**Excerpts from the diary of Toyojiro Suzuki, prisoner in the Ft. Lincoln Internment Camp in North Dakota**

On 7 December 1941——at 12 O'clock midnight, we weigh anchor and depart from Fish Harbor, Terminal Island, and head for the open sea. As we approach the lighthouse at the tip of the breakwater, we notice many, many buoys floating on the water surface. We turn our starboard side to the lighthouse and veer left toward the west. At approximately 5:30 PM, we near the leeward side of Anacapa Island and then proceed west for another thirty minutes. The sun is setting fast and darkness approaches. From the crow's nest atop the mast, our look-out reports the sighting of a massive school of sardines ahead. The surface of the water ripples and agitates briskly. The engine is silenced, and tension mounts among the crewmen, At this point, verbal communications between skipper and look-out becomes vitally important. Their minds must function as one individual in order to plot the entrapment of the fish. A boat is lowered. The net is lowered, and slowly the vessel encircles the sardines. Soon, the haul is completed. The estimated weight of our catch is well over forty tons. As we are debating the issue of a second haul of sardines, our skipper reports to the crew that Pearl Harbor in Hawaii has been attacked by Japanese forces.

* - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

I remain in the security of my home on Terminal Island until the second day of February 1942. Then agents from the Immigration & Naturalization Service and the Federal Bureau of Investigations visit me in my home. I am imprisoned within the walls of the Immigration Station on Terminal Island.

* - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

2 February 1942 During the early morning hours of 2 February 1942, Government agents from the FBI and the INS (Immigration/Naturalization Service) quietly converge on Terminal Island and spread out fan-like into our fishing village for a mass arrest of alien Japanese. Fishermen are aroused from their sleep. The womenfolk cry out as unrest and alarm spread quietly throughout our community. At 6:30 AM, Messrs. Tonai and Wada are forcibly carted off for detention within the four walls of the INS building on Terminal Island. Frantically, Mrs. Tonai pounds on the door of my house. She informs me of the FBI round-up, and then is reluctant to return home. Commotion within my house increases as other wives and children converge at my place to seek comfort and solace. However, I feel that it is only a matter of time before I too am arrested and detained. Therefore, I advise my friends to leave for I would be helpless to render any form of assistance.

My mind weighs heavily with personal family matters that require immediate attention. To my wife Takako, I give two hundred dollars for deposit to our bank account. Another $150.00, I split three ways and pass out for emergency funds. Other details race through my mind and I am preoccupied with a miscellany of last-minute details.

At 8:30 AM, there is a knock on the door. Government agents have come for me. The agents present a document on which my name appears. Then I am asked to sign this document which will subsequently permit the agents to conduct a search of my house. I am advised to take along a minimum of necessities in clothing as I would be held in custody for one night only. I am relieved on hearing this news. I am escorted to an awaiting vehicle, but my mind is only on my bedridden child who has taken ill with fever. Soon, Mr. Dentaro Tani is escorted to another car. Mr. Nakamura soon follows to become another arrested fisherman and my fellow-passenger. The Government agents motor about the streets of Terminal Island as the driver has seemingly encountered some difficulty in locating the residence of Mr. T. Tamura. However, he too, is soon a passenger as Alien No. 4 in the same car. At 9:3- AM, we arrive at the INS building and are immediately interrogated. We are all confined to a back room following our interrogation. Following lunch, we wait and wait. At about 4:00 PM, we are each fingerprinted---first, each finger and then the four fingers of each hand together. We are photographed—-front and side views. For identification and future reference, we are made to hold up our printed name and an assigned identification number with each photograph taken. Subsequently, in groups of ten, we are relocated to the third floor. At 9:30 PM, I am relocated again to the second floor of the Coast Guard building where there are seventy-six other alien fishermen confined. My fellow-prisoners are others from different walks of life also, and each man has a tale of personal horror to relate.

At 9:30 PM, we prepare our beds to retire for the night. However, I am unable to sleep because of the strange environment suddenly thrusted upon me. My worries further compound my inability to sleep. The door is locked, and one security guard remains in our quarters while two or three more maintain vigilance outside our quarters. At 11:00 PM, all lights go out.

* - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

10 February 1942: On the morning of 10 February, we awaken at 6:30 AM. Our leader, Mr. Shibata, has come up with an idea for the orderly conduct and the orderly procedure for entering and leaving the mess hall during meal times. Our food is served cafeteria-style. To facilitate the smooth and efficient flow of meal-takers, each individual, on entering the mess hall, will now be required to pick up own tray, plates and flatware. At departure, each individual will again be -5 required to deposit his used dishes and utensils at the dishwashing area. The daily menu provided was a simple fare for our dietary needs and consisted of bread, butter, milk, cereal, stew, pudding and pickled vegetables. At times, portions served for dinner left many of us still hungry at bedtime. Later, I search through the rooms of eleven buildings in a frenzied and almost dogged attempt to retrieve my missing suitcase. I check every corner, but my search is futile. I retire for the night at 10:30 PM. 11 February 1942 (Wednesday). We are permitted to send telegram messages to the outside. Immediately, I dispatch a message to Takako, my wife. That evening, we are informed that inoculations will be required, and that these shots will be administered to all, and soon. 12 February 1942 (Thursday): Roll call is taken the following morning, and while we are massed in a group, we are briefed on the camp emergency siren system: three blasts for an emergency and one blast for the all-clear signal. The temperature outdoors is a frigid 22 degrees below the freezing point. It is bitter Arctic cold, and my ears are raw in this deep-freeze.

* - - - - - - - - - - -- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -