

I first encircled the northern eight housing blocks of the Center, following the racetrack. In fact there were 2 buildings at that end of the internee center that were larger than the other structures.

I finished listing questions in my notebook and returned it to my jacket pocket as I walked back to the pickup truck I left standing in the center of the block. The sound of a horn from the end of the block pulled my attention to the Mess Hall. The truck with the two men I had met there was pulling away from the building with a wave from both of them.

I climbed into my pickup, started the motor and soon was under way driving slowly between buildings and wending my way back to the north end of the project. Reaching the racetrack portion at the center of the south turn I swung right following the track. As the turn ended and I entered the east straight-o-way, on my left and parallel to the track were two long buildings, one perhaps a hundred feet ahead and the other six hundred feet beyond.

These had to be built for hospital use so I swung left and parked beside the first one. Spending some time walking through the unit I returned to the pickup convinced that hospital use was the purpose of the structure. It seemed to have all the needed room facilities. Hospital beds were already in many rooms and a variety of essential equipment and supplies were stacked throughout the building waiting to be unpacked.

Knowing that Assembly Centers were to provide only temporary housing while more permanent housing could be constructed, away from the Pacific coastal area of the country, I was finding myself being constantly surprised by the kind of facilities I was reviewing. So far all I had seen were weather tight, practical, reasonably well constructed, semi permanent structures capable of housing a large segment of people for a considerable time. X

The enormous ramifications of this unprecedented movement of a designated portion of the U.S. population from one part of our country to another was starting to penetrate, a curtain of unconcern I did not know I possessed. Like everyone I knew, I had been shocked and angered by the brazen attack of the Japanese Nation upon the Hawaiian Islands. I also shared the concern of all residents along the Pacific Coast about the distinct possibility of an enemy attack upon the U.S. mainland in this general area. Imposed blackouts added to such apprehensions. There was an overwhelming concensus of opinion among all non-Japanese residents of the State of California, encouraged and led by its political lea- X