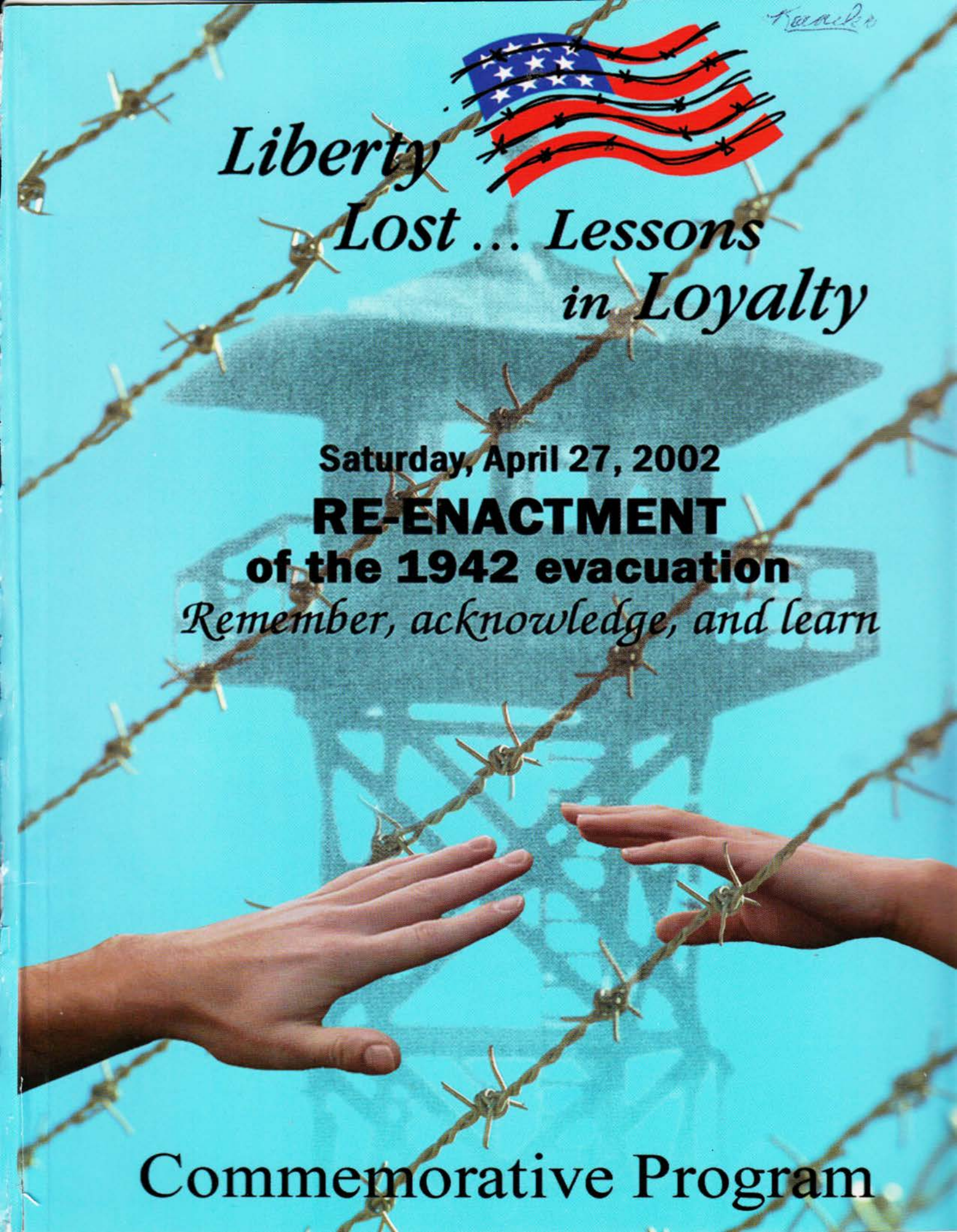

Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty

Saturday, April 27, 2002

RE-ENACTMENT of the 1942 evacuation

Remember, acknowledge, and learn

Commemorative Program

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Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty

Logo by Andy Fukutome
Cover Design by Lynda Tanaka

Liberty
Lost ... Lessons
in *Loyalty*

April 27, 2002

Welcome Friends:

Today marks the 60th anniversary of the implementation of Exclusion Order #16 by the headquarters of the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army, Presidio of San Francisco, California, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, U. S. Army, Commanding. All persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, residing in Santa Cruz County, were be to excluded by 12 noon P.W.T., Thursday, April 30, 1942.

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty" re-lives the evacuation of 1,160 persons of Japanese ancestry (most are US citizens) from Santa Cruz County to the Salinas Assembly Center (California Rodeo Grounds) and, later, to the Poston internment camp in Arizona.

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty" honors the gallant heroism of our local young men, several of whom had volunteered for military service from behind barbed wire.

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty" pays tribute to the men, women, and organizations of our community who befriended, supported, and welcomed us back.

The mistakes of liberty lost, inflicted upon an innocent people, must never be repeated. It is my fervent hope that the lessons in loyalty learned today will make each of us a "Better American in a Greater America," the national goal of the JACL.

I am grateful to our community of friends, participants, and supporters for their incredible commitment and for their devotion in breathing life into this project that has been over a year in the making.

Thank you committee members, sponsors, friends, teachers, and students for supporting and attending this program.

Sincerely,

Mas Hashimoto

Mas Hashimoto, Chair

WATSONVILLE-SANTA CRUZ CHAPTER
JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE
P.O. BOX 163
WATSONVILLE, CA 95077-0163

April 27, 2002

Dear Friends,

The Watsonville-Santa Cruz chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League is part of a national organization with 112 chapters nationwide and 8 regional districts. We welcome you to our re-enactment of the 1942 evacuation. Our mission is to secure and maintain the civil and human rights of Americans of Japanese ancestry and all others victimized by injustice.

The evacuation of all persons of Japanese ancestry sixty years ago was based solely on ethnicity. Many good neighbors and businesses stood up and helped us through the rough times. It is time for us to recognize the humanitarian character shown by those of many backgrounds. Let war never allow hysteria to cloud our thoughts and actions towards fellow mankind.

Without the tremendous community support this dream could never have turned into a reality. Our major contributors include the Community Foundation of Santa Cruz County and one anonymous donor. We appreciate their sponsorship of this event as well as the numerous and very generous donations from the community.

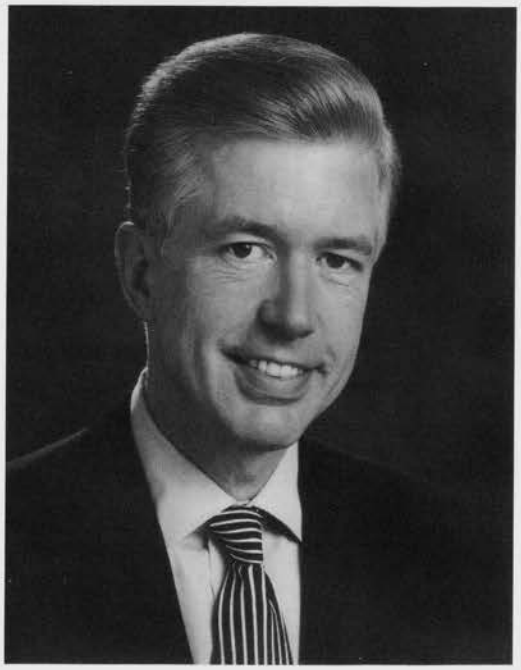
I am personally honored to be involved with this celebration. All those on the committee have enthusiastically given of their time and talents. An extended thanks is given to Mas and Marcia Hashimoto—Mas, the originator/committee chairperson, and Marcia, always supporting him.

Together we strive for peace amongst neighbors as one.

Sincerely,

David Kadotani
President

GOVERNOR GRAY DAVIS



Welcome

Liberty Lost...Lessons in Loyalty

January 25, 2002

It is a great pleasure to extend warm greetings to all who have gathered for *Liberty Lost...Lessons in Loyalty*, presented by the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League.

There are no truer American heroes than the brave men, women and children who maintained their loyalty to a country that did not trust them. To ensure that the extraordinary bravery of these Japanese-Americans is never forgotten, we must be vigilant in teaching the lessons of World War II and the internment period. It is critical to recognize what we as a nation are capable of in times of extreme circumstances and what we must not allow to ever happen again.

I commend the dedicated members of the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League for their efforts to raise awareness about a deplorable, but important part of our nation's history. This event is a wonderful tribute to the indomitable spirit of a community who remained steadfast in the face of a nation traumatized by wartime crisis, prejudice and fear.

On behalf of the people of the State of California, I extend best wishes for a successful event.

Gray Davis

Governor Gray Davis

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DANIEL K. INOUYE
HAWAII

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April 27, 2002

Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty
Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL
Watsonville, California

Dear Friends:

It is my pleasure to welcome you to "Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty," which pays tribute to the Japanese Americans who were incarcerated 60 years ago under Exclusion Order #16 and who joined the military to defend their country in World War II.

I commend the Watsonville, California, community for its commitment to educating the public of the courage and patriotism of Americans of Japanese ancestry despite the unjust treatment they received. I am pleased the program also honors American citizens who befriended and supported Japanese Americans when the popular sentiment toward them was one of distrust. The story of Japanese Americans and their friends during that great war demonstrates the strength of the human spirit, and reminds all of us to hold fast to the principles of democracy and equality enshrined in the Constitution.

Please accept my best wishes for a memorable event.

Aloha,

DANIEL K. INOUYE
United States Senator

DKI:sms

MICHAEL M. HONDA
15TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA

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FAX: (408) 244-8086

Whereas, *President Franklin Delano Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9006 on February 19, 1942, pursuant to which 120,000 Japanese Americans and legal resident aliens were incarcerated in internment camps during World War II; and*

Whereas, *Congress adopted legislation on July 21, 1980, which was signed by President Jimmy Carter on July 31, 1980 to establish the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians (CWRIC) to investigate the claim that the incarceration of Japanese Americans and legal resident aliens during World War II was justified by military necessity; and*

Whereas, *The CWRIC principal finding and conclusion was "the promulgation of Executive Order 9066 was not justified by military necessity, and the decision which followed from it--detention, ending detention, and ending exclusion--were not driven by analysis of military conditions. The broad historical causes which shaped these decisions were race prejudice, war hysteria, and a failure of political leadership"; and*

Whereas, *on April 27, 1942, Exclusion Order number 16 ordered all Santa Cruz County residents of Japanese ancestry to report for transport to the Salinas Assembly Center; and*

Whereas, *On Saturday, April 27, 2002, the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League will present "Liberty Lost... Lessons in Loyalty," a program that will pay tribute to the Japanese and Japanese Americans who, while unjustly incarcerated, professed their loyalty to the United States of America; honor the Nisei men and women who volunteered for military service to protect this country; and acknowledge those in the community who befriended, supported, and welcomed back the Japanese and Japanese Americans to Santa Cruz County;*

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, *that I, Congressman Michael M. Honda, do commend the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League for its actions and endeavors in its program, "Liberty Lost...Lessons in Loyalty.*

Michael M. Honda
Member of Congress

April 27, 2002

SAM FARR
17TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA

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samfarr@mail.house.gov
www.house.gov/farr

February 27, 2002

Mas Hashimoto
Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL
PO BOX 163
Watsonville, California 95077

Dear Friends:

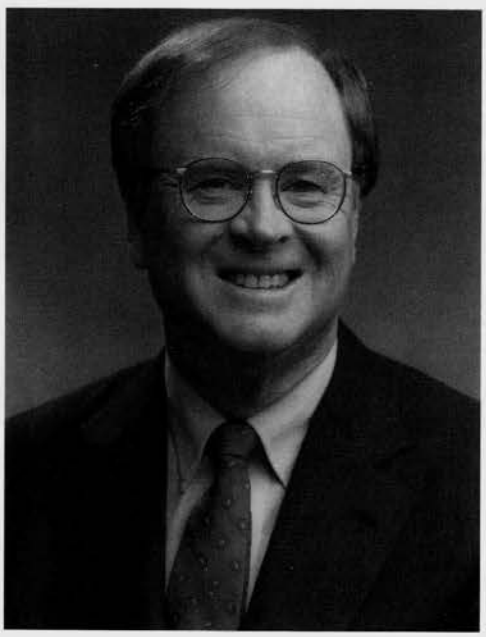
Liberty Lost.... Lessons in Loyalty is a significant presentation for the local community. I thank each of you for being here today, for taking part in this important history lesson.

This is a tribute that is long overdue for our Japanese American neighbors in this community. You are honoring those who went to fight for freedom and defend the principles of American democracy, even when the American government refused to apply these principles to them and their families. And while our region shared in perpetrating the internment policies, we can be thankful that many of our Japanese American neighbors returned to rebuild lives, businesses, and communities. We can also be thankful that there were members of the Japanese American community on that process. For me, the enduring symbol of that is the Tanimura & Antle, which has built a beacon of business leadership from the personal relationships formed in the aftermath of internment.

Again, I thank you all for being here today and for your involvement in this important project.

Sincerely,

SAM FARR
Member of Congress



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TECHNOLOGY AND PROCUREMENT POLICY

Patsy T. Mink
Congress of the United States
2nd District, Hawaii

MESSAGE FROM CONGRESSWOMAN PATSY T. MINK
on the occasion of the Watsonville-Santa Cruz
Japanese American Citizens League,
"Liberty Lost... Lessons in Loyalty"

Saturday, April 27, 2002

I am delighted to have this opportunity to extend my warmest aloha and greetings to all who have gathered for this historic event, "Liberty Lost... Lessons in Loyalty."

Our Japanese ancestors traveled to this country in search of opportunity. They brought with them determination and courage that has defined the character of our communities. Our extraordinary success, however, is not without a legacy of extraordinary sacrifices.

Executive Order 9066 authorized the evacuation of all persons of Japanese descent. Many still live with the memory of this outrageous act. Barbed wire fenced in not only our families, but our innocence. We lived in disbelief that, as contributing members of society, we were deprived of the freedoms and privileges promised to all Americans.

But, as Americans, despite the cruelty of the confinement, with extraordinary bravery and selflessness, Nisei men and women served this country with gallantry and commitment.

Today, we pay tribute to the Japanese Americans in Santa Cruz County who were detained in the Salinas Assembly Center from April 27 to July 4, 1942. We honor the 3600 evacuees for their courage as they continue to inspire us for their faith and fortitude.

Warmest aloha to all of these individuals and their families. We remember your hardships. We honor your life.

Patsy T. Mink

PATSY T. MINK
Member of Congress

Assembly
California Legislature
FRED KEELEY
Speaker pro Tem

Dear Community Members:

On this occasion of the 60th anniversary of the forced departure of the Japanese and Japanese American residents from the Pajaro Valley, I want to greet you and commend you for your community service to remember and pay tribute to those that gave their liberty and their lives during World War II. I would like to honor the Japanese and Japanese Americans who were wrongfully imprisoned and also all those who bravely supported and stood up for them before, during, and following their internment.

We shall not forget the sacrifices made and the lessons learned by this shameful incident. Those who experienced it first-hand paid all too great a price for Americans to ever forget. It is in their memory that we honor, remember, and vow never again to allow such things to occur.

Fred Keeley,
Assemblymember

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(Chair)

I am honored to join in the tribute to the Japanese and Japanese Americans who proved their ultimate loyalty to this country, even while suffering the injustice of internment.

As we look back in our nation's history, there are events we remember with sorrow – events that exposed humanity's flaws, events we wish we could correct. The internment of Japanese and Japanese Americans during World War II was such an event. While it has been 60 years since Exclusion Order #16 was issued, we still see the reminders of this injustice.

We have grown as a nation since World War II, and that growth is the direct result of work by groups like the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League. You have kept our history fresh in our minds, ensuring that the lessons of loyalty would not be lost on new generations of Americans. I am grateful for your work and honored to join you in paying tribute to those who stood as examples of true loyalty and courage.

Best wishes for the years to come,

Simón Salinas

Japanese American Citizens League
Masao Satow Building • 1765 Sutter Street • San Francisco, CA 94115
Phone: (415) 921-5225 • Facsimile: (415) 931-4671 • Email: JACL@jacl.org

February 22, 2002

To My Friends in the Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL Chapter:

When Mas Hashimoto wrote to me to inform me of your April 27th re-enactment of those difficult days when the U.S. government forced us from our homes and placed us in this nation's concentration camps, I was intrigued and delighted by the proposal of such a bold enterprise.

I congratulate you on your tremendous efforts to create the re-enactment, and even more so, on your courage of going back sixty years to relive those terrible moments in our lives. It is important that we remember those days, not for our own purposes, but as a reminder to this nation of an egregious injustice committed against a group of American citizens.

To those of you in the chapter who spent the years of WWII behind barbed wire, my deepest sense of gratitude to you for all that you endured and all you did over the years to enrich our lives. To the Nisei, who volunteered for the military from the internment camps to demonstrate to this nation that we were loyal Americans, a special and heartfelt thanks for your courage and willingness to sacrifice your lives to ensure that we would have a place in America. And finally, to those who supported the Japanese American community throughout the years of WWII, a sincere thanks for standing by us and believing in us when the rest of America turned its back not only on us but on the democratic principle of equality.

In light of the events of September 11th and the backlash of hysteria that still plagues this nation, it is especially important for us who were victimized sixty years ago keep the memory of our experience alive lest we as a nation make the same mistake again. We are called upon once again to ensure that no other group falls victim to such an injustice.

I offer you best wishes for a great event and congratulate you on your continued commitment to building a better America in the future.

With warm regards,

John Y. Tateishi
National Executive Director
Japanese American Citizens League

OUR THANKS

To Those Men and Women From Santa Cruz County in Uniform
Who Defended the American Way of Life During World War II

George Ow, Sr., Santa Cruz
United States Army, Pacific Theater

Rocky Lydon, Santa Cruz
United States Navy, Pacific Theater

Malio Stagnaro, Santa Cruz
United States Navy

Iris Watanabe, Santa Cruz.
Iris was the first Japanese-American woman to be sworn into the Women's Army Corps.

Shig Kizuka, Watsonville.
Shig was a member of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team and served in the European Theater.

Isaac Jackson
54th Coast Artillery
Lighthouse Point, Santa Cruz

Sponsored by the Ow Family Businesses.

OUR THANKS

To Those Who Had the Courage to Stand Up and Publicly Denounce Anti-Japanese Racism in the Monterey Bay Region during World War II

In early 1943 the vast majority of local residents opposed any Nisei from being released until war's end. A few courageous Watsonville citizens wrote letters to the editor in support of the former Japanese residents.

Angeline Townsend, Watsonville.
From letter to the editor, *Watsonville Pajaronian*, March 10, 1943.

The proposed wholesale roundup of all Japanese to send them back to Japan would make a travesty of our Bill of Rights. Is the Japanese citizen to be denied the privileges accorded in that great document? If it applies to one it most certainly should apply to all, no other attitude is consistent in democratic America.

To say that, "No Japanese is any good" is simply inexcusable intolerance. Among all races of people there are those who are fine and splendid in every way-the Japanese are no exception. I know well many Japanese who are true and loyal with the highest of Christian ideals-altogether beautiful characters.

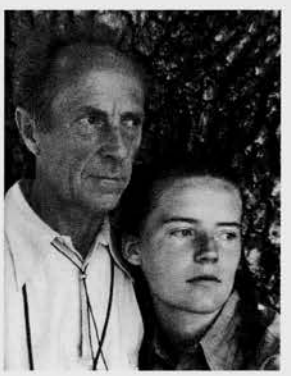
John McCarthy,
attorney, Watsonville.
Letter to the editor *Watsonville Pajaronian*, March 9, 1943.

"In 13 years as deputy district attorney I have had occasion to arrest three Japanese. What other group has a record like that? Ask the Merchants Association whether their credit was good. Ask their pastor if they worshipped their God regularly and faithfully. Ask the Red Cross, Community Chest, Chamber of Commerce, Fourth of July celebration or any other charitable organization if they have not been generous with their money, time and labor. Ask the teachers in our schools whether or not the children saluted the American flag with reverence."

In the Spring of 1945, a group organized a campaign to prevent the Nikkei from returning to the Monterey Bay Region. A large number of Monterey Peninsula residents, including many in the artistic and scientific community, wrote letters in support of the Japanese.

Edward (Doc) F.R. Ricketts, marine biologist
Pacific Grove. Letter to the editor, *Monterey Peninsula Herald* April 26, 1945.

"In due time, these ideas of racism can be applied successfully to other recent Americans, to Filipinos and Negroes and Jews, to children of Chinese, German and Polish ancestry. Until finally there shall be left here (a unique country!) only the few thousand yet remaining of our true original natives, the American Indians."



Charis and Edward Weston, Carmel.
Letter to the editor, *Monterey Peninsula Herald*, April 29, 1945.

"We may even yet come to have a sane enough citizenry to push the [anti-Japanese organization] back into the Elkhorn Slough."

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Fax 831.763.4078

February 12, 2002

Mas Hashimoto
Japanese American Citizens League
578 Vivienne Drive
Watsonville, CA 95076

Dear Mr. Hashimoto:

"Liberty Lost: Lessons in Loyalty" recognizing the 60th anniversary of Exclusion Order #16 will be a living history lesson for the people - both youth and adults - of Watsonville. Our City Council takes pride in the Japanese American Citizens League for bringing to our attention the injustices of racial discrimination suffered not only by the Japanese and Japanese-American citizens during World War II, but at any time that race is used to deny full participation in the American process and way of life.

The City Council is pleased to adopt a Resolution in support of "Liberty Lost: Lessons in Loyalty" and pledges our support of this community event. Our staff and City Council stand ready to assist you in the production of the re-enactment on Saturday, April 27, 2002.

Sincerely,

Betty Bobeda

Betty Bobeda
Mayor

P.O. BOX 50000 WATSONVILLE, CA 95077-5000

CITY OF
SANTA CRUZ

MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL

809 Center Street, Room 10, Santa Cruz, CA 95060 • (831) 420-5020 • Fax: (831) 420-5011 • citycouncil@ci.santa-cruz.ca.us

January 10, 2002

Mr. Mas Hashimoto
Planning Committee Chairman
Liberty Lost...Lessons in Loyalty
Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League
P.O. Box 163
Watsonville, CA 95077

Dear Mr. Hashimoto:

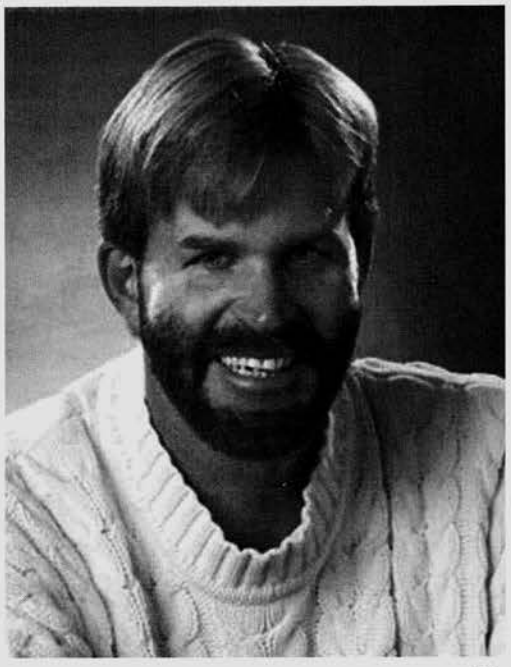
On behalf of the City of Santa Cruz, I salute the Watsonville-Santa Cruz Japanese American Citizens League.

I am truly humbled and awed as I contemplate our nation's history with respect to the incarceration of Japanese Americans during World War II. I believe that this woeful chapter in our nation's history has afforded the current generation of Americans the opportunity to reflect on the past and create a more inclusive pluralistic and informed American future. Let us never forget our past mistakes as we struggle to make it possible for all to live, work, and play in a truly free society.

> *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men and women are created equal and endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, which include life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*

Sincerely,

Christopher Krohn
Mayor



Norman Mineta's Story

On May 29, 1942, when we were being evacuated and put on the train at the San Jose freight depot for our trip to Santa Anita Race Track I was wearing my Cub Scout uniform. Several of us, as Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts, were going to be used as "runners" between the railroad cars since, once the families were assigned to a car in the train, they were not allowed to move from one car to another. So, I got on the train wearing my Cub Scout uniform, carrying my baseball, baseball glove and my bat. As I boarded, the MP took my bat only and confiscated it on the basis it could be used as a lethal weapon. It was an ordinary bat - nothing special about it - but I was hurtin' when he took it away from me.

In 1993, I think it was, I was awarded the designation of Fellow of the American Society of Civil Engineers in recognition of authoring the Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act (ISTEA) of 1991, the first rewrite of our federal highway law since 1956 when President Eisenhower signed the National Defense Highway Act. My story was in their magazine which included the part about my losing the bat. A fellow in Los Angeles read the story and wrote to me saying that he was sending a bat from his collection to replace the one I had lost when I boarded the train. When I opened the box, I found a bat that was signed by Hank Aaron, the US home run king and Sadaharu Oh, the Japanese home run king. I wrote a letter thanking the person profusely for the wonderful gift. Eventually, a story appeared in the San Jose Mercury News about my receiving the bat and the enterprising reporter checked with some sports memorabilia store and found that the value of the bat was approximately $1,500. Since that exceeded the gift limitation that we as Members of Congress could receive, I packed up the bat and sent it back to the fellow with a letter of explanation as to why I was returning it. I then made a copy of that letter and sent it to the reporter with the notation that "the damn government's taken my bat again!"

When I retired from the Congress in 1995, the fellow sent the bat back to me saying that the gift limitation no longer applied, that he wanted me to have the bat and it is now hanging proudly in my office here at Lockheed Martin. When I get confirmed for my new position as Secretary of Commerce, I will take the bat there and it will hang in my office at the Department of Commerce!!

Re-enacment Cub Scout, Brandon Shimizu, age 10, as Norman Y. Mineta

Norman Y. Mineta became the 14th U.S. Secretary of Transportation on January 25, 2001.

In nominating him, President Bush said, "Norm made a reputation in the halls of Congress as someone who understands that a sound infrastructure in America will lead to economic opportunity for all Americans."

"Transportation is key to generating and enabling economic growth, determining the patterns of that growth, and determining the competitiveness of our businesses in the world economy," said Secretary Mineta.

As Secretary of Transportation, Mineta oversees an agency with 100,000 employees and a $58.7 billion budget. Created in 1967, the U.S. Department of Transportation brought under one umbrella air, maritime and surface transportation missions.

Prior to joining President Bush's administration as Secretary of Transportation, Mineta served as U.S. Secretary of Commerce under President Clinton, becoming the first Asian Pacific American to serve in the cabinet. He is the first Secretary of Transportation to have previously served in a cabinet position. Prior to joining the Commerce Department, he was a vice president at Lockheed Martin Corporation.

From 1975 to 1995 he served as a member of U.S. House of Representatives, representing the heart of California's Silicon Valley. As a member of Congress, Mineta was known for his dedication to the people of his district, for consensus building among his colleagues and for forging public-private partnerships. Mineta's legislative and policy agenda was wide and varied, including major projects in the areas of economic development, science and technology policy, trade, transportation, the environment, intelligence, the budget and civil rights. He co-founded the Congressional Asian Pacific American Caucus and served as its first chair.

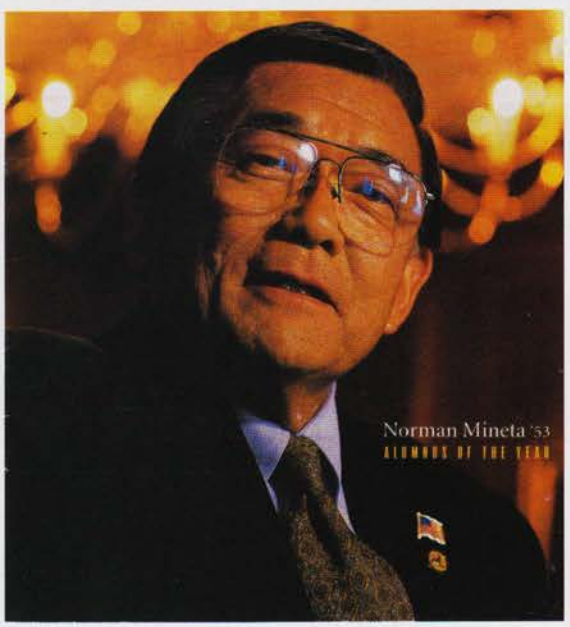
Mineta served as chairman of the House Public Works and Transportation Committee between 1992 and 1994. He chaired the committee's aviation subcommittee between 1981 and 1988, and chaired its Surface Transportation Subcommittee from 1989 to 1991. During his career in Congress he championed increases in investment for transportation infrastructure, and was a key author of the landmark Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act of 1991 which shifted decisions on highway and mass transit planning to state and local governments. ISTEA led to major upsurges in mass transit ridership and more environmentally friendly transportation projects, such as bicycle paths. He also pressed for more funding for the department's Federal Aviation Administration (FAA).

After leaving the Congress, Mineta chaired the National Civil Aviation Review Commission, which in 1997 issued recommendations on reducing traffic congestion and reducing the aviation accident rate.

Mineta and his family were among the 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry forced from their homes and into internment camps during World War II. After graduating from the University of California at Berkeley, Mineta joined the Army in 1953 and served as an intelligence officer in Japan and Korea. He joined his father in the Mineta Insurance Agency before entering politics in San Jose, serving as a member of its City Council from 1967 to 1971 and mayor from 1971 to 1974, becoming the first Asian Pacific American mayor of a major U.S. city. As mayor, he favored greater control of transportation decisions by local government, a position he later championed in ISTEA.

While in Congress, Mineta was the driving force behind passage of H.R. 442, the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, which officially apologized for and redressed the injustices endured by Japanese Americans during the War. In 1995, George Washington University awarded the Martin Luther King, Jr. Commemorative Medal to Mineta for his contributions to the field of civil rights.

Mineta is married to Danealia (Deni) Mineta. He has two sons, David and Stuart Mineta, and two stepsons, Robert and Mark Brantner.



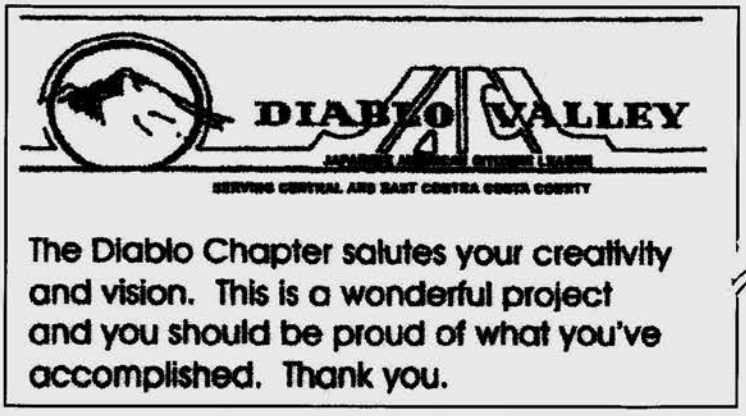
Chronological Dates of Events

by Sandy Lydon

Phase I: Removal, From December 7, 1941 through July 4, 1942

1. Evening, December 7, 1941 - FBI arrests 1,500 Issei on the West Coast.
2. December 8, 1941 - US borders closed to all persons of Japanese ancestry.
3. December 8, 1941 - Issei bank accounts are frozen.
4. December 9, 1941 - Nisei bank accounts are frozen.
5. December 20, 1941 - Japanese submarine I-23 chases tanker *Agiworld* into Monterey Bay.
6. January 5, 1942 - all enemy aliens must surrender firearms, weapons, ammunition, explosives, radios, cameras, documents, and books that may have "invisible writing."
7. January 15, 1942 - Enemy aliens restricted to their communities.
8. February 1, 1942 - Tatsugi Kashino shot and killed in Gonzales.
9. February 4, 1942 - All enemy aliens have a 9:00 PM curfew.
10. February 10, 1942 - FBI raids residences and businesses, removing Japanese and Italian enemy aliens.
11. February 12, 1942 - Enemy aliens must surrender bows, arrows, and flashlights.
12. February 19, 1942 - FDR issues Executive Order 9066 setting up the mechanics for removing enemy aliens from the West Coast.
13. February 24, 1942 - all enemy aliens removed to inland side of California Highway 1.
14. March, 1942 - US Army allows "voluntary" evacuation of Japanese.
15. April 27, 1942 - Exclusion Order #16, Santa Cruz County Japanese evacuated.
16. April 30, 1942 - Exclusion Order #17, Monterey County Japanese evacuated.
17. May 5, 1942 - Exclusion Order #77, Southern Santa Clara County and San Benito County Japanese evacuated (over 60% were U. S. citizens).
18. July 4, 1942 - Last of the regional evacuees leave Temporary Detention Center at Salinas Rodeo Grounds for Concentration Camp in Arizona.

Opposition to Removal: very few voices were raised opposing the removal of the Japanese community in 1942. Some neighbors and friends worked quietly to protect property and assist the Nikkei (Japanese and Japanese Americans), but for the most part, the climate of fear silenced those who knew that the removal was wrong.



Phase II: Opposition to the release of the Nikkei, Spring of 1943

A year following Executive Order 9066, the government announced that it was going to form an all-Nisei combat team in the United States Army as well as begin a procedure allowing other Nisei (after passing a "loyalty" questionnaire) to leave the concentration camps and take employment in the interior of the United States. This announcement set off a flurry of activity in the Monterey Bay Region resulting in anti-Japanese newspaper editorials and the passage of resolutions opposing the decision.

1. February 24, 1943 - Watsonville and Pajaro Valley Defense Council adopt a resolution protesting the use of Japanese Americans in the military and the release of other Nisei to work in the interior. The *Watsonville Register-Pajaronian* newspaper published an editorial on the same day agreeing with the Defense Council's resolution.
2. February 26, 1943 - Watsonville Kiwanis Club unanimously endorses the anti-Japanese resolution.
3. March 9, 1943 - Watsonville and Pajaro Valley Defense Council amends the earlier resolution to include the request that the US Constitution be amended so that all Japanese, "alien or native born," be excluded from residency, or U S citizenship, and that it would be legal to return all to Japan.
4. April 1, 1943 - San Benito County Supervisors pass the anti-Japanese resolution.
5. April 12, 1943 - Monterey County Supervisors pass the anti-Japanese resolution.
6. April 15, 1943 - Lt. General John D. DeWitt opposes the return of any Japanese to the Pacific Coast.
7. April 23, 1943 - Santa Cruz County Supervisors pass the anti-Japanese resolution.

A few in the Pajaro Valley stood up for the Japanese.

Phase III: Opposition to Our Return, Spring of 1945 to the Present

Following the US Army's termination of the total exclusion of persons of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast on January 2, 1945, a small trickle of evacuees began to find their way back to the Monterey Bay region. There was considerable opposition to their return throughout the region, however. Returning Japanese were met with hostility in San Juan Bautista and Salinas.

1. January 19, 1945 - Monterey Bay Council on Japanese Relations formed in Salinas. Primary aims were to prevent the return of the Japanese to the Pacific Coast and to encourage the US Congress to deport all Japanese aliens at the end of the Pacific War.
2. April 23, 1945 - Monterey Bay Council on Japanese Relations takes out an advertisement in the Monterey Peninsula Herald.
3. April 24, 1945 - First of many letters opposing the published MBCJR ad.
4. May 11, 1945 - Full page ad taken out by those supporting the return of the Japanese titled, "The Democratic Way of Life for All."
5. September 18, 2001 - Santa Cruz City Council unanimously passes a resolution supporting our event, "Liberty Lost … Lessons in Loyalty."
6. February 12, 2002 - City Council of Watsonville passes a resolution by a vote of 6 to 1, supporting the event, "Liberty Lost … Lessons in Loyalty."
7. February 19, 2002 - Monterey County Board of Supervisors unanimously passes a resolution that rescinds their anti-Japanese resolution of April 1943.
8. February 26, 2002 - Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors unanimously passes a resolution that rescinds their anti-Japanese resolution of April 23, 1943 and that supports the re-enactment event, "Liberty Lost … Lessons in Loyalty."

Welcome to the Pajaro Valley

by Sandy Lydon

Prelude

The Pajaro Valley had escaped the harshest effects of the Great Depression. There had been economic difficulties, of course, and some businesses failed and belts were tightened, but there had been no bread lines, no soup kitchens. And, where racial and ethnic friction had once sparked a new sense of community was emerging. This was particularly true in the south end of Watsonville and its farm labor twin of Pajaro that straddled the Pajaro River. Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, African-American, and Slav lived and worked side by side, their traditional differences washed away by the sweat of hard work. Even the refugees from the Dust Bowl were able to settle into harness beside their predecessors, and the accents of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas were added to the already multi-cultural air.

Every morning the adults climbed aboard trucks and rode out to the fields to work in the crops that kept the valley's economy alive. Lettuce, carrots, peas, beans, hops, sugar beets, and the preeminent apples were planted, thinned, irrigated, harvested, packed and dried by hands of every hue. By the middle 1930s, some of the Japanese immigrants and their children had been able to move up the agricultural ladder, evolving from farm laborers to leaseholders and growers. But no one was spared from getting down into the furrows, and the Japanese growers worked alongside the Filipinos, Mexicans and Okies.

Their children also rubbed elbows in Watsonville's public school classrooms. The multi-colored rainbow of skins colors sparkle and glitter through the now faded black and white photographs. Football and basketball teams, student governments, and club photographs in the Watsonville High School yearbook reflect the diversity that could be found working in the fields just outside town. While their parents labored in the fields, the children forged new alliances and friendships. Common ground was found and differences receded.

War Clouds

War came into the Pajaro Valley on the front page of the local newspaper. Recent immigrants from Asia and Europe looked for familiar faces in the photographs, and streams of letters passed through the Watsonville Post Office seeking information about parents, uncles, and cousins. Are you OK? they asked in many languages. Battles that seemed at first indistinct soon came into focus. The Chinese community was the first to experience the distant war when Japan attacked China in 1937. As word of horror and devastation filtered into Watsonville's Chinatown, the Chinese looked at their Japanese immigrant counterparts in a new way. Then, across the Atlantic the Nazi war machine began to move across Europe, and people in Watsonville began noticing German names. By 1939 Germany was at war with Great Britain and France, and then France fell and Italy entered the war in 1940. The flash of distant bombs was melting the mortar of trust between people in the Pajaro Valley.

Each immigrant group raised funds for the relief of their own Old Country, and they knew that those funds might find their way to the opposite sides of battle lines. Immigrant parents wondered aloud to their America-born children about what might happen should the United States enter the wars now raging across the globe. Their children reassured them that this was America. There was nothing to worry about. Nisei children tried to calm their parent's fears by reminding them that they had studied the Constitution in their high school civics class. All people, even immigrant aliens, are protected by the Constitution, the Nisei told their parents. You have nothing to fear.

Pearl Harbor

The glare of the explosions on December 7, 1941 illuminated the Japanese and they stood, frozen in time, wondering What now? War was declared on Japan the following day and the U.S. was officially at war with Italy and Germany on December 11. Though Italian and German aliens were now "enemy aliens" along with the Issei, the brightest spotlight was on the people who resembled the men who had flown the airplanes above Pearl Harbor. And, as if to confirm the public's suspicions about the special status of the Japanese, their bank accounts were frozen, and the FBI swept in and began to arrest the community's leaders.

The Watsonville newspaper, in a special edition published the evening of December 7, urged local residents, "Let's Keep Our Heads" and counseled them not take out their anger on local Japanese. But, as days and then weeks passed, the newspaper's opinion and that of the general public began to stiffen against the Japanese community. In many cases, friendships forged over a lifetime of economic and social interchange disappeared. And, even those who were willing to express their support for the Japanese did so to themselves. As the nation girded for war and block wardens and blackouts became commonplace, there were no public statements by non-Japanese to explain that the local Japanese community had nothing to do with Pearl Harbor.

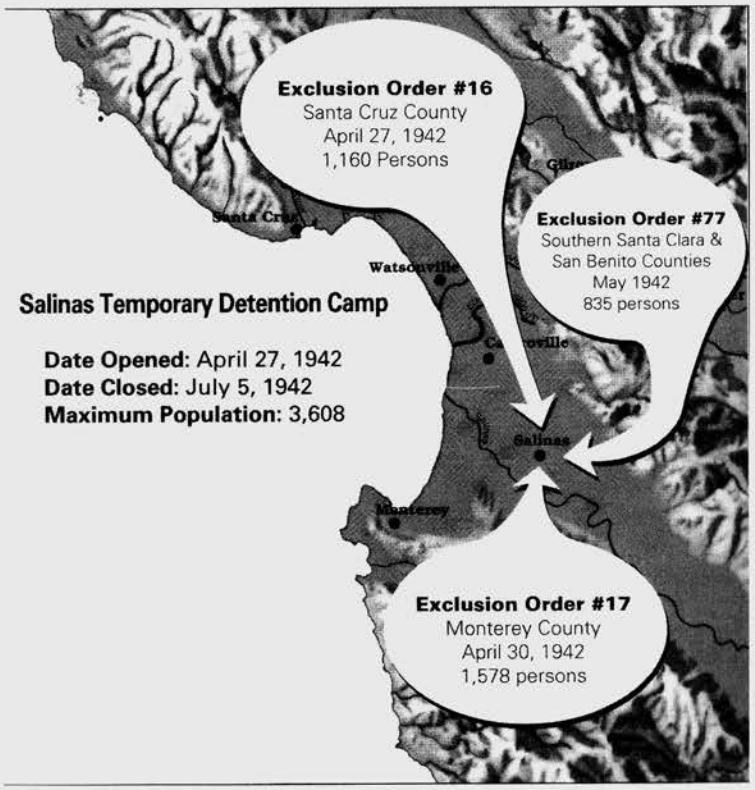
All Enemy Aliens Moved Off the Coast

In the early weeks of the war the net cast by the FBI and the military officials on the Pacific Coast was intended to catch all enemy aliens, not just the Japanese. When President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 on February 19, it gave the military the power to remove "any and all persons" it deemed

necessary to maintain the national security. The words "German", "Italian", or "Japanese" were not in the executive order. The signs prohibiting enemy aliens from local beaches were printed in four languages: German, Italian, Japanese and English.

Finally, on February 24, 1942, the U.S. Army required all enemy aliens to move on the inland side of Highway 1. Because Highway 1 skirted all of Monterey, the entire Sicilian fishing community was disrupted as the immigrants parents and grandparents were forced to move inland. Families were often split apart by the order, with America-born children allowed access to the coast, but their immigrant parents prohibited. The Italian community in Santa Cruz named the night "Mala Notte" – the Bad Night. And through it all, the FBI continued to arrest Italian and Japanese aliens suspected of posing a threat to the national security.

By early March, 1942, the Army had separated out the Japanese from their Italian and German counterparts, and they began moving forward with the plan to evacuate not just the alien Issei from the Pacific Coast, but all of their America-born, U.S. citizen children as well. During the month of March they gave the Japanese a 'one-last-chance" opportunity to move inland. The Watsonville Japanese community organized a cooperative, and explored the possibility of moving en masse to Idaho. But, the door for "voluntary" evacuation closed before they could find a suitable location.



Finally, the Army made some cursory improvements to the Salinas rodeo grounds, and the Santa Cruz County Japanese were ordered to report to the Veteran's Memorial Building on Monday, April 27, 1942. The odyssey that would eventually take them into the Arizona desert had begun.

WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION

Presidio of San Francisco, California
April 23, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY

Living in the Following Area:

All of the County of Santa Cruz, State of California.

Pursuant to the provisions of Civilian Exclusion Order No. 16, this Headquarters, dated April 23, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above area by 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., Thursday, April 30, 1942.

No Japanese person living in the above area will be permitted to change residence after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., Thursday, April 23, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the representative of the Commanding General, Northern California Sector, at the Civil Control Station located at:

Veterans' Memorial Building,
Third Street,
Watsonville, California.

Such permits will only be granted for the purpose of uniting members of a family, or in cases of grave emergency.

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, such as real estate, business and professional equipment, household goods, boats, automobiles and livestock.
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.

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. on Friday, April 24, 1942, or between 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M. on Saturday, April 25, 1942.

2. Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Assembly 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 obtained 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.

3. No pets of any kind will be permitted.

4. 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 for storage 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.

5. Each family, and individual living alone, will be furnished transportation to the Assembly Center or will be authorized to travel by private automobile in a supervised group. All instructions pertaining to the movement will be obtained at the Civil Control Station.

Go to the Civil Control Station between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Friday, April 24, 1942, or between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Saturday, April 25, 1942, to receive further instructions.

J. L. DeWITT
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

SEE CIVILIAN EXCLUSION ORDER NO. 16.

NOTICE

Headquarters
Western Defense Command
and Fourth Army

Presidio of San Francisco, California
April 23, 1942

Civilian Exclusion Order No. 16

1. Pursuant to the provisions of Public Proclamations Nos. 1 and 2, this Headquarters, dated March 2, 1942, and March 16, 1942, respectively, it is hereby ordered that from and after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., of Thursday, April 30, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, be excluded from that portion of Military Area No. 1 described as follows:

All of the County of Santa Cruz, State of California.

2. A responsible member of each family, and each individual living alone, in the above described area will report between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Friday, April 24, 1942, or during the same hours on Saturday, April 25, 1942, to the Civil Control Station located at:

Veterans' Memorial Building,
Third Street,
Watsonville, California.

3. Any person subject to this order who fails to comply with any of its provisions or with the provisions of published instructions pertaining hereto or who is found in the above area after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., of Thursday, April 30, 1942, will be liable to the criminal penalties provided by Public Law No. 503, 77th Congress, approved March 21, 1942, entitled "An Act to Provide a Penalty for Violation of Restrictions or Orders with Respect to Persons Entering, Remaining in, Leaving, or Committing Any Act in Military Areas or Zones," and alien Japanese will be subject to immediate apprehension and internment.

REAR ROW: SHIG KIZUKA, MARCIA HASHIMOTO, SHIZUE SHIKUMA, KRISTEN MORRELLI, MEHAN DONALD, SHELLEY BROWNE, ALEXIS PRINDLE, ROBERT FOSTER. FRONT ROW: RUBY KIZUKA, NANCY IWAMI, CHARLIE IWAMI, CHIYOKO YAGI, HELEN MITO, KITAKO IZUMIZAKI. NOT PICTURES: ARYN WILDER, LORA SCHRAFT. PHOTO BY MAS HASHIMOTO.

Stories Shared

Our sincere appreciation is extended to the Japanese American internees who shared stories about a very difficult time in their lives. The Japanese American experience during World War II is a part of America's history that has become an area of study in the educational curriculum. The emotional and academic impact of your stories help us understand the importance of maintaining the principles of our Constitution and Bill of Rights during times of crisis.

As we deal with the horrific terrorist attack of September 11, 2001, we reflect on the unjust treatment of the Japanese and Japanese American community and become vigilant in seeing that the mistakes of the past are not repeated.

Thank you for your enduring strength and compassionate loyalty. Please forgive us if your name has been unintentionally omitted.

Henry Arao, Mary Etow, *Mas Hashimoto, Harry K. Honda, *Charlie and Nancy Iwami, Helen Iwanaga, *Kitako Izumizaki, *Shig and Ruby Kizuka, *Helen Mito, Martha Miyamoto, Mary Okamoto, Kaz Oshima, Thomas Sakamoto, Bessie Shiyomura, Yoko Umeda, *Chiyoko Yagi, and community members who contributed information but wish to remain anonymous.

Stories Written

The above named individuals with a * before their names came together in an incredible three-hour interview session attended by Shizue Shikuma and students from Marcy Alancraig's Cabrillo College English Class. Our writers—Shelley Browne, Meghan Donald, Kristen Morrelli, Aryn Wilder, Lora Schraft, Alexis Prindle, Robert Foster, and Shizue Shikuma—were deeply affected by the experiences recalled by the internees. We thank our writers for their poetic and moving essays.

We are grateful to our proofreaders—Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston, Marcy Alancraig, Mas and Marcia Hashimoto—for their editing and suggestions.

VETERAN'S MEMORIAL BUILDING CIRCA 1942.

Saburo Kido, National JACL President

Saburo Kido, National JACL President, 1940-1946.

Saburo Kido was born in Hawaii in 1902, third son of Japanese immigrant parents. A graduate of UC Berkeley, Mr. Kido completed his law studies at Hastings Law School in 1926. He had been practicing law in the San Francisco Bay area.

Mr. Kido co-founded the National Japanese American Citizens League, the JACL, in 1929. It is a volunteer civil rights organization of American citizens of Japanese ancestry. Its major goals are to fight against discrimination, remove unfair laws, and promote American citizenship. The Watsonville chapter was formed in 1934.

Mr. Kido became its National President in 1940, and he continued in that position for the duration of the war.

Immediately upon learning of the devastating December 7 attack on Pearl Harbor, Kido, on behalf of the JACL, sent the following telegram to President Franklin Roosevelt:

IN THIS SOLEMN HOUR WE PLEDGE OUR FULLEST COOPERATION TO YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, AND TO OUR COUNTRY ... NOW THAT JAPAN HAS INSTITUTED THIS ATTACK UPON OUR LAND, WE ARE READY AND PREPARED TO EXPEND EVERY EFFORT TO REPEL THIS INVASION TOGETHER WITH OUR FELLOW AMERICANS.

The JACL pledged to support our National Defense—to win the war against the combined Axis Powers of Germany, Italy and Japan.

We complied with the military evacuation order in order to prove our loyalty. We did not wish to be branded as traitors or saboteurs. Many of the JACL leaders, Kido included, went into the camps with the evacuees.

Our concern was also for the welfare of the elderly Issei, our immigrant parents, the children, and the young mothers. Therefore, we cooperated with Army and the evacuation authorities.

In support, Reverend Masaru Kumata, field executive of the Buddhist Churches of America, sent this telegram:

FORTY THOUSAND CITIZEN BUDDHISTS PLEDGE THEIR SUPPORT OF THE JACL.

The General Council of the Japanese Christian Church Federation of North America, sent this telegram:

WE WISH TO REITERATE OUR APPRECIATION OF YOUR SPLENDID LEADERSHIP AND EXPRESS OUR WILLINGNESS TO COOPERATE WITH YOU IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE TO SOLVE THE DIFFICULT PROBLEMS WE NOW FACE AND TO DO OUR PART IN UPHOLDING THE GREAT AMERCIAN IDEALS.

Some communities were given approximately two weeks to prepare for the evacuation. Bainbridge Island, Washington was given the first Exclusion Order. Santa Cruz County's Exclusion Order was #16, issued on April 23, 1942. The evacuees here had 4 days to prepare. The people of Terminal Island, a fishing community near Los Angeles, were given only 48 hours to dispose of their major belongings and prepare for evacuation. As a result of that order, women, children, and babies slept in the open until they could find shelters. Rumors from there indicated that all Japanese on Terminal Island were to be lined up and machine-gunned. Of course, it wasn't true.

Many unfounded rumors were repeated, and the press had been responsible for circulating them.

Families were separated, civil rights had been infringed, property losses were great, education of our young people disrupted, and our honor and loyalty questioned.

On Monday, April 27, 1942, the families gathered at the Veterans Memorial Building on East Third Street to obtain their registration numbers and identification. Seven

hundred and twenty-five persons of Japanese ancestry received their identification numbers that day.

The JACL did not instigate the evacuation. The US Army, under Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, considered the evacuation of all Japanese and Japanese Americans from the West Coast a "military necessity." The JACL did not agree but cooperated with the evacuation and internment.

The JACL did not claim to represent all or even most of the Japanese Americans. Federal officials and army officials had looked for a viable organization to represent the Japanese and Japanese American community but found only the Japanese American Citizens League.

Saburo Kido expressed JACL's responsibility to care for the elderly as well as the children during wartime and after victory over the Axis Powers had been achieved.

JACL Pledges Loyalty to U S

SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—The national headquarters of the Japanese American Citizens league Sunday night "unequivocably condemned" Japan for its attack upon "our country," and pledged to President Roosevelt its support to the American cause.

"We Japanese Americans are stunned and horrified at the unwarranted attack by Japan upon American soil, our country," the Japanese American Citizens league telegraphed President Roosevelt. "In this solemn hour we pledge our fullest cooperation to you, Mr. President, and to our country."

Letter from Yoshiye Takata, Secretary of the Watsonville JACL, to Watsonville *Register-Pajaronian.*

Saburo Kido leads by example. He is interned in Poston II.

Preparing for Evacuation

Story by Shelley Browne

The news of Pearl Harbor spread through our community like wildfire on that crisp December day. It was Sunday, and my family and I were in the kitchen listening to the radio before we set off for church. The announcer's bulletin that the Imperial Navy of Japan had just bombed Pearl Harbor brought the busy commotion of our kitchen to a sudden halt as we reluctantly digested the magnitude of this unbelievable news. Fear chilled my very bones, and the pale winter sun did little to warm my soul on that unforgettable seventh day of December.

After church my family, along with my aunts, uncles, and grandparents, met at our home to talk about what might be our fate as Americans of Japanese ancestry. It was decided that anything relating to our Japanese culture had to be destroyed that evening. We gathered up all photos and postcards from Japan that our relatives had sent us, musical records, my brothers Kendo fencing outfit, Japanese dolls, and other Japanese artifacts. Some we tossed into our septic tank sewer. The rest we burned. My grandmother sat silently, looking on as memories of her childhood went up in smoke.

The next evening four FBI agents came to our house. One stood watch at the front door, one stood watch at the back door. We were ordered to stay in the living room while the other two agents ransacked our home for several hours looking for any evidence that associated my father with Japan. They found nothing, but they arrested my father just as they had arrested other prominent members of our community. The agents would not tell us where they were taking my father, or when he would return. They seemed emotionally detached from the fact that they were tearing our family apart. Father spoke to mother about keeping the family together through this, "Bring your parents here to live until I am home again. I will write to you as soon as I can ...."

Later we learned that my father was taken to the Watsonville jail and then transferred somewhere. He was not allowed to come home for a change of clothes or a toothbrush. It wasn't until we got his letter from Bismark, North Dakota, that we knew he was incarcerated in a prisoner of war penitentiary. We were all heartsick with worry as we knew he must be feeling the same about us.

Following my father's advice, our family stayed together, pooling our resources in order to survive. In April, Exclusion Order #16 was issued. The weeks to follow were like a whirlwind. Things were happening so fast. Our bank accounts were frozen, and the need for money to buy necessities became a priority. People came to our home offering next to nothing for our possessions, knowing that we needed to sell things in order to buy groceries, clothing , and other basic supplies. My mother had to sell our new truck for $60.00! Some dishes and furniture were sold for pennies on the dollar. My mother gave me $90.00 to pay our bill at the Canton Market. I handed Mr. Gim Lew, the owner of the market, the $90.00 to clear our debt. He told me to take the money back to my mother because we would need it wherever we were going. He said that our bill was free and clear. We'll never forget his kindness!

The Charles Ford Department Store has allowed us to open an account with them to purchase items we need. But, we are still worried about bills to be paid, such as our mortgages and taxes. We could lose everything.

The bank found a renter for our home for $16.00 a month. Some families that had homes were forced to board them up and hope that things would be in order upon their return. A good neighbor stored some items, such as my mother's sewing machine and other small electrical appliances, for us. We stored our refrigerator, piano, washing machine, bedroom set and other large items at a warehouse. Unable to obtain insurance for these things, we had to just trust that they would be safe. Another neighbor was kind enough to take care of our family dog, "Sunny." It just broke our hearts to leave him. We were very fortunate to have caring friends.

Over $400 million was lost nation-wide by the Nikkei community in 1942.

Packing for our fate was nearly impossible. It was also an incredibly numbing process. How do you pack for a place unknown? It all seemed overwhelming. I remember taking one long, last look at my room, trying to burn its warm comfort into my memory. When things got difficult in times ahead, I would close my eyes and put myself back in the quiet safety of my bedroom.

As we did not know what kind of weather we would be facing, we were forced to pack warm coats, heavy socks and substantial shoes alongside shorts, lightweight tops and sandals. Each of us was also responsible for carrying our own bedding, one fork, one plate, one bowl, and a cup. We could only bring one suitcase each, and I must have packed and repacked mine about fifty times. Each of my possessions was as important as the next, and to pick and chose what meant more to me was very difficult. I finally decided to take some photographs of family and friends, a bible, a small dictionary, a book of poems, my journal, sanitary napkins, and a toilet kit.

My mother was so strong throughout these times. Looking back, I can barely fathom how she managed to keep our family together without father. Not once since my father was taken away did I see her cry. She would tackle task after task and repeat, *Shikataganai* (it can't be helped), and *Gaman* (we must persevere and bear it). I realize now that it was her incredible strength that gave me the courage to face each day.

The End

The hardships faced by the Japanese and Japanese Americans are also expressed in these stories:

My father and mother, because they were "aliens ineligible for American citizenship," were designated by our government as "enemy aliens." Military orders restricted all "enemy aliens," including Italians and Germans, from setting foot on the west side of California Highway #1, which was Main Street and now Freedom Blvd. Our home and farm were west of that highway. They were ordered out of their own home and were not allowed to work on their own farm.

The evacuation order had pulled us out of school, a month and a half before graduation. My acceptance to UC Berkeley had been rescinded.

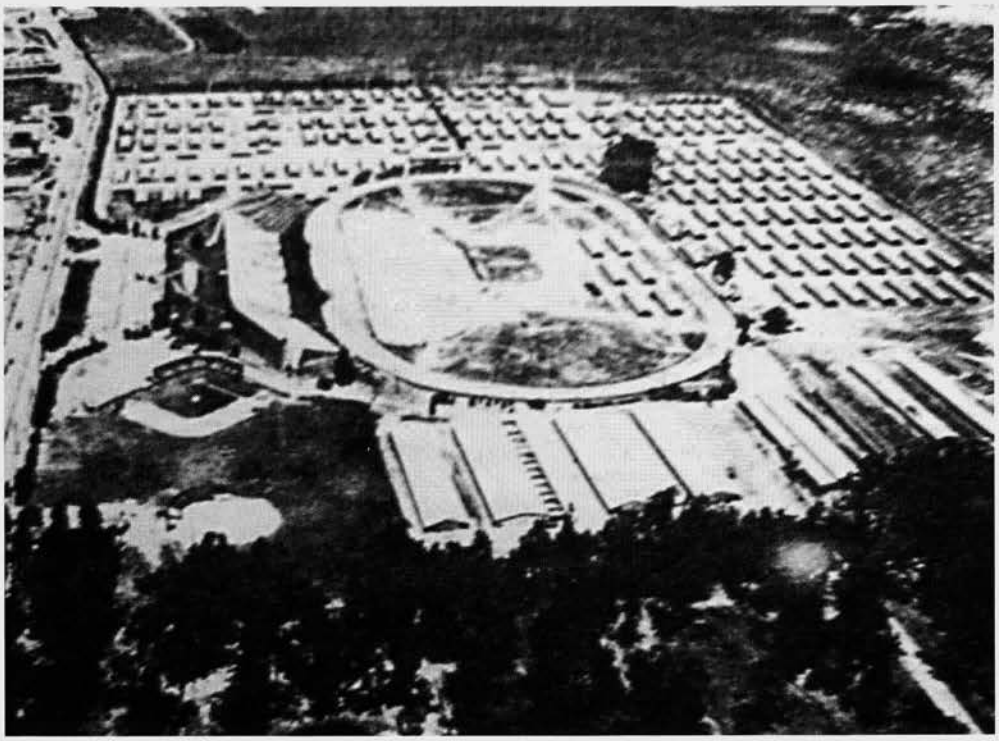
If your Japanese ancestry amounted to as little as 1/16, you were subject to the evacuation order.

The Pacific Greyhound Line was used to transport the families to the Salinas Assembly Center.

We were leaving our homes and our life's work.

"never shall I forget the injustices perpetrated upon the children"

Janet S. Bell, M. D.



Aerial view of the Salinas Assembly Center. It housed 3,608 internees from the greater Monterey Bay region.

Introduction:

The *Watsonville Register-Pajaronian* reported on Monday, April 27, 1942: "This morning, 725 Japanese and Japanese Americans from the Pajaro Valley climbed abroad big buses in front of the Veterans Memorial Building to be transferred inland by the army for the duration of the war."

Then, on April 30, the newspaper reported: "By noon April 30, 1942, no person of Japanese ancestry remained in Santa Cruz County for the first time in more than half a century."

Evacuated were 1,160 residents of Santa Cruz County. Most were young children. These former residents of Santa Cruz County were joined by those from Monterey Peninsula, Salinas Valley, Castroville, San Benito County, and southern Santa Clara County at the California Rodeo Grounds in Salinas, a temporary relocation camp. In all, some 3,608 were housed there for over 3 months before being sent to one of the ten incarceration camps.

In all, over 120,000 mainland Japanese and Japanese Americans (nearly 70% of them were American citizens) were interned behind barbed wire in ten concentration camps throughout the western states from 1942 to 1946.

The Salinas Assembly Center (California Rodeo Grounds)

by Meghan Donald

Our liberty is lost in the spring of 1942. We are taken to the Salinas Assembly Center, a pre-internment camp located at the California Rodeo Grounds. Its residents, from Santa Cruz County, Monterey, Salinas, Castroville, Hollister, San Juan Bautista, and Gilroy, will remain here from April to July of 1942. It is a dusty place surrounded by barbed wire fencing and dressed in rows upon rows of tar papered barracks and an array of horse stalls. Soldiers watch us as we step out of the bus. We are confused, worried about our family, future, home, and friends. Looking over our shoulders through the spaces between the fence, we see our home, freedom. Memories of home blanket our thoughts. Turning back towards the Rodeo Grounds orders are given for us to stuff a mattress sack with hay for bedding. It will be awhile before we are free again.

Upon arriving at the Rodeo Grounds, we find our families are to share either a one room horse stall or a room in a barrack. In the rooms, a single light bulb hangs from the ceiling revealing a dark and musky 20 by 25 foot space. There is no plumbing, and the floor boards will soon shrink allowing cold air and weeds to find their way in. The horse stalls reek of manure, a stench that never ceases to linger in the air.

Some say that the worst part of the Assembly Center is being enclosed behind barbed wire fences and

watched by armed guards in four towers with their rifles pointed at us. As time passes, it is the latrines that become unbearable. The bathroom facilities are communal outhouses, holes in the ground. The smell is horrible. The showers are also communal. People are modest. Some run to the showers during dinner time hoping for some privacy. The barrack rooms and stalls have no partitions nor do the bathrooms and showers. Waiting in long lines has become a past time. Food is barely tolerable. Some of the better food is being sold to people outside of the camp, so instead of getting chicken, we get Spam and more Spam. But we eat what we get because we have no other choice. The mess halls are loud and crowded. Privacy is nowhere to be found.

There are sayings to help us through this difficult time. "Gaman" which means endure and persevere, and "Shikataganai" which means it can't be helped. We embrace these words to work together and build a community. Sports teams are organized. A magazine called the "Village Crier" is printed spreading words of support throughout the community. For the interned graduating students, some schools manage to bring students diplomas and a small ceremony is held. Music is played. Children are born, and there are two deaths. Noriyuki, a 14 year old boy, died from a crushed skull after he collided with a friend during a game of baseball. Instead of telling his mom of his injury, he hid under the barracks, embarrassed. This was heartbreaking during a time of turmoil.

Gradually we are moved to a more permanent detention camp. We are tired, homesick, and we don't know how to explain this to our children. With a long deep breath we are off again. We do not know where we are going, but we try to remain strong in our support for each other.

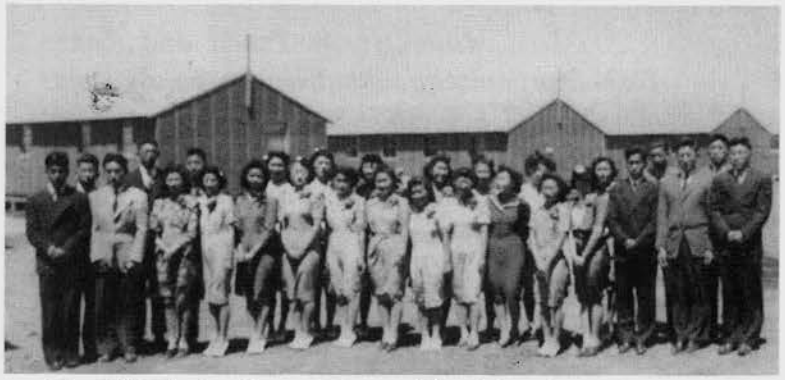
The End

The following additional articles were published in the May and June 1942 issues of "The Village Crier," a bi-monthly camp newsletter.

"Discouragement, dissatisfaction and forlorn hope are to be felt when there is sudden change and pace in our normal existence. Many of us have left behind the fruits of years of hard labor and thoughtful planning.

"Belief and faith in the ultimate success that is our heritage will help us through this adjustment period. We are not lost. We are strong. ...

"Let's cooperate and be of service to all."



30 of 44 Nisei seniors of Watsonville High School Class of 1942 held a small graduation ceremony, without caps and gowns, on June 19, 1942 in the Salinas Assembly Center.

GRADUATES

Meriko M. Arita
Hatsuko Eto
Frank Fujita
Tom S. Hashimoto
Aiko Hirokawa
Aiko Inmaru
Shieko Kameo
Kazue Kamitani
*Misako Kimoto
Yutaka Kimoto
Shigeru Kizuka
Evelyn Yukiye Matsui
Frak S. Matsumoto
Harry S. Morimune
Gus Kashumi Nakagawa
*Kazu Oshima
Haruno Sato
Toshiko Shigemoto
Ayano Shintani
Grace Chiyeko Sugidono
Ichiro Sam Sugidono
Jiro Sugidono
Shizuko Sugiyama
*Shizue Takemoto
Mae Shizuye Yamaguchi
Kikue Helen Yamamoto
Grace Yamashita
Saburo Yamashita
Shiori Yasumoto
*Shizuye Florence Yoshizumi

*Seal Bearers in the Scholarship Federation

Tom Mine, Hardy Tsuda and Kenzo Yoshida organized a softball league. Tournaments of volleyball, horseshoe, sumo, and softball were held. They gave the youngsters something to do.

Mrs. Chizu Iwanaga organized a Salinas Assembly Center band. Many had been members of her Watsonville Young Buddhist Association band.

A Singspiration, led by Toru Asada and accompanied by Gladys Onoye on the piano, was enjoyed by all.

A Bridge Club was formed by George Yuge, George Nakano, and Fred Okamoto.

A nursery school was located in the drying room of the far laundry unit.

An art class will have its first exhibition.

There are about 250 COD packages ("cash on delivery") arriving daily at the post office. Many were from the Charles Ford Department Store in Watsonville. First class mail averages 1500 to 2000 pieces a day. Newspapers and magazines are highly prized.

Forty two (42) Salinas High School seniors had their graduation in caps and gowns. With the stars and stripes on the stage, the seniors sang "God Bless America."

The following week, 30 Watsonville High School seniors received their diplomas, which were presented to them by Principal T. S. MacQuiddy and Louise Worthington, Dean of Girls.

The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the graduating class of 1942 was joined in by the audience! Kaz Oshima, representing the class, gave the response, thanking those responsible for the ceremony.

Miss Edna James presented diplomas to the E. A. Hall students.

The 22 Hollister High School graduates celebrated with a social.

We thank the students of Washington Grammar School in Salinas, Salinas Junior College, Watsonville Public Library, San Jose State College and others for their contributions of books and periodicals. We appreciate their kindness and their interest in the education of our children.

We are being transferred to the Poston Relocation Center in Arizona. Looks like we are headed for "the last round-up." We will be leaving by train at a rate of 500 per day, with the assembly center closing on the 4th of July.

Salinas will be celebrating Independence Day as we pull out.

When the train pulled out of the Salinas station, we were ordered to keep all the window shades drawn down for the duration of the trip.

There were 6 births, 2 marriages, 2 divorces, and 2 deaths during our 3 month stay.

The Village Crier

Issue No. 8 — SALINAS ASSEMBLY CENTER, SALINAS — June 29, 1942

"HELLO, ARIZONA!" (SO LONG, CALIFORNIA)

With the first contingent of residents ready to leave Sunday morning for the relocation site in Arizona, others scheduled to leave on subsequent days are rushing to make necessary arrangements to leave Salinas.

The movement will begin at 11:00 a. m. for five hundred persons at the same hour each day until the movement is completed.

Residents are requested to clean their apartments to minimize the task for those men who are remaining to clean the Center.

Government issued items such as mops, brooms, silverware, blankets and bulbs be returned promptly.

Fire extinguishers will be collected after the occupants leave.

Baggages should be securely wrapped and tagged with the family name and the original family number given before evacuation. They will be transported by trucks on day preceding movement to the depot. Beddings will be collected the same morning of the movement.

Small packages and baggages will be given to the infirmed and mothers with babies under two years.

Breakfast and lunch for group leaving will be served at 6:30 a.m. and 10:00 am. Box boxes will be provided for each member of the family.

TRAIN CAPTAINS APPOINTED

Train captains appointed to take charge on the trains are:

June 28 ------- Chikara Iwamoto
29 -------Tomezo Ichikawa
30 -------Wildian Shimachi
July 1 -------Dr. Frank H. Ito
2 ------- John H. Wada
3 ------- Kenneth Tachibana
4 ------- Frank Shioda

"THE LAST ROUND-UP OF TALENTS"

Before thousands of residents of the Center, talented young people and accomplished musicians paraded their talents in the grand finale program presented by the Recreation Department Sunday afternoon in the arena.

John Yamauchi and Yonco Gota arranged the program which was announced by Dr. Harry Kita who acted as "emcee."

The Center Council arranged the services for the public address system which contributed to the enjoyment of the program.

The entertainment was opened with the Center band playing the "Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Chizu Iwanaga, music supervisor, directed.

The band played martial music and overtures and each selection was dedicated to the various administrative divisions of the Center.

Vocal numbers were rendered by Uta Shimotsuka, Edwin Matsuura, Bob Takiguchi, Sachiye Ando, Tom Masamori, Grace and Clara Nakamura, Sada Onoye. Harmonica solos were given by Fred Yoshioka, Dick Maruyama and Frank Masamori.

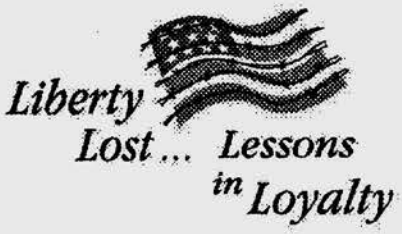
Duets by Grace and Marian Masui. Mitsu Shimotsuka and Tom Masamori were enjoyed.

Jayne Miyake's monologue added the light touch to the entertainment which was well received. The Church Choir led by Virginia Sakata sang two negro spirituals.

Hep-cats, John Wada (drummer) and James Miyazaki, clarinet player, staged an informal jam session. Old-time favorites were played by the string orchestra composed of Frank Masamori, Yonco Gota, Sam Ogawa and Willie Kanai.

Special solos were given by Tony Matsuda, violin; Art Iwamoto, clarinet; Paul Yamada, trombone; John Nakamura, flute; Bob Saito, violin.

The last issue of the bi-monthly newsletter, *The Village Crier*, requested that residents clean their apartments to minimize the task for those who are remaining to clean the Center.



The Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL

congratulates the committee and all the participants of
"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty."

Let us join together in upholding the civil and human rights of all who make America their home.

Officers for 2002		Board Members
President	David Kadotani	Sandi Crouser
First Vice President	Lester Aoki	Paul Kaneko
Second Vice President	Jerry Arao	Victor Kimura
Secretary	Mas Hashimoto	Gerald Kondo, DDS
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	Marcia Hashimoto	Rosie Terasaki
Senior Representatives	Carmel Kamigawachi	Willie Yahiro
	Shig Kizuka	
	Iwao Yamashita	
Youth Representatives	Brian Arao	
	Kenji Mitani	

Introduction:

The camp of Poston is located 12 miles south of Parker, Arizona. Of the ten concentration camps, Poston was the only one located on an Indian Reservation—the Colorado River Indian Reservation. Construction of Poston began on March 27, 1942, and the government contract was given to Del Webb. With a work force of 5,000 workers, Camp I, the largest of the three camps, was completed in 3 weeks. Del Webb built Camp II and Camp III within 120 days. Since pine wood was in short supply, heart redwood was substituted for the floor. In the heat, the redwood shrank so much there were huge gaps between the boards. Black tar paper, which covered the outer walls and the roof, made the room an inferno during the summer. Poston barracks were never insulted, but they did have double roofs.

Scorpions were found in the straw used to stuff mattresses in Poston.

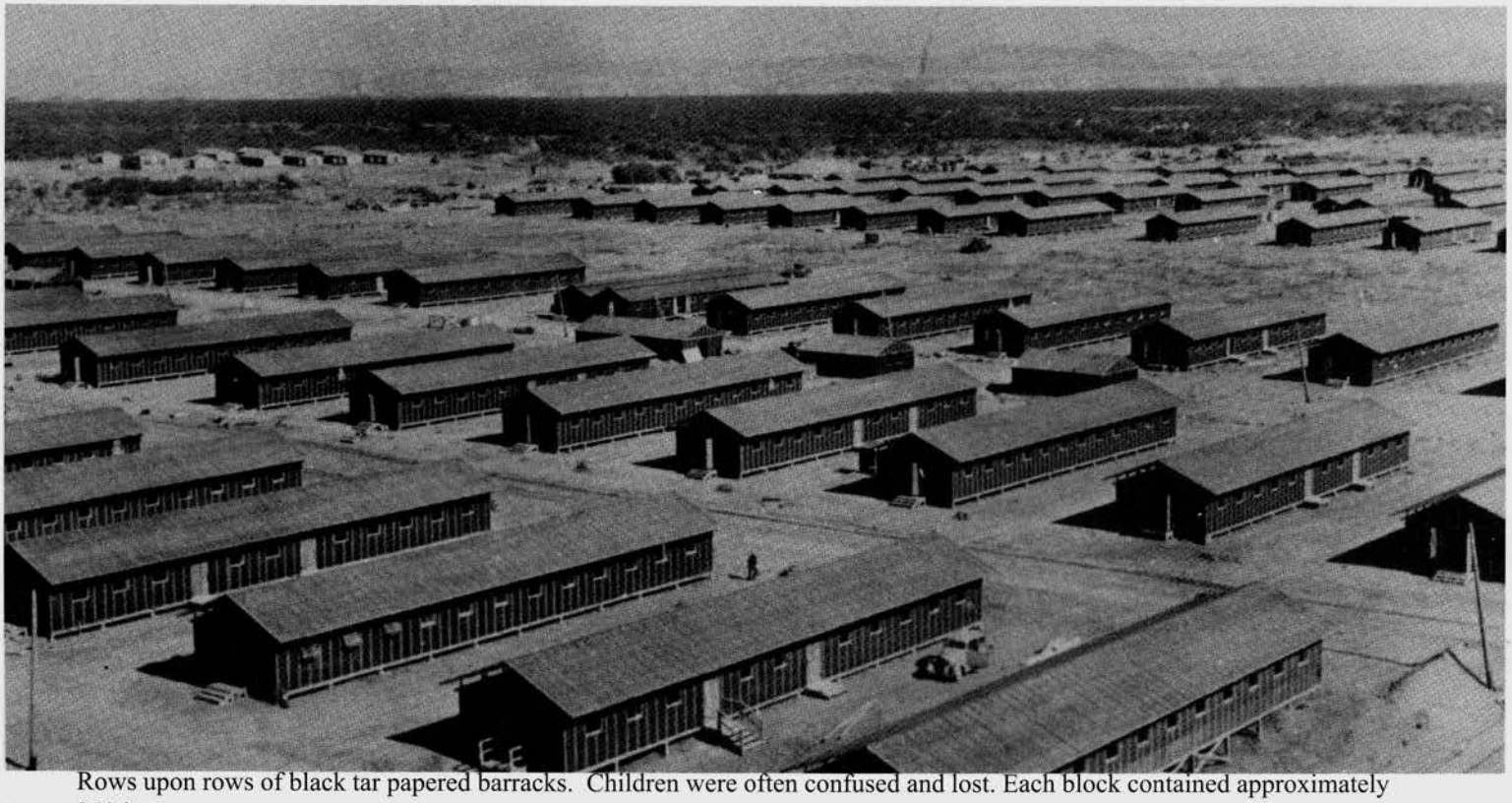
The Arrival at Poston

by Kristen Morrelli

This journey is a long ways from home. We are ordered to keep the shades drawn down so we do not know where we are or where we are going. It must be over 100 degrees on this train. People are starting to respond physically to this awful heat, passing out or fanning themselves with whatever they have. Rumors are that the train engineers have the heat on! The train is starting to feel sluggish. We must be approaching our destination.

As the train comes to a stop, we slowly and quietly start to file off the train. The blank looks on our faces show our fears about our fate in our homeland. As I step off the train I feel like I have entered an oven. It must be 120 degrees out here! The bright sunshine forces me to close my eyes, and it takes me a few minutes to get used to the light. By the looks of the signs I see, we have arrived at a train station in a town called Parker, Arizona. I find that there isn't a strong military presence to greet us or keep us in order. I see fellow Japanese Americans, who look to be taking care of us new arrivals, organizing our things off the train, and loading them onto trucks. I guess that means we are heading someplace else. I wonder how long this journey will be.

As we pile onto army trucks, I hear someone say that this ride will be about twelve miles to a desert Indian Reservation called Poston. Thousands of questions are



Rows upon rows of black tar papered barracks. Children were often confused and lost. Each block contained approximately 250 internees.

Eight internees were killed by armed guards; scores others were wounded in the ten concentration camps.

racing through my head as I find a space on this canvas covered truck. What is in Poston? Who will be there when we arrive? How far are we from home? As we start to roll, I notice my breathing starts to become shallow and forced from the clouds of dust that will become all too treacherously familiar.

As the trucks start to slow down, I can see that there is fencing only in the front area of the barracks. I was told later that this was the only internment camp without a surrounding barbed wire fence enclosure because of its total desolation for miles and miles. There would be no where to go and the rattlesnakes, scorpions, and the Colorado River would keep us confined. Several people faint from the heat as they get off the trucks. We are given salt pills to help with our dehydration.

As we approach our new homes, silence strikes us again. These barracks are no more than green wood frames covered with black tar paper. The walls are thin with some knot holes the size of my fist. One light bulb hangs from the ceiling in each room. A family of up to nine share one room about 20 by 25 feet. Only some rooms have an oil burning stove. We are given a canvas cot, two blankets, and a cover mattress. We use the sheets we brought or a blanket as partitions between beds for privacy. Dust lies on the floor at least two inches thick, and I can tell we would always be battling the dust for as long as we are here.

The bathroom is atrocious! It is one long row of communal toilets. We are warned about the black widow spiders and scorpions that hide around the toilets so we learn to kick the toilets several times before we dare sit down. There are no doors or curtains for privacy. The rows of showers are also open. I don't know how I am ever going to take a shower in front of my family, much less in front of total strangers.

I realize quickly that our cherished meal times as a family will soon be over. Our meals are all eaten at the mess hall. We have to wait in a long line just to eat a mediocre meal. The cooks who are internees are trying their best with the supplies they have. The first few weeks at meal times are the most difficult. The family structure at meal times begins to change. I miss the togetherness of my family. I miss my friends back home. At times I feel angry and frustrated, but as time passes, Poston becomes an almost tolerable place to be, and the hope that this confinement will be over soon, gives me the strength to go on.

The End

Occupying Time In Poston

by Aryn Wilder

Once we arrive at Poston Internment Camp, jobs are chosen or assigned. Unskilled labor such as cleaning public facilities are paid $12 a month. Skilled labor and clerical and community service jobs are paid $16 a month. Highly skilled and professional positions such as doctors, dentists, teachers, and cooks earn the maximum of $19 a month. This is disheartening that our livelihood wages have been so pitifully reduced. Equivalent positions outside camp were earning $150 to $250 per month. The War Relocation Authority (WRA) has assured Congress that the maximum rate of pay for evacuees would not exceed the $21 minimum rate of pay of a private in the U.S. Army. When Congress raised the soldier's minimum pay from $21 to $50, WRA did not increase the internees' pay. We are working and living under army regulations to an extent.

A clothing allowance of $2.25 a month for children and $3.75 a month for adults 16 and over is provided, but families have to use their wage earnings to purchase everyday necessities. Toiletries such as soap and toothpaste are prized items. We try to save some of our earnings, but when a shipment of ice cream or candy comes in, you can see a whole block of people lined up, waiting to purchase these precious goods.

Everyone around me is desperate for some sort of distraction or escape from the everyday routine and confinement. On Wednesday nights we get to see a movie on an outdoor screen. I always hope it'll be a John Wayne movie. Everyone gathers together bringing their own folding cot chair and blanket. We also enjoy our fellow internees perform at the outdoor theater. This social opportunity for children and adults creates an imperishable bond between all of us.

Some people have formed groups for their various hobbies. Sewing circles, church choirs, dance bands have all been organized to maintain some normalcy of life. A high school aged boys' cooking club has been formed, but due to the lack of cooking utensils and ingredients, they are only able to discuss recipes. With the limited resources we have, we still manage to create beautiful crafts such as woodcarvings, paintings, and sculptures. I enjoy carving intricate miniature birds out of discarded apple and orange crates. It is a type of meditation for me, engaging all my concentration.

Another favorite pastime, especially for children and men, are sports activities. Basketball, baseball, swimming, and fishing are the most popular. Sports are great because they enable physical and mental release of energy.

A small canteen enabled the internees to buy toothpaste and other necessities.

All our activities help us to cope with the injustice of being incarcerated as we try to maintain a sense of community.

The End

The US Army and the War Relocation Authority made absolutely no provision for the education of the children. There were no schools, no books, no desks, no chairs, no paper, no pencils, and no teachers.

Scraps of wood and left over nails from the construction were used by parents to make classroom benches. Classes were held in the mess hall, recreation room, or empty barracks.

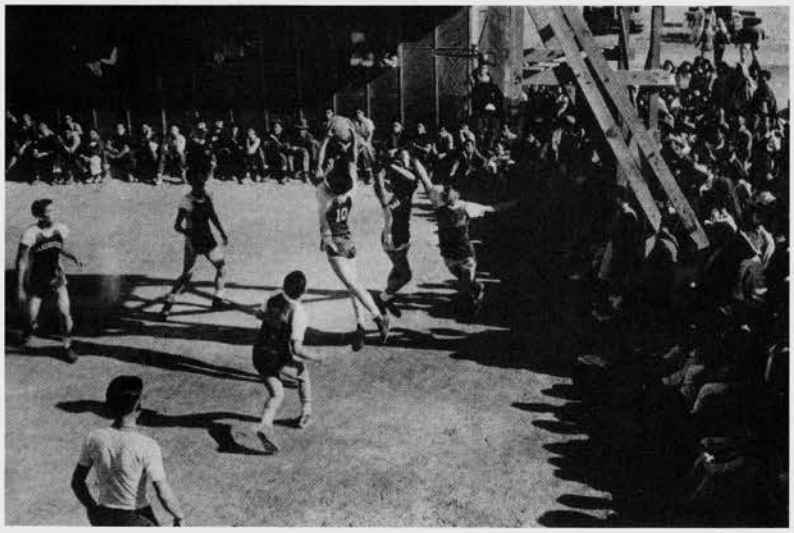
Eventually, California sent us some surplus textbooks. After all, "we" were the children of California. Arizona's State Board of Education assumed some responsibility and provided a curriculum. Qualified teachers were few. No one wanted to teach U. S. History or Civics to high school students.

Nevertheless, the children started each school day by reciting the Pledge of Allegiance with its "liberty and justice for all." Our parents built an adobe school.

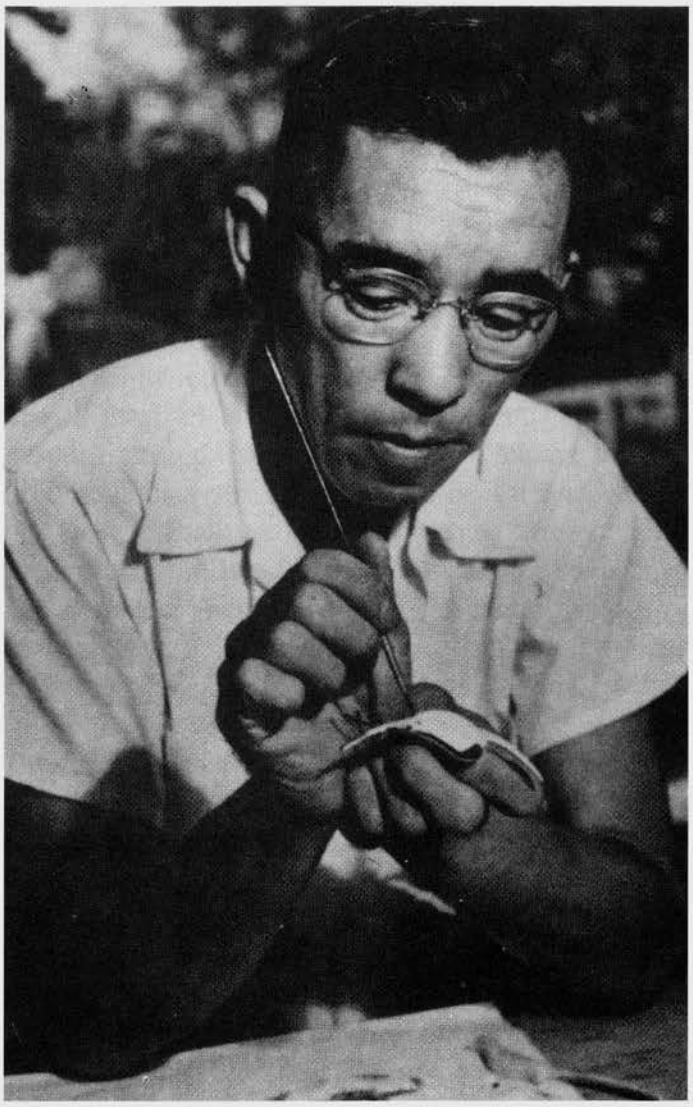
We made the best of a bad situation by coming together as a community.

Baseball, softball, basketball, and flag football leagues were organized. Uniforms were made from discarded mattress covers. Art classes were taught, festive occasions were observed, gardens were planted, hobbies surfaced, vegetables were grown. Boy Scouts and Cub Scout organizations held scrap metal drives for the war effort. We purchased war bonds in support of our country's war efforts.

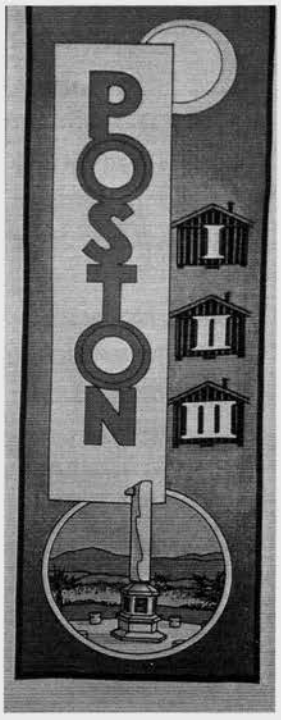
Some young adults continued their college education at Midwest and East Coast colleges and universities. Others answered their country's call to fight in the armed forces of the United States.



A championship basketball game between "block" teams drew large crowds.



Art classes of carving and painting birds became a favorite pastime.



Dr. Frank H. Ito, dentist, was paid $19 a month, two dollars less than a private in the army.

Memories of Poston

by Lora Schraft

There is no escaping the sand, this fine dust-like sand that makes you feel as if you are a piece of wood and the wind that carries it, a carpenter. Every time it decides to exhale its mighty breath, it beats you down, like sandpaper scraping your skin, as if it has some intended purpose. It slowly discards pieces of you, whisking you off, forming you into some stoic statue. Its dust fills your lungs like smoke from a cigarette, making it difficult to breathe. And, it would find its way into your eyes, those hard specks that were once rocks thousands of years ago, now wedged between your eye and eyelid. Striking down on your face, it leaves you with a stinging sensation, as if somehow it magically turned into a bee. Except this is no fairy tale. This is what life is like in the Poston internment camp.

We are trapped in a wireless cage. The desert is our only boundary. It is what separates us from the world we left behind. There is no evading it. It has no guns, only its intense heat, that kills just the same. As I stand and look out around me I know that my freedom is now lost, taken with my rights, and stored away in a box somewhere with everything else I once owned. I wonder what this place is protecting, us from the world or the world from us? Are we the enemy? We are imprisoned, but I don't know what crime we have committed.

I never realized how much I loved privacy until now, because now I have none. I am an open book for all to read and look upon. Single family homes now become extended family barracks, and the walls that were once a part of them turn to sheets. Individual bathrooms turn to community latrines, and showers to open rooms. Oh, the stench! It permeates the air from the latrines, burning my nose as I inhale. Some even go to the toilets in other blocks, just to escape it. Some ladies are bringing cover-ups to put around them for a little privacy. I wish it were that simple to take a shower. Some people wait until dinner to take one because they are embarrassed; they're not used to showering in the open without partitions. Others shower with their bloomers on. We are all naked now, not only in appearance, but in our hearts as well. We have been stripped of all that was once ours, left with nothing but memories of what once was.

Our young Nisei men are re-classified from 1-A, eligible for military service, to 4-C, ineligible as "enemy aliens." As the war progresses they are reclassified back to 1-A. Courageous Nisei men volunteer or are drafted into service from behind barbed wire. Even at the front lines we must be separated. How are we any different from before? We are not aliens to this land we have spent our lifetimes in, nor are we enemies when we stand up to defend the nation within which we live. I call this being an American!

At first, all we seemed to do was "stand-in-line."

Fear. What does it mean? Does it mean distrust, suspicion, wonder, fright? I ask America, why are you afraid of me? Why do you fear me? Is it because I am a little different, a little smaller, a little taller, a different color perhaps? Have a different nose, different eyes, different hair? Why do you hate me so? Are we not the same, you and I? With our two eyes, a nose and mouth. Hair to cover our head and a body to stand, with a name being the only thing that separates you and I? Why do you look at me so, with strange eyes? Do you not realize it's me? I am your brother, your sister, your friend. I was born here. I am an American.

I wake up each morning, and each morning I am here. Before I put on my shoes I check for black widow spiders and scorpions that have found their way inside them during the night. I must do the same whenever I take a shower or go to the toilets.

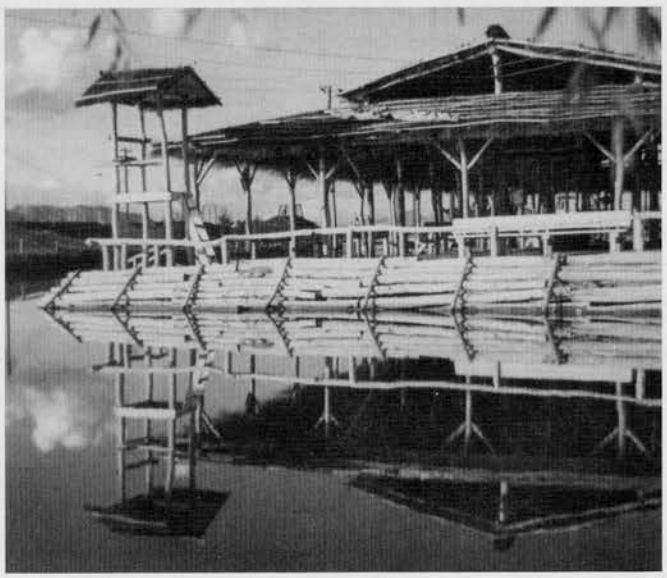
I am always standing in line, waiting for something. I stand in line for breakfast, lunch and dinner. I stand in line to go to the toilet. I stand in line to take a shower. I stand in line to wash my clothes.

I do wish the heat would dissipate. The temperature is unbearable, reaching to over 115-120 degrees.

A mural of Poston II life was painted on the library wall.

The art staff: Harry Yoshizumi (216), Lillian Kadoike (216), Shig Kizuka (216), and Takugi Tanaka (227).

Internees built the beautiful swimming pool of Poston II. After school we swam to escape the heat. Students wore swimming trunks instead of shorts to school.



Sometimes my nose bleeds as if the heat somehow has given me a swift punch in the nose. Others are not so lucky. They faint from exhaustion. At night we soak our mattresses with water which helps to cut the heat a bit. As a result, we jokingly rename the camp, "Roastin' Poston."

The winter months are not much better, falling to 30 degrees at night. You can bring a bucket of water outside, and it will freeze right there. And, there are icicles that hang from the bathroom outside. I think I would rather greet the spiders than the arctic toilet seats. The barracks don't help much with the cracks between the boards the size of the Grand Canyon. My mother piles all our clothes on us, in hopes that we will not freeze at night, like the water in the buckets. The weather seems to have a mind of its own. Sometimes you can't see a thing across the barracks. It is as if someone from above has reached down and placed a blindfold over your eyes. You can see them coming, these sandstorms. They blow you over. We run to shelter, and shut the windows as quickly as we can, but the sand seeps up everywhere, covering everything. And, it seems like it stays like this for a long time.

How can a country that spouts out freedoms and rights as if it has such an abundance of them in reality have so few? Where did they go, I wonder. Where is my liberty? Where is my justice? Maybe, they were blown away with the wind, like everything else.

The End

Poston II, Troop 120, 1943, Arrowhead Council, Yuma County, Arizona, Scoutmaster Tommy Yagi, middle row, second from the right.

Changes Within The Family Structure

by Alexis Prindle

Incarceration is a difficult journey that changes the sense of family. There are parents in line with no children, and wives in line without husbands. The children are off on their own, running with their friends all day. Husbands are in other camps far away as prisoners.

Right after Pearl Harbor, if you were a leader in the Japanese community, the FBI ransacked your home and took you away. No trial, no due process, no caring.

You can write letters asking for your father or husband back. You can say, "My father is an American and would never go against his country. You have no evidence against him. Why are you holding him without charges? Please send him back to us." But you are pleading to the same authority who locked you up, so tears fall on deaf ears. It's amazing how quickly everything can change.

Fathers are the head of the family, taking care of it and handling all its business, but what is there to handle here? You work, you sleep, and you wait your turn. If the father is gone, the responsibility falls to the oldest child and mother. They become the caretakers and decision makers.

How do you watch over and hold on to your loved ones in this environment? What can you do for them when it is such a struggle for you? You could shout for your kids to, "Get back here, families eat together. This is the time we share." But you can't talk or share a meal when you're crammed together with a hundred other families. You can't relate to one another when you have to eat quickly to make room for the people coming in behind you. Why keep your children close to you? They'd rather be off, and it's not like they're going to get lost here. How do you maintain a sense of family?

Life does not stop in the camp. There is sickness and health. People are born and people die. But how can you give it meaning here. How do you rejoice for the opportunities of youth, and mourn those who died away from their homes, and had their lives' work taken away from them? Our beginning life here was as barren as the land, but somehow we have come together as a new family, as a community, to endure and persevere together.

Camp is a void. It creates a hole in your life of what should be and what you are left with. When you can leave, you must get on with your life. Even if you have nothing to go back to, time does not stop and neither can you. Everything starts to close up, but it doesn't heal because there's no time to heal. Who wants to dwell on being robbed of life and liberty? Who wants to explain to their children or themselves how their own country treated them? So it gets put away, a piece of your life and experience that you cannot talk about. In the family, the hole is still present but life has closed around it. There is nothing else to do but move on, silently carrying a weight with you. The facade is normal, but things are different, not as close. The family has changed, and the community has been shaken. Now, the question is, "Where do we go from here?"

Hope is in the future. It is telling our children, "You are an American, no matter what." It's instilling in them the value of education, the great equalizer, so that some day they will have opportunity and power. They will have respect from others and for themselves. Children give direction and hope for the future.

The stories will skip a generation. Perhaps it's too soon and too painful to tell them. To the new generation it is a part of someone else's journey. It takes the work of this next generation and the next before things are finally told. Grandchildren will have books to read and history to learn. They will want to hear the stories. But there is so much that must be done and dealt with in between. The only thing to be done is to respect the journey of our parents and grandparents. It helps. It makes a difference to bridge the gap and be family.

The End

Mess Hall messed up families. Some blocks ate family style, others didn't. Some blocks had great cooks, others didn't. Private family discussions at dinner ceased to exist

The "draft" (Selective Service) was re-instated for the Nisei. Controversy arose over the infamous "Questions #27 and #28." Thousands from the ten camps volunteered from behind barbed wire.

"A MILITARY NECESSITY" A NEW TWIST

By Mas Hashimoto

When we speak of "military necessity," we generally refer to our government's excuse, using Executive Order 9066, to incarcerate 120,000 innocent persons of Japanese ancestry in this country.

There was, however, another involvement of "military necessity" as explained by the leadership of the young National Japanese American Citizens League.

Military participation by the Nisei was absolutely necessary during World War II. The shadow of suspicion had to be eliminated as quickly and as completely as possible.

The program of the JACL first included cooperating with the evacuation and internment, for our opposition to the evacuation would have brought horrible consequences to all Japanese Americans for all time.

The long term goal for the promising future of all Japanese Americans was a land without old hatreds and an end to racial discrimination.

For that to happen, the contribution of the Japanese Americans to complete a military victory was a definite necessity.

Therefore, the JACL asked for the restoration of the Selective Service to include Japanese Americans. We had to share with other Americans the duty of defending our country.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote in early 1943:

No loyal citizen of the United States should be denied the democratic right to exercise the responsibilities of citizenship, regardless of ancestry. The principle on which this country was founded and by which it has always been governed is that Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry.

The hanger at Crissy Field, Presidio of San Francisco, where the first classes of the Army's top secret Japanese Language School were held starting on November 1, 1941.

A banner displayed indicating someone from the family was in the military.

"AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON DURING WORLD WAR II" A MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE STORY

The men and women who served with the Military Intelligence Service during World War II are credited with saving countless American and Allied lives and with shortening the war by nearly two years by General Charles Willoughby, G-2 Chief for General Douglas MacArthur, Allied Supreme Commander. They saved an undetermined number of Japanese lives, too.

Weeks before our entry into the war, Nisei (second generation Japanese Americans) soldiers were studying the Japanese language, Japanese military terminology, and Japanese military strategy in a secret Army language school established at the Presidio of San Francisco. Over 6,000 Nisei will serve in the armed forces of the United States during World War II. They served with the US Navy, US Marines, US Army Air Corps, in American embassies, the OSS, and were on "loan" to the Australians, British, Canadians, Chinese, Indians, New Zealanders, and others.

"Love" Company, 2nd Platoon, 100th/442nd RCT, in northern Italy.

General Eric Shinseki, US Army Chief of Staff, presented the Presidential Unit Citation to Marvin Uratsu, President of the Northern California Military Intelligence Service Association.

The Nisei linguists translated enemy documents, including battle orders, operational plans, inventory lists, training manuals, maps, journals, logs, diaries, and letters; intercepted and deciphered Japanese communications; interrogated Japanese prisoners of war; wrote surrender leaflets; composed and broadcast surrender appeals; flushed out the enemy and civilians from underground caves; and contributed to the successful Allied military strategy against the Japanese.

They contributed in every field of operations—from the Aleutians to India to Germany.

Finally, in July of 2000, the MIS received the Presidential Unit Citation, presented by US Army Chief of Staff, General Eric Shinseki, on behalf of President William Clinton. Accepting on behalf of the MISers was Marvin Uratsu, President of the MIS Association, Norcal. After nearly 55 years of silence, the invaluable contribution of the Nisei linguists to the war effort was recognized by a grateful nation.

Colonel Thomas Sakamoto, US Army, retired, MIS, upon the dedication of Building 640 (the hanger), Nov. 2, 1993 and transfer of it to the National Park Service.

"The Thomas Sakamoto Story" (MIS)

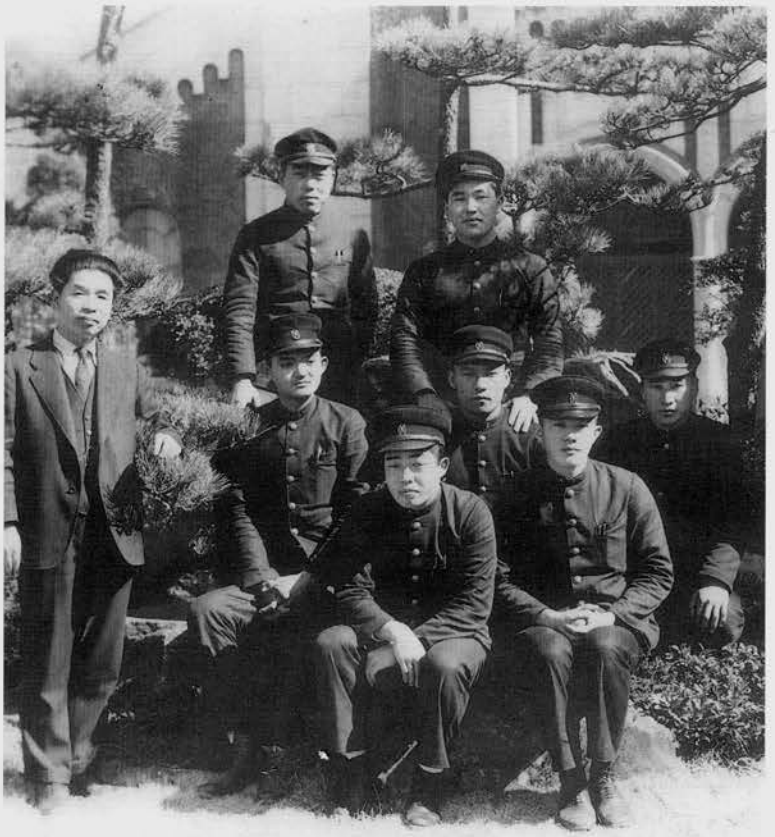
Five weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor, on November 1, 1941, Thomas Sakamoto sat in a cold, drafty hangar at Crissy Field, located at the Presidio of San Francisco. As a member of an elite class—the Japanese Language School of the Military Intelligence Service (MIS)—Sakamoto was studying the Japanese language in a secret school in preparation for the war against Japan.

He had been recruited by Captain Kai Rasmussen. Sakamoto was well qualified, for he had studied in Japan for four years. In what would have been his junior year at Santa Clara High School in 1934 he was sent by his father to Japan. It was a common practice for the eldest son to be sent to Japan for his education.

In Japanese high schools, military reserve officer training courses were offered, at which Sakamoto excelled. He was recommended for officer candidate school by an active-duty major of the Japanese Imperial Army. Japan was expanding its war against China. Sakamoto refused. He was told that he was not loyal to the land of his ancestors. He took other abuses silently, for he knew his loyalty was with the United States. Sakamoto returned home to San Jose in 1938 to work on the family's 43 acre farm.

Sakamoto received his "Greetings!" from the President in February of 1941 for induction into the US Army. While at Hunter Leggett military reservation near King City, Sakamoto was asked to translate a black book. It was a Japanese manual on military tactics. Translating the book was easy. Captain Rasmussen was impressed and promised Sakamoto a promotion to a commissioned officer should he successfully complete a one year course. Sakamoto was ordered to attend the secret Army language school at the Presidio of San Francisco. After the Pearl Harbor attack, the course was shortened to six months.

The instructors included Tom Tanimoto of Watsonville and Shig Kihara of Monterey. Of the 45 graduates in the first class, 32 were shipped directly overseas to various combat units in the Pacific—from Alaska to Guadalcanal. Upon graduation they were not given their commissions as promised. Instead, they were made NCOs—non commissioned officers, sergeants. The Caucasian American students, many of whom were not as well qualified, were given officer commissions. Sakamoto was disappointed at the army's discriminatory practices. Because of Sakamoto's advanced knowledge of Japanese,



As a high school student in Japan, Thomas Sakamoto is farthest right.

he was made an instructor, and the school was transferred to Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Sakamoto, however, was anxious to get into the fight. In August of 1943, he volunteered for combat duty and was assigned to General Douglas MacArthur's Headquarters in Brisbane, Australia. As General MacArthur began his island hopping campaign along the coast of New Guinea and other key islands, more linguists were needed in the field.

Sakamoto was sent to join the 1st Cavalry Reconnaissance Task Force, a Texas unit, assigned to take Los Negroes island in the Admiralty Island group. When they went "over the side" of the landing craft, they were greeted by machine gun fire. Commanding General William C. Chase became so worried about Sakamoto—that he might be killed by our own men—he was assigned a 24-hour bodyguard, an Irish cop from New York.

When Japanese prisoners of war were brought to him for interrogation, they called Sakamoto a traitor.

One of the POWs had a document which Sakamoto quickly translated. It revealed the enemy's battle order. It read, "Tonight, the battalion under Captain Baba will attack the enemy who have landed. Be resolute to sacrifice your life for the Emperor and commit suicide in case of capture."

That night US naval guns pounded the area of battle.

Later, when the guns were silent, a scout spotted an enemy movement only 30 yards ahead. Sakamoto tried to talk them into surrendering, but it was to no avail. After the ensuing battle, the dead were counted. Fifteen of the enemy lay dead, including Captain Baba. In the anxiety of the battle Sakamoto had forgotten it was his birthday. He was recommended for the Bronze Star by General Chase.

The Pacific war ended in August of 1945. Sakamoto and other Nisei linguists were finally given their promised commissions. With his gold bars pinned to his collar, 2nd Lt. Sakamoto stood proudly on the deck of the *USS Missouri.* From 30 feet away he witnessed the official surrender ceremony of the Japanese.

Sakamoto assisted in the Occupation and transformation of a democratic Japan, fought in the Korean War, and did two tours in the Vietnam War. Sakamoto was to receive the Legion of Merit for overseeing the counterintelligence work during the Tet Offensive. Before Sakamoto was to retire, he was assigned to the position of Chief of Security for the 6th Army at the Presidio of San Francisco. If he held that position in 1942 he would have been responsible for the evacuation of his own family.

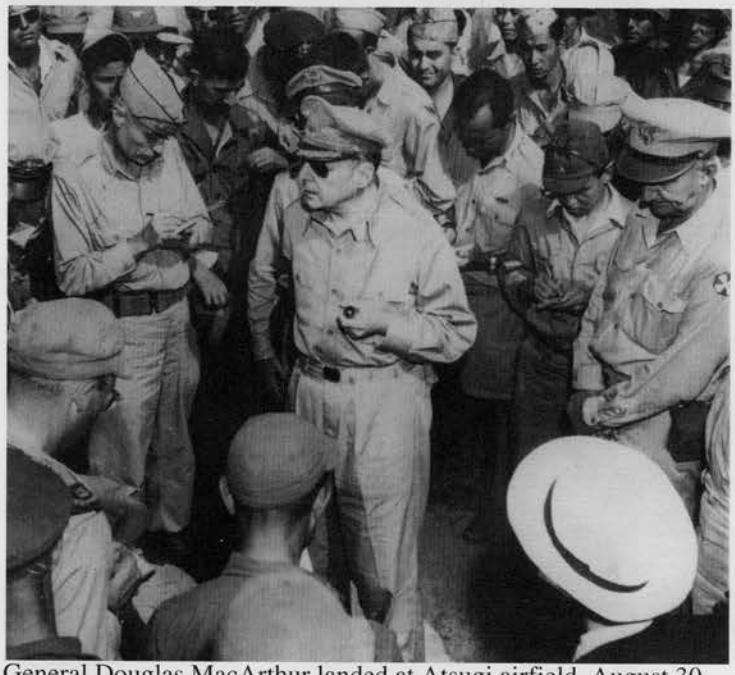
Colonel Sakamoto was to retire after nearly 30 years of dedicated service.

The 6,000 Nisei linguists and the 27,000 "Go For Broke" Nisei combat veterans had to fight two wars—one against the Axis enemy and the other against discrimination in the US armed forces. Their bravery, heroics, and unqualified loyalty, along with those 120,000 internees, opened the doors of opportunity for Asian Americans and other minorities in America today.

Sakamoto never, not even for a moment, ever doubted his loyalty to this nation.

Instructor Sakamoto asked for combat duty in 1943.

The Legion of Merit is presented to Lt. Col. Sakamoto for exceptionally meritorious service during the Vietnam War as wife, Sadie Sakamoto, looks on.



General Douglas MacArthur landed at Atsugi airfield, August 30, 1945. 2nd Lt. Sakamoto is near the upper right corner.

"The Story Behind the 442nd Patch" Mitchie M. Miyamoto

"Mitch" Miyamoto was a proud graduate of Watsonville High School, Class of 1938. In October of 1941, he was drafted into the US Army, and he took his basic training at Ft. Riley, Kansas. After the Pearl Harbor attack, Miyamoto was transferred to Camp Hale, Colorado.

In the spring of 1943, he was sent to assist in the formation of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

The original 442nd patch was designed by War Department artists, and it depicted a yellow arm brandishing a blood dripping sword. The racial overtones of the design were obvious and obnoxious. Everyone in the unit hated it.

Sergeant Miyamoto designed a patch of a silver hand holding the torch of liberty against a sky of blue, surrounded by a border of silver and red. It was a positive symbol of freedom and liberty—goals the men could fight and die for. Some criticized the shape of the patch. They thought it was coffin shaped. Still others believed the shape was appropriate. Many were to die while proudly wearing their famous shoulder patch. German troops quickly learned to fear the men who wore the red, white, and blue patch.

Miyamoto received the Bronze Star from Major General E. M. Almond for his meritorious service rendered while in combat. He was frequently exposed to enemy fire while making trips to the forward areas to attest the accuracy of the maps in use. His knowledge of maps and his ability to accurately locate difficult spots on the terrain quickly won him gratitude of the men and commanding officer he served.

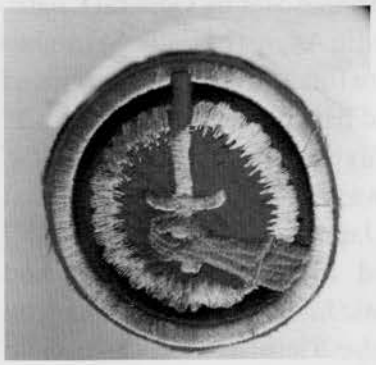
After the war, Miyamoto married Martha and raised a daughter, Teri, and two sons, Roger and Martin.

In 1955, he returned to Watsonville and was employed by Charles Ford Department Store for over 32 years. He was the recipient of many national awards and honors for his outstanding window displays and advertising skills.

Miyamoto passed away on June 5, 1987 at the age of 67.

In the history section of the Smithsonian Institution on the mall in Washington, D. C., opposite the original Star Spangled Banner, is an exhibit telling of the exploits of the 442nd. The 442nd patch is displayed with the notation that it was designed by Mitchie Miyamoto, a member of the unit.

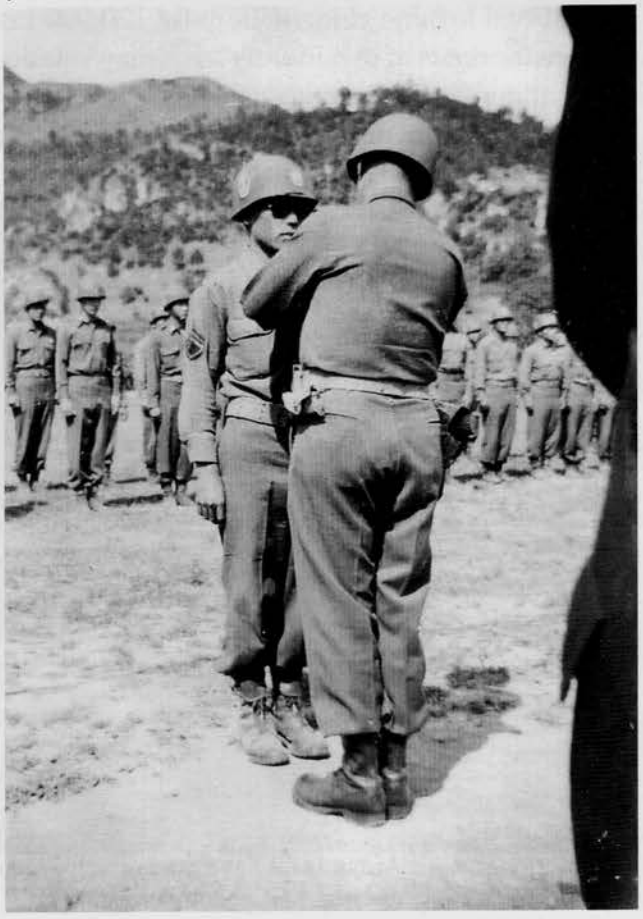
All members of the 442nd are grateful to Mitch Miyamoto.



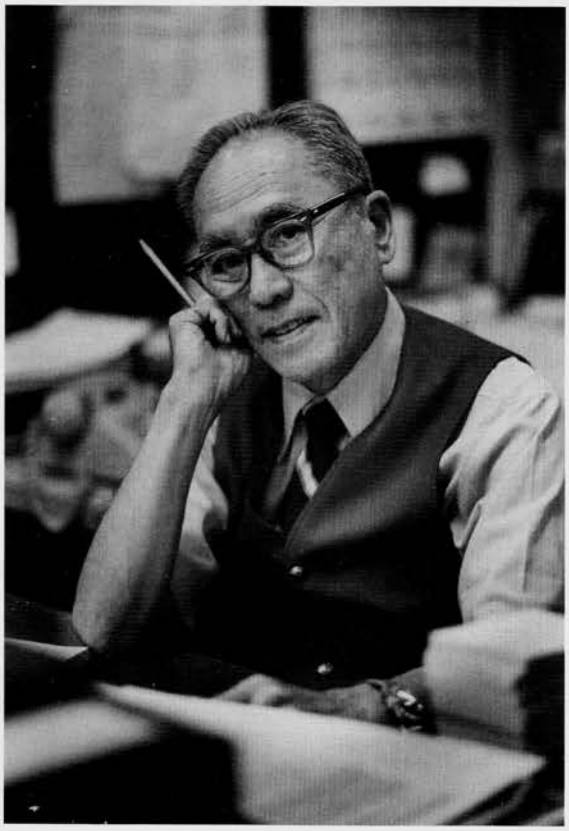
The War Department's original design did not inspire the men to fight for freedom's sake.

The 100th/442nd RCT patch was most feared by the German troops.

Miyamoto receives his Bronze Star for meritorious service rendered to the 92nd Infantry division.



Miyamoto also drew for the Stars and Stripes and other army publications.



In Memory of Mitchie Miyamoto,
designer of the famous 100th/442nd RCT patch

Martha Miyamoto Family
and the
Harold A. "Hal" Hyde Family

"Life During War Time" by Shig Kizuka

Sunday Dec. 7, 1941 started out like any other Sunday. I was driving to our church, the Japanese Presbyterian Church, with my younger brother and sister and the car radio on. A newscaster interrupted with an announcement that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor

When I got home from our church, I told the family about Japan attacking Pearl Harbor. My father could not believe it. He said that it was just propaganda.

The next day, the FBI came to the front and back doors so that we could not leave. They put all of us in the living room while few of the FBI men questioned us. Other agents searched the house looking for something they considered suspicious—letters from Japan, pictures of relatives in Japan, Japanese books, Japanese music, etc.. The FBI spent over half a day searching and questioning us. They left our home a mess, and we were minus a father. They took my father in custody as he was an active leader in the community. We did not know where he was for several weeks.

My father was sent first to a concentration camp in Bismark, North Dakota and then transferred to Lordsburg, New Mexico. The rest of our family was sent to the Salinas Assembly Center, located at the Salinas Rodeo Ground, and later to Poston, Arizona.

The high school graduation ceremony for our Class of 1942 was held in the Salinas Assembly Center while we were behind barbed wire. But, thirteen Nisei members of the Class 1942 formally graduated with Watsonville High School's Class of 1992. We finally got our diploma on June 12, 1992 at 2:00 p.m., exactly fifty years later.

While in the Salinas Assembly Center, I got too close to the barbed wire fence that enclosed us. The guard up the tower pointed his gun at me and told me to get back.

Critical Decision

While in the Poston internment camp, I had to make a critical decision. The US government wanted to know if we were loyal to this nation. They sent a badly prepared questionnaire that all over the age of 17 were to answer. Loyalty was decided based on how we answered two questions, #27 and #28. Question #27 asked: *Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty wherever ordered?* And question #28: *Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and faithfully defend the United States from any or all attack by foreign or domestic forces, and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese emperor, or any other foreign government, power of organization?*

If we answered "Yes, " we stayed in Poston, perhaps to be drafted later. Those who answered "No" were shipped out to a special, segregated camp. Some of them will be repatriated to Japan after the war.

This questionnaire split many families. A few were bitterly resentful for their constitutional rights had been violated. They were forced into concentration camps, and, then, they were re-classified as 4-C (enemy alien), the same designation as their immigrant parents.

Our family was one of those that had split. My father, who was still interned in Lordsburg NM, had a chance to repatriate to Japan, and he wanted to take the family with him. As I was born here in the U.S., I wanted to prove my loyalty to this country, and, so, I refused. I told my mother to take my brother and sister but that I will remain here. My mother did not want to leave me, so she convinced my father to stay. My father and I were not on speaking terms at this time.

Soon after, I had an opportunity to leave Poston for Michigan to continue my education. Wayne State

The Kizuka family—William, grandmother, Lillian, Shig, and mother—prior to the evacuation. Father had been arrested by the FBI.

University in Detroit accepted me without any problem. I applied to about six other universities in the Midwest, but they said their enrollments were full or that I had to get a provost marshal's clearance. It was a convenient way telling me that they were not accepting Japanese Americans at the time. As I entered Wayne State University, I volunteered for military service. I couldn't finish a semester of college, but they gave me credit for the semester as I was entering the service.

I was sent to Camp Shelby in Mississippi to take my basic training with the 442nd RCT. At the end of my basic, I had two orders: one to report to Ft. Snelling (in Minnesota) for Military Intelligence Service and the other for overseas duty in France. However, as they needed men to replace the causalities of the 442nd, they sent me to France.

Before going overseas, I was given furlough to visit my family in Poston. My father had joined my mother, brother and sister by now. It was a strain to my dad and me as we were not speaking to each other. As I was ready to leave Poston on a bus, my mother asked me to say goodbye to my father. I told her I wouldn't unless he talked to me first.

As I was about to step onto the bus, my father came over to wish me well. This was the first time we had spoken to each other in months. Mother had convinced father to see me off. I felt good that we were speaking as I left for combat duty.

Overseas, I served in France and Italy. In France, after the rescue of the Lost Battalion of the 36th Division, the army sent the 100th/442nd RCT to southern France near Nice. We did border patrol between France and Italy. The soldiers welcomed the rest after such heavy causality. A few companies were down to thirteen or twenty men out of two hundred.

The Gothic Line

The video, "Honor Bound," accurately portrays the story of our "L" Company. It was made in Las Vegas in 1995 at one of our company "L" annual mini-reunion. We spent five days of interviews and talked about our experiences during the war. This was the first time many of us talked about our combat experiences. We kept silent for fifty years. We realized our story should be told for everyone to hear. We are getting older and fading away and our experiences will be lost.

U.S. forces at the Gothic Line in Italy were stalled for five months Other outfits tried to break the line, but they were not successful. So, the army recalled the 442nd from France to break the Gothic Line.

The 442nd RCT was to attack from several fronts. My company "L" was to attack from the rear. In preparation we marched to Azzano at night so that the Germans would not see us from the observation post on top of the 3,000 feet Mt. Folgorita. We hid and slept during the day.

Shig takes a break during basic training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

On the second night, we descended into the valley and moved to scale the 3000-foot mountain. We taped our dog tags so they would not rattle. Lights, radio, and talking were banned as this was to be a surprise attack from the rear.

It was an eight to ten hour climb up an almost vertical mountainside. We hung onto each other as it was dark. It was so dark that we could not see our hands in front of us. We could not talk or make any noise, and, if anyone slipped or fell, we were not to stop. I heard someone fall down the mountain, but we kept climbing.

We were about half hour late reaching the top of the mountain.

SHIG KIZUKA

The sun was just coming up. Our squad was the first one to make the attack on the Gothic Line, and I was the third man there.

When I looked to the left, I saw a bunker with a machine gun pointing at us. Fortunately, they were sleeping. They did not expect anyone to climb the 3000-foot mountain at night. I shudder to think what would have happened to us if the Germans had been awake.

We broke the Gothic Line in one-half hour while others couldn't do it in five months. That night my sergeant and I encountered a German soldier who was ready to throw a hand grenade at us, but my sergeant with his tommy gun and me with my rifle got him before he got us. War is terrible.

About a week after we took Mt. Folgorita, I was wounded in the mountain near Carrara. I had a feeling all day that I was going to get hit or something might happen to me. That night as we were digging our foxhole for the night, my sergeant told us to double up. I left my foxhole to the one at the upper side of the slope.

The shell landed in my single foxhole that I just left. This is when shrapnel lodged in my chest wall, and I had some internal bleeding. The comrade below me died when his whole side was blown out.

I was lucky that I went up the mountain instead of down. I was supposed to go on a night patrol that evening behind enemy line. I know if I went I would not come back. I guess my time was not up. Many veterans told me that they had the same feeling as I did.

The war in Europe ended about three weeks after I was wounded. I spent little over a month in the hospital and was ready to be shipped home. But, we heard rumors that the 442nd was going home as a unit.

About six of us in the hospital went AWOL to join our comrades and return to the states with them. But, the army reassigned the 442nd to occupational duty, so I had to spend another six months overseas.

Role Reversal

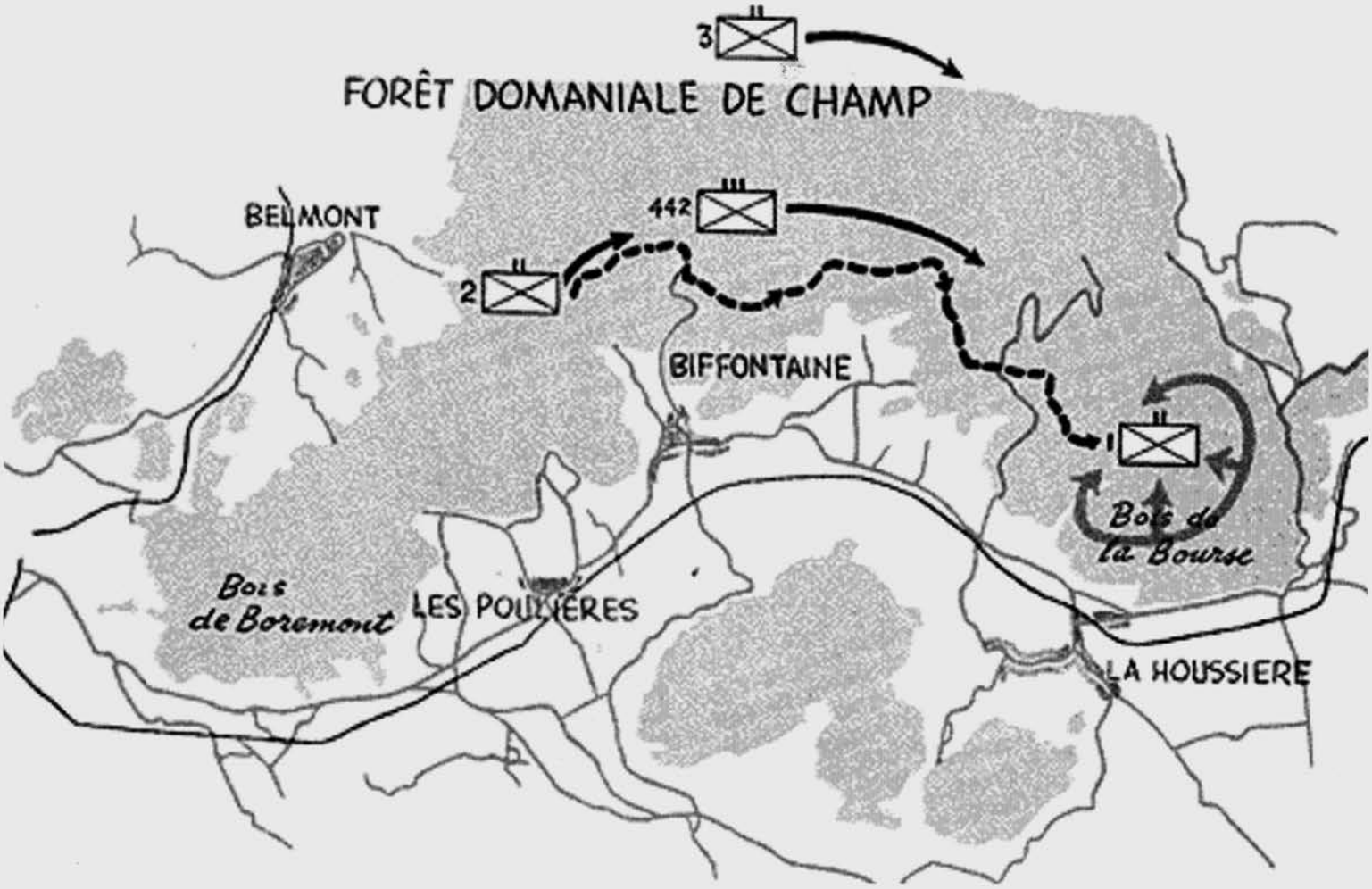
One of our duties was to guard the German POWs. Here, I was in a tower with my gun and guarding the prisoners in their compound, telling them to get away from the fence. How ironic! Three years earlier I was told to get away from the fence.

When I returned to Watsonville, my father greeted me with open arms, and he was, indeed, very proud of me. He even wore his 442nd pin proudly in his lapel.

I wanted to see the rest of my home town. I walked up Main Street with my uniform and medals. Two old ladies passed by me. First, they looked at each other, and, then, they turned to give me a nasty look. That really hurt. I had just returned from overseas while serving my country.

That is one reason why I went back to Michigan to continue my education. Of course, my wife-to-be, Ruby, was in Chicago, which was a better reason. After 48 years in Michigan we came home in 1991 to Watsonville.

Once I had been seen as an enemy in my own country. Now, I have been living freely, as a good and loyal citizen of the United States.



Map, leading to the rescue of the "Texas Lost Battalion," October of 1944, in the Vosges Forest (France) by men and officers of the 100th/442nd RCT.

Men of the 141st Infantry Battalion (Texas) were rescued.

Guard tower construction is about the same whether it is over an internment camp or a prisoner of war camp.

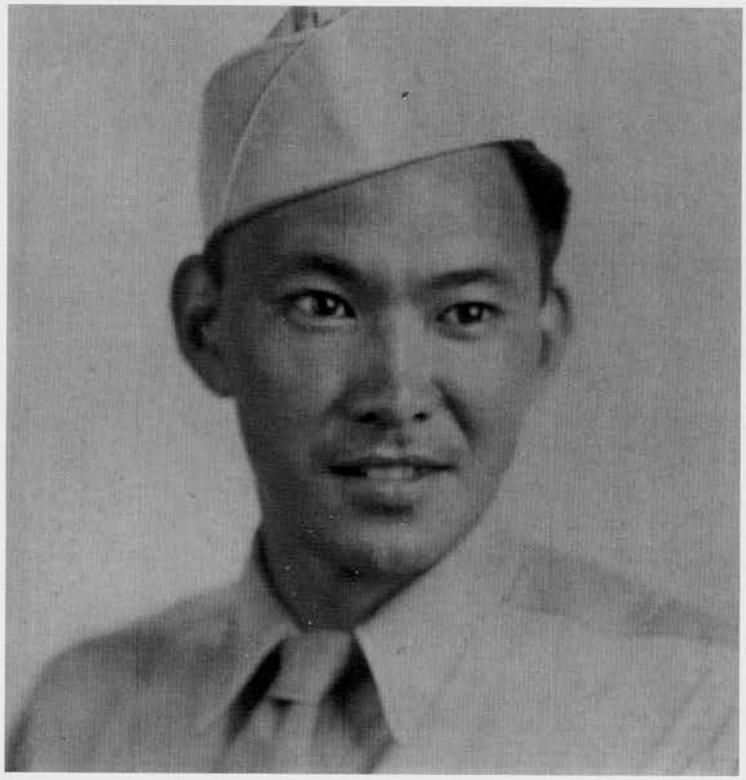
"An Armed Forces Day Tribute, May 20" The Henry Izumizaki Story

The band wasn't playing "Stars and Stripes Forever," the crowds weren't cheering, and the flags weren't waving.

He had to sneak out from an "internment camp" in Arizona. He feared that if the pro-Japan elements in Poston Camp II discovered his plan he would be beaten up. Henry Sadao Izumizaki of Watsonville volunteered to serve his country as a soldier in the United States Army from behind barbed wire and under the cover of darkness.

A few months earlier, the camp's pro-Japan "bullies" and other "non-cooperatives" physically assaulted Saburo Kido, a leader of the Japanese American Citizens League. Kido had relayed the message from the National JACL leadership, headed by Mike Masaoka, that our Nisei (second generation Japanese American) men of military age should prove their loyalty and patriotism to their country by volunteering for the newly organized all-Nisei unit, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team (RCT).

Henry responded to that call even though his country didn't fully trust him. The draft board in Santa Cruz, at the direction of the US Government, reclassified him from 1-A (physically fit to serve) to 4-C (enemy alien). He was not the enemy, and he was certainly not an alien.



Private Henry Izumizaki.

Front row: George, mother Fumiyo Yonemura Izumizaki, father Kanetsuchi Izumizaki Back row; Henry, James, Arthur

In fact, Henry and his brothers were among the earliest Sansei-han (half, third generation). Their mother, Fumiyo Izumizaki, was born in the Territory of Hawaii in 1896 and was, therefore, an American citizen. However, she lost her American citizenship for marrying Kanetsuchi Izumizaki, a Japanese national who, by an Act of Congress, was ineligible for citizenship. They were to present three sons—James, Henry, and Arthur— for the war effort.

Henry attended the local public schools and graduated as a member of Watsonville Union High School's Class of 1939. Friends recall a quiet, shy person. He and his brother, James, loved to tear down engines and rebuild them. Grateful friends remember the crystal sets he made so that they can listen to the radio.

Older brother James, Watsonville Union High School's 1936 valedictorian, had been drafted in March of 1941, nine months before the attack on Pearl Harbor. After completing a second basic training schedule he was sent as a replacement for the 100th Battalion, basically an all Hawaiian Nisei unit.

At first, no one commanding a division or army corps wanted the Nisei soldiers. General Mark Clark finally accepted them. When the 100th Battalion fought in North Africa and in Italy, their causalities were so high

they earned the reputation as the "Purple Heart Battalion." They always completed their missions successfully.

When the 442nd RCT was organized, the 100th Battalion was included as the first of three battalions. It was allowed to keep its designation because of its outstanding war record. Today, the unit is proudly addressed as the 100th/442nd RCT.

After basic training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, Henry was shipped overseas along with Fox Company. Henry and James, of Baker Company, met only once and that was in Naples, Italy. Henry was sporting a thin but proud mustache. James was told by Henry that James was now a father. Sandra, the first child of James and Kitako Izumizaki, had been born in the "internment camp."

When Arthur joined the 100th/442nd, a banner with 3 stars (one star for each of the lads) was proudly displayed in the barrack window of the Izumizaki room in Poston Camp II.

Action was soon to follow the boys. They fought up the boot of Italy, in what Winston Churchill mistakenly called, "the soft underbelly of the Axis." The Italians had surrendered, but the Germans doggedly continued the fight. The 100th/442nd liberated Rome but was not allowed to enter it first.

The unit was sent to liberate the town of Bruyeres, France, near the German border. During the ensuing battle James was listed as missing in action, and Henry was worried that James might have been killed or captured. James had been in the hospital. He had been wounded during a mortar attack. Henry was elated to receive a letter from James indicating that he was all right.

During the "Battle of the Lost Texas Battalion" in late October of 1944, Henry was the Fox Company's runner. The Texas battalion was completely cut-off in the Vosges Forest and was destined to be annihilated by the Germans. Several battalions fell short of the rescue operations. A very tired but game 100th/442nd was ordered to rescue of what remained of the Texans. The fighting lasted four more days. Tree bursts from German mortars and artillery filled the sky, and shrapnel rained on the men of the 100th/442nd below. The Germans, who had commanded the high ground, lobbed hand grenades down the hill. No one remembers who shouted it first, but with "Go For Broke!" the men of the 100th/442nd charged. When the hand-to-hand combat ended, the Germans surrendered, and 211 Texans were rescued.

Henry sprained his ankle during the steep hillside battle, but he refused to seek medical aid or rest because so many of his comrades were being killed, and there were no replacements! Henry was one of the 184 killed during that battle. A sliver of shrapnel entered his side and had pierced his heart. Another 600 of the 100th/442nd were badly wounded. Several rifle companies were reduced to less than 10 men.

Henry was buried in Epinal, France, but in 1948 his body was returned to Watsonville according to his mother's wishes. Mrs. Izumizaki, until her death in May of 1981, was Watsonville's Gold Star Mother, and on each Memorial Day she placed a wreath at the foot of the flag pole on Memorial Island. The services were conducted by the American Legion.

James named his son, Henry, who, today, lives in Albany, California with sons of his own.

The band wasn't playing, the crowd wasn't cheering, but an American flag was waving when Henry Sadao Izumizaki was laid to rest in his beloved Pajaro Valley.

Older brother James visits the gravesite of Henry in Epinal, France.

Pajaro train station. Henry is returned for final burial in the Pajaro Valley Memorial Park.

"An Army Day Tribute to an American Hero" Harry Fumio Madokoro

On June 14 in 1775, the Continental Army was founded. A small group of dedicated American citizen-soldiers faced the world's most powerful nation which had the best equipped, best disciplined and best trained army, and which was supported by the largest and most powerful navy the world had ever seen.

But, the traditions of the American fighting spirit was borne not of superior forces but of the love for liberty and freedom. It is this love for which Private First Class Harry Fumio Madokoro and his fellow Americans were fighting and sacrificed their lives during World War II. The traditions of the American fighting spirit continue to this day because the cause of liberty and freedom remains the same.

Harry Fumio Madokoro wrote on 25 July 1944:

"... not knowing how to pray I have to depend on the family to do a lot of praying that all this strife ends soon so that we may all go home & enjoy the simple things of life. Hard headed tho I may have been I am now a humble man having learned to appreciate all the simple things of life. Believe me, War is hell. It's not a very pretty picture to see young kids who have not seen or begun to live life all shot up or torn up by shrapnel laying there never to speak or laugh again. I only wish I could get those bigots, those hate mongers, those super patriots here to see them. Here in the front we're respected as fellow Americans fighting for the same cause. We're proud as hell to be in there pitching, doing our share of the work.

"Will close for now till the next time. Love to the family and regards to all my friends. So long,

Love,
Harry"

Those were the last words Pfc Harry F. Madokoro, 39916617, was to write to his sweetheart. He was killed in action a month later on August 25, 1944 when he volunteered for an unusually dangerous night patrol. He volunteered because many in his squad were young replacements. He was a member of the famed 100th/ 442nd Regimental Combat Team, K Company, 2nd platoon, 1st squad.

Harry graduated from Watsonville Joint Union High School in 1930. His mother ran a tiny store in the front room of their house at 120 Union Street where she sold candy and Japanese pastries (*omanju*). The two story house was old and lopsided, and the floor was warped. It creaked every time anyone took a step. Still, it was a favorite hangout for children.

As a child Kitako Izumizaki often spent part of the *osaisen* money (offertory for the Buddhist Temple Sunday School) in the store before attending. The temple stood on the corner of Union and Bridge (now Riverside Drive) Streets. "I caught holy heck when I got home," she recalled. The Izumzakis were to lose Henry, a brother, in this war.

Harry's only sibling, Yayeko, a sister, died in 1937 at the age of 23. Complications from tuberculosis, the doctors said.

Traveling to San Francisco in the late 1930's with Harry, George Ura recalls how thrilled Harry was when he purchased his beloved Harley-Davidson motorcycle. When the evacuation orders came in the spring of 1942, the "Harley" was sold for a fraction of its value. In the same July 25, 1944 letter he had written:

"talking about motorcycles. I sure miss riding one. They have quite a few putt putts around here in Italy. I'm sure gonna try to rent one if I get to go to Rome. Surely they must have some for rent. It looks & sounds like the English Triumph. There was one Triumph in our home town. The motor may not look as good or as comfortable & as heavy as a Harley but it seems to get (you) there. I'm

Harry Madokoro had his portrait painted in Rome a week before his death.

Pfc Madokoro saved his squad on several occasions by silencing machine nests.

sure looking forward to the time when I can own one again."

Harry and his mother were evacuated first to the Salinas Assembly Center (California Rodeo Grounds) and then to Poston, Arizona, Camp II, Block 213. Since there were only two of them, they were given a much smaller room.

Block 213 was famous for the Madokoro Park, which Harry designed and built. It was a Japanese styled garden with small bushes, a pond, and miniature tea house. The park also helped to keep the dust down. During that first summer the internees experienced dust storms nearly every day in 120 degree heat.

Harry was hired as Chief of Police for Camp II, and his secretary, Mollie Sumida (now of Monterey), recalled how tall (about 5 feet 10 inches), level headed, and kind he was.

When the call came for volunteers to form an all Japanese American combat team (at the insistence of the National Japanese American Citizens League), Harry was among the very first to volunteer (March, 1943). He didn't like Americans of Japanese ancestry being cooped up like chickens in the "relocation" camps, but he realized that for things to be better after the war, the young men would have to prove their loyalty and patriotism to this, our country. Harry was older, over 32, wiser, and more mature. As the sole surviving son, he didn't have to go to war! There would be no "Saving Pvt Ryan" campaigns for Harry. He didn't have to argue against the "anti-and-do-nothing guys," and he didn't have to encourage others to volunteer and not wait for the draft, but he did.

Rudy Tokiwa, of Salinas and also of Block 213, listened, and at age 16 volunteered with his mother's consent and Harry's reassurances. Harry promised to look after Rudy. Rudy was in the same K Company, and, sure enough, Rudy did return safely.

A citation, presented posthumously, reads as follows:

"For extraordinary heroism in action on 7 July 1944 near Molino A Ventoabbto, and on the 16th and 17th of July 1944 in Luciana, Italy. During the final assault on an enemy held hill, Private First Class MADOKORO advanced ahead of his squad to a strategic position from which he could deliver effective automatic rifle fire. Partly exposed to enemy fire, he scanned his sector of the slope for targets. He leveled his automatic rifle on a nest of snipers, forcing them to disperse. Through the bitter fight he held

his position, neutralizing another enemy nest and pining down the enemy to enable his platoon to take the hill. Again at Luciana, Italy, Private First Class MADOKORO occupied an advanced position and proceeded to fire on the enemy entrenched on the outskirts of the town. With heavy fire directed at him, he stubbornly held his position and provided covering fire when his squad was forced to withdraw because of a concentrated artillery and mortar barrage. The following day, when his squad became separated from the remainder of the company within the town, Private First Class MADOKORO provided flank protection against determined enemy attacks. A group of enemy soldiers entered a nearby draw and threw hand grenades into the enemy position. On another occasion he left his position and silenced a machine pistol position with a grenade. Still later in the course of the battle, he approached an enemy machine gun nest and silenced it by firing from a kneeling position. By his stubborn determination, conspicuous devotion to duty and courage, Private First Class MADOKORO inspired his squad in preventing the enemy's escape while his company closed in to occupy the town. His valorous performance is exemplary of the finest traditions of the Armed Forces of the United States. Next of kin: Matsu H. Madokoro (Mother) 213-13-G, Poston, Arizona.

MARK W. CLARK
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army,
Commanding"

General Clark was the only one who would take the Nisei soldiers. All the other generals didn't trust them or value these combat soldiers, who were later to be known as the "Purple Heart Battalion."

Harry T. Nakabe, a rifleman in Madokoro's squad and an eye witness, wrote that Harry on 7 July 1944 was "the first to fire his BAR from a slightly concealed position. All the while the Jerries had fired back with their machine gun and machine pistols, and were throwing grenades, some of which were American grenades which they had stolen off our wounded men the night before. I saw a grenade blow up not more than 15 feet away from Harry. Somehow he wasn't hurt and he didn't budge an inch. He was really cool under fire.

"It was at Luciana on the 16th when our squad ran into trouble, that Pfc. Madokoro again distinguished himself as a fighting soldier. We were cut off. I could see Harry with his BAR way up front with the first scout. Then the Germans opened up, shooting directly into us with machine pistols and German 88mm guns and mortars bursting all around us. They had spotted us.

Mrs. Matsu Madokoro is presented with the Distinguished Service Cross won by her son.

"Harry stayed behind, covering our withdrawal.

"The next morning our company attacked Luciana again. Again our platoon with our squad, now reduced to 9 men, lead the attack. As we advanced we found ourselves surrounded on three sides by Germans but had some concealment to help us. Harry had a concrete gutter that protected him to the belt-line. I shall never forget how he looked as we went into action. Cool and alert and seemingly oblivious of enemy fire that was hitting all about us. We were stuck there all day long, and during that time Harry held his position. He left his BAR momentarily as he crawled 20 yards to knock out a machine-pistol nest with a hand grenade. At about 1600 hours we were told to withdraw, and Harry again covered our retreat by opening fire and attracting enemy fire on himself. Then when we were all gone he followed us. We returned at 1700 after eating and reloading. We then turned toward the Germans toward the center of the town. The Jerries were caught in a trap. We killed 79, and wounding or capturing 27.

"On August 25 when he volunteered to go on a night patrol to cross the Arno River. He was the first to volunteer from our squad as he always was. The patrol

completed its mission and were on the way back he was killed when a land mine was set off.

"Madokoro was the coolest man I've seen under fire. He was always looking out for the rest of us because we were so much younger. He was always the first to volunteer and always first into a fight and the last one out."

Madokoro's mother was presented with the Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest award for valor, in Poston, Camp II at the Cottonwood Bowl on February 21, 1945 by Brig. Gen. J. N. Wilson, Chief of Staff, Ninth Service Command.

Mrs. Madokoro, with no immediate family members left, returned to Japan after the war where her family owned some property. She had given her only son to a country that barred her from citizenship. That federal law was finally repealed in 1952, seven years after World War II had ended.

"Pfc. Madokoro's gallant deeds, performed with determination, outstanding bravery, and with utter disregard for personal safety, reflect on the Armed Forces of the United States," so wrote 1st Lt. Samuel R. Gay, Platoon Leader.

Madokoro's deeds, those of a citizen-soldier, reflect on the traditions of the love of liberty and freedom which we cherish, and which come at a great cost.

And, Madokoro was a Watsonville boy.

The Purple Heart medal for those wounded and/or killed in combat. The silhouette of our first President, George Washington. The 100th/442nd RCT was known as the "Purple Heart Battalion."

"The Statue of Liberty Means Home" The Henry Y. Arao Story

Getting ready for a full dress parade is not the most exciting part of military service, but this parade was going to be special. All personnel of the 100th/442nd Regimental Combat Team were to assemble. The war against Nazi Germany was finally over in May of 1945, and this special moment was a time of reflection for Staff Sergeant Henry Y. Arao.

For now, Arao had to ready himself for the ceremonial parade that acknowledged his heroic actions. For a spontaneous act of bravery on April 5, 1945, Arao was awarded the U. S. Army's Distinguished Service Cross. "It was quite an honor standing there in front of the men," reflected Arao, with tears swelling in his eyes.

The Japanese attack on Sunday, December 7, 1941 changed many lives. Arao, 21, volunteered on December 11, 1941 at the local draft board in Santa Cruz, California.

Sixteen weeks of basic training were completed at Camp Roberts, near Paso Robles. Arao did so well he was to join an anti-tank unit as part of the cadre (instructional team). Instead, he was separated and segregated. He ended up doing "KP" (kitchen police) work.

The 700 Nisei soldiers at Camp Roberts were ordered to board a special train, whose destination was Camp Robinson, Arkansas. Arao's group ended up at Fort Riley, Kansas. The Nisei soldiers were reduced to performing subservient roles for white officers, or digging ditches and latrines.

"They didn't trust us," Arao stated with disgust.

When the call went out for the formation of an all-Nisei unit, the 442nd RCT, Arao volunteered. After successfully completing basic training again, he was one of 2,000 replacements, ready to join the fighting as part of the 100th Battalion's Company A in the European theater of operations.

From Fort Dix, New Jersey in June of 1944, the group sailed across the Atlantic to Algiers. Eventually they were ordered to liberate the town of Bruyeres, France.

The fighting in the Vosges Forest was so severe, Arao observed stating, "We were being slaughtered." They had been ordered by Major General John E. Dalhquist to rescue his Texas "Lost Battalion." The 1st Battalion of the 141 Regiment of the 36th Division had been cut off for seven days by the Germans. Arao told his buddies, "I guess we're not going home (alive)." The rescue of the

Henry Arao is presented with the citation for his Distinguished Service Cross.

Texans cost the 100th/442nd RCT 184 killed and over 600 wounded. Arao was one of the few who could still muster for formation.

Later, during an exceptionally dark night Arao's squad was ordered to locate the enemy position. The squad came face-to-face with a German Panzer tank. The tank opened fire, but it was firing wildly. Arao told his men to hit the dirt and to crawl to back to their lines. Arao called for an artillery strike after giving the 522nd Field Artillery the proper coordinates.

While in France, Arao was wounded in the neck and was taken to the field hospital. The doctor sewed up the wound without giving Arao a shot for the pain. The bleeding stopped so Arao was sent back into combat. He had been gone for about an hour. Yes, he earned the Purple Heart. The shrapnel is permanently lodged in his neck, a twisted medal of honor.

Arao's most frightening moment came when a German mortar shell landed five feet from him, and it didn't explode! "I guess it wasn't my time to go," recalls Arao.

Then the 100th/442nd RCT was returned to Italy. For over five months our army divisions could not break through the Gothic Line. In the Apennine Mountains the German SS troops were dug in with rock and concrete bunkers. The U. S. Navy bombarded the area and the U.S.

Army Air Corps' P-51 pounded the area. The Germans, undaunted, held the high ground.

When the offensive order came, the officers of the 100th/442nd RCT decided that the I, L, and M Companies of the 3rd Battalion would climb up quietly the ridge of Mount Folgorita in total darkness! A Nisei solider fell to this death off the steep cliff without uttering a sound. That brave soldier didn't want to give away the element of surprise. Watsonville's volunteer from Poston Camp II, Pfc Shig T. Kizuka of "Love" Company, was among the very first up that mountain. They had caught the Germans completely by surprise and took possession of the mountain! This battle took less than 33 minutes!

Meanwhile, men of the 100th Battalion on April 5, 1945, whose objective was to secure neighboring Mount Cerreta, were pinned down by deadly machine fire. Someone tipped a land mine, and during the scramble several more land mines were set off, causing heavy casualties and bringing down hand grenades and machine gun fire on A Company. The pincer drive had faltered. When the squad leader was badly wounded by a grenade burst, Pfc Arao tended to the wound and re-organized the small squad. Most of them were youngsters. At 25 he was the "old man" of the squad. He took charge.

"I told the men to stay low. They really weren't combat ready. I crawled around to the left. (I) got behind the Germans." Arao took out the pin of his hand grenade, released the handle, counted off two seconds, and then threw the grenade into the bunker. With his "Tommy" (Thompson submachine gun), he finished off the first machine gun nest of six Germans. Realizing that there was another machine gun nest raining fire down on his men, he quickly moved into position without any regard for his own safety and eliminated that machine gun nest using only his "Tommy." Arao had crawled up and through a heavily land mined field! His heroic actions had spearheaded the attack, and the 100th Battalion had broken through.

In less than 32 minutes of actual combat the Nisei soldiers were able to break through the Gothic Line that had held out for nearly half a year.

Germany surrendered a month later on May 7, 1945.

Returning home via New York harbor, Arao remembered, "I saw the Statue of Liberty when I left and I saw the Statue of Liberty on my return. Tears came to my eyes when I saw her. I was lucky enough to come home alive."

Arao was asked if it was worth the effort. "Yeah, it was worth it. We did what we had to do. We had to prove that we belonged in this country. There's nothing as good as the United States."

Statue of Liberty

Michael, Henry, Phyllis, Reba Ellen, and Shirley Arao.

Honoring the Nisei Soldiers of World War II

Speech by **Eric Saul**, March 25, 2001, Seattle, Washington
(reprinted with permission)

So why was it you Nisei, second generation, born in America, were willing to volunteer for the Army from the plantations of Hawaii, often when you were considered second-class citizens, or from concentration camps in America? Your parents could not become citizens or own land, so land was put in your name. Before the war, you wanted to be doctors, lawyers, and professionals, but you could not. No one would hire you. So you worked on your family farms, flower orchards, and shops. You were often segregated in the Little Tokyo's and Japantowns. You could not go where you wanted, be where you wanted, be who you wanted. Furthermore, your President, on February 19, 1942, signed an Executive Order that said you were not Americans anymore; you were "non-aliens." So why did you join the army? Why did you become soldiers, and ironically become, of all things, the most decorated army unit that this country has ever produced?

There were words like *giri* and *on*, which your parents taught you. Which means "duty," and "honor," and "responsibility." You felt you had to pay back a debt to your country, even though that country did not offer you the opportunities it did to other Americans. *Oyakoko*: love for family. Your parents could not become citizens, but you loved your families and you knew you had to prove your loyalty at any cost. When you joined the Army, you used your bodies as hostages for your families to prove your love for democracy and justice when you volunteered from those degrading prison camps. *Kodomo no tame ni*: "for the sake of the children." Many of you did not have children at the time, but you knew you wanted to have families. You knew that you did not want your children to have to suffer as you did. You wanted your children to be able to be doctors, and lawyers, and professionals. If you went into the military, did your job, perhaps things would change. You knew it, and you fought for it. You even came up with your own regimental motto that is on this honored regimental flag in front of me. It was "Go for Broke." You set the tone for your own regiment, and lived up to its motto. You made democracy work. Because of your

President Harry S Truman presented the 100th/442nd RCT with it's 7th Presidential Unit Citation

wartime record, your children can now be what they want in a country that you wanted for them.

Enryo: humility. There's an old Japanese proverb that says if you do something really good and you don't talk about it, it must be really, really good. You never talked about your wartime record. You did not tell your children, you did not tell your wives, and you did not even tell the country. *Gaman*: internal fortitude, keep your troubles to yourself. Do not show how you are hurting. *Shikata ga nai*: sometimes things cannot be helped. Other times, you have to go for broke, and you can change things. *Haji*: do not bring shame on your family. When you go off to war, fight for your country, return if you can, but die if you must. *Shinbo shite seiko suru*: strength and success will grow out of adversity.

In 1980, I was curator of the Presidio Museum and was creating a Nisei soldier exhibit called *Go For Broke.* I wanted to know why you Nisei joined the Army. Why did you join from concentration camps? A veteran from Cannon Company of the 442nd named Wally answered that question for me with a story. His family was sent from Los Angeles to the Santa Anita racetrack, which was an Assembly Center for Japanese Americans. There, they were put in a horse stall. Before the war, they had a flower shop, they had their own home in Los Angeles, and they were a middle-class family. Now they were living for

weeks in a horse stall that had not been cleaned when they moved in, and it stunk of horse manure. Wally's father said to him, "Remember that a lot of good things grow in horse manure." It did.

I also remember hearing a story from Chaplain Higuchi, the chaplain of the 442nd, who was from Hawaii. I asked him, "How could the Niseis have joined the Army under these circumstances? How could they have done what they did?" Chaplain Higuchi said he himself could not understand, because he was from Hawaii and had not suffered the same discrimination. His job as chaplain was to go through the pockets of the Niseis who had been killed in combat and to return personal effects and write a letter home to the families. He remembered going through the pockets of one mainland Nisei. In his wallet was a news clipping that told how the family farm had been burned down by racists near Auburn, California. Yet, this Nisei still volunteered for the service. Chaplain Higuchi said, "there was no medal high enough in this country to give to this Nisei" who had been killed and was lying in front of him.

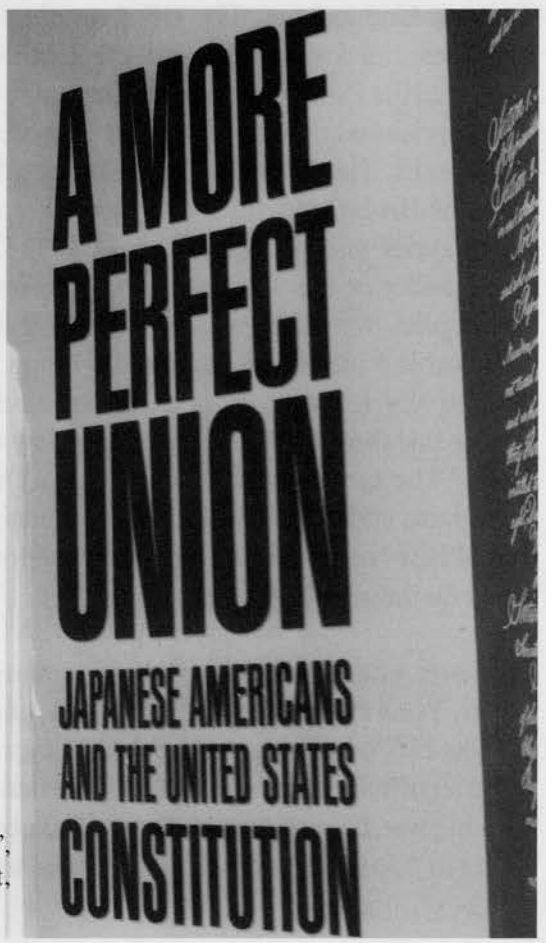
You Nisei fought for this country, your country. It has taken fifty-six years to get to this point, but you made democracy stand for what it really means. When you came home from the war, President Truman had a special White House ceremony for you. It was the only time that the President of the United States had a ceremony at the White House for a unit as small as a battalion. It was raining that morning in Washington, and Truman's aide said, "Let's cancel the ceremony." Truman said to his aide, "After what those boys have been through, I can stand a little rain." He said to the Niseis, bearing their regimental standard with the motto of "Go for Broke," "I can't tell you how much I appreciate the opportunity to tell you what you have done for this country. You fought not only the enemy, but you fought prejudice and you won. You have made the Constitution stand for what it really means: the welfare of all the people, all the time." Lastly, he advised the Niseis to keep up that fight.

Thirty-five years later, you continued the fight. You fought for redress and justice for your families. One of the reasons that redress passed so strongly in Congress was the overwhelming record of the 100th/442nd and the MIS. The Civil Liberties Act of 1988 provided an apology for your parents and for your suffering. So on the battlefields of France, Italy and Germany, "Go for Broke" stood for the welfare of all of the people, all of the time.

You never lost faith in your country, and we are here today to celebrate that faith. The result of that faith is that your children can be anything that they want: professionals, doctors, lawyers.

The price that you paid for democracy was the highest combat casualty rate of any regiment that served in the United States Army. The 100th/442nd suffered 314% combat casualties. The 100th/442nd was an oversized regiment, with its own cannon and engineer company, and even its own artillery battalion. The 4,500 men who started off in February of 1943 had to be replaced more than three times. Eventually, thousands of men would serve in the 100th/442nd.

I see many of my friends from I Company and K Company of the 442nd here today. In one battle alone, the battle for the rescue of the Lost Battalion in October 1944, in which you fought, two thousand of you went in to rescue two hundred Texas soldiers who couldn't be rescued by their own division. You went and suffered almost a thousand casualties in that one battle alone in almost five days of constant fighting. In K Company, you started off with 186 riflemen. By the time you reached the Lost Battalion, there were only eight men standing. I Company did worse. They



"A More Perfect Union", Smithsonian Exhibit, Washington, D. C.

started off with 185 men. By the time they reached the Lost Battalion, there were only four men still standing in the company. It was unbelievable! You rescued the Texas Lost Battalion, and for that you won two presidential unit citations. The army designated the rescue of the Lost Battalion to be among the top ten battles fought by the U.S. Army in its 230-year history.

You Niseis ultimately won seven unit citations, and no other unit for its size and length has won that many presidential unit citations.

Chet Tanaka, a veteran of K Company who wrote the book *Go For Broke*, counted how many citations and how many medals the 100th/442nd earned. Of the thousands of men who served, there were eighteen thousand medals for heroism and service. You had become the most decorated unit in American military history for its size and length of service, and until recently, almost no one knew your stories. You really had not told anyone, including your families or children. You were truly *enryo*. If you do something that is really good and you do not talk about it, it must be really good.

Toward the end of the war, in April 1945, the 5th US Army asked you to create a diversionary attack to help break the German Gothic Line. The US Army had three infantry divisions lined up to breach the Gothic Line, which protected the Po Valley and the entrance to Austria. Those three divisions could not do it — they were stalemated for six months. The 5th Army then asked the 100th/442nd, the "Go for Broke" Regiment, to break the stalemate. The commander and officers of the 100th/442nd said to the commander of the 92nd Division, "General Almond, we have a plan. We can create a diversionary attack and break the Gothic Line if you give us 24 hours." The General figuratively fell out of his chair and said, "Impossible. We've had three divisions hammering away at the Gothic Line." The Germans had their best SS Divisions on the mountains and it was considered an impenetrable fortress. He told the Niseis to "Just create a diversionary attack and we'll do the rest."

However, you Nisei soldiers had your own plan. You were smart. Your average age was about 21, and your average IQ was 116, which was eight points higher than necessary to be an officer in the army. You were barely 125 pounds soaking wet, but you were college-educated, and you were going to "Go for Broke." So you climbed up that mountain called Mount Folgarita, which the Germans had so heavily fortified. You climbed it where they did not expect you. It was nearly a 3,000-foot vertical precipice. You climbed the mountain that could not be climbed in combat gear; the Germans could not possibly expect an attack from that point. From nighttime until dawn you climbed, almost eight hours. Men fell down as they climbed the mountain, and no man cried out as he fell, so as not to give away the position. At dawn you attacked, go for broke. You took the mountain and you broke the Gothic Line. It did not take 24 hours, as you thought, or a few weeks, as the Army had planned. It did not take six months. The U.S. Army reported that you broke the Gothic Line in only thirty-four minutes!

If the story of the 100th/442nd is unbelievable, there is a more unbelievable story. It is the story of the Military Intelligence and Language Service. More than 6,000 Niseis served throughout the Pacific in a super-secret branch of the military. Niseis provided the eyes and ears of intelligence and language skills that helped to break the stalemate in the Pacific. They broke secret codes, interrogated prisoners, provided valuable propaganda, and translated millions of documents to help win the war in the Pacific. By the war's end, General Willoughby, General MacArthur's chief of intelligence, declared that "the Nisei shortened the war by two years and saved a million Allied lives." Never had so many owed so much to so few.

I only wish that a million people could be here to hear your story and know of your service. I wish every American could know your story. We owe a great debt of honor to you Niseis for what you did for the country and for democracy. It is a debt that can never be repaid.

I am here to tell the story for your children, because I know you are too humble to tell it. It is a legacy that they must carry on and remember what you did for them and for all of us.

Your legacy continues to protect us all. I remember during the Iranian crisis that there was talk of keeping Iranian Americans possibly in protective custody. Senators Daniel Inouye and Spark Matsunaga said, "You can't do that. That's already been done, and you were wrong then." So your wartime service and legacy protects all of us. You did make the Constitution stand for all of the people, all of the time. History works. You made it work, and you made it work for me, for your children, and for this country.

President Ronald Reagan remembered, when he signed the bill enacting the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, which was

called House Resolution 442 in honor of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team: "blood that has soaked into the sands of a beach is all of one color. America stands unique in the world, the only country not founded on race, but a way, an ideal."

You Niseis came home, and continued to fight for social justice. Eventually, many of you entered the professions and could go where you wanted and do what you wanted to do. You went about your lives, but you made sure that your parents could become citizens. By 1953, you saw your parents naturalized. Your parents had to wait, in some cases, sixty-five years to become American citizens. Now they could also own land in their own names for the first time. Others of Asian descent could own land for the first time as well. Your greatest success was that your children could be what they wanted to be, without the discrimination that you suffered.

Some of you became lawmakers and entered the House of Representatives and the Senate. There were more than 590 laws in California in the 19th and the early 20th century against Asian Americans. You fought a fight to make sure those laws were challenged and overturned one by one. We thank the Japanese American senators, Sparky Matsunaga and Dan Inouye, veterans of the 100th/442nd, for doing that. We thank you for your providing the legacy upon which they could fight for those rights.

President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of August 10, 1988 that provided an apology and a redress payment of $20,000 to the internees.

President Ronald Reagan signing the Civil Liberties Act (redress bill) into law. Washington, D.C., August 10, 1988. Rita Takahashi photograph.

Justice prevailed, and your parents became citizens. We stand at a pinnacle of your history in your golden years. Redress passed and a nation apologized for a terrible injustice perpetrated against its own citizens. A few months ago at the White House, President Clinton belatedly awarded 20 Medals of Honor to Japanese Americans. Clinton stated in his speech of the Niseis that "in the face of painful prejudice, they helped to define America at its best."

Last night I was speaking to one of my K Company friends, Tosh Okamoto, and he said to me, "You know, the awarding of the Medals of Honor to our boys is sort of the icing on the cake. I've sort of been angry for a long time at my country and what happened to us during the internment. Getting redress and the apology, and having the country recognize my buddies, lifted a cloud from my head. I now really feel like I'm truly American, and it was all worth it."

So this is the happy ending of the story of the Nisei soldiers of the 100th/442nd/MIS. I thank you for sharing this history with us. I salute you and God bless you. Please tell your children and the world this wonderful story.

****

Eric Saul served as curator of the Military Museum at the Presidio of San Francisco for 15 years. He designed and circulated a number of exhibits on the contribution of minorities to the US military. Included among them were African American soldiers. This exhibit was called *Ready and Forward*, and part of it is still traveling throughout the United States. This was the first exhibit ever produced on the contribution of African American soldiers recognizing their heroism in all wars. Mr. Saul also produced exhibits on women in the military, Filipinos in the US Army, and the famous Japanese American soldiers of the 100th/442nd/MIS. The 100th/442nd/MIS exhibit eventually evolved into an exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution entitled *A More Perfect Union: Japanese Americans and the Constitution*. This exhibit examined the failure of the constitution to protect the rights of Japanese American citizens during the war. Elements of this exhibit are still circulating throughout the United States. Mr. Saul was cofounder of the National Japanese American Historical Society (NJAHS). He curated an exhibit on the Japanese American soldiers of the 522nd Field Artillery Battalion who liberated the infamous Dachau Death March. Saul has recently curated an exhibit entitled *Visas for Life: The Righteous Diplomats* which honors World War II diplomats who saved Jews from the Holocaust. Saul is presently researching a project on individuals who helped Japanese Americans during the Internment period. Mr. Saul believes that exhibits and historical programs can not only raise historic consciousness but also become engines for social change and righting historical wrongs.

NISEI VETERANS OF WORLD WAR II
WATSONVILLE-SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

100th/442nd REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM

KIA — KILLED IN ACTION

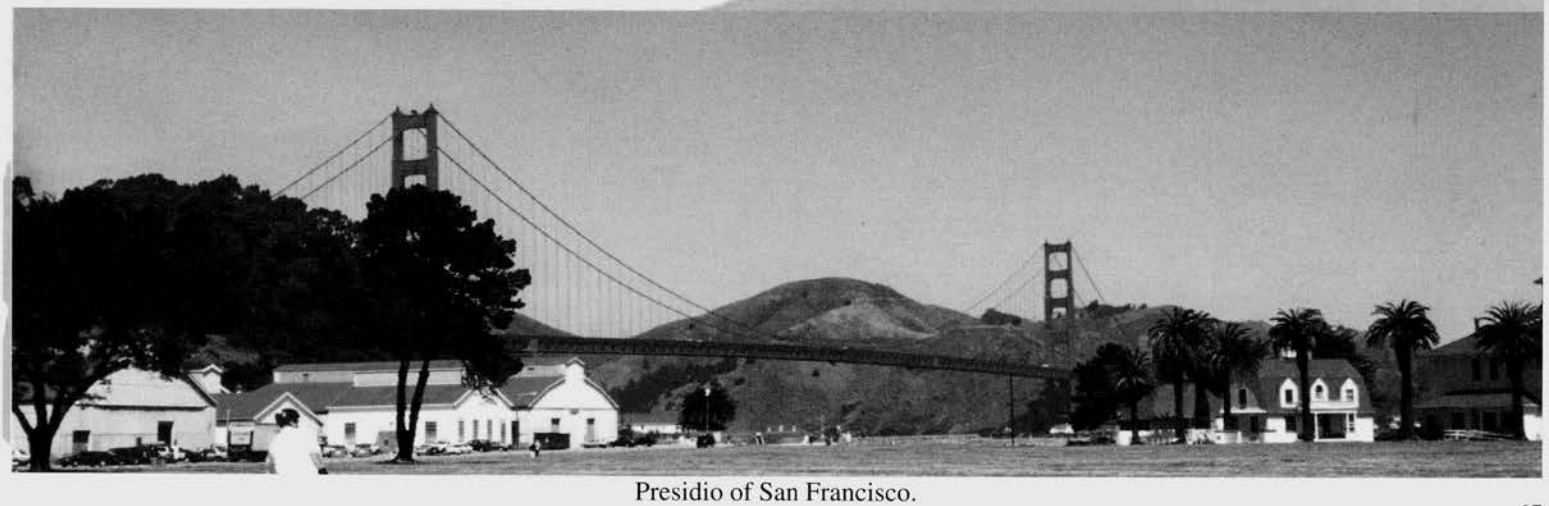
*** — DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

* — DESIGNED THE 442nd PATCH

Akimoto, Haruji
Arao, Henry ***
Doi, Tom
Eto, Mate
Eto, Walt
Fujiki, Charles
Fujiki, Tom
Fujita, Nagatoshi R.
Fujita, Yoshio
Goto, Sam
Goto, Tom
Hada, Katsu KIA
Hama, Eiji
Hashimoto, Mark
Hayashida, Louie
Hirano, Shig
Hirokawa, Kenji
Hiura, Bob
Horiuchi, Paul KIA
Ichikawa, Buster
Inmaru, Frank
Inouye, Yutaka
Iyama, Harvie
Izumizaki, Arthur
Izumizaki, Henry KIA
Izumizaki, James
Kawaguchi, Mitsugi
Kawaguchi, Yoshimi
Kitahara, Art
Kizuka, Shig
Kobayashi, Robert S.
Kokka, Tommy
Madokoro, Harry *** KIA
Mametsuka, Larry
Manabe, Bob
Matsuda, Irvin
Matsumoto, Nobu George
Matsushita, Pat
Matsushita, Ray
Miyamoto, Mitch *
Morimune, Shig
Morita, George
Murakami, Sunao
Nakamichi, Aido
Nakamura, Paul
Nakamoto, Mas
Nakao, Harry
Nitta, Mas
Noda, Mas
Ogawa, Yoshio
Okamoto, Mas
Okamura, Mas
Okino, Wataru
Ono, William
Otsuki, George
Otsuki, Issie
Sakamoto, Sam
Sera, George
Shikuma, Hiroshi
Sugidono, Ichiro Sam
Sugidono, Jiro
Sukekane, Kazuo C.
Takemoto, Shige
Tashiro, Ken M.
Torigoe, Kenji
Tsuda, Mas
Tsukiji, John
Uchiyama, Archie
Ura, George
Utsunomiya, Tom
Uyematsu, Roy
Wada, Yoshi
Yamashita, Saburo
Yoshida, Jim

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (MIS)

Doi, Bill
Fujita, Dave S.
Hashimoto, Hideo
Hashimoto, Tadashi
Hashimoto, Tsuyoshi
Ichikawa, James
Inouye, Masaki
Isobe, Takeo
Iwami, Minoru
Iwanaga, Nobuyuki
Iwanaga, Suama
Iwanaga, Tsugio
Jofuku, Kaz
Kado, John
Kado, Mike
Kajioka, Masato
Kamitani, Joe
Kawano, Hideyuki Tom
Kimoto, Toshi
Kitahara, Burt
Kiyotoki, Paul
Kobara, Sho
Manabe, Suyeo
Matsuoka, Jack
Mayeda, Katsuto
Mine, Bill
Mita, Enge
Mori, Perry
Mori, Roy
Morimune, Harry
Murakami, Tom
Nagase, Satoshi
Nakagawa, Fred
Nakamori, Nick
Nakamura, George I.
Nishimura, William
Oito, Katashi
Oita, Jack Itsumi
Ono, Sam
Sakai, Isao
Shimamoto, Frank
Takata, Min
Takehana, James
Takemoto, Satoru
Tani, George
Tanouye, Hiroshi
Tao, Bill
Toda, James
Tominaga, Tats
Umeda, Ben
Wada, George
Waki, Bill
Watanabe, Mark
Yamamoto, George
Yamamoto, Robert
Yamauchi, John
Yoshii, Henry
Yoshino, Jack
Yoshizumi, Haruki



Presidio of San Francisco.

VETERANS WHO SERVED IN OTHER AREAS OF THE WAR

Aihara, George
Akiyama, Hideo
Akiyoshi, Shig
Arao, Aki
Arao, Tetsuo
Asada, Tom
Baishiki, Sadao
Etow, Jim
Fujimoto, Joe
Fujita, Frank
Goya, Peter
Hada, Susumu
Hamai, Yon
Hashimoto, Aki
Hashimoto, Andy
Hashimoto, Tom
Hashimoto, Walt
Hayashida, Henry
Higuchi, Tak
Horiuchi, Paul
Ikeda, Henry
Iwanaga, Tamaki
Jotsuya, Asaji
Kaita, Tom
Kamita, Jim
Kamitani, Yas
Kato, Jerry S.
Kimoto, Yutaka
Kitahara, Franklin
Kiyotoki, Sam
Mametsuka, Jack
Masamori, Tom
Matsui, Sully
Matsumoto, Frank
Misumi, Shinichi
Morimune, Joe
Nakahara, Chick
Nomi, Mike
Nishihara, Yamato
Nishimura, William
Nitta, Kongo
Nitta, Noboru
Oda, John
Ogami, Terry
Ota, Zen
Otsuki, Thomas
Sakata, Tommy
Sato, Shiro
Sera, Kaz
Shikuma, Charles
Shikuma, Enji
Tachibana, Mas
Takata, Kay
Takemoto, Katsumi Dr.
Tanimura, Charles
Tanimura, John
Tao, Howard
Tsuchiyama, Makoto
Tsuda, Tomio
Uyematsu, Jim
Yagi, Tami
Yamamoto, Bob M.
Yamamoto, James
Yamamoto, Kango
Yoshimaru, James

WOMEN'S NURSE CORPS

Uyeda, Florence

WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

Etow, Toshiko
Watanabe, Iris A.

With heartfelt gratitude, our Japanese American community honors you.

Those members of the community who helped us during our time of need exhibited courage, integrity, and loyalty. We, members of the re-enactment committee, wish to remember, acknowledge, and thank them.

Led by Jane Borg of the Pajaro Valley Historical Association, it has been an incredible task to research and verify all those who actively defended and supported our Japanese and Japanese American community during a crucial period in our nation's history. To those who were unintentionally omitted in this report, we sincerely apologize. To those who preferred to remain anonymous, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Resettlement After Poston Internment

by Robert Foster

April 13, 1945

We found out today that we are allowed to leave Poston. It has been three years since we have seen the Pacific Ocean. I wonder if the Monterey Bay is dark blue like I remember. The only blue we see here is the light blue of the sky that seems to never end. It covers the desert, rattlesnakes, and the scorpions that have kept guard over us for so long. Many people are unsure about leaving. The scout groups have said the conditions at home are not that great. Many people are still suspicious of us. To tell the truth, I am a little suspicious of them.

Mother is apprehensive about leaving just as she was apprehensive about coming. Nevertheless, we are making plans to return home to Watsonville. Some of our friends are going to Minnesota, or Michigan, or the East Coast to start over because they say that there is nothing but discrimination waiting for them at home. We are trying to find a place to stay when we get home. Father sent word to a friend to see if we could rent a place from him. He responded and said, "It wouldn't bother me, but it would bother other people." It sounds like there are a lot of "other people" who don't want us there.

July 20, 1945

We arrived home two weeks ago. A good friend, Pete Musler, helped us locate a small house to live in just outside of town. It's on the St. Francis School for Boys property. They say we are welcome to it if we can fix it up and make it livable. Thanks to Pete Musler the seven of us have shelter, and we are working diligently to make this a comfortable home.

Mother and Father say things will get better once they find jobs. Mother and I went to the market to buy some food. We stood waiting for someone to help us for the longest time. Finally I looked up. The sign in front of us was so big we had not seen it on our way in. "NO JAPS" it read. With tears in our eyes we left quietly. Mrs. Opal Marshall helped several families by bringing them groceries when stores would not sell to them. We are ever so grateful for Mrs. Marshall's compassionate support.

We arrived in the summer of 1942 and left in the summer of 1945. Parker train station in Arizona.

August 15, 1945

Mother has found work as a house cleaner. She is making fifty cents an hour. Father, who used to cut hair, is now earning a dollar an hour picking apples. We are trying to keep a positive attitude. Working hard is not a problem. We have always been able to do that.

I went up to the school the other day to visit with one of my teachers. I poked my head into her door to day hello. Upon seeing me, she just shook her head and said, "Why did you come back?" I could not believe it. I left feeling confused and angry. I started to wonder how it would be returning to school. I soon found out. My first day back at school someone called me a name. We got into a fight. My old friends remain supportive, and we are glad to be together again. Many teachers are helping me catch up. I am behind because the internment camp schools were limited in curriculum materials and certificated teachers. One teacher, Miss Mae Lord, has been especially helpful. She even sent books and current event news to us in camp. She is wonderful and so encouraging. Education has always been important to my family. Mother and Father would say, "Only education will ensure that this injustice will not happen again." I hope they are right.

The End

The 1917 or "main" building of Watsonville High School.

Returning internees found work as field laborers.

Some markets and restaurants would not serve the Japanese community.

Resettlement and Supporters
by Shizue Shikuma

Approximately two-thirds of Watsonville's Japanese American community did not return to the area. Some relocated to the East or Midwest. This was due to the virulent racial discrimination in California where few employers hired Japanese and Japanese Americans and because many Nisei, whose studies were interrupted by the internment, resettled in other states where they could complete their education and pursue careers closed to them in California.

The Japanese who returned directly to Watsonville arrived between July and December of 1945. They were met, in most cases, with coldness, and even some verbal hostility. But, there were a few individuals who welcomed their Japanese friends and helped them re-enter the Watsonville community. Among them were Dr. Marshall and his wife, Opal; Mr. Peter Musler; Mr. Loveless; Mr. Kalich; Miss Mae A. Lord; Mr. Tony Tomasello; Mr. Franich; Mr. H. A. Hyde (the grandfather); Mr. George Cowles; and Mr. Carl Mehl, Sr.. Many of these individuals also had looked after the homes and farms of some Japanese families. The Watsonville Buddhist Church and the Japanese Presbyterian Church also assisted in the resettlement process as well as tending to the spiritual needs of the returning internees.

Some families had homes to which to return, although they sometimes found them in very bad condition. One family returned to a flea-infested house on Bridge Street, which they had rented out just before the evacuation. Others, who had also rented their homes, found their property in satisfactory conditions, although another returned to a badly damaged place, which had been vandalized by the renters who were upset because they were asked to leave.

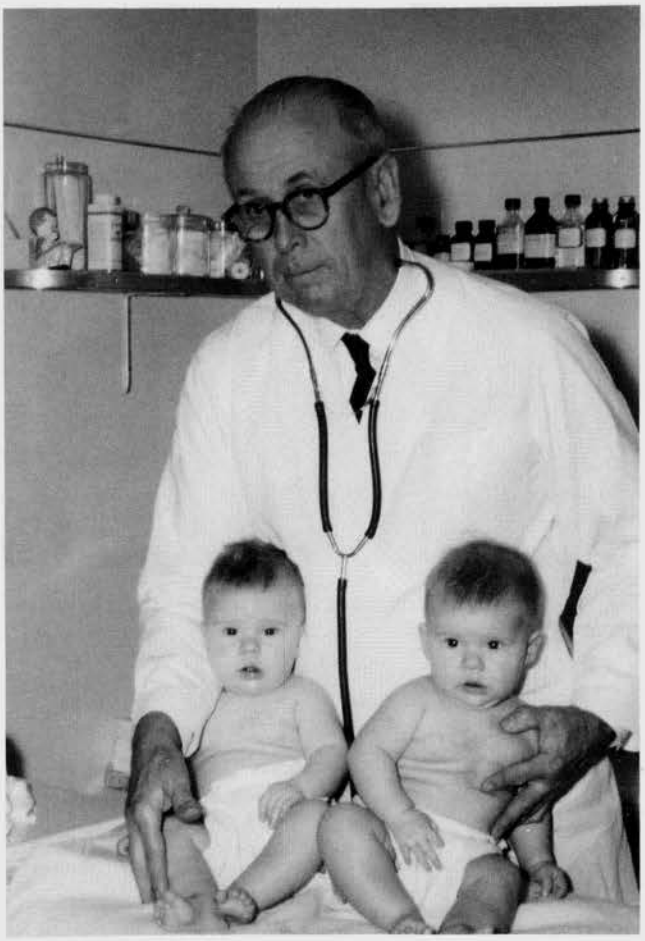
Housing was scarce. One Japanese American family rented out a small cottage behind their home to three other families, who lived there for twenty-five dollars a month. There simply was no place to live. Thus, Mr. Hayashi and Mr. Kokka, who had returned earlier, were instrumental with Rev. and Mrs. Y. Iwanaga and the War Relocation Authority in establishing a hostel in the Buddhist Church where people could stay until they found a place. Beds were provided in the upstairs area, and meals were cooked and prepared downstairs. During the war, Mr. Carl Mehl, sympathetic to the Japanese Americans' situation, took care of the Buddhist Church property and personal belongings that had been stored there. Unfortunately, most things had been stolen, not to the fault of Mr. Mehl. Some families, who had stored possessions in their own sheds or those of friends', found them stolen or vandalized.

A few markets and restaurants displayed large signs declaring "NO JAPS." They stayed up for about a year. When Opal Marshall became aware that some markets would not sell food to the Japanese community, she herself regularly brought milk, butter, and food to the families at the church hostel. Some heads of families went fishing and hunting to provide food.

For the first few years, Japanese Americans stayed home, rarely going out to movies or other leisure past-times. They had to work long hours to make ends meet and did not have the time. But even if they did, the atmosphere of some restaurants were unwelcoming. It was not safe being out at night.

For the children, there were instances of name-calling and occasional fights. But there were also moments of adult wisdom. One parent remembered her child's first day back in school. On the wall was a poster of a man holding a dagger over Japan. The teacher, upon seeing her first Japanese American student, removed the poster. "The war is over," she said. "Let's take this down."

Dr. Oscar Marshall also tended to our babies in the Salinas Assembly Center.



Mrs. Opal Marshall greeted and welcomed back the returning internees.

Few employers in Watsonville hired Japanese Americans, except for Mr. Franich, who gave jobs in the apple orchards, and Mr. Tony Tomasello, who used Japanese for harvesting lettuce and other vegetables. Mr. Tomasello was especially helpful to the community. Not only had he taken care of farm property of Watsonville families during the war, he also visited them in the internment camp and assisted them in returning from Colorado to California after the war ended. For some years, Japanese American men left Watsonville each spring to harvest potatoes and sugar beets at Mr. Tomasello's farms in eastern Oregon.

Some worked in the canneries of Monterey. Each morning, the cannery sent a bus to pick up workers. Dr. Frank H. Ito, a dentist, who graduated from Harvard and received a Master's and Doctorate from the University of California, San Francisco, worked in the cannery until he saved enough money to open his dental office.

Wages were very low. House cleaners earned fifty cents an hour; bookkeepers and apple pickers, one dollar an hour; and gardeners, seventy-five cents an hour. This was hard work, but if you had a lawn mower you could start your own gardening business. Some sharecropped strawberries.

Resettlement in Watsonville was difficult. Yet, life slowly became normal. Japanese Americans say that *gaman,* the ability to endure and persevere, helped them survive the evacuation, the internment, and their return to an unfriendly community.

Equally important was laughter. One had to maintain a sense of humor in spite of racial discrimination and the indignity of incarceration. But very important, the community will always remember with respect and gratitude those individuals at home who remained loyal friends in spite of wartime hysteria and racial prejudice—the same friends who welcomed and helped them start life over again in Watsonville.

Mahlon Marshall, only son of Oscar and Opal Marshall, and a member of Watsonville High School Class of 1942. A paratrooper, he was killed in the Pacific War.

On the Home Front

by Jane Borg

Part I: The Departure

Sixty years ago in the Pajaro Valley, the shock of Pearl Harbor and the final realization of the plight of Europe suddenly made everyone aware of the world geography. There were also a few people who realized their Japanese neighbors, students, and co-workers were targets of growing suspicions and fear. As evacuation orders from the western states were enacted, more individuals stepped forward to assist those who were being forcibly taken away, in spite of becoming targets for suspicion themselves.

Some of the stories of the wrenching departures have been told. Little could be done to help with the terrible emotional impact on the evacuees, but an unbelievable number of decisions and arrangements had to be made immediately. **Edward A. Hall** and **Louis Lopes** of the Pajaro Valley National Bank helped with property and banking arrangements. **Al Miguel** outlined procedures for banking by mail, at that time unusual. Very liberal arrangements were made by **Ford's Department Store**, for carrying purchases on account and mailing merchandise.

At the same time, Japanese farmers were having to bring in their winter crops, service tractors, replace tires, and console both young and old about what might lay ahead. **George Cowles** told his longtime Japanese neighbor, "What has happened makes no difference between us." George made arrangements to have the house rented, make the payments, and service the tractor. **W. D. Loveless** leased the Kizuka land for farming, watched over stored equipment and fixed the well. The **Tomasello** and **Skillicorn** families also watched over land and property. **Walter Dutro** looked after the Buddhist Church. **Henry Martin** stored furniture in his Pajaro dry bean elevator. **Carl Mehl, Sr.** made special arrangements for the ashes of the deceased.

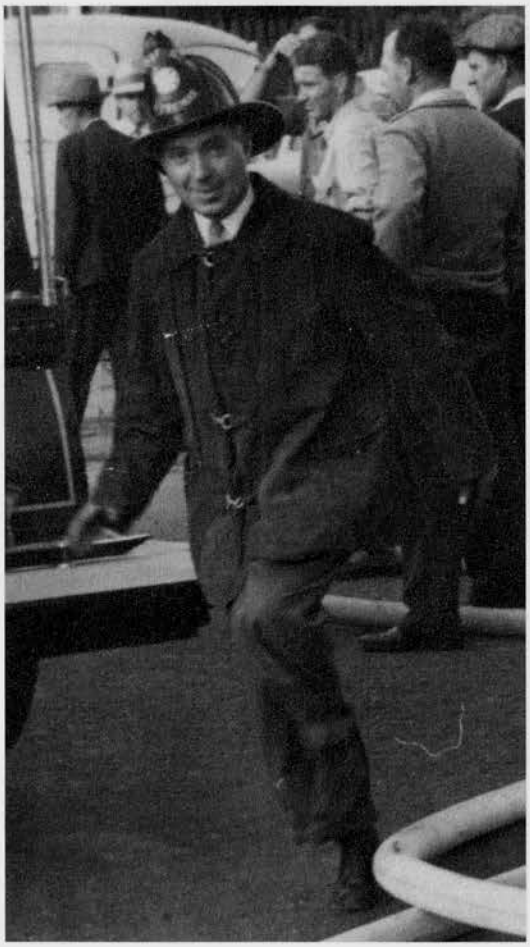
The day of departure came, and you have witnessed some of what happened. Members of the Japanese Presbyterian Church gathered at the church before proceeding to the Veterans Memorial Building. Young **"Hal" Hyde** was there with his grandfather and remembers the tearful goodbyes. All evacuees moved on to the Veterans Memorial Building. Emmet Gfroerer, surrounded by empty seats, watched from his classroom on the top floor of the high school building as his Japanese classmates silently gathered across the street to board the bus.

Mr. Louis Lopes carefully managed the accounts of many Nikkei families during the internment.

The Pajaro Valley National Bank is now the Wells Fargo Bank.

The Watsonville Buddhist Church (now called Temple), located on the corner of Union and Bridge (now Riverside Drive), served as a hostel for returning internees, many of whom were homeless.

Carl Mehl and Family not only operated Watsonville's first ambulance, but cared for Japanese family's remains during the internment.

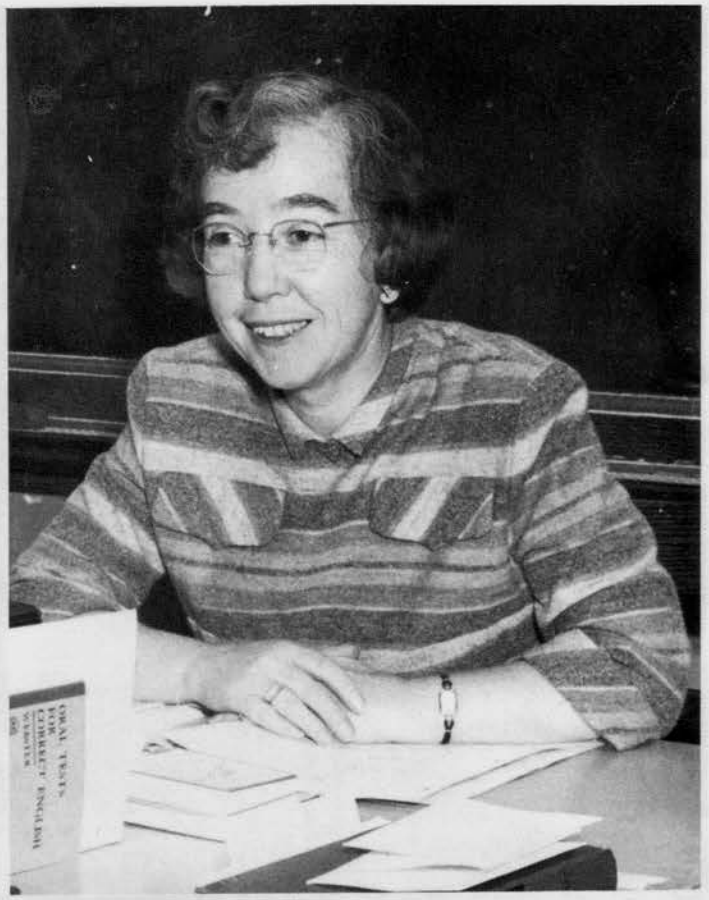


In 1919 at the age of 15 Walter Dutro was hired as a bookkeeper by Pajaro Valley Bank (later Wells Fargo). Dutro eventually became the bank's vice president and general manager before his retirement in 1969. He was a member of the Watsonville Volunteer Fire Department from 1941 to 1948 when wartime manpower was in short supply.

Part II: Salinas Assembly Center

Now, some of the friends left behind in Watsonville knew how they would help; a few others wondered how they could help. **Lucille Gluhan Brown**, office manager for the Sakata Co., took much needed baby food and diapers to the Salinas Rodeo Grounds for Frank and Virginia Sakata's infant, but Lucille was turned away at the gate. Later, when visitation policies were organized, high school teachers **Mae Lord** and **Dorothy Staud Roark** were able to send letters and books. Japanese American students cherished Mae Lord's visits and her words of encouragement, and they remembered the support given by **Ada Horton Cornell,** a teacher at the Carlton School. **T. S. MacQuiddy,** principal of Watsonville High School, wrote letters of recommendations for our college bound Nisei students.

Six babies were born during the four months at Salinas. **Dr. Oscar Marshall** was permitted to take the mothers to the Monterey County Hospital in Salinas for their delivery, and he returned several times to deliver medications and to make calls.



Mae Lord, English teacher at Watsonville High School , was a dear friend and supporter who kept our spirits high.

Dorothy Staud Roark, English teacher of Watsonville High School, sent us reading materials and encouraged us not to lose faith.

T. S. MacQuiddy, principal of Watsonville High School, encouraged us to continue furthering our education.

Part III: Poston

Several Watsonville supporters visited the internees in Poston. Among them were **Nick and Rose Kalich**, their son-in-law, **Louis Bechis**, and **Tony Tomasello**.

Meanwhile, supporters in the Pajaro Valley were speaking out against a new development. In early February of 1943, in response to the announcement that the War Relocation Authority was going to release "loyal Japanese-Americans" from camps to make them available for the war effort, a resolution began circulating throughout California protesting this action. The resolution opposed any Japanese-American being released from camp, and, should they be released, that they be under the direct supervision of the Army. The resolution also opposed the return of the Japanese to the Pacific Coast, and the Army's plan to include Japanese-Americans in the US military. It also opposed allowing Japanese-Americans to be released from camp to attend college in the US interior. (The Santa Cruz Board of Supervisors, on April 23, 1943, adopted the resolution.)

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bechis visited friends at the Poston camp.

The Watsonville Pajaro Valley Defense Council adopted the resolution on February 23, 1943. Most of the letters received by the Watsonville *Register-Pajaronian* supported the resolution, but some spoke out against the adopted resolution during the next month.

Watsonville's downtown after the war with Ford's Department Store in the background.

In letters to the *Register-Pajaronian* on March 3 and March 5, 1943, the resolution was vehemently opposed by these Watsonville residents: **Reverend Mack McCray, Jr**. of the First Baptist Church, **Henry B. Adams** of the Presbyterian Church, **Reverend Alfred Broccardo, Rev. William G. Batt** of the St. Patrick's Church, **Harold D. Byram** of Pajaro, **Rev. Allan D. Geddes** of All Saints Episcopal Church, **D. Wayne Hilde, Rev. Mert M. Lampson** of the Methodist Church, **Frank McCray**, **Major Bert E. Phillips** of the Salvation Army, **Alwyn C. Sessions** of the California Spray Chemical Co., **E. L. Whisler** of the First Christian Church, and **F. C. White**. Others who wrote letters were **Angeline L. Townsend**, a local missionary to the Chinese and Japanese mission churches, and US Army Air Corps **Captain Mateo Lettunich**, who was then stationed in Europe.

However, an even stronger resolution was passed by the Watsonville and Pajaro Valley Defense Council by a vote of 15 to 3, and added was the suggestion that the U. S. Constitution be amended to include the return of all Japanese, alien and native born to Japan; strip citizenship from American-born Japanese; and that the Japanese be excluded from any permanent residency. The three members of the Council who opposed were: attorney **John L. McCarthy, Rev. Allan Geddes**, and attorney **Phil Boyle**. McCarthy, an advocate of civil rights, had always been held in high regards by the Japanese American community because he protected their property rights and helped some families regain financial stability after the war.

Rev. Mack McCray, Jr. submitted an individual letter on March 3, 1943 which stated, in part: "Your denunciation of the Japanese as a race read like Hitler's denunciation of the Jews as a whole. The kind of thing that happened in 1935 in Germany when the Jews were deprived of their citizenship by decree, could happen in the United States, .. but it could not happen without changing or violating our established constitutional rights."

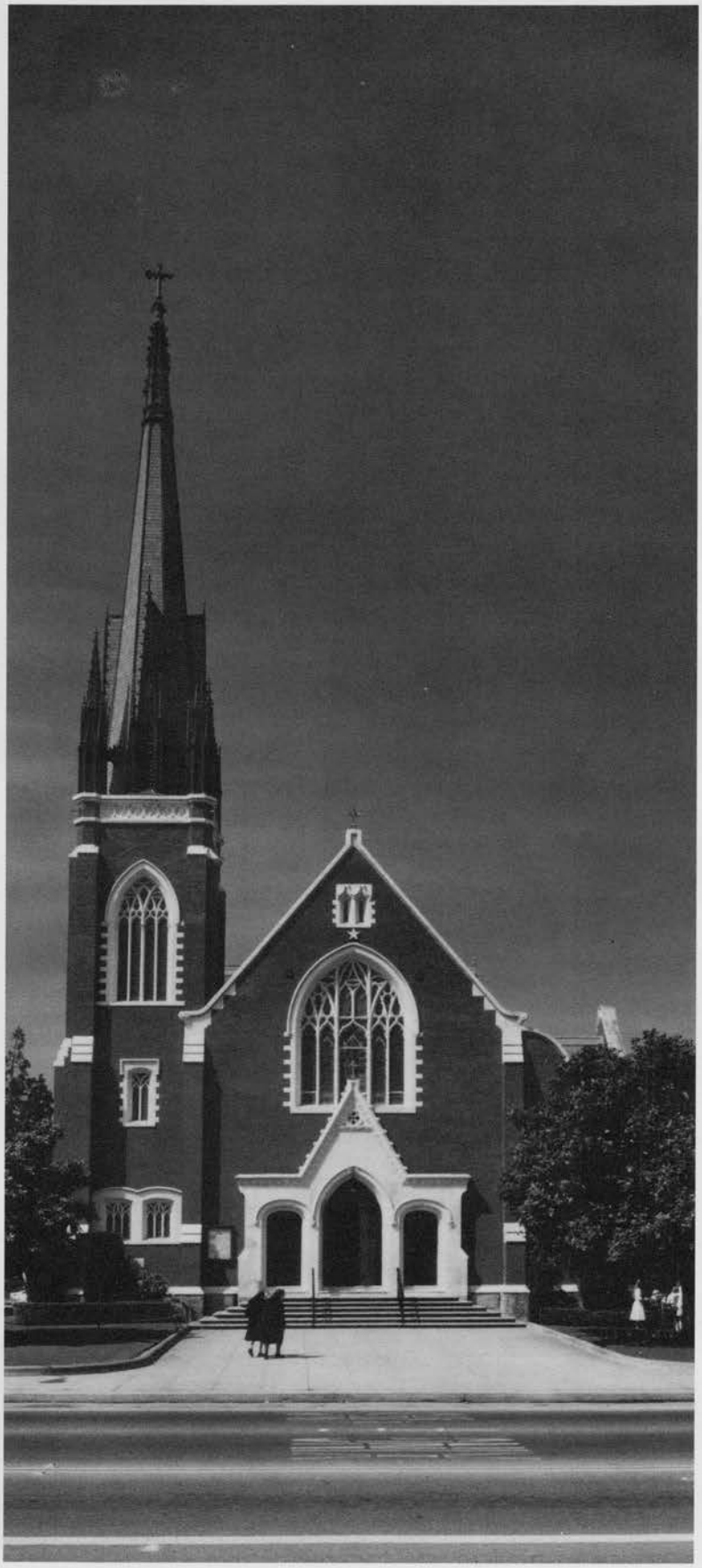
The courage to speak out for civil rights and against racial intolerance by those listed above is especially remarkable in view of the fact that American battle casualties were mounting with many losses from central coast towns.

The ivy covered, redwood stained, All Saints Episcopal Church, located on the corner of East Third (now East Beach) Street and Carr St. It was next to the Veterans Memorial Building.

Westview Presbyterian Church, after the 1953 remodeling, located at 118 First Street. It was originally known as the Japanese Presbyterian Church.

First Baptist Church in Watsonville. It's pastor opposed institutionalized racism.

The Methodist church.



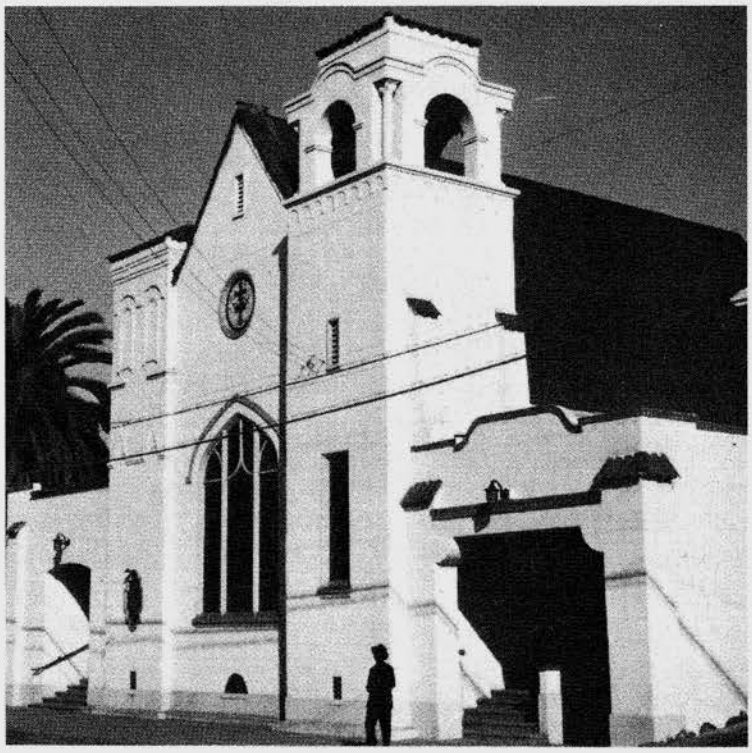
St. Patrick's Church on Main Street.

Part IV: The Return to the Pajaro Valley

The U. S. Supreme Court ruled in the Mitsue Endo case that the WRA could not detain loyal citizens against their will. Local resolutions could not prevent the return of the Japanese and Japanese Americans to their Pajaro Valley homes and ranches. After three years of confinement, internees were released from Poston, beginning in July of 1945.

The conditions for resettlement were not that favorable. Many decided to settle in the Midwest and the East. Only about a third of the former residents returned, and they did so in spite of the sporadic harassment and threats which persisted for some time. Gradually, the threats subsided.

Many who had helped earlier in 1942 were on hand to help again. Among those who welcomed back the Japanese and Japanese Americans were **Frank Osmer, H. A. Hyde, Matt Graves, Eileen Dyche Martin, Mike Murphy, William Bendell, Bob Cozzans**, the **Mormon Church of Santa Cruz**, the **Resetar** family, and **Frank Orr**, post-war editor of the Watsonville *Register-Pajaronian*.



The Presbyterian Church

For some the old home was ready and waiting, having been vacated promptly by the wartime renter. For others, it was sometimes a problem to regain occupancy of the house for one reason or another. Many families had no home to return to. Families doubled up where space was limited. **Pete Musler** provided a house for a family with an infant and an ill adult.

Returning internees were shocked to discover empty or vandalized warehouses and sheds where they had stored their life's belongings. Some families, fortunately, retained their homes, farms, and possessions because of supportive friends: **Stacy Irwin Stout,** Nick and Rose Kalich, Louis Bechis, George Cowles, Henry Martin, Tony Tomasello, W. D. Loveless, Walter Dutro, and Carl Mehl, Sr..

Work and securing an income were crucial needs. George Cowles had winter crops ready for harvesting, and he hired returning internees to harvest the cauliflower. **Rose Cowles** advanced money to rent the Redman ranch near Tynan Lake, and Frank Uyeda, Tom Nakase, Tad Fujita and others grew strawberries on shares. This arrangement lasted about three years, until they all went on their own. Other local farmers willing to hire the returnees were **Joe Crosetti, Mr. Franich,** and **Tony Tomasello**.

Living in town could be more difficult with some hostile neighbors or with "No Japs" signs placed in some grocery stores and service stations. Again, there were supporters to help make the transition. **Gim Lew** of Canton Market near the corner of Main Street and Bridge Street (now Riverside Drive) maintained the integrity of serving all of Watsonville's community members. Before the evacuation to the Salinas Assembly Center, the Nami Hashimoto family went to pay their $90 bill. Gim Lew told them to keep the money because they would need it more wherever they were going.

In some way we all seemed to have been touched by the extraordinary support and gift of giving by Dr. Oscar and Opal Marshall. The Marshalls were well-respected leaders of our community. Their only son, Mahlon of Watsonville High School's Class of '42, lost his life in the Battle of

Leyte during World War II. The Marshalls were vehement and outspoken in protesting the evacuation of the Japanese and Japanese Americans from Watsonville. When the former internees returned to their beloved Pajaro Valley, the Marshalls were at the Pajaro train station to greet them home. When neighborhood stores refused to sell groceries to the Japanese and Japanese Americans, it was Opal Marshall who bought the groceries and delivered them!

"At the risk of being called names and having rocks thrown through your windows, you stood up in support of our return. Thank you for being loyal friends and having the courage to extend a hand as we rebuilt our lives. Equally important, thank you for restoring our faith in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights of this great nation. We offer our heartfelt gratitude."

Gim Lew, owner and operator of Canton Market.

First Christian Church

A Chinese American organization's float entry in 4th of July parade, 1932, and in front of Canton Market.

Our Loyal Supporters

Mateo Lettunich

John McCarthy

Adams, Rev. Henry B.
Batt, Rev. Wm. G.
Bechis, Louis
Bendell, William
Boyle, Phil
Broccardo, Rev. Alfred
Brown, Lucille Gluhan
Byram, Harold D.
Cornell, Ada Horton
Cowles, George
Cozzens, Bob
Crosetti, Joe
Dutro, Walter
Geddes, Rev. Allan W.
Ford's Dept. Store
Franich Family
Graves, Matt
Hall, Edward
Hildie, D. Wayne
Hyde, H.A.
Kalich, Rose and Nick
Lampson, Rev. Mert M.
Lettunich, Mateo
Lew, Gim
Lopes, Louis
Lord, Mae
Loveless, W.D.
MacQuiddy, Thomas S.
Marshall, Dr. Oscar
Marshall, Opal
Martin, Eileen Dyche
Martin, Henry
McCarthy, John
McCray, Frank
McCray, Mack
Mehl, Carl
Miguel, Al
Mormon Church
Murphy, Mike
Musler, Pete
Orr, Frank F.
Osmer, Frank
Phillips, Major Bert E.
Resetar Family
Roark, Dorothy Stroud
Sessions, Alwyn C.
Skillicorn, Elmer
Stout, Stacy Irwin
Tomasello, Tony
Townsend, Angeline L.
Whisler, Rev. Edw. L.
White, F.C.

E.A. Hall

H.A. Hyde

Angelina Townsend

Frank Orr, postwar editor of the Watsonville Register-Pajaronian, wrote editorials in defense of the returning internees.

George Menasco

J.J. Crosetti

Carl Mehl Sr.

The Salinas Monument

Violet de Cristoforo conceived and coordinated the completion of this Salinas Assembly Center monument.

DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

JAPANESE GARDEN AND MONUMENT

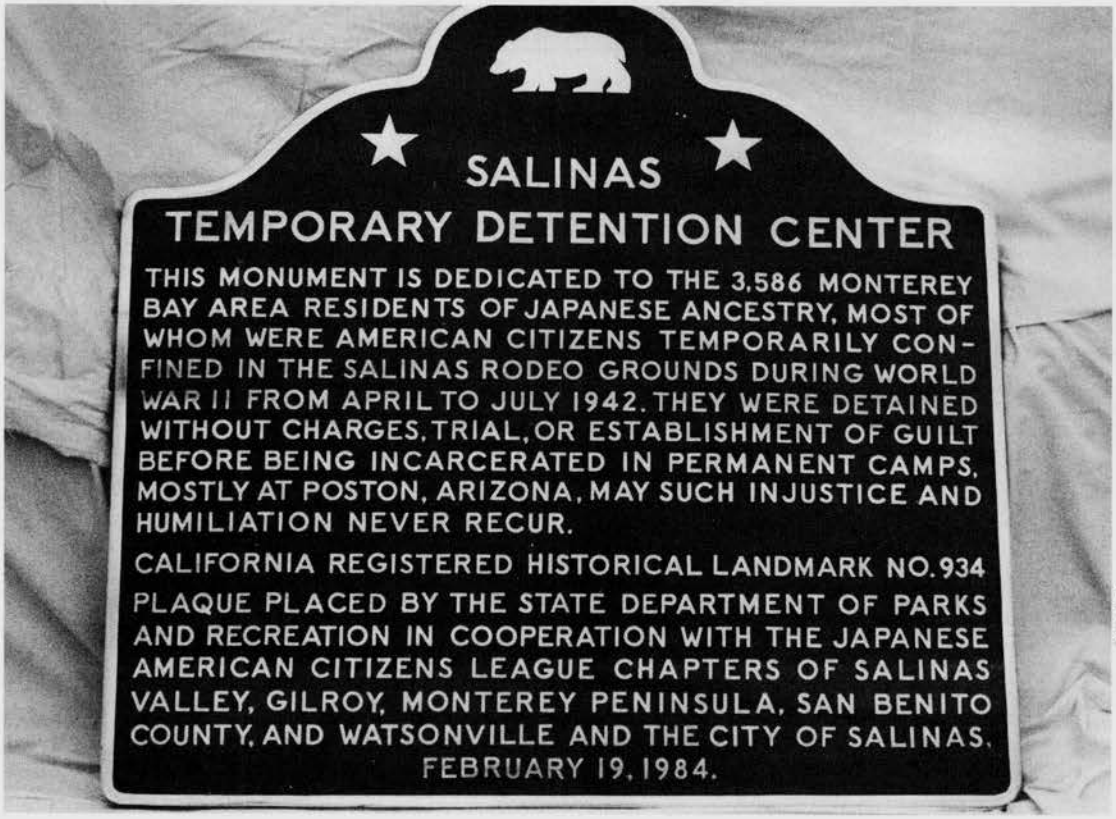
The Day of Remembrance Japanese Garden and Monument at the California Rodeo Grounds in Salinas was erected to memorialize the unprecedented evacuation and internment of Japanese Americans during World War II.

Executive Order 9066, signed by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on February 19, 1942, authorized the forced removal of 120,000 innocent evacuees, the entire population of this particular ethnic group, from the Pacific Coast, without due process of law.

Within this assemblage, were some 3,500 victims from this immediate coastal area, who were summarily uprooted and temporarily detained at the Salinas Assembly Center here on the rodeo grounds. They were subsequently transferred under strict military surveillance to harsh concentration camps in the barren Arizona desert.

This historic monument, carved out of native boulder, is a vivid, everlasting reminder of a tragic human event that took place just fifty years ago. It was developed through the interest of the Japanese American Citizens League chapters of Gilroy, San Benito County, Watsonville, Monterey Peninsula and Salinas Valley.

The Day of Remembrance is observed annually in February.



This monument is a California Registered Historic Landmark.

APRIL 27, 2002

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty"
The Project

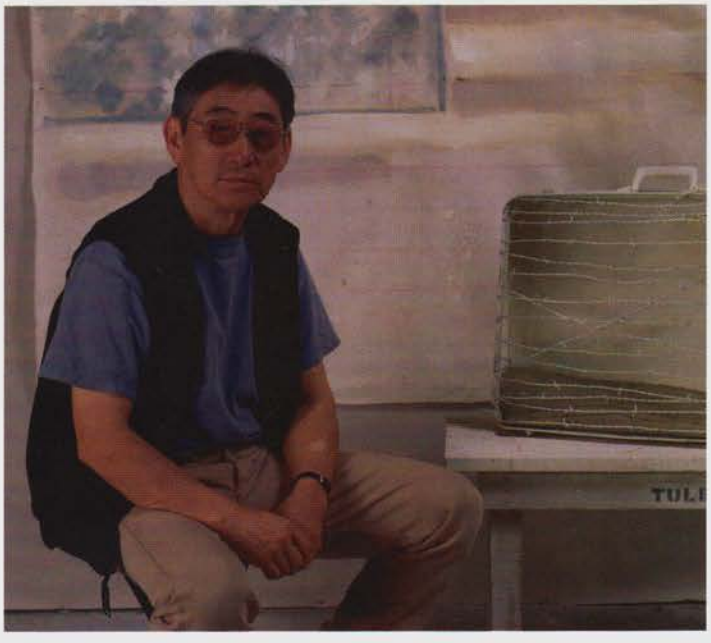
The following pages document the planning of a project that has been over a year in the making. On behalf of the entire committee, I feel the need to recognize the keystones of this event, Mas and Marcia Hashimoto. As our Co-Chairpersons they have conducted this massive orchestration. Mas, your vision and determination made this event happen. Marcia, you have worn the hats of actor, writer, proofreader, speaker, reasearcher and costumer. You have both been the organizers and coordinators who have touched every part of today, and you deserve a standing ovation. Thank you for all your hard work. I am grateful to be included in this project, as I'm sure the rest of the committee is, and hope that we do justice to this historic event.

David Derpich
Editor, Commemorative Book

Front: Joanne Resetar, Yoko Umeda, Susan D'Arcy, Mas Hashimoto, Marcia Hashimoto, Nicole D'Arcy, Lynda Tanaka, Jaclyn D'Arcy. Middle: Shig Kizuka, Brian Arao, Jane Borg, Janet Thelan, Don Williams, Sayo Fujioka, Shizue Shikuma, Marcy Alancraig, Sandy Lydon. Rear: Jerry Arao, David Kadotani, David Derpich, Paul Kaneko, Willie Yahiro, Victor Kimura, Iwao Yamashita.

"Reflections"

"Relocation" gives meaning to the euphemisms used describing imprisonment.



Howard Ikemoto
Cabrillo College, 1966-2000
Art Instructor Emeritus

"Fourth of July: Tule"

It seems I have been painting or drawing for a lifetime. Even as a child in Tulelake ("relocation camp"), I can recall doing drawings of "Castle Rock Mountain." The experience of being in camp left an indelible mark on my psyche, but for much of my life, it seemed safely buffered from my daily existence. In 1994, images of the camp experiences and the Second World War began surfacing in my artwork. I didn't realize the impact the incarceration had on my family, my own two daughters, Reiko and Ami, and me until the work and the attending research began revealing the truth about my childhood and the "camps."

Howard Ikemoto, April 2002

GOD BLESS AMERICA

ガード ブレス アメリカ ランド ザアト アイ ラアブ
GOD BLESS AMERICA, LAND THAT I LOVE !

スタンド ビサイド ハー アンド ガイド ハー
STAND BESIDE HER AND GUIDE HER

スルー ザ ナイト ウイズ ア ライト
THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH A LIGHT

フロム アバーブ フロム ザ マウンテアン
FROM ABOVE FROM THE MOUNTAINS

ツウ ザ プレイリーズ ツー ザ オーシヨン
TO THE PRAIRIES TO THE OCEAN

ホワイト ウイズ フオーム ガード ブレス アメリカ
WHITE WITH FOAM GOD BLESS AMERICA

マイ ホーム スイート ホーム
MY HOME SWEET HOME

ガード ブレス アメリカ マイ ホーム スイート ホーム
GOD BLESS AMERICA MY HOME SWEET HOME

WATSONVILLE-SANTA CRUZ SENIOR CENTER JACL MEMBERS

To Our Actors...

FRONT ROW: ALLISON OTA, ROBB MAYEDA, CARTER KIMURA, VICTOR KIMURA, ALLISON TAKEUCHI, JEANETTE OSBORN, JACLYN D'ARCY, DOG DAISY, NICHOLE D'ARCY, BRANDON SHIMUZU.
BACK ROW: BARBARA PALMER, SYDNEY OTA, ZANE OTA, MARCIA HASHIMOTO, HOLLY OTA, KAREN GARCIA GRAHAM, ELIZABETH ROSE MAYEDA, ANDREW CLOUSE, MARY MAYEDA, DAVID KADOTANI

Thank you to Don Williams, our director, and to all our participants for making "Liberty Lost…Lessons in Loyalty" come to life. We are so grateful for your compassionate commitment to this important project. We would not have been able to carry out this event if it were not for your enthusiastic participation.

Lessons Learned

By Sandy Lydon

Sandy Lydon

An Evolving Story

It has been sixty years since the Nikkei communities on the Pacific Coast were rounded up and taken away to camps. One would think that sixty years is sufficient enough time to ponder and analyze the event and extract all the possible lessons it has to offer. As several local residents asked when we proposed this reenactment, "Why go back through this again? It happened a long time ago. Why not just let it be?" A simple answer would be that we still don't know the entire story. Like a long, narrative Japanese scroll, the story of the evacuation continues to unroll a little more each day, revealing new details and complexities. Thirty years ago we thought we knew everything there was to know about the relocation of the Nikkei community, but in hindsight we were just getting started.

Part of the responsibility for this delay rests with the Federal Government. Reluctant to revisit a series of embarrassing and illegal decisions, the government did everything it could to obscure the facts. Finally, behind the momentum provided by the hearings sponsored by the Commission on Wartime Internment of Civilians (CWRIC), the Civil Rights Act of 1988, and the investigative leverage of the Freedom of Information Act, the blatant dishonesty and hypocrisy of government and military officials came to light. We now know that the Army lied to the government about the necessity of removing enemy aliens and civilians from the Pacific Coast. As Judge Marilyn Patel so eloquently stated in her April, 1984 opinion in the *Korematsu vs. the United States* decision, "[Relocation] stands as a constant caution that in times of war or declared military necessity our institutions must be vigilant in protecting constitutional guarantees."

Another delay was the overwhelming feeling of shame felt by many of the Issei. Rather than revisit the wrenching and disappointing events of their wartime detention, the Issei preferred the traditional Japanese cultural dictum: "unpleasantness is not to be noticed." As they busily tried to put their lives back together, they rarely spoke of their time in camp. It was not unusual for Nisei and Sansei children to learn about relocation for the first time in school. Though they never formally took a vote on it, the Issei decided that the best course of action was to keep a low profile and quietly go about their business. Some of this rubbed off on their America-born children. It was not by chance that Bill Hosokawa subtitled his landmark 1969 book on the *Nisei, The Quiet Americans*. The CWRIC hearings changed all that. Under the encouragement of their Sansei grandchildren, the Issei came forward and tearfully recounted the impact of the event on them and their community.

Then, the Nisei followed, describing the incredibly complicated decision-making processes they faced in camp. For some, the choice was a clear one, and they joined the military and blazed a remarkable trail of courage across Europe and the Pacific. For others, the choice was to withhold their services, to refuse to fight in the name of the Constitution that they believed had failed them. The conflict between these two approaches continues to reverberate throughout the Nikkei community to this day.

Finally, as we have learned as we put this event together, we're just now getting a sense of the stories of those who assisted the Nikkei during and after the war. The modesty of those who helped was obscured by the glare of those who didn't. We spent all of our time listening to the racists, focusing on the horror of their epithets and actions, and not paying enough attention to those who supported the Nikkei. When we finally located some of those who stood up and defended the Japanese community, they just shrugged and said, "It was nothing. It was just the right thing to do." Sadly, in most cases our realization of the importance of their story came too late, and our thanks have to be offered posthumously.

Based on what we have learned as we put this event together, we would offer the following lessons.

National Vigilance

Certainly if we've learned anything from the wartime restriction and internment of Japanese, Italian and Germans in the United States it is that we must never trust government officials when they say that something is "necessary" without demanding they explain why that is so. For some, this may be the most painful lesson of all—that you can't trust your own government. We should never return to those naïve days when we said, "my government, right or wrong." It is clear now that military and government officials acted improperly and illegally to detain its citizenry. As Judge Patel said, "…the shield of military necessity and national security must not be used to protect governmental actions from close scrutiny and accountability."

Community Vigilance

But our vigilance must go beyond paying attention to what the government says and does. We must also watch out for each other. Time and again, those who were there at the time have expressed the theme of "we didn't know what was happening to them." The strength of community self-interest can also be a weakness, particularly when the government or international circumstances unfairly target one group. We believe that the current efforts underway in our educational system to help students understand other cultures should be supported and encouraged. But, if the events of World War II are to be heeded, we must go beyond merely exposing students to cultural dances, foods and holidays. We should all be participants in those cultures, understanding their causes and supporting them when asked. When a neighboring community takes up a cause and carries signs and banners down the street, we should not turn away and say, "This has nothing to do with me." It is precisely that behavior that led to the Japanese being taken away to camp. Had those local heroes like John McCarthy been publicly supported by those who silently agreed with him, the Japanese, Italians and Germans might not have detained or taken away. As John McCarthy so wisely wrote: *"Remember also—persecute these people for the accident of birth—establish a precedent and the cold heavy hand of persecution and intolerance may one day rest on your shoulder because your name is Smith or Jones or because you are Protestant or Catholic or Jew—white, or Negro—and the persecutors will use this incident as a precedent."*

Pajaro Valley Historical Association

YWCA

Congratulations!
"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty"

Let us neither forget nor repeat the injustices of our past!

Ralph Alpert
Spring Fund

Celebrate the Behavior You Admire

The Buddhists have a saying, "Don't mistake the finger pointing at the moon for the moon itself." Too often we focus on the evil doers and the racists in our history and fail to notice those who opposed them. In the process of putting on this event, we have reacquainted ourselves with some old heroes and we've met some new ones. Once again, the contributions of those who served in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team and the Military Intelligence Service shine bright through the smoke of war and time. We will never be able to thank them enough for what they did.

We also met some new heroes and heroines, local folks willing to risk public condemnation and ridicule while supporting the Japanese community. Though the risks may not have been life threatening, those good people certainly put their businesses and reputations in jeopardy. We can never thank them enough, either.

A Post-September 11, 2001 Postscript

This event was conceived and put in motion in early 2001, long before the devastating attacks on New York and Washington, D.C. on September 11. But, as the events unfolded, and the anti-Arab, anti-Muslim fever swept across the country, we saw the chilling parallels with what happened following the attack on Pearl Harbor sixty years earlier.

To amplify the importance of this historical resonance, we revisited the dark days of 1943. We called attention to the resolutions passed by the local county supervisors that spring and asked that the counties consider rescinding them. The gestures would be symbolic, but we felt that they were important enough to occupy a couple of minutes on their crowded agendas. We were extremely gratified by the responses we received.

On Tuesday, February 19, 2002, exactly sixty years after President Franklin Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, the Monterey County Board of Supervisors unanimously voted to rescind the anti-Japanese resolution passed in

April of 1943. In her comments, Edith Johnsen, Supervisor, Monterey County: "*It is extremely important for us to stay vigilant about the rights of any community. It is such a temptation to lash out at elements of our community when there have been acts of aggression. But we truly have learned a huge lesson from what happened during World War II. From that learning process we hope that we will grow and something such as what happened to the Japanese will never happen again.*"

One week later, on February 26, the Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors voted unanimously to rescind a similar resolution that had passed in 1943. Supervisor Tony Campos said, "*This resolution serves to remind us of the lessons of loyalty that are the legacy of those who lived in the camps. [The Japanese] are great, true Americans who kept faith in their country in the face of adversity and the most heinous racism in our country's history.*"

Acknowledging Our Local Historians:

Eleanor Johnson, Kazuko Nakane, Joanne Resetar, Sandy Lydon, and Jane Borg

We would like to recognize our "continuing supporters" for their efforts in researching and recording the history of the Japanese and Japanese Americans of our Monterey Bay region.

Eleanor Johnson who, in collaboration with Opal Marshall, completed a series of interviews related to the internment, wrote a 34-page historical account, *The Japanese and Japanese Americans in the Pajaro Valley, 1892 to 1967.* This gem was published in 1967 by the Watsonville Japanese American Citizens League in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of the Japanese from the Pajaro Valley in 1942.

Kazuko Nakane, of Japan, while a student here at Cabrillo College, wrote an excellent book, *Nothing Left In My Hands*. It was published in 1985 and preserved interviews with many Issei.

In 1992, in celebration of a century of Japanese settlement and culture in our valley, Joanne Resetar presented an extraordinary exhibit called *Nihon Bunka—Japanese Culture: One hundred years in the Pajaro Valley.* It was presented by the Pajaro Valley Arts Council and later shown in the Octagon exhibit hall of the Santa Cruz Historical Trust.

Sandy Lydon, Cabrillo College Historian Emeritus, has been tireless in his research, documentation, and publication of Japanese history, as well as Chinese history, throughout the Pacific Basin. His 1997 book, *The Japanese in the Monterey Bay Region: A Brief History,* is an excellent resource.

Jane Borg has been dedicated in her efforts with the Pajaro Valley Historical Association to collect and maintain our stories.

From September 4 to October 16, 1997, the Santa Cruz Public Libraries displayed the traveling Smithsonian exhibit, *A More Perfect Union.* Thanks to the efforts of librarian Anne Turner, many students and community members benefited from the knowledge gained by this exhibit. Santa Cruz was only one of four cities in California that was included in their twenty city nation-wide schedule.

The historical resources provided by the efforts of our historians have helped immensely to preserve a history that will continue to include important lessons for all our citizens for many years to come.

Jackie Palmer and Daisy

Debbie, Alissa, & Randy Mano

Debbe Chan and Shizue Shikuma

Gary Fitzgibbon, Jeanette Osborn, Hank Cardona, Ron Berry

Asia, Kathy, & Mia Norton

Matt Eguchi

Yoshiteru, Masayuki, Sadayuki, Sumito, and Bruce

"To the members of the Pajaro Valley community who supported us during our time of need, we are truly grateful, ..."

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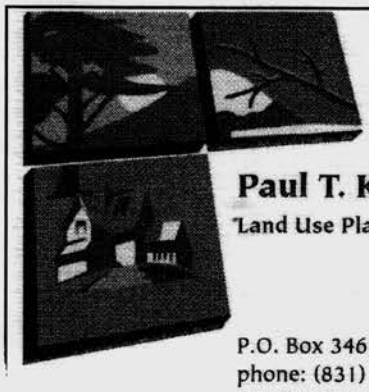

Paul T. Kaneko
Land Use Planning Consultant/Permit Processing

P.O. Box 3467, Santa Cruz, CA 95063-3467
phone: (831) 476-7040 fax: (831) 475-9010
email: ptkaneko@aol.com

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Fax (831) 724-6074

JACL HEALTH TRUST

The Blue Cross Plan

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty"

The JACL Blue Cross Health plan was created in 1947 to provide health insurance for JACL members, returning from camp, who could not otherwise obtain coverage.

THE BLUE CROSS CHAPTERS

Alameda

Gilroy	**Monterey Peninsula**
San Benito County	**San Jose**
Salinas Valley	**Sequoia**
Sonoma	**Tri Valley**
Watsonville-Santa Cruz	**West Valley**

Donations, Gratefully Received, ...

$10,000 "A More Perfect Union" Sponsor: The Community Foundation of Santa Cruz County; an anonymous donor.

$5,000 "Liberty" Benefactor: Watsonville-Santa Cruz JACL.

$1,000 "Loyalty" Patron: Fujii Brothers; Mas and Marcia Hashimoto; Spring Fund, c/o Mr. Ralph Alpert.

$500 "Go For Broke" Contributor: The Edward and Constance Barthold Family Foundation in honor of author, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston; Berkeley JACL, c/o Valerie Yasukochi; Graniterock, Bruce Woolpert, in honor of Charlie and Nancy Iwami; Harold "Hal" Hyde in memory of Mitch Miyamoto; Martha Miyamoto in memory of husband, Mitch Miyamoto; JACL Blue Cross Health Trust, c/o Tony Boch; Dr. Gerald Kondo, D. D. S.; Dr. Reed and Nancy Kuratomi, D. D. S. in memory of grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Takemoto; L & W Land Company; Sakata Ranches; Miyuki Restaurant, c/o Janet and Yasuo Sakaguchi in honor of all JACL families.

$250 "Unity" Donors: Norman I. Abe; John Takeo Arao; Bachan, Skillicorn & Marinovich, Wyckoff & Allen; Dr. Janet Bell, M. D.; Joe and Christine Bowes in memory of father, Leon G. Cudiamat; Diablo Valley JACL, c/o Milo Yoshino; First National Bank of Watsonville; Kadotani Auto Repair, Inc. c/o David Kadotani, in memory of Henry Ikeda, uncle; Paul and Carol Kaneko; Robert J. Katz and Leola Lapides; June Kimoto; Robert Kimura; Shig and Ruby Kizuka; Kobara Farms, Inc., Shoichi Kobara and Mark Takeuchi owners; Sandy Lydon; Law Offices of Grunsky, Ebey, Farrar & Howell; Mehl's Colonial Chapel, in memory of Carl E. Mehl, Sr.; Monument Lumber Co., c/o Red Shugart; Steven C. Phillips & Susan Sandler, Kendall Alexander of San Francisco; Joanne and Bill Resetar; Yukio and Mollie Sumida; Alan and Gayle Uyematsu.

$100 "Tolerance" Supporters: Phillip & Robin Adkins; Kathleen Akao in memory of Vickie Usuki; Sandra Allen; Lester and Michelle Aoki; Bob and Audrey Bowman in honor of Mas and Marcia Hashimoto; Rodney and Peggy Brooks; Tony and Becky Campos; Thomas and Debbe Chan; Chinese American Organization; Lu and Jack Churchill; Ikuyo Conant; Don and Diane Cooley; Sandi and William Crouser; Rob and Susan D'Arcy Violet De Cristoforo in memory of husband, Wilfred H. De Cristoforo; Lorraine Enomoto Roy and Yukiye Fuji; Sayo Fujioka in memory of Dick Hideo Fujioka; Roy and Jean Fujita; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fukuhara; Jennifer Ura Gavin in memory of father, Ernest Hiroshi Ura; Dorothy Hamai in memory of husband, Yon Hamai; Dr. and Mrs. Conrad Hamako, M. D.; Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Hayashi, D. D. S.; George and Janice Higashi; Alan

Alan Hiromura & Candace Waage; Harry K. and Misako Honda; Charles and Nancy Iwami; Helen Iwanaga in memory of husband, Rev. Yoshio Iwanaga ; Helen Iwanaga in memory of son, Dr. Gordon Mutsu Iwanaga, D. D. S.; Amy Izumizaki in memory of husband; Arthur Izumizaki; Kitako Izumizaki; Dr. James Jacobson, D. D. S.; Carmel and Evie Kamigawachi; Mr. and Mrs. Shig Kihara; Nancy I. Kim; George Kimura in memory of Yoshiko Kimura; Victor Kimura in memory of mother, Sayoko Kimura; Rev. and Mrs. Sumio Koga; Henry Kokka in memory of parents, Satoru and Shizuye Kokka; Dr. and Mrs. George Kubota, D. D. S.; Ray and Yuki Kyono in memory of mother Tei Morimune; Greg Marutani; Matsuda Family—Flora Fujikawa, Irwin Matsuda, Tom Matsuda, Bessie Shiyomura; George Matsumoto; Todd McFarren; Henry Mello; Harry Meserve; Tom Mine in memory of wife, Kikue Mine; Diane, Michelle, and Suzanne Mio in memory of husband, father, Kaz Mio; Arlene Minami in memory of father, Fred Okamoto; Mark Mitani; Helen Mito; Dr. Masako Miura, M. D.; Allan Molho in memory of PVHA President, Ray Hoffman; Tom and Harumi Murakami; Mr. and Mrs. Yukio Nagata; Gordon and Jeanne Nakagawa in memory of Placer JACL President, Kay Takemoto; Betty Nitta; Dan and Karen Nitta; Wallace Nunotani; Betty Oda; Fred Oda; George and Alice Oshima in memory of Katsutaro and Kame Oshima; Kaz Oshima in memory of Aiko Oshima; Dr. Ruth Okimoto, Ph.D. in memory of Rev. and Mrs. Tameichi Okimoto; Pajaro Valley Federation of Teachers, 1936 c/o Caroline Savino; Ron Piper; Masao Sagara; Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Sakai; Dr. Stuart Sakuma, O. D.; Col. and Mrs. Thomas Sakamoto; Ray and Louise Sako; San Benito County JACL c/o Ken Teshima; San Francisco JACL c/o John Handa; Diane Severin; Isamu Shingai; Chiyeko Shikuma in memory of husband, Hiroshi Shikuma; Hiroko Shikuma in memory of husband, Mack Shikuma; David and Cheryl Smelt; Ann Soldo; Mark and Patt Takeuchi; Susumu Tamashiro; Kenneth Tanimoto; Eric and Janet Thelan; Yoko and Ben Umeda; Esther Ura in memory of husband, Ernie Ura; Gene Uratsu; Marvin Uratsu in memory Mary Otsuki and Mary Hirano; Roy and Suyeko Uyematsu; George and Kinue Wada; Ted and Barbara Wada; Bruce and Betsy Woolpert in memory of Phillip T. Boyle; Betty and Tami Yagi; Yagi Tackle Shop in memory of father, Hatsusaburo Yagi; Chiyoko Yagi in memory of husband, Harry N. Yagi; Ben and Aiko Yamamoto; Bob M. and Tee Yamamoto; Hideko Yamamoto in memory of husband, Goro Yamamoto; Libia Yamamoto; Robert K. and Reiko Yamamoto; Stuart and Pilar Yamamoto; Iwao and Tomiko Yamashita; Mae Yoshida in memory of husband, Mas Yoshida, Pam Yoshida and Gordon Koo in memory of Mas Yoshida

"**Others**:" George and Yoko Aihara, Crossroad Books c/o Jan Vanwaardenberg, Alice and Alfred Geron, Kim and Elizabeth Geron, Frances Goon, Emi Gusukuma, Michiko Hamada, Mae Higuchi, Lowell and Wendy Hurst, Eleanor and Warren Johnson, Elaine L. Kihara and David Sweet, Peggy Kurimoto, Donald Kwong, Lori L. Larsen, Mary Meifu, Sylvia Marshall Meyer, Alice P. Montgomery, Helen Morimune, Hugh T. Muranaka in memory of Todd T. Sakohira, Toshimi Nitta, H. Jeffery and Chris Paul, Heidi Perlmutter, Brian M. Sniegowski, Solyssa Sombra, Howard Tao, Mary Toda, Marlene Tonai, Toshiko Tsudama in memory of Kunso Fred Nakagawa MIS, Roberta M. Valdez, James and Nancy Yamamoto, Lily and Akira Yamashita, and Kwok Yuen Yan.

IN GRATITUDE, WE'D LIKE TO ACKNOWLEDGE ...

To the internees, veterans, and supporters who shared their incredible stories for this historic event, thank you. Your courage and loyalty are held in admiration. We have so much to learn from your experiences.

"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty" brought together for the first time so many talented and gifted members of our community. With their enthusiasm, encouragement, and generous support, this project was made possible. We apologize for names inadvertently omitted.

Research: Jane Borg, Mas Hashimoto, Harry K. Honda, Sandy Lydon, Harry Meserve
Writers: Marcy Alancraig, Jane Borg, Mas Hashimoto, Marcia Hashimoto, Sandy Lydon, Shelley Browne, Meghan Donald, Kristen Morrelli, Aryn Wilder, Lora Schraft, Alexis Prindle, Robert Foster, Shizue Shikuma, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston,
Interviewees: Charlie Iwami, Nancy Iwami, Kitako Izumizaki, Helen Mito, Chiyoko Yagi, Ruby Kizuka, Shig Kizuka, Mas Hashimoto
Publicity: Susan D'Arcy, Lynda Tanaka, Community Printers
Logo and theme design: Andy Fukutome
Website: Nicole D'Arcy, Rod Misaki, Paul Kaneko
Fund-raising: Mas Hashimoto, Victor Kimura, Stuart Yamamoto
Commemorative book: David Derpich, Editor-in-Chief; Annie Bradfield of Josten's; Jane Borg; Mas and Marcia Hashimoto
Stage production: Don G. Williams, director; Howard Ikemoto, set designer
Coordinators for participants: Mark and Patt Takeuchi
Tickets: Sayo Fujioka, Joanne Resetar, Flowers by Toshi
Library Display: Yoko Umeda, Harry Meserve
Filming: Peter McGettigan and Jeff Dinnell of Community Television of Santa Cruz Co., Inc.;
Terri DeBono and Steve Rosen of Mac and Ava Picture Productions
Closed Circuit TV: John Burdick, WHS Video Academy
Senior Center representatives: Carmel Kamigawachi, Shig Kizuka, Iwao Yamashita
Costumes: Karen Garcia Graham, Allison Gonzalez, Randall Sparling, Marcy Alancraig, Paul Kaneko, Susan D'Arcy, Rainbow Theater UCSC
Suitcases: Evie Kamigawachi, Bill Wurtenberg, Ken Tanimoto, Allison Gonzalez, Paul Kaneko
Sales: Victor Kimura, David Derpich
Security: Captain Manny Solano, WPD; Charles Gluck, WFD

Participants at Veterans Memorial Building

Master of Ceremonies, Sandy Lydon
Ken Tanimoto as Saburo Kido; P.J. Johnson as the Reporter

Family#1:	Kathy Norton, Mia Norton, Asia Norton
Family #2:	Nicole D'Arcy, Dr. Janet Sakuma, Dr. Stuart Sakuma
Family#3:	Robb Mayeda, Debbe Chan, Elizabeth Mayeda, Mary Mayeda, Walter Mayeda
Family#4:	Katie Arao, Jerry Arao, Shizue Shikuma
Family #5:	Jaclyn D'Arcy, Debbie Mano, Randy Mano, Alissa Mano, Jackie Palmer
Family #6:	Allison Takeuchi
Family#7:	Barbara Palmer, Zane Ota, Allison Ota, Sydney Ota
Family#8:	Marcia Hashimoto
Family #9:	Andrew Clouse
Family #10:	Victor Kimura, Karen Garcia Graham, Carter Kimura, Kari Nagamine
Family#11:	Holly Ota
Family#12:	David Kadotani

Kari Nagamine

WRA officials: Hank Cardona, Jeannette Osborn; Police escort: Captain Manny Solano and 10 police volunteers (names were not available at press time), WPD; Military police: Gary Fitzgibbon; Bus driver: James A. Husing.

Special thanks to City of Watsonville Special Events Coordinator Doug Mattos, Carl Johnson (grandstands), WPD Police Chief Terry Medina, WFD Captain Charles Gluck, Watsonville Public Library Deborah Barrow. Others: Salud Para La Gente, Executive Director Aracadio Viveros; S. Martinelli & Co., CEO John Martinelli; Skills Center, 14 Carr Street; Watsonville Charter School of the Arts, Educational Director Sue Forson; teachers Josie Burton, Jennifer Cordery, Roger Mock, and students; Pacific Grove Police Department for the use of squad car.

Mello Center Participants: Salinas Assembly Center
Art/Stage Set: Howard Ikemoto; Narrator: Sandy Lydon
Readers: Debbe Chan, Nicole D'Arcy, Marcia Hashimoto, Victor Kimura, Debbie Mano, Robb Mayeda, Barbara Palmer, Shizue Shikuma

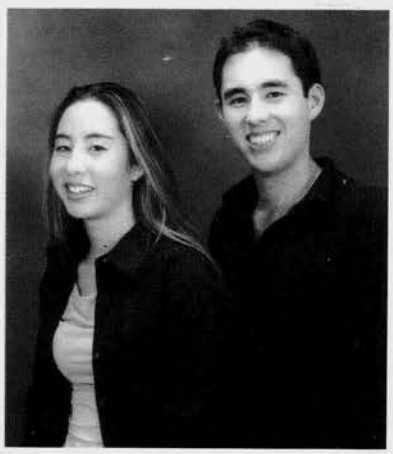
Mello Center participants: Veterans' Stories
Mike Masaoka—Mas Hashimoto; Colonel Thomas Sakamoto—Mike Honda; Mitchie M. Miyamoto—Harold "Hal" Hyde, friend; Shig Kizuka—Matt Eguchi, cousin; Henry Izumizaki—Henry Izumizaki, nephew; Harry Madokoro—Matt Matsushita; Henry Arao— Brian Arao, nephew.

"God Bless America", JACL Senior Center Choir, photo on page 88
Front row: Lily Yamashita, Akira Yamashita, Masano Yamashita, Nancy Iwami, Charlie Iwami, Tsuyuko Muronaka, Sakaye Kawasaki, Helen Mito, Sueko Okamura, Fusako Ishizuka; Middle row: Shig Kizuka, Ray Sako, Kinji House, Evie Kamigawachi, Motoko House, Patricia Goon, Frances Goon, Inako Johnson, Kitako Izumizaki, Fujie Idemoto, Mary Okamoto, Yoneko Mizokami, Michiko Hamada, Kazue Murata, Peggy Kurimoto, Olive Yamakuchi, Emi Yamamoto, Betty Oda, Gladys Fukumoto; Back row: Bill Tao, Mitsuyo Tao, Shingu Yanori, Rev. Hanayama, George Matsumoto, Ruby Kizuka, Tomiko Yamashita, Michie Matsumoto, Kazuko Sakai, Yutaka Sakai, Kimiyo Fujii, Rose Yoshida, Haruko Yoshii, Iwao Yamashita, Satoko Yamamoto, Uta Tsuchiyama, Mitzi Katsuyama, Charles Yoshida, Nick Nakamori, Sadie Nakamori, Betty Jane Mayekawa, Nobue Fujii, Carmel Kamigawachi

Head Usher Faye Hashitani; Large screen, Watsonville Police Department; Mello Center Executive Director Pamela Mason.

In appreciation: PVUSD Trustee Willie Yahiro, Superintendent Dr. John Casey, Dr. Nancy Bilicich, Olga Castro; WHS: Principal Lawrence T. Lane, Drama instructor David Scott, Assistant Pat Edwards, teacher Jim Hagan.

Watsonville Firefighters



Katie & Brian Arao

Reception: YWCA Jean Bourdeau and Joellen Bruce; PVHA Jane Borg, Joanne Resetar, Janet Thelan; Richard and Joyce Haven; Marcy Alancraig, Marjorie Dial, Rose Ehrlich, Jeff Emery, Jerry Fitzgerald, Juan Carlos Fonseca, Jeanette Guerrero, Tea Hashimoto, Gayle Ivanovich, Ted Maddock, Rosellen Mastoris, Doug Mattos, Mary Miles, Kate Minott, Tom Mistole, Rochelle Mulder, Amy Newell, Guadalupe Ortiz, Jeannette Osborn, Dennis Osmer and associates, Donita Paz, Jess Tabasa, Harriet Talan, Sharon Vasquez, JoAnn Vear; and Deborah Vitale; Watsonville Professional Firefighters Local 1272 Matt Ryan; The Y Teens.

Photos courtesy of Pajaro Valley Historical Association; Sandy Lydon; Families of the veterans, internees, and supporters; National Archives; Ted Kobata; Mas Hashimoto; David Derpich

A Final Word of Appreciation, ...

We are forever grateful to **David Derpich**, editor-in-chief, for the commemorative booklet, ***"Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty."*** David has worked his magic in bringing together a wealth of informative letters, stories, and pictures in order to create a reference that can be used as a valuable resource for years to come.

Thank you, David, for all the time and effort you so conscientiously gave to this project—our heartfelt thanks!

The Committee

Patt and Mark Takeuchi

Director Don Williams

Liberty Lost ... Lessons in Loyalty

David Derpich
Liberty Lost Publishing
libertylostpublishing@yahoo.com
(831) 254-3283

Editor's Note:

I need to say thank you to all the people who helped me with this enormous project. I hope it is worthy of all the people who worked on it. Writers, photographers, proof-readers, researchers, and historians
THANK YOU.

David Derpich

POSTON MEMORIAL MONUMENT

Opened 5-8-42 POSTON, ARIZONA Closed 11-28-45

This Memorial Monument marks the site of the Poston War Relocation Center where 17,867 persons of Japanese ancestry, the majority of whom were United States citizens were interned during World War II from May 1942 to November 1945. All persons of Japanese descent living on west coast farms, businesses, towns, cities, and states were forcibly evacuated by the United States military on the grounds that they posed a threat to the national security. This massive relocation was authorized by Executive Order 9066, signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942.

This Memorial is dedicated to all those men, women and children who suffered countless hardships and indignities at the hands of a nation misguided by wartime hysteria, racial prejudice and fear. May it serve as a constant reminder of our past so that Americans in the future will never again be denied their Constitutional rights and may the remembrance of that experience serve to advance the evolution of the human spirit.

This Memorial Monument is erected in cooperation with the Colorado River Indian Tribes, former Internees of Poston, Veterans and Friends of the Fiftieth Year Observance of the Evacuation and Internment.

(From the Monument plaque and the Official Program of the Poston Memorial Monument Dedication, Oct. 6, 1992)

Liberty...
Loyalty