higher at 30, had this age group been lower at 11, you could have destroyed a complete ethnic American group. Thank you.

CHAIRMAN BERNSTEIN: I think that we are fortunate in that regard.

Thank you very much for your superb presentation to us and your participation here.

May we have the next panel, please.

Are we ready, ladies and gentlemen?

We still have a great business here to conduct this afternoon so we are trying to do the best that we can.

May we commence the presentation of this panel. I would like to, unfortunately, I do not know your names, but if you would identify yourself and begin, we will start at this end this time (indicating).

This is just to keep all of you on your toes. You won't know whether I am starting on the right or on the left.

MASAYUKI TASHIMA,
CLEVELAND, OHIO

MR. TASHIMA: My name is Masayuki Tashima, from
Cleveland, Ohio.

I am 59 years old and was 21 years old when I went into the Poston Concentration Camp in May 1942.

I want to focus my remarks about certain aspects of the Tashima family ordeal, but primarily about my mother and what she endured.

My mother is a Nisei, born in San Francisco, in 1896. In 1914, she married my father, who immigrated into this country in 1906 from Japan.

Their six children, and I will say this, they became relatively successful in life.

What is it that would compel my mother to enter the work force at age 65 and continue to work gainfully employed until she was 73 years old?

Was it because she lost her citizenship when she married my father;

Was it because she had to petition the United States Government to regain her citizenship after my father died in 1959;

Was it because she had to and her brothers had to petition the United States Government to get her aging mother, my grandmother, re-admitted into this
country from Japan after the 1924 Asian Exclusion Act went into effect;

Was it because my elderly grandmother had to agree not to become a factor here in the labor force here in this country in 1937;

Was it because she watched helplessly while the FBI took from her her ailing husband shortly after Pearl Harbor and sent him to an enemy alien camp;

Was it because she felt it necessary for us to petition the United States Government to the Attorney General, Francis E. Biddle, at the time, to prove that he was not an enemy;

Was it because my father returned from a detention camp just a mere shadow of himself and that she had to take care of him for the rest of his life;

Was it because she lost all of her family possessions, family savings and family farm, the family business, and equipment;

Was it because she felt guilty when her son was denied admission by over 30 colleges, because he was of Japanese descent;

Was it because she was left helplessly alone to
care for her frail husband in the concentration camp for three and a half years while all of her children were either in the armed forces or scattered throughout the country;

Was it because when leaving the camp for Cleveland, she was traumatically separated from her husband in a strange town and was forced to go to Cleveland in a different train from her husband;

Was it because one of her sons was almost totally disabled in France and when he returned to this country was asking as a Post Master for several months, which stretched into several years, before he was appointed the Post Master by President Eisenhower—as the first Japanese American Post Master in this country;

Was it because she felt embarrassed every January to have to register as an alien, I would say, because she was married to my father; and,

Finally, but not lastly, would she feel remorse if she were aware that one of her sons was stationed in the Aleutian Islands, occupying the islands where a group of people were harshly displaced from their homes and for whose cause we address today?
Kazuo Masuda and I were schoolmates at Huntington Beach Union High School in California. Our alma mater rang with words like these; "like spires that rise to vaulted skies".

I dare say that Kazuo answered the challenge and the trumpet call of these words when he volunteered for the privilege of fighting for his country in the famed 442nd Infantry Battalion.

Posthumously, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, but despite having earned this great honor, he was not allowed to be buried in a cemetery near his home.

This Commission has heard many testimonies in various cities of this country, but I dare say that none can give any greater meaning to this meeting we have today than Kazuo's eloquence in muted voice.

Indeed, what would compel one to give his life for his country or would compel a woman to work until she was 73 years old when confronted with such great denials of rights promised by her country?

I feel that they sought dignity for people.

I would appeal to you that you hear our voices
so that the great promises of this government are ful-
filled, that, indeed, this government be one governed of
its people, by its people and for all of its people.

Thank you.

CHAIRMAN BERNESTIN: I think that we would all
agree that we are all honored to be the ears through
which these testimonies reach the American people.

Would you proceed, please.

REVEREND JITSUO MORIKAWA,
SENIOR MINISTER,
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

REVEREND MORIKAWA: My name is Jitsuo Morikawa,
Senior Minister of the First Baptist Church of Ann Arbor,
Michigan, former resident of the Poston Relocation Center
for 17 months.

The Commission hearing appears to be an act of
moral concern on the part of the United States to dis-
cern if injustice was done to 120,000 civilians in their
relocation and detention in internment camps.

After 40 years, when memory is faded, the U.S.
Government has appointed a Commission to determine if a