

ders, that anyone of Japanese origin should be removed from its borders. When the order for their removal was announced, only a few weeks before, I did not read or hear any evidence of disagreement from anyone with the exception of a few of the affected. I had been somewhat surprised by the feeble and stoical response from the American born Japanese to the removal order. It had been as tho many of them were relieved by the possibility of being protected from harrasment many had been recieving from war infuriated caucasians. At this point in time my opinion about the right or wrong of enforced Japanese migration from the Pacific States to the interior regions of the Country was in a category of non-concern.

But now I was involved in a situation where I would have to be dedicated to unreserved concern about the welfare and well being of a large number of unwanted (by public opinion) Japanese featured people, interned within a Center inhabited by Japanese parented individuals exclusively, located within a community of U.S. citizens, on the west coast of the United States, while the two countries were at war against each other.

This part of the Center was now showing signs of rapidly increasing activity. Two large moving vans were passing me , possibly enroute to the warehouse section. Within my range of vision I could see three more trucks of varrying size being unloaded with men carrying equipment and supplies into various buildings. Accelerating efforts to have things in place for the first arrival of the expected residents was under way. Even while I was sitting there in the pick-up surveying the scene arround me I could hear sounds of trucks in other portions of the Center and human voices. The scratching rythm of a hand saw ^{was} now audible from the direction of the warehouse area. Someone had a hammer in hand and repeated at regular intervals an echoed pattern of staccato beats. The tempo of activity seemed to be rising and I could detect a feeling of urgency beginning to germinated somewhere in the confines of my mind. Listing all the things I needed answers for, in my notebook had made me realize how many things I needed to find out before this facility started to operate.

Remembering the pile of bulletins and directives I left on top of the desk in building 20 I suddenly felt the urge to start reading them, Knowing that I would find many answers for questions in my notebook right there.

I decided to return to the office building at once and leave further inspection of the Centers facilities for another day. So I proceeded ^{to} drive north to the administrative building row near the