enough to be painful.

It, if it is a reasonable payment, it ain't painful. If it is reasonably and not painful, then it is not a deterrent. I think that ought to be the principal thing.

I have a number of other things, but I think I have gone over my time, so you can read it in my recommendations.

Thank you.

CHAIRMAN BERNSTEIN: Thank you very much.

Mr. Komatsu.

IKUO KOMATSU,

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

MR. KOMATSU: The first thing that I would like to say is that I think that I am on the wrong panel, especially after following Toaru.

CHAIRMAN BERNSTEIN: Would you like to change?

MR. KOMATSU: Yes, the one next month.

Members of the Committee, my name is Ikuo, Ikie, Komatsu.

I live in Shaker Heights, Ohio. I am vice president and chief engineer of a consumer products manu-

facturing company.

In 1944, I lived with my mother, brothers and sisters in Los Angeles. I am 53 years of age.

I am an American, not a Japanese, not a Japanese American. I was born, raised, schooled in America, and ehtnically cultured as an American; emotionally as well as philosophically, I have never wished to be anything other.

It is as an American that I am compelled to speak of the fear and shame that is my American heritage.

The relocation destroyed 30 years of our family living in this country, some of it very very precarious, against much bigotry, prejudice and so forth. It took us 30 years to become a family and then in one fell swoop I believe that that was destroyed by our incarceration.

At 14, I lived the common experiences of life in Manzanar Relocation Center.

One experience, important to a teenager was losing my friend Mas to the loyalty oaths. My teenage attitudes ranged from "my country, right or wrong", to "Why did General Half-Witt put us in this camp", and "What are we doing here".

While emotions ran hot, Mas mediated, therefore, when he told me he was going to Tule Lake, it was a complete shock. His father, mother and he had decided that even in a defeated Japan, their family would be better off, than surrounded by barbed wire.

I could not understand this and I said, then, to him, Mas, you are like me; you can't even speak Japanese; you are going to be a foreigner there.

So for 15 year old Mas, I would ask, what is loyalty?

When we entered this camp, we were stripped of everything that we had, that is, in terms of material possessions, but in addition to this, we were also stripped of the niche that we had carved in this country of America.

When I entered camp, I had the usual two suitcases that I am sure you have heard about many times. At 16, when I left, I only carried one suitcase and $50 and a one-way ticket to Chicago, that the government gave me.

I think they thought Godspeed or whatever. I left Manzanar to help my six brothers and sisters to

re-establish my family on the outside.

Of nine who entered, everyone left, except my mother and 14 year old sister. They stayed behind.

As I mentioned, I felt that the relocation had destroyed 30 years of our family life here in the United States.

We had to start a 20 year socio-economic struggle to re-establish our family. In Chicago, when I arrived there, I was not allowed to attend public schools, because my mother was still in camp and I was ruled a non-resident.

Instead of high school, I started classes at Central YMCA College here in Chicago and worked as an oxygen therapy technician at Michael Reese Hospital.

I did not work for movies or bubble gum like other kids my age. I worked to live and to help my family. I worked from 3 to 11 p.m. every day and on Saturday I worked 24 hours straight.

This, and going to school, was my regimen for the next 20 years, except for a two-year vacation, when I was drafted into the Army, the very Army that put me in the camps.

Even so, I was having it easy compared to my brothers and sisters, especially my sister, Takako. Takie married in 1944. Shortly after that, her husband was drafted, again by the Americans, and sent to Italy.

When the time came, it was my sister Fuki and I that took her to the hospital where her first son was born.

Shortly after that, her husband was wounded and later was brought back to the states where eventually he was discharged with a 50 per cent disability. We were all poor but we were working hard to remedy that situation.

We did not know that a nightmare had descended upon us and wrapped each of us in our own misery, too fearfuly, embarrassed and ashamed to confide in each other.

I wish that I had had Toaru as a friend then, because he might have helped us out.

Late one night in 1963, my sister Fuki called and said, something has happened. I talked to Takie this morning and she said, why are people so mean? It makes you feel like walking out into the lake and never coming

back.

While Takie's husband searched for her and her son, I sat through the long night with her two other sons.

The next day I identified her body and that of her four year old son, in the county morgue. With bitterness and great sadness, I remembered my father saying, "You all have to look after Takie. She is not as strong as the rest of you."

Her children never adjusted to their loss. I could see that they had a lot of problems. I still remember much of that night.

I could continue with more experiences that our family members went through. These common experiences are reflected in our or related in our family mortality rate.

My father died at 64, my mother at 84. Though Mr. Goldberg does not want us to mention statistics, that is an average age of 74.

The average age at death for four of the eight children in my family who were in camp is fifty years of age.

I feel that I am young and I am 53. I guess I am living on borrowed time.

The real crime and great sadness though is that many of the children, my nieces and nephews, suffer from problems incurred during their formative years, the years that my brothers and sisters were learning to deal with their common experience.

As a minimum problem, we have too many of our nieces and nephews that are much too shy and withdrawn. My sister Fuki has devoted much of her life trying to keep us a family. I suppose that is why I am here, to see if something can be done to help the psychological casualties that I know are in my own family.

About 30 years after the horror of Manzanar, as my mother lay dying, she would rouse from her delirium and say we have to get ready, the FBI is coming.

To see the repressed fear expressed after 30 years, shocked me out of my rationalizations that it was in the past. It is still with many of us today.

I never talked about camp. Even now, when sympathetic friends ask, I find it hard. I was ashamed of myself and of what other Americans had done to us.

I share this shame with you in the hope that it will provide an insight into the work of this community.

I would like to have felt that we could have come out of the '40's with the same feelings of pride and the same closeness as we had started that decade.

A friend of mine, too young to have been responsible, not Japanese, and not even Japanese American, said to me last night, you should speak of this and share it with everyone so that we, the so-called good Americans, also will not forget what was done to all of you who walked through the gates of camp.

That might help. A lot of things might help, but most of all, I guess, I am here to say that I would like something to be done for my nieces and nephews.

I do not know what exactly that is, but I know that many of them, although I have lost touch with them, to this day, could still use that help.

Thank you.

CHAIRMAN BERNSTEIN: Ms. Yamashita.

MS. YAMASHITA: I don't have a microphone and I suppose it is not necessary.