe we go hunting for them later, huh?" I told him, "No chance, we can't get thru those barbed wires . . ."

Kurt was 19 and so was Nish. The three of us used to group together back Home and it continued in Tulelake. Later, as things settled, two, three, four and twelve others began to mingle with us and in that sort of way, like other groups elsewhere in the five wards designated Tulelake Camp, people began to call us gangs just because we roamed in-groups. Mischievous as we may have been as teenagers, we really didn't consider ourselves as troublemakers, as people identified us. But in reality we really sought fun in a harmless way.

Contrary to published reports of hardships, inconveniences and sufferings in these camps, I found it different. I recall the many messhall dances we used to attend as each block Nisei members used to sponsor, charging 25 cents and furnishing sandwiches and jello for refreshments with dancing under the PA system and sometimes even Woody Ishibashi's six piece orchestra or Mickey Tanaka's Stardusters.

Our group didn't quite get along too well with the block wardens, meaning they used to accuse us of sneaking into the dances by the window or the back door. One particular warden, a hulking Kibel, was a menace to us, but we were never pinched.

We even went to church on Sundays especially the evening adult prayer hours, but not to pray. Rather to seek dates for the coming week of messhall dances. I even got a job, at canteen No. 1 and manned the veg and fruit department with Frank Hattori and used to give away those Washington delicious to those good looking chicks who worked at the ad building. Tombo & Toru, two Oregonians, ran the pop station across and goodness, I think they drank more of the stuff than selling them.

One of the funniest things to ever happen in Tulelake, if I may say so, was the time this hakujin fella from Newell or Klamath Falls, wherever, came

into camp and displayed his clothing wares and shoes right out in the open firebreak for sale to the internees and in one swoop, some 15,000 of them converged to the site and in five minutes, every stitch of item that was put on sale disappeared. In five minutes. In their place were left the worn out dungarees, levis and battered straw hats.

It was the first time for me that I ever owned a stetson hat, Florsheim shoes and two pairs of name brand slacks. I hung them over the orange crates and went about my business selling fruits.

Today, I feel guilty about that. But in those days, we were given a lump sum of \$3.75 a month for "clothing" allowance and were paid \$16 a month to work in that canteen. My dad worked as a cook at our messhall, and he did manage to bring home a lot of leftovers, but who needs them when they're heavily sprinkled with salt peter?

### At Tule Lake W.R.A. Center

When we first arrived in Tule Lake, I don't know how it started but a feud immediately sprung up. The people from Washington and Oregon were advance segments of evacuees already settled when the vanguard of Californians finally arrived. Possibly a rumor spread campwise among the northwesterners that Californians were considered generally bad people where males wore heavy boots, levis and ducktail haircuts and all sported deep tans.

Contrary, the Californians saw their counterparts as pale-faced, wearing washed courduroys that turned white matched with brown and white saddle shoes. And a square haircut.

It got to a point that many parents would not let their daughters out of their barracks after dark, fearful of the Nisei from California pachuks.

One thing led to another and with proper communication between the groups and even thru rightful introductions amongst themselves, the feud, as it turned out, was purely fictional and harmony was restored. Interstate couples became abundant, leading to later marriages.

Would you believe, the camp being like a city in itself, a facsimile of a big Buddhahead town right in a middle of a dried up lake bottom crawling with lizards and rattlesnakes, dust storms, snow storms and summer heat? Even some private entrepreneurs sprang up all over

One enterprising issei cut off a chunk of wall off his barracks and made it resemble a snack shop counter, and the gent was selling home-made noodles. Do not know where he acquired all the ingredients to get into this business, but it's not nice to ask questions in camp.

Another enterprising issei got into making sake or shochu and was selling them for \$5 a gallon. The gallon we bought from him one day was still green, and three of us were sick for two weeks. It served us right for drinking while still underage.

And in block of Ward Two, there was even a growing gambling house. The warden of the block was smoking a pretty good expensive cigar. Oh well, free enterprise wherever you go. One of the chief worries of a block manager was the quick disappearances of those long chain sink stoppers in the laundry rooms. The thief used them as a key chain which added class to the choker pants and extra long levi jackets, that were the fashion of camp clothing.

The recreation department went to work immediately. They formed slow pitch and fast pitch softball leagues, hard ball leagues, basketball leagues for all ages and boxing matches. We even had dance classes featuring pitterbugging and ballet. We had variety shows and kabuki shows and movies in the mess-halls.

As months went by, restriction rules eased considerably and people were able to hike up to the nearby mountains, go rattlesnake hunting to make belts and wallets, suspenders and to use as pets, and some even made vegetable gardens. And also day by day, many internees were leaving camp upon getting clearance to the east or transfer to another camp. When the eventual time arrived when Tule Lake was designated as the main Segregation Center, over half of the population left to transfer to another inland camp or to migrate eastward to a new life.

Tule Lake immediately was filled up once more with other internees from other camps who chose the segregated life and consequently were transferred there.

For me, it was to be my first separation from my family as I chose to leave, as my parents could not decide what to do and made plans to go to Topaz but were side-tracked by and at the last minute, I decided to go to Granada to join a relative there.

In Amache, in Colorado, the camp was freer, the atmosphere the same, but a terrific feud existed which I thought I got rid of back in Tule Lake. This particular feud existed between the Nisei of Southern California and those of Northern California.

How silly this feud is looked upon today.

In Granada I experienced new happenings and horrendous moments, and eventually I moved to Chicago for three months, then to Denver, where I spent three years before returning to

the west coast.

This, in essence, is my own experience as an internee. I can say that I did enjoy every bit of my time during my confinements and in the state of mind that I was in, at that age, I certainly was every bit one of those care-free, easy-going Nisei.





NEWELL COUNTY  
WATER DISTRICT  
SEWAGE TREATMENT  
FACILITIES









