

FIRST S. F. JAPS LEAVE FOR SOUTH

Army Leans Over Backward to Ease Exodus

650 Japs Depart; S. F. Exodus Starts Like Giant Picnic

San Francisco Examiner Tuesday, April 7, 1942

First of 5,000 Bid Farewell For War's Duration

EVERYBODY GRINS.

Everybody wore a grin; everybody had a wisecrack for his neighbor; nobody complained and nobody shed a tear—nobody, that is, but Mrs. E. G. Cahill, wife of the manager of public utilities, who came down to say good bye to her cook for twenty years, and couldn't help sobbing a little over Umeyo Furuta.

There was loud and good natured shouting between friend and friend as the evacuees loaded themselves aboard buses at the control centers of the Wartime Civil Control Administration (WCCA) at 1701 and 2020 Van Ness Avenue—between friends who were going yesterday and friends who expected to be going next week or the week after that.

"See you next week," one staybehind yelled repeatedly at his departing friends. And invariably added, in deference to the Santa Anita assembly center: "Save Seabiscuit's stall for me."