

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW #464-3

with

Ruth Ishibashi Yamaguchi (RY)

July 21, 1992

Pearl City, O`ahu

BY: Michiko Kodama-Nishimoto (MK)

MK: This is an interview with Mrs. Ruth Ishibashi Yamaguchi at her home in Pearl City, O`ahu, on July 21, 1992. The interviewer is Michiko Kodama-Nishimoto.

I guess to continue our interview, you just mentioned that you remembered another *Haole* family with two boys, that your family was familiar with in Wailupe. Maybe you can continue with that.

RY: They were Frank and Peter Irvine. (Their) parents came from Germany and they were very, very strict. But they were allowed to play at our home, and they would come and go, but not like Kuakini Cummins where he wanted to eat dinner with us and everything. But they were real rascal, and they even traded a small little toy, talked my brother into giving up his car that Grandma had bought for him, and when Grandma found that out, she went over to their home, explained to the parents and got the car back. But there were several incidents with them. One time—oh, that big *milo* tree that we had, Peter, the rascal one, climbed on top of it with a cane knife. He found my grandmother's cane knife that she used to cut the weeds. And somehow he swung the cane knife and cut his leg. And the blood gushing out and everything. And we had to run to get his parents. But Mrs. Irvine just took it in stride, I was so amazed. She just took it in stride, she said not to worry. She wrapped his legs up. In fact, my dad had put a tourniquet on it to stop the bleeding. She just packed him in the car, and she says, "I'll take him to the doctor." And off she went.

And we thought Peter was gonna die! And we (cried) for Peter. And my mother was so upset, but Mrs. Irvine, no, she calmly took him to the doctor. Then later on she came back to tell, "Peter is all right, they stitched him up and bandaged him up, so he won't be coming for a while 'cause he can't walk." And, as though, you know, it was no big thing with her.

But Grandma was so concerned, she used to go over every day to see if there was anything he wanted. He said no, he's fine. And she found out that he was still—even with that injury—he had to be locked up to do the embroidery. And I thought to myself, ho, how can Mrs. Irvine be that way? You know. But I guess coming from Germany, they're different. They're---they don't pamper the kids that much. She takes things in stride. But it was so amazing to see embroidery done by the two boys. But like I said, the back of it amazed me more than the front of it. No matter how anybody can do it on purpose, I don't think they can come out with that kind of design and that kind of work in the back like a big mosaic. And I told Mrs. Irvine,

“Oh, the back is real nice too.”

She said, “Oh, how can you say that?” You know, “They're not very good. Until they get to be real good, they're gonna have to keep doing their embroidery.”

And every day they got locked up an hour to do their embroidery. And I meant to ask my sister, because she found out Frank is married and lives somewhere in her neighborhood. And I was gonna tell Gladys, “Ask Frank if he still does his embroidery.”

But that was really---I thought it was amazing.

MK: And the Irvines, were they employees at the dairy too?

RY: No, no, no. Mr. Irvine worked for a firm, a big firm downtown, somewhere, yeah. And there was a row of [*home on the*] right side as you go toward Hawai`i Kai, all those homes there, right next to the beach. And they had a home there, yeah. And they were the other two boys that was allowed to play with us. And they came quite often to play, but not like Kuakini Cummins, where he refused to go home until he had dinner with us. But Mrs. Irvine made sure her boys came home for lunch. She was very strict.

MK: And so, I know that your family was at Pu`uloa August 1941, yeah.

RY: We moved there, yeah.

MK: I mean you were at Wailupe until August 1941, when you then moved to Pu`uloa, right.

RY: Right.

MK: You know, I wanted to establish where is Pu`uloa?

RY: Pu`uloa was near the entrance—where my father's land was, it was close to the entrance of Pearl Harbor. There was a Fort Weaver Road, that was the main highway. And it curved, there was a curve around the beach, alongside the beach, then I do know there was a Fort Weaver military reservation. And our land was---you had to go in from Fort Weaver, into this dusty road, I would say maybe about two miles inward, toward Pearl Harbor.

MK: And did you have an address, or at least a road name at that time?

RY: Everybody called it Pu`uloa Road, the main road. But I don't think that was the official name, but everybody referred to it as Pu`uloa Road, and that was the main road. It was made mostly of coral, I remember, because it was whitish. And that was the only road that went through that area. But all the people did not have an address, everybody's address went by lot numbers. Lot number 680, 681 for my dad. The [*Warren*] Bingos had 679, and [*Thomas*] Kakazus was, I think, in the 700s, 670-something. But everybody went by lot numbers.

MK: And say at school, if another child asked you, “Where do you come from? Where do you live?” How did you---was there a name for the area, or what did you say?

RY: We say, “Oh, we live in Pu`uloa Farms.” Everybody referred to it as Pu`uloa Farms.

Then they would ask, “Well, where is that?”

So we would say, “Oh, you have to go down Fort Weaver Road, and you gonna hit Pu`uloa Road, and you have to go in there.” But it seemed even the kids in `Ewa wasn't familiar with it. 'Cause they would always ask me, “Where is that?”

And when I say, well, I said, “It's---ours is close to Fort Weaver, and close to Pearl Harbor.” And a lot of 'em did not even know Fort Weaver. So I thought to myself, wow, we're really in a remote area, you know. Even the kids in `Ewa didn't know about it.

MK: And, you know, when you folks first moved to Pu`uloa, how many were there in your family? Who moved to Pu`uloa?

RY: My dad and my mom, Wataru and Susoe Ishibashi. His mother, Sei Ishibashi. Then myself, my brother, Richard, Irwin, and Thomas. Kent was still in the hospital, well, it was known as Japanese Hospital at that time.

MK: Is that the present Kuakini [*Hospital*]?

RY: Yes, Kuakini.

MK: And, you know, when you folks moved to Pu`uloa, how about your two older sisters, where were they?

RY: Now, Gladys---Gladys lived at a home of the Fukamotos. Now, Mr. [*Jitsutaro*] and Mrs. [*Marjorie Tomoe*] Fukamoto worked for Hind-Clarke Dairy. She ran the sort of a mess hall, kitchen for the bachelors. But they had owned a home on Claudine Avenue, which was occupied by this elderly German woman. And Fukamotos evidently kept her there and looked into her, for her well-being and everything. And they asked Gladys if she could move in with her, and keep an eye on Miss Ganz, who was old. And so the arrangement was made she would go to school, go home there and look into Miss Ganz, and she lived there.

Now, Helen had a place with the Hinds. Now that's the young Mr. Hind and his wife, Robson Hind. And she did housework for them, and in the meantime, she thought she would go back to school, but she decided, well, she wasn't sure, but she did live with the Hinds and worked (for) them.

MK: And then, when you folks moved to Pu`uloa, who were the families that were already there when you moved to Pu`uloa? Some of the families that you can remember.

RY: I remember two brothers, the Suyemotos [*Satoru Suyemoto and his brother*]. They weren't married. They were there. And Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bingo, they were our closest neighbor. They were a young couple, and they had a baby girl, Stella. And the only other one was—they weren't as near, because the land was so big in acres. I thought it was going to be blocks, until I found out it was acres, and it was the Thomas Kakazus.

MK: And was your family familiar with any of these families before moving to Pu`uloa?

RY: My dad knew them, my sister, Helen, and the boys knew the Bingos and the Suyemotos because they used to go during the summer months to help my dad clear the land and do some chores. And when the house was built, they stayed at the home and come home with Dad whenever they wanted to. They would be going back and forth. So they knew the Bingos and the Suyemotos. My brother said they weren't familiar with the Kakazus, but my dad knew the Kakazus.

MK: And so, when you folks---when the rest of the family, you know, actually moved to live in Pu`uloa, was there any sort of welcome from these other families or . . .

RY: I remember Mrs. Bingo came over to talk to us, especially to Mom. Like I said, they were a real young couple, in their early twenties. But other than that, because the houses are so far apart, actually there was no one there. But the Bingos, my mom remembers, you know, going to talk to them, or sometimes she would come over with the baby. The Suyemotos, no, because they were young men. They kept to themselves. And the Kakazus of course, they had children but they were all young children. I found out his oldest daughter was five years old, yeah.

MK: And by their first names, can I assume that your neighbors were second generation at least?

RY: They were all second generation. Because, later on, I found out the lots in the back of my dad, I thought it was Mr. Kakazu's brother, but he said, no, that was his father.

MK: Oh.

RY: But I don't think he ever got a chance to build or live on his land. I think he stayed with Tom Kakazu while trying to clear his land and everything. But I don't remember---not unless he had built his home closer on the beach side. Closer to---not on the beach side, but closer to Fort Weaver. I don't remember seeing a house, but I understand the father was starting to clear the land, because sometimes I used to see people there. And they were cleaning the land and everything.

MK: So at that time, you know, were there---would you say there were quite a few people actually living in Pu`uloa, or mostly vacant areas being worked on or left vacant?

RY: No, I found out there were quite a number of farmers actually already lived there, because we would have to pass all these houses, and they were already living there, most of the farmers. But because we talking about acres, it seems so far, you know, that there weren't too many people. I remember complaining to my dad, "When are all these people gonna move in?" you know.

'Cause he would tell me that, "No, there's a lot of people who bought land."

I said, "Yeah, but Dad," you know, "the houses are so far away, when are the other people gonna move in?"

But he's talking about acres, and I'm talking about city blocks, you know. But it seemed mostly all of the farmers were occupying their homes and were on the land, but for a child, it seemed as though, "When are they gonna move in?" You know, yeah. But I found out they all lived there, most of 'em.

MK: And when you folks moved into your house, what did your lot look like? Did you have crops planted or what had been done to your property by that time? You had the house built . . .

RY: I remember the area where the house was built was all cleared, and Grandma was starting to form some kind of yard. And it was all cleared, and you could see the area where she started her garden. And further down would be where the piggens were. It was quite far in, away from the home. But they had cleared almost all of the land there, and they had levelled it. There was quite a bit of work done.

MK: How about a well? Was the well . . .

RY: Yeah. There was a well. They had to dig—each farmer had to make sure to dig their well. That was one of the first things Dad said he had worked on, get the well, because no livestock could be moved in without the well. They needed the water.

MK: And how about any crops?

RY: Grandma, I remember Grandma had some vegetables growing. I remember the eggplant, yeah. She had eggplant and she had green onions and chives—what else did she have now? I remember she did have a garden growing already. Because Grandma was the type, she always got up early in the morning. All through my childhood I remember, she was up something like four, five o'clock in the morning. And she would start her own coffee, and it seemed by the time we got up, she was done with her breakfast and she was always out in the yard, puttering around the plants, her garden.

MK: How about your father? Was he able to plant anything by August 1941?

RY: No. My dad was too busy with the farm, setting up fences and---because if he was going to breed, he would need more pens. So he was kept busy with the piggery. And Grandma, just to putter around and furnish vegetables, she was more into the garden. And she had some of the chickens there. So my dad actually did not get into the farming part of the land, 'cause he was kept so busy with the piggery end of the farm.

MK: And, you know, you mentioned that, like, your father and other farmers had to clear their lots, were there areas still with a lot of vegetation, like *kiawe* trees, or that sort of thing? Or was---were they mostly cleared?

RY: Like my dad's property, there were lot of *kiawe* trees toward the back of the house, and all his piggery. There were lot of *kiawe* trees yet, where they had to cut it down. But most of the front area of his farm was all cleared. And, like, the Bingos, but there were still *kiawe* trees. Now, the Suyemotos, the boys had cleared most of their land, and yet there were some *kiawe* trees that you see, where they didn't get to clear it yet. The same as the Kakazus. My dad had cleared enough that we could look through to see Kakazus home, we could see them. And Mr. Kakazu had cleared most of his land, looking this way toward our home. But yet, he had *kiawe* trees in the back of his home, and on the side. So I think most of their intention was to clear where they were gonna live, and then work out toward the *kiawe* trees, 'cause every now and then they would cut the *kiawe* trees down. So each time, they were trying to clear most of it. But there were a lot of *kiawe* trees yet.

MK: And that was all by just physical labor.

RY: Right, right. I remember my dad, he used to use his truck, the [1935] International [pickup] truck. They would tie the rope to uproot the roots. Yeah. So it was all manual labor. But to dig the well, I remember they used to dig it, and I think like his friends would go and help him, and the land was a lot of coral. Lot of coral I remember. And that's why the road was white. It's coral that they had laid. And there were lot of rocks, and my sister would say, "Oh, I never saw so many rocks!" She said she learned to drive the pickup truck. You know, she learned to drive the pickup truck and because it's on private land, she didn't have a license, but she would drive it. And then she would help Dad move the rocks. But she said—[even] with that many rocks that she moved—she said, "And there's still more rocks!" And she said she can never forget rocks and rocks and rocks.

But they were able to move all the rocks and make these stone walls, you know, just piling it up. You know, like the old *heiaus*? They kept piling the rocks to make the stone walls. That's the way it was, 'cause I remember seeing that. I said, "Oh, looks like a *heiau*." You know, the first time I saw, I said, "Oh, look like those *heiaus* that we used to see." But they made their pile, kept piling the rocks, piling the rocks, down the line, and made the stone walls. That's how much rocks there were. And coral rocks and. . . .

MK: And how about, like you said the roads were, like, white with coral, yeah. Were there, like, utilities available?

RY: Oh, we had electricity. We had electricity. And I found out, some of the neighbors had telephones, but very few. So there might be a neighbor, maybe, one mile away who had a telephone, you know. But not too many had telephones, but we did have electricity.

MK: And, you know, when you first moved from Wailupe to Pu`uloa, what were some of the adjustments that you remember you and your family having to make, in the way, you know, managing day to day? Did you have to make adjustments in your lifestyle?

RY: I remember I kept telling my dad, "I didn't want to move. I didn't want to make new friends. I didn't want to change school." But you had no choice, so one of the adjustments for me was that there were no longer friends to play with or talk with. None of them had any teenage kids. So the only ones that I could talk to was either Mom or to my brothers. And my brothers, being all brothers, oh, they would talk among themselves. They would play among themselves. They couldn't be bothered with me, 'cause I'm a girl, and they're boys, and that was one of the hardest things, that I didn't have nobody to talk to except Mom. There was no other teenager around, girls. Then when I went to school, somehow I was amazed that word got out that there were kids from the city. I don't know why we got labeled, "Oh, you're the kid from the city."

That amazed me. I thought, what's the big deal, you know, But we got labeled as, "Oh, you're the kids from the city."

And I was amazed that they could spot you. It seemed everybody, whole student body knew about you, that you're the kid from the city, and you had two brothers that, you know, that came from the city. And I thought to myself, gee, am I the only one that came from the city. But I found out most of them came from Waipahu or some other surrounding areas. Like the

Bingos, Stella was only baby, and she was less than a year old. And the Kakazus kids were too young. So naturally you stood out like a sore thumb. Everybody knew you were from the city. And, "Oh what's the school like?" And but it was more that you got labeled, "Are you the kid from the city?"

I couldn't get over that for a while. I went home and told my mother. I said, "Mom, the whole school knows about me, and I get labeled that, 'You're the kid from the city.'" You see.

"But why would they do that?" Mom couldn't understand that too.

And I dreaded that for a while. But Mrs. Gay, one of the teachers, I understand that her husband [*Frank E. Gay*] was one of the managers at the `Ewa plantation. And Mrs. Gay was real nice. And she assigned me as a chairman of the English committee. And she told me that we would have contests and everything else. But she was real nice, and I even told her, I said, "You know, it seems every kid in the school labels me as the kid from the city."

She said, "For them, in a rural district, in a rural school, it is a big deal that a city kid is in that school."

And she tried to help me adjust to that. And after talking to her, I understood it. And so that sort of eased it, you know, being labeled the kid from the city. And she told me also that anything like that is a big event, a big change in the school, because they're so in a remote area.

And one of the things that impressed me was the statue of Abraham Lincoln. `Ewa School still have the statue. That really impressed me that in a remote school that they would have a statue of Abraham Lincoln. And most of us kids knew about Abraham Lincoln. Most of them worshipped him like a hero. And here was a school in the country that had a statue of Abraham Lincoln. I could never forget that. And every day I'd go there and look and admire the statue.

But that Mrs. Gay really helped me to adjust to a country school, and she kept me after school and talked to me. And she told me that, like, you were in a basketball team and you competed in tournaments. She said none of the kids at that school had those things. She told me that when you're in a country school, it's different. That's why the kids all want to ask you so many questions. It seemed as though I used to get bombarded with questions. And I got real self-conscious, because most of them asking me all those things and paying attention to me was boys. And you know that age, when you're fourteen, you're very sensitive to that, you know. And I told Mrs. Gay and she said, "No, it's just that boys will be boys. They want to get your attention."

So then when she told me about the English committee and we would set up essay contest and have different things going on. But the sad part of it was that we never got to actually start it, when I had to leave school, at least `Ewa School. So I never got to see Mrs. Gay or anybody else after we got evacuated.

MK: And you know, during that time, from, say, September until December, were you able to make friends and . . .

RY: Oh, we made friends, uh huh. I got to be able to communicate with the kids. They wanted to

know what kind of things we did in school, so we would exchange ideas. So we were just about adjusting ourselves. My brothers, being younger and being boys, I think, had an easier time to adjust. 'Cause they never did complain, you know. At least they didn't go home and complain to Mom, you know. "Oh Mom, it's so hard." You know, adjust to the school. And Mom is preoccupied with my brother who's in the hospital, you know. And so that part was real hard for me, that there was nobody around of my age to discuss things, to talk things over, or even discuss school. I could discuss school when I went to school, but after I left school, there was nobody else. You couldn't discuss things or have girl talks after school or during the weekends 'cause where we lived was so remote too. `Ewa town was at least a town, even though how remote area they were from the city. But they had a group of people, they had a town. And after I left school, I went to a even more remote area home. That was the hard part.

MK: And then, like, how did you get to and from school since it's so remote.

RY: Oh, my dad took us to school and he would be waiting. He would come into town to---I remember he had a PO box number at the post office, 'cause we would always have to go to the post office to pick up mail, and he went to the stores to pick up groceries, and there were times that he would tell us to wait. All right, we would wait, then he would pick up all the supplies and we would go home. So he always took us to school and picked us up.

MK: And I guess in terms of shopping, shopping was done in `Ewa town then?

RY: As I recall, he used to do a lot of shopping at the `Ewa plantation store. There used to be an `Ewa plantation store, 'cause I would remember that raw sugar. It wasn't granulated sugar. Dad always buy that bag of that raw sugar. It's not quite like brown sugar, was raw sugar. And I'd complain, "Dad, I want to do baking but I need the other sugar."

He said, "You can bake as well with that sugar."

I said, "No Dad. You cannot be using that kind of sugar."

And Mom would say, "Oh, I use that sugar to make something. It will come out all right."

So it was adjusting to a lot of things. But I remember mostly that I had missed my friends, kids of my age. And I resented---for a while, I really resented the boys that they would make an extra effort to come and find me to talk to you. I would complain about that to my mother, and she would say, "It's because you're a girl and you're something different," you know, for the boys.

I said, "But they don't help me one bit because the girls get mad at me." Because all the boys would come in groups, you know, trying to talk to you, and the girls would get real upset that you're the center of the attraction. I said, "I don't like that, Mom."

And I used to fuss about that, I remember. 'Cause you wanted to make friends with the girls more. And she said, "Well, give them time and you can make friends with the girls."

But just about the time that I was getting to know them and making friends and we were able to talk stories, you know, the attack came. So that part I had a real hard time adjusting. And I resented a lot of things at that time. At that age it's hard to cope with things, trying to make

new friends. Telling the boys, “I don't wanna talk to you folks,” you know. And the more you tell them, “No, I don't wanna talk to you folks,” you know, the more they want to talk to you.

MK: And so, by that time, you know, like from August to December, how much work had your father done to your lots? Were they more worked on by the time December came?

RY: I would say he did quite a bit. I was amazed. 'Cause from what I heard, when he bought those lots, it was just filled with *kiawe* trees. So you gonna have to work from the edge, inwards. And he had done quite a bit of work. Even his piggery, with all of the *kiawe* wood they could utilize, all the pens were made. I was amazed that he had done so much work. Of course he had friends, and my grandmother's friends who stayed there at the house. And he would bring them home for the weekends, to the families. And they helped a lot, but I was amazed at how much work was done manually, without no machinery, without no heavy equipment like you do now. Now, if you're talking about acres, you—that machinery is gonna do it within half a day, you know. But not in those days. It took them months to do it.

MK: And then, like, when your friends came over to help, was it more like a reciprocal relationship so that if they needed help, he would go help them with whatever they needed help, or was it payment . . .

RY: No.

MK: . . . or how did it work?

RY: I understand that the two elderly men, they had agreed, my dad would pay them, and he furnished the room and board, while they were staying before we moved. So that's why my sister and my grandma would go, to do the cooking to feed them. And they were given rooms, so it was—and Dad gave them money because I understand they did not have a steady job. They took whatever job they could get. So he paid them some money. And they would stay on the farm to work on it, but you couldn't expect too much, because they were Grandma's age, in their seventies. But yet, Japanese people, even at that age, they did hard manual labor. They were hard workers. I used to see them move the lumber, you know. I used to think to myself, oh, they're so old, how can they do that? But they just did the work and they took it in stride, whatever they had to do. But then, my father's younger friends—like, there was a guy, real husky guy, Harry Okamura, he would go and help my dad. And like, Yoshi [*Kawano*] would go sometimes, the Kawano man, they would go whenever they had time to help, but they would come home because they had some other jobs. They would go on their days off to help. And I remember Harry used to be such a husky guy. Oh, you know, he could lift things just like that. And those people just went to help my dad, he didn't have to pay them. As friends, they went to help. So they did a lot of work. That wasn't the only one. Like the Suyemotos, the boys were young, the two bachelors were young. They did a lot of their own work. It's amazing how much they could do.

MK: And from the time your dad moved the whole family to Pu`uloa, did he ever go back to Hind-Clarke for . . .

RY: No.

MK: . . . employment? So whatever income he could derive would have to come . . .

RY: From the farm itself.

MK: . . . from the farm.

RY: He had quit at Hind-Clarke Dairy. We had given up the home there and that got to be his full-time job.

MK: And so in terms of income that came in to the family, it would be your dad's work.

RY: Mm hm.

MK: And how about your sisters? Were they then contributing to the family income?

RY: They were helping my dad. They were helping my dad. Moneywise, whatever they earned, they kept some for their own use, and they had helped Dad. So I imagine that helped pay for whatever supplies we needed, whatever school supplies we needed.

MK: And then, at that time, I think you mentioned that your youngest brother, Kent, had been born and was in the hospital?

RY: He was in the hospital. And I remember sometime in October, he was able to come home. He was able to come home to live with us. But then, one day, my mother was feeding Kent. I remember I was in the kitchen and she screamed. And I ran to her, I said, "What happened?"

And she said, "Baby died!" You know.

Kent had gone limp. And when I got to her, his head was hanging. I said---oh, she said, "I think baby died."

And I couldn't believe it. I told Mom, "Oh, carry baby up," you know, "put baby up. Pat his back, hit his back." And I yelled for my brothers and I said, "Go and get Dad!"

But to go get Dad is a long way off. He would be like they would have to go and run maybe to the next block and hunt for him. He might be working way in the woods. They had to run. I said, "Hurry!" And I remember telling my mom, "Mama, carry baby upwards," you know, "put the baby up and pat the back, hit the back, Mom." You know. And she was rubbing and I remember rubbing him and everything. And we were frantic. We were sure baby had died. And my father came running, and they just jumped in the truck and went off.

And hours later when they came home, I thought Kent had died. My mom was, oh, she was so drawn and so tight, and she just got off the truck and my dad brought her in. And I thought they were gonna tell me that baby died. But, no, my father said no, they took him to the `Ewa [Plantation] Hospital and they had to leave the baby there. That was sometime in---it was sometime in the middle of November, I remember, or late November, sometime in November anyway. But she said, "No, our baby didn't die, but baby has to stay in the hospital." Yeah.

And that didn't help Mom at all. You know, she---to go through that again, it was a trauma for her. 'Cause I noticed she had lost weight, she hardly talked. But then, we had the other kids

too, so she would tend to them and they would make her forget, especially Tom. You know, he's so rascal and he would chatter all the time, and he would make Mom forget. But you could see that her mind was always on Kent, you know, the baby.

MK: So the baby was at `Ewa Hospital or . . .

RY: `Ewa Plantation Hospital.

MK: And did she go to visit Kent often . . .

MK: Okay.

RY: No, it seemed as though Dad took her to visit Kent, 'cause I remember many days they would come and get us at school, Mom was in the truck with him. And she would say they went to see baby. So it seemed every time that he was gonna come and pick us up, whenever he could, he would take Mom to see Kent. And because I remember always asking, "Is baby still alive?"

And she would say, "Oh, Kent is still alive."

'Cause I always had the fear that every time, you know, that they're gonna tell me that Kent died.

MK: Oh.

RY: You know, I don't know why it was that that was constantly on my mind that, oh, they're gonna tell me that Kent died. And I don't know why it was, but in school too, I tried to concentrate on my studies, yet Kent was always on my mind. That one day they gonna pick me up at school and tell me that Kent died. And I somehow always related Kent with Mom that, oh, if Kent dies, Mom is gonna wish that she died. So I don't know why it was, I always had the fear that if Kent dies, Mom is gonna die. And I would keep telling Mom, "Mom, don't die now! Don't die on us." I remember telling her that all the time, that I didn't want Mom to die, you know. So I always had that fear that if Kent dies, Mom's going to die. But I don't know why I related that two.

MK: Gee, that's a lot of worry for a teenager, yeah.

RY: And I remember sometimes I would go to school and I think even Mrs. Gay could see that I was preoccupied. And she would say, "Are you preoccupied with something else?"

But I was preoccupied with Kent. How long is he gonna live, you know, whether he's gonna die. And if he dies that somehow it was always related with Mom, that Mom is gonna die. And I would beg Mom, "Mom, don't you die! Mom, you cannot die. Don't you leave me."

I always had that fear. I don't know why.

MK: I guess you probably saw all the concern she had for the baby.

RY: I could see Mom constantly worried. I could see Mom always sitting, thinking about the baby, and she's crying. I guess seeing that related Mom with Kent, if he dies, Mom's gonna die.

Then, I'm thinking, oh, what's gonna happen to us, you know, with my brothers too. And so I always said, "Mom, you have to eat now. Mom, you have to eat." You know.

MK: Oh.

RY: It was always that, "Oh, I have to make sure that Mom ate, you know, so that she don't die. And I have to make sure that Mom gets her rest so that, you know, she stays healthy." But I could see where Mom's mind was on Kent. Yet, she had the others to care for, and she had to cook and clean for. And I would tell Mom, "Don't worry about the washing, I'll come and wash."

But then she would have the washing done by the time I get home. And I say, "Okay Mom, you go and rest, I'll do the cooking." You know. It was always the constant fear that if I don't take care of Mom, she's gonna die. I don't know why it was. Because maybe it was because she went through so much with Kent from the time that he was born, I always felt maybe that if Kent dies, she didn't want to live, you know, not knowing that she had other kids that she would have a will to live. But in my mind, you know, I'm thinking like a child would think.

MK: Yeah.

RY: You know, I'm not thinking beyond that, that Mom will have a will to live because there are other kids, but in my mind, I'm thinking as a child, that, oh, you know, if Kent dies, Mom is gonna sure to die.

MK: That's a lot of worry for a teenager.

RY: That was---I don't know why I was so concerned about Mom. "Mom, you cannot die." I used to constantly remind her, "Mom, don't you die now. You cannot die, you can't leave us." You know, "Mom, I don't want you to die." And maybe that had something to do that Mom had a will that she cannot die, you know.

MK: So I guess, you know, when December 7 came, you know, I was wondering---well, I'm gonna back you up a little bit. Before December 7 came, were you aware of any fears of war coming or did your mom, dad, or *obachan* talk about Japan and the United States, or anything like that? Any hint of any worries?

RY: No. There was no worry or no hint. *Babachan* resigned herself, I guess, you know, that she's just gonna stay on the farm and it seemed as though she was real happy. *Babachan* was real happy that she had her garden to tend to every day. And---but Dad and Mom never did say anything that there might be trouble between Japan and United States. At school, when we were studying current events, we always had to bring up the subject how the world was going on and United States. But there was no hint that anybody knew that there would be war.

My father used to listen to the radio a lot. He had this radio, old radio, with a wooden cabinet. He would always listen to the radio in the evening. But we were so busy doing homework and everything. But Dad never gave us indication that it did not look good at all. But I knew he kept track, 'cause he would always listen to the news. But somehow he did not discuss there might be war or anything, the relationship was strained, or he didn't say anything. But somehow he must have known, because when December 7 came, he and the boys had gone to the water

station to pick up drinking water. He had gone with two boys, Richard and Irwin. And by the time they were there, they got caught in the attack. See, they were caught in the attack and my brothers, so excited, they could see the planes come down. And I remember my brother saying, “We saw the plane with the real red big ball.”

But my father knew already. And to get the water, he used to travel on the cane hauling road. That's in the middle of the cane roads, you know, with the cane growing tall and everything. When he saw the planes, and my brothers all so excited, “Oh, look at that plane,” you know. And the planes came swooping down real low, that my brothers said, “Oh, look at the red ball. Dad, look at the red ball on the wings.” He said, “There's a man in the plane.”

See, and the kids don't know any better. But my father, when he saw that and—he saw that and the kids said the red ball, he knew. He told us that rather than get caught in the cane fields, because the Japan pilots now don't know whether you Japanese [*American*] or you just an alien on the island O`ahu. He said rather than get shot in the cane field and where nobody may not find them, he figured, well, he better get on the main road. His chances would be better on the main road, the big coral road, that if he should get caught, get shot or get bombed, at least somebody would find them and inform the family. In the cane road, it may be weeks by the time somebody find him. So he said he made it to the main road and came home on that road, rather staying on the cane road that was closer. And so he came home on the main road, but he didn't tell the boys. But as soon as he came home, we were crying because all that bombing going on, you know. And he went straight to the radio, and he told us that we're being attacked by the Japanese.

But the kids don't know anything, who the enemy is or what. And they were so excited, telling us, “The plane came way down, and we could see the man in the plane! And there's a red, big ball.”

As soon as I heard that, I said, “Dad, did Japan attack us?”

He said, “Yes.”

And *Babachan*, we had to tell her, and my grandma said, “*Nihonjin wa anna koto sen yo*” (“Japanese wouldn't do that sort of thing”).

But my dad is telling her, “It is the Japanese that attacked us.”

Told Grandma, “No. *Nihon wa anna koto sen*” (“No. Japan wouldn't do that sort of thing”).

And we had a hard time convince her. It took us a long time to convince her, you know.

MK: And I think you were telling me that your *obachan* was really scared because something about her being Japanese and . . .

RY: She was real frightened. When she finally realized that it's Japan, and she wanted to know if they landed and whether (we) were gonna get occupied. And she would constantly ask for the update. I said, “No, *Bachan*, they just bombed Pearl Harbor.”

And she knew where Pearl Harbor was. I said they bombed that. And she wanted to know if

they were gonna invade Hawai`i, because she told me that if the Japanese ever invaded us and occupied us, she said she knows she will be killed as a traitor. I said, “No, *Bachan*. Their government knew you were coming to Hawai`i.”

And she kept telling me, “*Heitai-san wa anna koto shiranai*” (“Soldiers don't know that sort of thing”). *Heitai-san* care less what was legal and what was not legal. And she's telling me, because she's a---and I couldn't understand that part. She would say she's a *Nihonjin*, but she used the word, *Nipponjin*. And later on, I found out, *Nipponjin* means a citizen of Japan. A *Nihonjin* is the race. She said, “No. *Nipponjin wa Nipponjin, heitai-san wa shiranai*” (“No. A citizen of Japan is a citizen of Japan, a soldier doesn't know”). And she (would) get shot as a traitor.

I kept telling her, “Why would they shoot you for a traitor? We're all Japanese.”

But she's telling me, “No, *washi wa Nipponjin da dakara*” (“No, because I am a citizen of Japan”), she would be classed a traitor. That she left Japan to come to an American territory. She would be classed a traitor. And that was one of her fears that if we got invaded, she would be shot as a traitor. Because she had lived in an American territory, (and) she left her own native land.

I kept telling *Babachan*, “If they gonna shoot you, they gonna shoot all of us.”

“No,” she tells. “No, you are *America-jin, Otosan to onnaji, America-jin, chigau yo*” (“No, you are an American, same as Father, American, it's different for me”).

But you know, when you're fourteen, you can't relate those things.

MK: Yeah, yeah.

RY: In time of war, and going through the trauma of, you know, United States getting bombed. But she kept telling me, “No, you, *Otosan to onnaji, Okasan to America-jin, chigau yo*” (“No, you, same as Father, and Mother, Americans, it's different for me”).

I used to tell, “*Babachan*, if the Japan soldiers come, what's the difference? You('re) Japanese, I'm Japanese.”

But she's telling me, “No, *chigau yo, Nipponjin to America-jin wa chigau*” (“No, we're different, a citizen of Japan and a citizen of America are different”). But she would be classed a traitor.

I said, “No, *Babachan*.”

MK: She was so scared.

RY: Yeah. But then, it took me a long time to realize what she was trying to tell me, that she would be classed a traitor to her country, but not us. We're Americans, you know.

MK: And how did your mother and father think at the outbreak of war?

RY: Well, they were more worried about the two girls not being able to come home, because it was that whenever they could come home, they have a home to come home to weekends. My dad would have to check, go to town to check if they coming home and go and pick them up. But on that day, (Mother's) fear was for the girls and the baby in the hospital. She wanted to get news, where different parts were bombed, because we could hear on the news where sections of Downtown was bombed. And she worried that the girls got probably bombed on the bus or what. And my dad couldn't check just like that (until) the next day, when they went to---at the insistence of Mom (to) get the baby out of the hospital. She said she rather have the baby with us. So at that time, I think he called the Hinds to see if Helen was okay. She said, "Yeah, I never got a chance to catch the bus to go home."

Dad got hold of my other sister. They [*Ruth Yamaguchi's sisters*] thought we had died already because they knew we were close to Pearl Harbor. He said, "No, we're all right. Just don't try to come home. It's more dangerous here, so just stay put, I'll check with you folks." So they couldn't come home anymore.

But they wanted to come home, and he insisted that, "No, don't come home because it's more dangerous to come home."

But Kent, they went to get Kent.

MK: And how was Kent at that time? Was he okay?

RY: He was still small and weak. You could see that he was so weak. But my mother was just happy to get him home. And of course, I could hear my parents talking. And they must have been making some plans. And I think they were worried that if (we) should get invaded, what's gonna happen to us. And I could hear them whisper things. At that time, it didn't dawn on me that they would be talking about me more because I'm a teenager already, I'm a girl. And if I approached them, they would stop talking. It was years later that I thought, oh, when I read that lot of the families worried about their teenage daughters, then it dawned on me that they must have been talking about me. The brothers would be all right, you know, they were worried about me. But even if my dad was to say that he's gonna take me somewhere to stay with my sister, I knew that my mother needed me more.

After December 7, she made it that Dad and (she) would stay with the baby and they sort of moved *Babachan*. There was a large *pune`e* in the living room, I remember. And she said, "Keep the boys all there and you and *Babachan* stay on the floor." And in case something come up, we would be able to assemble faster than trying to scramble from room to room, trying to locate somebody. So that's what we did. We slept all together, even if we have to sleep on the floor, and (kept) the boys on the bed.

MK: How long did that continue, you know, kind of preparing for possible invasion?

RY: Well, my dad feared that if something should happen, we all have to probably leave together. That much, I guess, he prepared himself because my mother had blankets and towels and things ready, in boxes, in case we had to leave. And as far as food was concerned, I noticed she had some canned goods ready, only canned goods, because other things would be perishable. And she had moved the rice into the living room, but I think they didn't want to make it obvious that we would get frightened. But I had noticed that they moved the rice in the living room, and she

had some canned goods in the box, and I thought, oh, I wonder if they're getting ready that we may have to fight for our lives. But then, as the news went by, you know, it seemed as though they did not invade Hawai`i, but a lot of things were being set up by the military. But Dad continued with his farming, and he said, "Just make sure, don't have the kids going off the property." 'Cause the boys used to be boys, and he used to allow them go down to the shorelines of Pearl Harbor. You know, weekends, they would be so adventurous, they would go down (to the shorelines). But I was never ever to leave our property.

And so he would tell me, "Go down as far as the Bingos, go look for the boys, but don't go any further. Just call for them."

But the boys eventually would come home. But I was never to wander any further than the Bingos, that was the neighbor, yeah. But Dad continued taking care (of the farm) and he would say, he would tell *Babachan*, "Just tend to the garden early and get into the house."

So we made sure that we were mostly around the house, because Dad figure he can run to the house faster. And he would tell me, after the attack, the boys weren't allowed to go wandering around. He would say, "Keep the boys in the house, or around the house. Don't let them go wandering."

So that's the hard part, you know, with boys. They tend to---well, I had to make sure they stayed around the house. And I used to really scare them. "The planes are gonna come and bomb us again, you better stay near the house." I figured that way they won't go wandering all over the place, especially Tom. He was so adventurous and so rascal. He was able to talk the two older boys into doing anything he want them to do.

MK: Oh. And then, was there shooting or anything in your area, later on? I mean, during that time?

RY: Yeah, we could hear gunshots. And, we would get so frightened that, I wonder if they started to invade (us), and they shooting at people. But it was that the sentry station around was ordered to shoot anything that moved. That's why it was real dangerous to wander away from your property, because we knew there were sentries and they were gonna shoot first and ask questions later.

MK: Did anybody in that area ever get hurt with the sentries . . .

RY: No.

MK: . . . firing, you know, out of nervousness.

RY: Probably some other farmers had some experience, but I didn't hear of anybody getting shot up. But every---almost everybody said they could hear the gunshots at night. And we could hear it, the rifle sound. And, oh, I would get so scared. The boys just slept soundly. But my father would always come to check at the windows and see, take a look around if there was somebody outside our property. But he would always tell us to stay low. And he would tell *Babachan*, "Don't stand up in the middle of the night," you know. So that was some of the precautions we had to take.

MK: And I know that that rascal brother of yours, Tommy, he had a birthday right? When was his

birthday and what happened?

RY: His birthday was December 8 and Mom always made some kind of special dinner for each child's birthday. And December 8 was his birthday, but Mom was more concerned about going to pick up Kenny, bringing him. And nobody was in the mood of cooking. We would just hastily eat fast. She would make meals but she would tell them, "Hurry and eat," because we didn't want to get caught in anything.

And Tommy knew that was his birthday and he expected something. And in that commotion of December 7, we forgot to wrap his birthday gift and give him a birthday gift. And he made a big commotion about it. And him being verbal anyway, he went on and on. So Mom would say, "All right, we're gonna pick up Kent and I will make you a birthday dinner with whatever we had." She couldn't make anything special. She was in no mood to do any baking, and so it was just a plain, ordinary dinner. And he recognized that it was a plain dinner so we had to tell him there's a war on, we might get attacked, so we can't. And naturally we forgot to wrap his birthday gifts and. . . .

And he said, "And you folks didn't even give me a birthday gift."

And in such a remote area, like if—we used to live in town. We would tell Dad to take us to the store or we would catch the bus and get each other a gift, even in those days if you spent twenty-five cents, you know, for a box of handkerchief, that was a big amount. And we would just give, exchange gift, twenty-five cents gift, you know, a box of handkerchief, or a sock, or something. And in that remote place, we didn't have anything for him. But Mom remembered she had some books, so she told me to wrap that for him and give it to him. But he was real(ly) hurt. He was real(ly) hurt that nobody remembered his birthday. Because if it was a birthday, usually my parents would get some kind of gift, you know, for them, and there was nothing for him, except for the books. And so I remember my brothers would give up their toys, "Okay, Tom, I'll give you this. You really wanted this, so I'll give you this for (your) birthday."

And would you believe it, he would complain that it wasn't wrapped!

(Laughter)

RY: I said, "Tom, we cannot be wrapping, we cannot be worrying about that. You just have to take it." I tell you. He complained that it wasn't even wrapped.

MK: And then, in terms of school, what happened?

RY: Well, I remember martial law was declared, because we would listen to the radio and my father said, "Oh, the Territory of Hawai'i closed all the schools." Schools were officially closed. So he said, "No way you folks can go to school."

I said, "Okay, fine."

And I don't know if I was more relieved at that or whether—I really had mixed emotions, I guess. You know, school is closed. Here, I just made friends, I lost friends again, I said, "I don't know when I'm gonna get to see them."

And anyway, it was a real, for me, I had real mixed emotions about that. I was going to turn this paper in to Mrs. Gay, and Mrs. Gay was to set up a meeting to discuss the projects and everything. And I really felt a let down, when they said school closed. All right, so that was that and my brothers said, "Oh, how come we're not gonna go to school?"

I said, "No, school is closed because of the war."

And each time we would hear things. And one of the first things I remember was (about) all aliens. . . . And I said, "Dad, they talking about *Babachan*."

We said we better listen good because *Babachan*, you know. They cannot travel anywhere, they cannot move anywhere. They have to be informed if they gonna be moved or what. And there were all kind of restriction on the alien I remember. But of course, we didn't tell *Babachan* that. As long as we keep track. She don't need to be told because she's already so fearful that she's gonna get shot anyway. But I'm sure my father must have worried, because we already had stories that all the aliens being rounded up. And they had to be moved, they had to be. . . . And lot of the families didn't know where they went to. And he was so sure they would come and get *Babachan*. He was worried about that too. He didn't let it know, but I know he was worried. He said, "Oh, listen good when they say anything about the aliens." I knew it was about his mother, so he was concerned.

We had to put dark curtains or blocking . . .

MK: Blackout.

RY: Yeah, blackout. So my father would black out the front bedroom where the baby was, because my mother needed to (see). And he would black out the kitchen because he, my mother needed to get his formula. He blacked out the bathroom because with *Babachan*, she needed to get to the bathroom. And we told her (and) we had to tell the boys, "Don't put any lights on after the sun go down."

But you know, it's real hard when they're kids. It's real hard. So we had to make sure, "If you put the light on, somebody's gonna shoot at us." Oh, and I remember I used to scare them so they don't do anything, yeah. But it was impossible to black out the whole house. So we made it that we will black out certain sections that we might have to use.

MK: You know, I know in some places they used to have block wardens. They would come to make sure that the houses were blacked out and everything. Did you folks have someone appointed, was there a warden for that area that came to check that all the rules were being observed?

RY: No. At that time, there wasn't anybody to check, but each of us made sure, and we would look, and the whole area would be pitch, pitch dark. So we knew that nobody turned on any light, or if the light went on, it was blacked out.

MK: And how about inside the house, you know, like right now, the windows are all open, we have ventilation. At that time, with blackout, how comfortable was it to be indoors at night?

RY: Oh, when you---since it was December, it wasn't that bad, you take it that it was cool. So it wasn't that bad yet. I think my dad left the windows opened and he just made sure and tacked

all those, the towels or the bedspread, you know. But the windows were left open so that air would come in. But because you had to get some air. But the kitchen area, because of the mudroom, he had to black out that portion too, the windows. And he told my mother, well, he's gonna black out that one so that she could at least use the flashlight or something to make the baby's formula.

MK: And then, now that you mention the baby's formula, did you folks have enough food and formula and things like that from December 7, the time of the attack, to the time you folks were moved? You folks doing okay?

RY: I remember, I think his formula was in the powdered form at that time, and my mother would always check. But it was the medication she was worried about. But she had brought home enough medication for him, from the hospital. And my father would always check to make sure that—otherwise he would have to go back to the doctor to get the medication. But it seemed at that time he had enough medication and formula. And of course, we didn't know we were gonna get evacuated. We figured that, oh, he can always go and pick it up, you see.

MK: And then, from the time of the bombing of Pearl Harbor to the time you folks were evacuated, day to day, what was life like?

RY: Oh, my father did his farming. Like I said, we always had to make sure that we stayed close to home. And, oh, after few days, you're more or less relaxed, but my mother always made sure that, "Let's cook early, because we don't know what's gonna happen, and feed them."

And the kids would always be---she would tell me to keep the kids in the house, so they would play in the house, or be drawing, or doing coloring. And if they went out, I had to make sure that they stayed around. We always had to keep track of them. And to make sure that they were around and they did not wander away. That was the most important part, and boys, that age, they get restless and, you know, they want to go out. And it was always Tommy, the other two was easy to keep track. I would tell them, "You just stay put now."

But Tommy was so adventurous that you always had to keep an eye on him. And the boys would say, "Oh, you better come and get—Tom wants to go down to Dad."

And Dad wanted to make sure that he didn't have to be burdened of looking for the kid, if we had attack again. So I would say, "No, Tommy, you have to come back."

But he would kick me and I would grab him, trying to drag him in. And Mom would talk to him, and he says, "Okay."

Then Mom would try to tell him, "All right, come on, we're gonna feed baby now, so you come with me."

So at least Mom was able to control (them). I used to tell him, "Oh, you're such a troublemaker."

[Tommy would say], "I'm gonna tell Dad on you. I'm gonna tell Daddy about you."

Oh, he used to—just used to get on my nerves. But then, later, it was getting to be like a

recording. And I adjusted myself that I took it in stride. “Oh yeah, you going tell Daddy?”

“Yeah, I going report Daddy.”

And the next day, he would forget about it, you know.

MK: And then how about your sisters? From the time of the bombing to your evacuation, were they in contact with your family?

RY: No. They didn't even know that we got evacuated.

MK: No.

RY: There was no time to inform them. I remember the two officers coming in the house. And I remember the soldier with the rifle, with the bayonet. And one had a clipboard, recording things, asking my dad all kind of questions. But one of the questions, most important was, “Are you Japanese? Are you citizens or alien?”

My dad, I heard my dad answer. Then Grandma was in the kitchen, and she happened to come out into the dining area, she was gonna drink her coffee or something. They saw her, “Who is she?”

And my dad said, “That's my mother.”

“Is she an alien?”

“Yes, she's an alien.”

And my grandma, you know, saw them and she just froze I remember. And I was so worried that they were gonna take her away. I went to stand by Grandma. I said, “Grandma, *Bachan*, just stay here, *Bachan*.”

She said, “*Dare ka*” (“Who are they”)?

I said, “*Heitai-san, America-jin no heitai-san*” (“Soldiers, American soldiers”).

And you could see she was real scared too. I just stood with her, holding her. And I could--I wanted to hear what they were saying. And then I thought about my brothers. But my brothers were outside. There was a truckload of soldiers. And boys, being that age, oh, they're so excited, there's an army truck. There's soldiers! And in those days, with boys, soldiers, oh, they idolized them. Oh, they're so excited. They're talking outside and looking at them and I think, I remember, they ran in to tell us that, “There's a army truck! There's lots of soldiers!”

So they're so excited about that, not knowing what their presence meant. But I remember and my grandmother must have been frightened. My dad had the real worried look that they're going---are they gonna take her away? They asked, “Are there any more in the family?”

And so my dad told them about my two sisters. “Where are they?” You know, so he had to tell them about that. “Do you folks have any other relatives in Hawai`i?”

So my dad had to tell them, “No,” he has no one else but the mother. And that my mom had no other relatives.

They said, “Okay,” then that's when I heard them saying, “okay, you've been ordered to evacuate your home and off the land by sundown.” Oh, you know, just hearing that, I think my dad went numb. “You see, do you understand that?”

My dad said, “Yes.”

And, oh, I thought to myself, oh, you know, we have to leave? And *Babachan* is saying, you know, “*Nani iuttaka, nani iuttaka*” (“What did they say, what did they say”)?

I'm so stunned, just watching my parents that I couldn't tell her what. And all I know is, “Do you understand you're to evacuate this property by sundown? You must be off this property and off the land by sundown?”

MK: Oh. And what time was that when they came?

RY: I remember---it must have been mid-morning, 'cause I remember we had gotten through with breakfast, we were done with breakfast. And my mother was thinking about lunch time. I remember it was mid-morning. So to be out by sundown, that don't give anybody too much time.

MK: Just eight hours then. So, how many men came into your home to inform you or your dad?

RY: I remember, I took it those two were the officers, 'cause they were dressed differently. And one had a clipboard and made lot of entries on a piece of paper. The other one did a lot of talking. The one soldier with the bayonet—with the rifle and the bayonet—stood in the back of them. He didn't say anything. But there was a truckload of soldiers outside. But I remember the three entering the house.

MK: And were they all Caucasian or . . .

RY: Mm hm, mm hm. They were all Caucasian. They were all Caucasian. But, you know, being told that way, I think my parents heard what they did, and yet, they're so stunned, 'cause I even remember, I said, “Oh, did I hear them say that we have to get out by sundown?”

And all I remember was they was telling my father, “Do you understand?”

I remember (him) saying, “Yes.”

And they repeated that, “You must be off your property by sundown.”

And I was hoping my father would not fight them or anything, 'cause the guy with the rifle and the bayonet, and the truck full of soldiers. And he just told them, yes, he understands. And he said, “All right, fine.” And they repeated, “By sundown.” And they left.

And I remember asking them, “Dad,” you know, “they said that we have to be out by

sundown.”

And, for him, you know, it's such a shock. He just stood there for a while, and my mother is in tears. And she is saying, “Where are we gonna go by sundown?”

But we were told---I remember them saying that the Japanese[-*language*] school, you can sleep only at that Japanese school. Dad says, “Honouliuli Japanese School. The accommodation would be made only to sleep there.” But my father with that sick baby---and he just started to think, where shall we go? And he told my mother, “No, you folks cannot stay at the Japanese school. There's no accommodation.” And . . .

END OF INTERVIEW