Madame Charpers n. Manham of the Commussion: We the summing in 2 in My name is Mary Yuri Kochiyaman, born and raised in San Pedro, Califor-

nia; spent $6\frac{1}{2}$ months in Santa Anita Assembly Center, 2 years in Jerome Relecation 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 the day before from the hospital 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. 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 years old, Univ. of Berkeley and, 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 to couple of weeks but was allowed home from Fort Warren, Wyoming My thin brother dropped out of UC Berkeley and rud immediately enjected for this emergency visitation. He enlisted just after the war despite my

He came back proudly wearing his uniform for the emergency

father's incarceration. He left U.C. Berkeley where he was told "Japs were wisitation. On seeing sun father so much not welcomed there.") Awhat startled us was not his emaciated frame, but

how greatly in such a short time his mental condition could have deteriorated. He mistook my uniformed bother for a quark and would not believe it was his own we could only surmise what he had undergone during interrogations, remembered for an isset in mate had committed suicide in preson.

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 on the evening of Jan. 20th, escorted by a nurse.

we were shocked that he could not seem to speak; only make gutteral 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 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 scurpfied 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 always to drive them to their favorite past-time—a golf course. This he did, often, through the years.

He was accused of pointing out to Japanese officers-military 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
to think. From apolitical, naive, provincials, we have become more conscious of vaccous
the possibilities of

of the world about us. Of effecting peoples power with concerted effort.

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I believe we should remember our past not only in relationship to the struggle.

Japanese war-time experience in America, but to the over-all historical of whatever color experience of all Third World peoples of color, and the poor who have

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Q.K

have a commonality of oppression by race, and class A good

take at

Peoples—whether indigenous to this continent misnomered American Indians; or those who came from Asia or Latin America seeking a better way of life, or as harshly-driven "contract laborers"; or the Africans—captured/ hard hold brought with interferenced forced uprootment, removal, kidnapped, forced here in chains—all experienced forced uprootment, removal, and incarceration, regardless of calling it a reservation, a plantation, mi- which had a reservation and incarceration, regardless of calling it a reservation, a plantation, mi- which had gratory workers' camp, railroad camp, or a relocation center. They did have not the proof of th

port pour

Each nationally oppressed group, victims of dispossession, dispersement, by the U.S. cout. The responsibility to expose their own grievances—and dispowerment, has a responsibility to expose their own grievances—that the common denominators that generate racism and hate; that create hyteria and rumors; that ramify in inequities and injustices; that validate, culminate, and climax into concentration camp experiences can be obliterated.

We Japanese in America must speak up now. We are not just fighting to win monetary compensation for ourselfs. It is a moral duty at this awesome, unpredictable time in history to fight for human rights, human dignity, and human enhancements when constitutional rights for basic needs are dwindling which he been said about great American tradition but there is a and being modified. Japanese Americans must not blow! this opportunity; world of difference between lofty pronouncements + actual practice; must not buckle under pracedure, We must rise to this procession for ourselves, struggle 200 justices Never coans must there be another our children, and the future of Redress/reparation must be our stend!

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This is there vestousined and yours. These money really tarned sustice? Injustices sully excellent. Repeating is a just restruction in a society such the your the commission utilize everythere in nour collective sensitivity and political interstantly to conduct that investigation in the conscience of longress that proceeds with the conscience of longress that proceeds will set a precedence, that will be historical.

world of difference before local pronouncement consistivity and political commentends to confinct with in local between the product that win to improvious

Mark Block