Appendix E: Excerpt from Estelle Ishigo’s Unpublished Memoir, “Lone Heart Mountain”

It was very hard to know what to put in that duffle bag to decide what to take, there was no way of knowing what might happen what we really might need — "one hundred pounds of baggage" read the order — no more. Our furniture was stacked in a corner for men from the government warehouse to take away. Home was gone.

Hollow echos (sic), impersonal and cold, answered our footsteps, slowly, with heavy heart we lifted our bundles, left the door to walk away and report at that ordered meeting place.

Gathered around the church that early May morning were four hundred and fifty of us standing in groups with bundles and baskets piled at the curb. Red Cross women brought trays of hot coffee, but nothing could quell the fear and bitter weeping of some, the dreadful uncertainty of what might happen—what it might be like.

They began loading bundles into trucks, and we saw some of the baggage of those who had not weighed their "100 pounds" carefully left lying in the streets." (page 5)

Here at this new place the rooms were like barns before, — one family to a room. But these barracks, with steps, and little storm poarch (sic) and double flooring for winter time. Inside were just the roofs and rafters with no ceilings, and the rooms were made of eight foot the board partitions and they held a coal stove, cots, two blankets each and a bucket and broom, nothing more: and a great din of voices of all the families rose over the partitions throughout the barracks.