



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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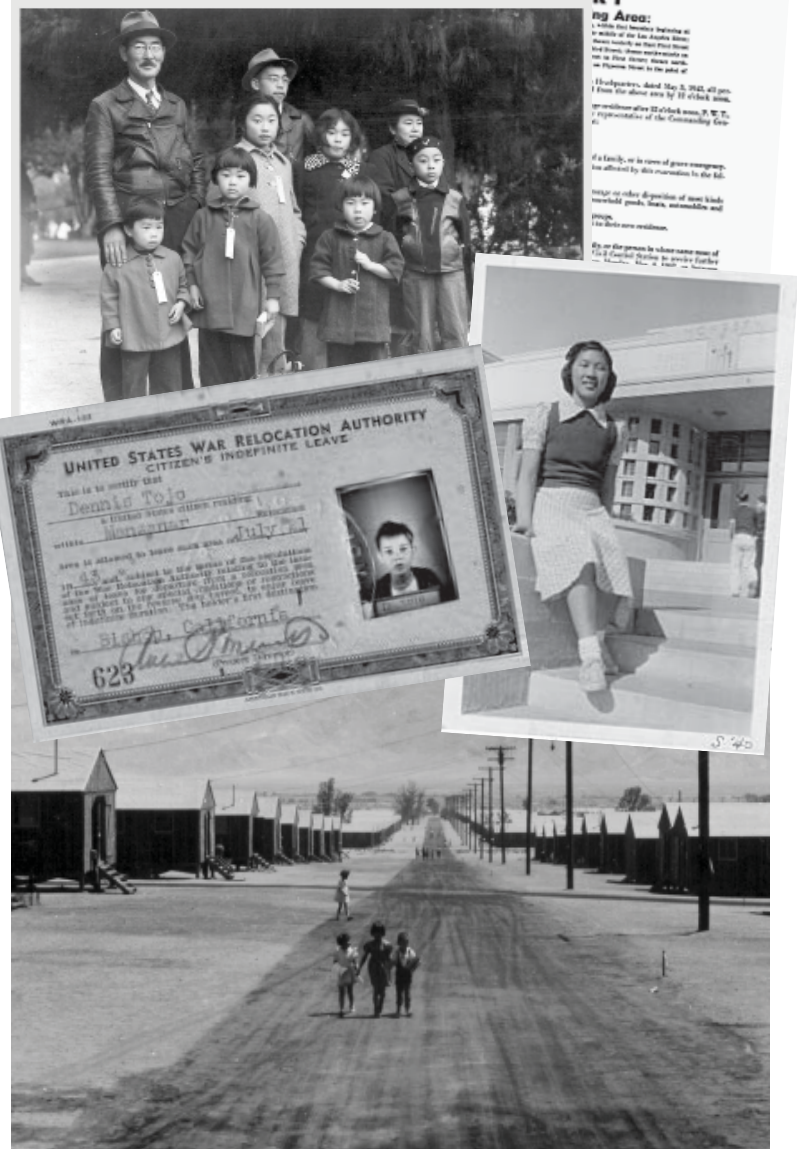
Manzanar

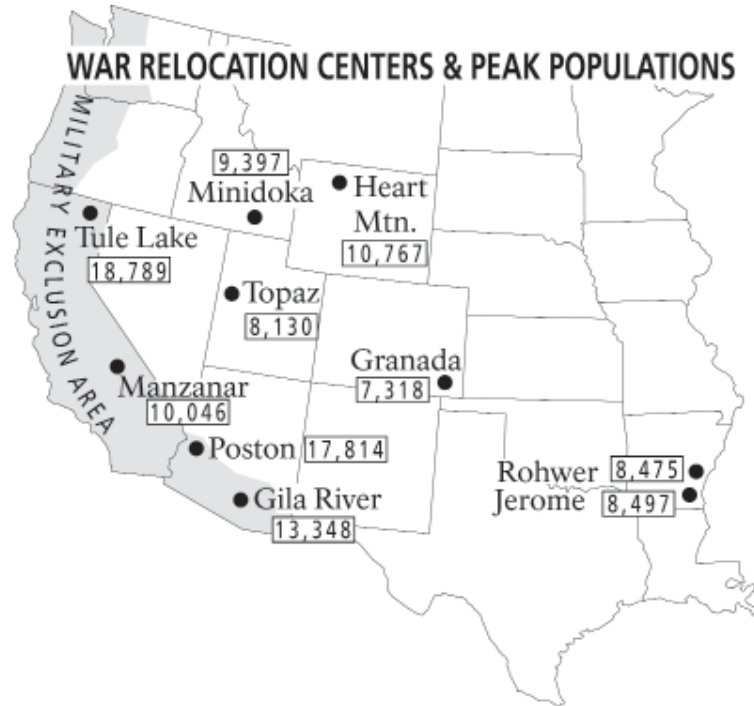


ID Card

WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
 WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
 Presidio of San Francisco, California
 May 3, 1942

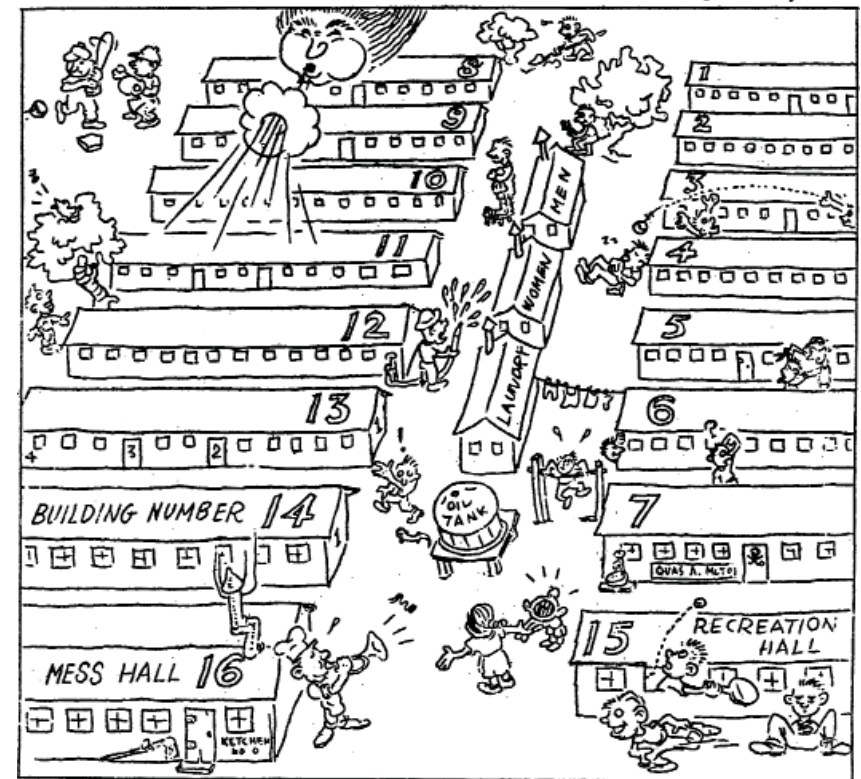
**INSTRUCTIONS
 TO ALL PERSONS OF
 JAPANESE
 ANCESTRY**





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.

-- George Nishimura, age 16 (1943)

MANZANAR Free Press

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.

Acraege: 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.



ROSE BANNAI KITAHARA

Family # 1107

Camp: Manzanar, CA

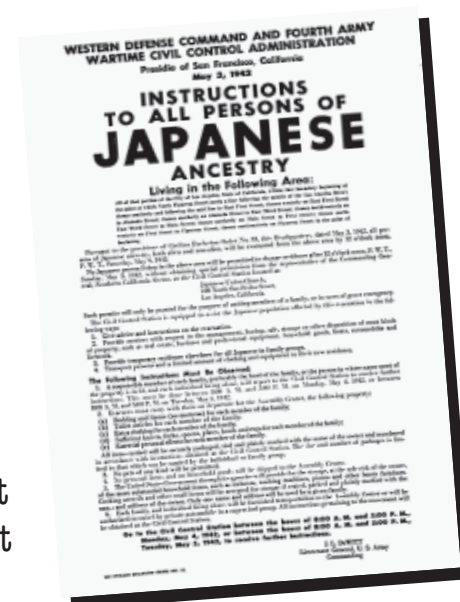
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My grandfather, a native of Aizu-Wakamatsu, Japan came to New Mexico in 1905 to open a boarding house for the immigrant bachelors who had come to the mining town of Raton. My father, Sakui Bannai, arrived ten years later and in 1920 moved to Colorado.

Three months after the onset of Pearl Harbor, I was a 17 year old first year pre-nursing student at L.A. City College living with a professor's family when I was suddenly notified by my brother to return home immediately as our family was being evacuated from our home within two days!

In April we went out with one of the first



family groups. After an unbelievably hasty, confusing turmoil of packing we were on an old train with drawn shades headed for an unknown destination and fate. I felt numb with pain, and shame for what my beloved country was doing to my family and community of decent, law abiding people.

Upon entering the appallingly stark and dirty barracks my mother gathered us around her and said, "What is happening to us is unfair. We don't know what will happen to us, but someday you will get out, and when you do, if you carry bitterness and anger in your heart you will be of no value to yourself or others for the rest of your lives, so make the best of this experience."

I started working as a nurse's aide for the Public Health Dept., going from barrack to barrack in the howling dust storms, around open ditches to urge residents to complete their typhoid shots. Later I worked in the hospital caring for newborn infants and older patients. My favorite work was with the children in the communicable disease unit. A year later, I transferred into the dental dept. to gain a different experience.

After an unbelievably hasty, confusing turmoil of packing we were on an old train with drawn shades headed for an unknown destination and fate.

By January of 1944 I was able to realize my hopes of getting out of the camp to go to Chicago to find employment as a self-taught stenographer. (I had studied the Gregg Shorthand manual on my own.) After saving my earnings for 11 months I was accepted at the University of Minnesota School of Nursing. Having been out of school for 3 years and starting with a 21 unit first semester was most challenging.

I returned to California in June 1948. After marriage and three sons, I was able to combine the better of two worlds, motherhood and a career. My work was primarily in Coronary Care, I.C.U. and I was in charge of setting up the first Rehabilitation Unit in our hospital. The best years were my final 6 years as an Emergency Room nurse.

My life was one of joy and fulfillment. I attribute it to the treasured advice of my mother to meet adversity and injustice without anger and hatred, to know there is a future even when you can't see it.

..."If you carry bitterness and anger in your heart you will be of no value to yourself or others for the rest of your lives, so make the best of this experience."
