

Manzanar Cemetery, Winter 2002.

This booklet was developed by the park rangers at Manzanar National Historic Site in partnership with the individuals profiled and their families.



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Manzanar National Historic Site P.O. Box 426, Independence, CA 93526 Tel. 760-878-2194 E-mail: manz_superintendent@nps.gov

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Manzanar

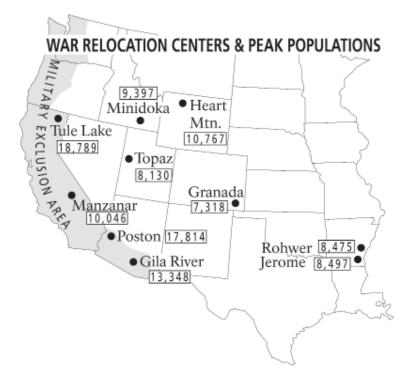


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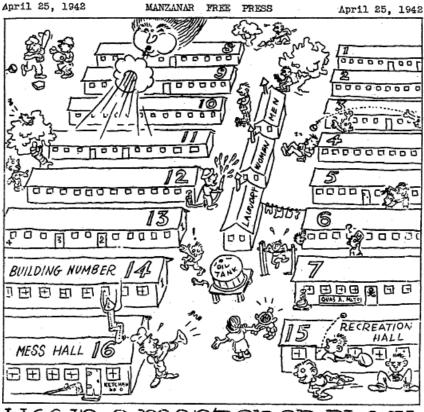
JAPAN F C E





In 1942 the United States Government ordered over 110,000 men, women, and children to leave their homes and detained them in remote, military-style camps. Two-thirds of them were born in America. Not one was convicted of espionage or sabotage.

In this booklet, you will read the story of a person who lived this history, in his or her own words.



LIFE IN A MANZANAR BLOCK

Wind and Dust

This wind and dust I have to bear
How hard it blows I do not care.
But when the wind begins to blow –
My morale is pretty low.
I know that I can see it through
Because others have to bear it too.
So I will bear it with the rest
And hope the outcome is the best.



MANZANAR

Location: Inyo County, California, at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada.



Environmental

Conditions: Temperatures can be over 100 degrees in summer and below freezing in winter. Strong winds & dust storms are frequent.

Acreage: 6,000

Opened: March 21, 1942 as a Reception Center and June 1, 1942 as a War Relocation Center.

Closed: November 21, 1945

Max. Population: 10,046 (September 1942)

Demographics: Most internees were from the Los Angeles area, Terminal Island, and the San Fernando Valley. Others came from the San Joaquin Valley and Bainbridge Island.

SHINO BANNAI

Family # 1107

Camp: Manzanar, CA

Address: 5-5-1



I was a 43 year old housewife with a husband and five children living in Los Angeles when the unbelievable news of war exploded the life of our family with drastic anxiety and uncertainty that would last for the next six years.

Prior to leaving for the desert camp we had only a few days to dispose of a lifetime's possessions at ridiculous prices set by merchants who knew we had no choice. The only items I would not sell were the china pieces we had used to share meals together as a family. These I shattered piece by piece in the backyard so none could violate what

had been our personal ritual of being a family.

The pain I felt in the shameful experience of camp was for my children rather than for myself. The laws of the U.S. prevented us from The pain I felt in the shameful experience of camp was for my children rather than for myself.

becoming citizens, but my children had been born and raised here and were always told to be good Americans.



I knew they had no future staying in the desert behind barbed wire, and despite my reluctance to lose them and break up the family, I encouraged them to apply for schooling through the help of the American Friends (Quakers) whose caring support was a rare beacon.

When my son, Paul, volunteered for the Army I was ostracized by my neighbors and questioned as to how I could allow such a thing. I could only

reply that we had always told him since childhood that he owed America his patriotism. He was our firstborn, and being born on the 4th of July we had named him for Paul Revere, a great patriot. My three daughters left, one by one, and while I had fearful concerns on how they would

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be treated, and how they would manage. I knew I could not keep them with me, limiting their future. At the time I was losing my eyesight, but the presence of my last child, 7 year old Ted, was my help and consolation.

My son spent the war years serving in the U.S. Military Intelligence in the jungles of New Guinea, Borneo, Philippines, and loaned to the Australian Army. I worried about what could happen to him if he became a prisoner of the Japanese, being seen as a "traitor" because he looked Japanese.

My daughters returned one by one to California in the years 1946 to 1948. I studied for my citizenship papers when the laws were changed to allow it, and though blind by this time, I was allowed to answer orally, and proudly passed the test.

On the day that my husband and I attended the induction of our son, Paul, as the first Japanese-American to sit in the California State Legislature I felt rewarded for the way I had always told him to serve his country as the first son of the first son, recorded for 43 generations of Bannais but the first born in America.