

Testimony for Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians

Madame Chairperson, Members of the Commission: *We were fed to sum page is 2 in. App on work in the 3*

My name is Mary Yuri Kochiyama, ^{CJA (NY)} born and raised in San Pedro, California; spent 6½ months in Santa Anita Assembly Center, 2 years in Jerome Relocation Camp, Arkansas.

On Dec. 7, 1941, around 11 a.m. three F.B.I men came to our home and whisked away my father without an explanation. My father had just returned from the hospital ^{the day before} following an ulcer surgery. It was several days before my family learned that he was taken to the Terminal Island Federal Prison. Because of the seriousness of his illness, my mother frantically called numerous government officials daily requesting him removed to a hospital until he was out of danger. ^{A few} ~~Several~~ weeks later, he was finally moved to the San Pedro Hospital where merchant seamen injured in the South Pacific were also being taken in. He was placed in the same ward as they--only around his bed, enclosed by a curtained sheet, was a sign "Prisoner-of-War." Because of the taunts of the seamen, my mother had him removed to a private room.

On Jan. 13, my two brothers--Arthur, ²³ ~~23~~ years old, Univ. of Berkeley grad, my 20-year old twin brother, Pete, and I were allowed to see our father for the first time since he was apprehended. (~~My twin brother had been in service a couple of weeks but was allowed home from Fort Warren, Wyoming~~ ^{only} ~~for this emergency visitation.~~ *My twin brother dropped out of UC Berkeley and had immediately enlisted* He enlisted just after the war despite my father's incarceration. *He came back proudly wearing his uniform for the emergency visitation.* He left U.C. Berkeley where he was told "Japs were ^{so much} ~~not welcomed there.~~" On seeing our father ^{so much} ~~not welcomed there.~~) ^{so much} What startled us was not his emaciated frame, but how greatly in such a short time his mental condition ^{had} ~~could have~~ deteriorated. *He mistook my uniformed brother for a guard and would not believe it was his own* We could only surmise what he had undergone during interrogations, *remembering* ^{504.} ~~for an Issei inmate had committed suicide in prison.~~

A week later, my mother was notified that my father would be released to come home. We could hardly believe the good news. He was brought home in an ambulance in the evening of Jan. 20th, escorted by a nurse.

^{But} We were shocked that he could not seem to speak; only make guttural sounds; did not seem to be able to see or hear. We could not communicate with him, nor he with us. Our short-lived joy and relief ^{of his home-coming} was shattered when the next morning we were awakened by the nurse who informed us he had passed away. Within a few hours the F.B.I. called to say that anyone attending the funeral would be under surveillance...but friends did attend the funeral, and sure enough, the FBI were at the funeral parlor door.

When my father was first apprehended he was surprised to learn that the FBI
~~One of the things my father told my mother was that the FBI said they~~

had been watching him for about 20 years. My father owned a fish market and provided fish to Japanese steamships as a ship chandler. He was constantly asked to tour-guide ship officers. Their request was ^{usually} always to drive them to their favorite past-time--a golf course. This he did, often, through the years.

*Take out
No time*

During the interrogations
 He was accused of pointing out to Japanese officers--military ~~installa-~~ installations, aircraft plants, ~~military bases~~ and power-lines, when there were none at that time.

They also showed him 8 X 10 photos that were taken at various Japanese dinners and affairs that he attended in some 20 years' time. Innocuous as the dinner occasions were, it revealed the FBI and U.S. government's suspicion of Japanese gatherings and the quiet surveillance on the Japanese that must have been an on-going activity for an unknown period of time.

Thirty-nine years have elapsed. We have all grown. We have had time

P.K.
 to think. From apolitical, naive, provincials, we have become more conscious *of racism*
~~of the possibilities~~ ~~of the world about us.~~ ~~of effecting peoples' power with concerted effort.~~

impact on American policies, both domestic + foreign; and we have learned the bitter history of ethnic people's struggles

I believe we should remember our past not only in relationship to the Japanese war-time experience in America, but to the over-all historical experience of all Third World/peoples of color, and the poor/who have ~~the~~
 of whatever color

Take out

has a commonality of experience by race, and class...

People—whether indigenous to this continent... or those who came from Asia or Latin America seeking a better way of life... and displacement, has a responsibility to expose their own grievances...

Handwritten notes on the right margin, including the word 'thing'.

Handwritten initials or marks on the right margin.

Handwritten notes in the lower-left quadrant: 'Corrected', 'color', 'this', 'Poor'.

Main body of faded text, including phrases like 'unprecedented time in history to fight for human rights, human dignity, and human advancement...' and 'let the government...'