

August 10, 1979

Dear Mr. Pollock,

Thank you for your kind and interesting letters. I apologize for not replying sooner.

I'm happy for the Pollocks that life has been good to you. Just think over three decades have passed since we bid each other goodbye back in 1942! You and Mrs. Pollock are leading full, productive lives--that's great. And, oh yes, how proud you must be of your three sons.

My recollection of the days at the Assembly Center have become rather fuzzy. But I do remember you well, of course. It was a wonderful experience working under you in the Service Division.

In March of 1943 I left Jerome Relocation Center in Arkansas to take a position as secretary at the Army Language School located at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Potential officer candidates (all Caucasians) were taught the Japanese language--not only in speaking but in reading and writing. It was a very demanding course of study to say the least. This school was the branch of Military Intelligence.

My husband at that time was stationed at Military Intelligence Language School (Nisei unit) in Camp Savage, Minnesota. Pat had come about the middle of April on a furlough to visit a Stanford classmate of his who was a student at University of Michigan Medical School. Through mutual friends, Shiro Omata and Min Ichinose (they were in Fresno Assembly Center) who volunteered from Jerome to the same unit, I met Pat in Ann Arbor. In November of 1943 we were married and I moved to Minneapolis. Our daughter, Karen, was born at the Fort Snelling Hospital while Pat was overseas on a special assignment to SHAEF Headquarters in the European Theater. This happened in the spring of 1945. After his discharge in December 1945 Pat took over the family farm operations. For the past several years we have not been actively engaged in farming, but family business interests in town have kept him busy. Our son, Rick, was born here in 1948.

Our daughter was married in 1967. Unfortunately, things didn't work out between them and the marriage was terminated this year. She is an artist. Now she's putting all her energy into her art. The son likes working with wood. He is doing custom cabinet work in Monterey-Carmel area. He's still single. I might add that we have no grandchildren to spoil.

If I had been as thorough and meticulous as you were in taking notes of the Assembly Center days, I could be of much help. But, I'll try my best to answer some of your questions.

Miss Mary Baker, the Dean of Women at Fresno State for whom I was working at the time of evacuation, I think, suggested that I apply to go into the Center as a member of the organizing crew. I'm not sure whether I volunteered through the JAAC (Japanese American Citizens League) or the WCCA. I left home a week or several days earlier than the rest of my family. My parents and my sister arrived at the scheduled time. Didn't we meet at the Assembly Center and I start working for you right away? I don't know who was responsible for making the job assignments.