

March 9, 1992

Dear Michael:

I want to add a little more to the conversation we once had about the Detention Camp.

We belonged to the German Sport Club (had nothing to do with politics) The men played soccer Sunday mornings - and the ladies volley ball + swimming on Thursday evening - so there was one with the children. No baby-sitters at that time. At the last dance at the Germania Club on North Ave. Chicago - we heard that some had been picked up by the FBI. When they came for Grandpa - he had just called that he had to work later. Something got wrong - and he had to repair the plates. They 3 men - always 3 never alone waited in their car. I brought his clothes next day to the South Side in a large house. But could not see him. Later, I could take your mom (she was just a little girl). They there were 2 soldiers with guns next to us and 2 FBI men with us between Grandpa and us. I could not touch him - we had to speak English. Later - when the men had a so called "hearing" - they asked why they were there? The answer was "you are here to answer questions - not to ask them. Appx. 6 months later the FBI put these men off to the Army - They could prove nothing against them. The Army was in Camp McCoy, Wis. I got permission for both of us to visit him Christmas. There we were with him in a room alone. That was nice - but hard to leave. We stayed in the only old Hotel there

down at the bar - young, homeish soldiers were
 ~~singing~~ singing for a white Christmas all night. And
 there was soon much snow outside! A year later -
 the Army didn't wanted to be responsible for them any
 more - and pushed them off to the Immigration camp
 that was in Bismarck Next Dakota. There they were
 free to go into Bismarck alone. They called once that
 he had a strangulated hernia. I went alone there.

Grandpa volunteered in the hospital to make beds - cooked
 oatmeal in the morning. (we had to eat oatmeal every morning
 when he came home). They were paid for their food
 the same as for soldiers. Having butchers and bakers
 in the lunch - they had quite different food for the
 soldiers. They invited the Immigration people after for
 dinner. They could never understand why the men were
 there. When he came home - the head nurse gave Grandpa
 a nice bar of soap for me - and later sent him a
 letter - thanking him - that he was missed!

Well - it was war - and it probably was much worse
 in other countries.

I am so sorry ~~to~~ to hear that the hate starts again against
 the Japanese people again. Tom generation here. It's sad.
 Nobody ever heard about the German camps. We were
 never allowed to talk about it. - Hope it doesn't
 happen again. - Now - you know the end of the story!

Love

Grandma

hope you can read it - I can't read my own writing any more