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Shigiru Sate Autobiography, January 26, 1943

Shigiru Sate

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Shigeru Sato
E. Mg. 10B P. I
Jan. 26, 1943

My Autobiography

GUY W. COOK
NISEI COLLECTION
University of The Pacific

Many people ask me where I was born, so I tell them I was in Stockton, California on July 19, 1927. Where a new baby has appeared to this earth. "That is me."

I was brought up by my parents. I lived in Stockton for a long period of time. After that I moved to Oakland. My father's occupation was a general worker at a laundry in Oakland. I am the only son in the family, so my mother takes good care of me. She does all she can in her power to make a good son. Every time I go to some kind of meeting and come home pretty late, she is always up and she will be waiting. The language we speak at home is Japanese language. My religion and my parents' religion is Buddhist. Every Sunday I go with my friends to Sunday school service and to the Young Buddhist Association service. My parents go in the afternoon adult service. My new year resolution

was to go to church every Sunday. The people I associate with are very nice people. My play mates are very nice to me and I have met new friends through them. My friends have pets but I didn't care for pets. I use to use to play with toys, with my play mates. My favorite toy was a racing car. My play mates had their own favorites too.

When I was twelve years old, I was in the seventh grade. I was at a Junior High School. As the years past I kept on going up on my grades. As I was going up on my grades I was thinking what to be when I grow up. One day as I was playing with a motor, I told myself that when I grow up I am going to be a mechanic. First before going to college I must major in math in high school and take 2 years of language. My favorite subject is math. I have no dislikes in my subjects. The thing I like to play in school is a

Shigeru Sato

3

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days were unexcitable and uninteresting. The recreation gave movie once a week and dance every Saturday night. At beginning we had "hash and not ^{was} but hash." Hash every meal we had. I got sick and tired of hash. But later we started to get good good food to eat. We had classes in the empty barracks. I took up 3 subjects that was English, algebra, and Spanish. Once again a day came for us to pack up and move to a relocation center. That was another sad day for us to leave California and move to Arkansas. The trip we took on the train, it took the northern district. We ^{went} through and parts of Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, Wyoming, and to Tennessee and back to Arkansas. We reached Arkansas in 4 days. The eats on the train were very good. The life you lead in camp is a dead life. You do not have fun like outside. The adjustment to life in here is pretty good. It could be better. Now days everything are getting little better than, the first

Chicago

GUY W. COOK
MISEL COLLECTION
17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

Time we were in here. Oh here I
have more fun than in Stockton
assembly center.

[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting covering the rest of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]