us for the time when we would return to the mainstream of American life. They taught us perseverance, patience, courage, and yes, even forgiveness, and we developed strength. I remember thinking, "When all of this is over, I am never ever going to be weak and dependent again".

I remember in those years of lost childhood, long ago, the slow realization that the democratic principles which we had learned to cherish were not enough to protect us when the nation in its time of stress violated a defenseless and vulnerable minority. It was not till years later that I realized it was not for reasons of national survival, but for reasons of racial and ethnic discrimination and economic avarice that we had been expelled from our homes and livelihoods in the West Coast.

As the war in the Pacific turned in our favor and the approaching end of the war became apparent,

we were encouraged to leave the camp. Those families with property and close ties back home slowly ventured forth. Numerous stories of discrimination against the early returnees filtered back to the camp. I remember well the stories of the ugly, anti-Japanese atrocities on the West Coast. Since my family really had nothing but memories to return to in Washington state, my parents were counseled by our pastor to think of the children's future, not their own, and that the children's future lay in getting a good education.

What courage it must have taken for my parents to consider starting life anew in the outside world; to leave the protection of an accepting, all-Japanese environment to face the unknown in a faraway place. My father was 57 years old and my mother was 50 years old. My father left first and found a temporary job in Philadelphia teaching Japanese to soldiers who were being shipped to the Orient. My mother and I left Minidoka on June 25, 1945. I remember packing up the meager remains of our

family belongings and leaving by train for the East. There was uncertainty and fear of the unknown, but there was also curiosity and hope. (Hope is so important for life to continue). My three sisters and brother who had preceded us to the East, rallied around, gave us support and encouragement, even though they were all struggling to survive. My brother and unarried sister joined us in Philadelphia.

As I look back now, I recall the first year in Philadelphia as the unhappiest year of my life. I was 16 years old. It may have been because I felt so depressed, out of place, insecure and friendless in the large, impersonal city. I remember that first summer in Philadelphia as being especially depressing. It rained every day (or so I remember it.) We had a small apartment in a poor section of Philadelphia. We were very poor, so were very frugal.

The war ended that August and the adjustment to peacetime life started in earnest. My father, a farmer, was ill equipped to survive in a city. But he was willing to work at whatever jobs were available. He worked in a factory, as a cook, and finally as a gardener in a suburban children's institution. My mother worked as a cleaning woman for several years and then was fortunate enough to find a job as a clothing sorter and seamstress in the American Friends Service Committee clothing warehouse (for overseas relief). My brother, sister and I attended school and worked after school and on weekends to supplement for family income.

There were individuals and organizations who helped us and gave us support through the painful, lonely years of resettlement. The members of the Society of Friends, better known as the Quakers, and their service agency, The American Friends Service Committee who had been steadfast with their concern, generosity and encouragement during our years of incarceration were most helpful in the trying years of re-settlement also. My family and friends in Philadelphia were

the fortunate recipients of their ample benefactions. They not only helped to feed and clothe us, they housed us, employed us, and opened the doors of higher education to us.

There were many individuals who were extremely generous with their love and encouragement to me and my family. Grace Kaneda Uyehara, a Nisei social worker at the International Institute counselled young and old alike. As the number of Japanese relocating to Philadelphia increased through the summer and fall of 1945 and into 1946, she realized the growing need for the Nisei to meet socially for mutual support. She provided the leadership for several Nisei social organizations which met regularly at the International Institute. Since we all lived a great distance from one another, social gatherings helped to dispel our feelings of social and emotional isolation. She also advised my brother and me on the selection of the high school we should attend. I passed the examinations to enter the Philadelphia High School for Girls as a Junior and my brother, Ray, entered Central High School for boys as a senior. Her wise counsel and strength of personality helped so many of us to adjust to the strangeness and harsh realities of life in the big city.

Although, we, the Nisei children, adjusted with relative ease to our lives as school children, and looked to the future, our parents had a more difficult time accepting their new life. Their old life had been shattered by their imprisonment in the concentration camps. They were again strangers in a strange land.

Although they were relieved that their children accepted the new life with relative ease, their Japanese cultural background and Japanese language made it difficult for them to understand and communicate with strangers. Thus I found myself in the paradoxical [illegible] of interpreting life situations, advising, and providing support to my parents. At age 16, our roles had reversed. They must have been overwhelmed by the strangeness of life in the city compared to the prewar farm life. They must have been fearful of their ability to provide for their children and themselves. And what of the future for themselves? We were alternately happy, overwhelmed or dejected. But we as a family huddled together for warmth, comfort, and reassurance. And by our own industry, ingenuity and singleminded, grim determination to survive, we overcame, but at a price.

The highest price was paid by my Issei parents, who at one time had hoped so much from life, now hoped only that their children would lead a happier, easier and more rewarding life; a life in which the democratic ideals of this country would be fulfilled. My parents lived out their last years with only memories of their dashed hopes and dreams. Perhaps the seeds of my Mother's eventual self destruction had been planted in the desperate years of the concentration camp.

(The helpless emasculation that my Mother and Father suffered in the eyes of the children ....etc.etc.....state suicidal statements of others....)

As you, the members of the Commission study the testimony of the hearings and the many submitted documents, I urge you also to study the many learned reports and texts which have been written through the years on the subject of the American Concentration camps,

You have the grave responsibility of making recommendations which will rectify the grave injustice perpetrated on the Nikkei forty years ago. You have the opportunity to rewrite a sorry chapter in the history books of this nation.

In closing, I urge the Commission to make the following recommendations in making restitution for the violations of our civil and human rights.

1. Review and overturn the legal precedents which justified the rounding up and incarceration of the Japanese Americans and legal aliens without due process and legal protection granted by the Constitution. We were not ever accorded the Constitutional safeguards accorded common criminals. Such an action must never again be possible in the United States. We know only too well that in this racist and pluralistic society in which we live, it could easily happen again, unless we establish the proper safeguards. We, Japanese, who were led so docilily into the camps will never again be passive. We will rise to our own defense and to the defense of others who are being illegally victimized,

2. An official apology for this illegal act of oppression should be made by the U.S. Government to all detainees and their descendants.

3. Just compensation should be made to all individuals who were detained. In my opinion, compensation should be in the form of personal monetary compensation, and the establishment of community and educational trust funds for detainees and thei heirs.

The exact amount of personal monetary compensation should be commensurate with the precedents established by prior awards made to individuals who have been illegally detained. The awards should be made in recognition of the dehumanizing experience and the psychological and physical danages suffered. Those citizens detainedillegally in 1979 in Washington DC were recently awarded in excess of $3000 for over 48 hours detainment. (Expand this thought). Adherence to that precedent would suggest a figure of over 1,000,000 for individuals detained over 3 years. A figure of $50,000 per detainee therefore would be onsidered a fair figure.