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Henry Fukuhara
Period 7 & 8
Core Class

FREEDOM

Well, this is my opinion why I don't like to be living out here in Idaho. I don't like it because there is not enough freedom out here as we used to have in our own States. This is not only my opinion, but many others that I know.

Before we were being sent out here they said that we would be able to go as far as we can, and I thought we would be able to go to Eden or Twin Falls. But since we came out here I know different. When we want to go to Twin Falls or Eden we need to have a pass. I don't see why I need a pass to go anywhere, why I am just as human as another man. I'd like to do this and that, too. For instance, my sister she sure likes to shop and go downtown and see a movie, just like she used to do in Seattle. Myself I like to do some shopping and sure love to see the movies that come around. What I mean is the first class movies. Most of the movies that come out here I had already seen. But I am thankful that I could see some movies.

Our family we can't go to no downtown so we have to order from Sears and Roebuck Co. But the most of the things our family ordered never came. Some of the things that come from are not worth their price.

About two months ago they started to build a barbed-wired fence around the camp. Why should they build such a thing out here, no one will try to escape from this camp. Oh yes a couple days after they built the fence there was a rumor that the fences were electrified. But they later found out different. I think that if they did not find out there would of been a lot of complaints going around. I don't see the sense of the government wasting all that metal to keep us cooped in. They should know by now that no one would try to escape. Most of us are loyal to this country. Another question around here is "why should they put guard towers up." I don't see why they should put those things up.

In this story I'm not trying to say that I don't like this camp. But I am just pointing out the fact that we all would like a little more a freedom and there is another thing that I am glad about is that we get all the good food and good shelter. They aren't as good as what we had in Seattle but it is good enough for me.

William Ikeda
Core 9 Period 7 & 8
December 30, 1942

What the War Has Done to Us

Everything was peaceful in December, 1941. I slept peacefully that night. The next day I had just finished hauling in the wood. I stopped to turn on the radio. I was shocked to hear that "Pearl Harbor" had been bombed. Everybody was shocked to hear it the next morning.

A few months later the radio broadcaster announced that the Japanese in California were being evacuated. This surprised me for I knew that sooner or later we would be evacuated, too. A few days later I was reading the newspaper when I came upon a picture where it told of the different zones which were to be evacuated next. I did not want to leave my home but since it was Army orders I could do nothing about it. It was a very sad day for us all. I left many a friend behind which makes me very sad to think about it even now.

When we first met in Puyallup we had a large reception. I was evacuated in the second group. The first thing I had to do was to take a physical examination. This took up almost the whole day for me. For a whole month I helped unpack some of the things. After everything had been settled I got a job outside the gates of Area A. After I quit the job and got another job in the Area A and D Post office. It was a lot of fun. Everyday I went to the Post office 8:00 o'clock.

When the first group from Area A was ready to move, I got a volunteers job on the baggage crew. I had tried to get this job ever since the other people had started to move. The reason I wanted this job was because I could see the trains that we were to ride on. It felt good to see a lot of trains again.

When we loaded up the Army trucks we had to sit on the top baggages to keep them from falling off. Everyday after work I went home and the first thing I did was to lie down on the bed and rest.

The day I was to leave the center I was very sad for I knew that some of my friends were leaving for "Arizona" and "Tule Lake".

On the train I heard that most of the people could not sleep but I slept all night and in the morning I got up just in time to eat. When I got back to my seat the first thing I did was to go to sleep again. On the train was when I really caught up on my sleep. I can sleep best on a train.

When we were half way to Idaho I was surprised to see a train go so fast as the streamliner. It shot past us at about 150 miles per hour. When it past us it was nothing but a silver blurr.

It was very interesting to watch the Indians spear fish.

When I first saw the rolling plains of sagebrush I thought it looked pretty good but when I had to look at the sagebrush all day it got very boring.

When I saw the dust rising from the camp it did not look so good to me. In the camp it was very dusty. It got in my eyes and every time I open my mouth it got full of dust. The first month or so I took a cold shoer. It felt very good after a hot dusty day. I yake a all cold shower every now sometimes. Now it so muddy it is hard to walk.

I like it here in the winter because it snows more and it gets colder here and we can go ice skating,

The "Thanksgiving" meant more to me this year than it did to me any other. I was thankful that I had a home to live in and lots of food. While in Europe and Asia, are at war and the children and mothers don't have any shelter or food. I felt very sad when I read in the "Life" magazine that the people of Europe were being starved to death.

I also will never forget this Christmas and the whole year after the war began I will always be thankful that I still have a school to go to.

George Mizuki
Core
Period 7 & 8

DECEMBER AND 1942

When Pearl Harbor was bombed Dec. 7, 1941, and I heard about it, I felt pretty bad. The last thing I thought that would never happen was that Japan would fight the United States but it happened. That Christmas was different from other Christmases and it was a very lousy one. That New Years Eve was also stale and New Years day was bad. Later I heard that we would be evacuated. I thought I would loose all my friends and schoolmates. When we did not be evacuated so quickly I though we would never be evacuated but on April 30, we left for Camp Harmony in Puyallup. When reaching Camp Harmony in Puyallup, I made much friends and did not miss my friends as much as much as I thought I would.

From Camp Harmony I wrote much letters to my friends in Seattle. The life in Camp Harmony was much fund and I would have liked to stay there. It was interesting not going to school and playing baseball or basketball almost every day, but Sunday.

When I heard that we were going to be moved to Idaho and that was not very good. We left Camp Harmony on Sept. 1, 1942 at 9 a.m., and reached Minidoka Relocation Center at about 3 p.m. on Sept. 2, 1942. It was a nice long train ride and the best was the meals we had.

At first I did not like this place and the sand storms and hot temperatures. It stayred to get better when everybody watered their place so it would harden the ground.

Then I heard that school would start and // I felt bitter but when winter came and it rained and became muddy and I didn't like it. At first chance I get I am going to try and leave Minidoka and go out to work. I tried before but I was too young but now that I am 16 I am going to try and get out next year if my schooling dues not hold ~~me~~ back.

The Christmas in Camp was like another day but that we got turkey and I think New Years were be pretty bad. Also when the war is over I am planning to go back to good ole Seattle.

Margaret Morita
Core Course 7 & 8
Dec. 29, 1942

SINCE DECEMBER TO NOW

This time last year I was enjoying myself at home on a two weeks vacation from School. I was doing window shopping and looking at the many Santa Clauses on the street corners. This is what, I miss terribly this year. This year I do my various shopping through the catalog and buy various small things at the canteen. As the year rolled by and the new year rolled in the most outstanding thought in my mind was the war. I was wondering what the new year had in store for me. It wasn't long before I found out. During the month of March the curfew started which was the army order that Japanese and people of Japanese ancestry were to be in their homes at eight o'clock and to remain there until six o'clock in the morning. This was terrible but what was worse came about a month later. The people of the coastal areas were to be evacuated. I felt terrible because I was in the first group to be evacuated. All my friends at school were to come later. I parted with my friends and found myself waiting in the rain for the bus to come. The rain made the day more gloomy.

As the bus sped on I took a good last look at old Seattle. After what seemed like a long ride we reached Puyallup. From a distance I did not recognize my new home. As I stepped off the bus I looked at my new home and environment and was not too pleased with what my eyes caught. After we were settled in our new home I went to find my friends house. I played with my friends happily in Puyallup for about five months when we learned of our relocation in Idaho. The day came when we were to leave Puyallup. I was excited over the method of transportation we were to use. This was by train, which would be my first train ride. As I boarded the train I had a funny sensation, and as the train started it was gone. I was surprised to find the train very very similar to the car, the first part of the ride has very beautiful scenery but as we neared Minidoka the scenery became rocks and mountains which wasn't very interesting. After two days and a night of riding we reached the rail head from where we boarded Sun Valley buses. As the bus sped on toward our home for the duration I looked at the surrounding places which was sagebrush for mile on. Stepping off the bus I was greeted with a gust of dust. This was the most discouraging of all. As I entered the room I found it better than I expected.

Christmas came and went this year without much excitement. It was better than I expected. Now I am waiting to greet the New Year and see what it has in store for me.

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Kaneko Katayama
Core 9th Per. 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

"ME, MYSELF AND I"

I did not exist on this earth until April 12, 1928, when the clock was striking 12 midnight in the front room. I was born in the southern part of Seattle by the branch of the Duwanish River. I grew up to a child of about 8 years old at my place of birth and attended Concord School till the 3rd grade. As a little girl I liked to climb the apple trees that were situated right beside the house and play in the sand lot at the corner of the block. I remember how I used to go barefooted in the sand and build sand cars and such.

When we moved to Seattl to be closer to my brothers and sisters business, I wished very much to go back to the sand lot and apple trees because it was so different in the heart of the city. I then transferred to the Colman School and attended it until the 6th grade which was the highest grade in the school. Then I transferred to Washington Jr. High School where I had my favorite teacher so far. It was while I was attending this school that my mother told me about the time I walked in my sleep while we were living in South Park. It was quite an incident.

While I was still attending this school we bought a home into which we moved for our permanent home. It was only about a year and a half after we had been living here that the saddest thing in my whole life happened. On August 23, 1941, I lost my father whom I loved very much.

After I graduated from Washington Jr. High School I attended Garfield High School for about a half a year when the war came along and we were forced to evacuate which spoiled my plans for the future $3\frac{1}{2}$ years at school. I helped pack along with the rest of the family which I remember was ~~not~~ not at all pleasant. I don't remember how I passed away the idle hours in the assembly center at Puyallup, Washington, but All I know is that time marches on according to the lesson I had yesterday. After about 4 months there at the center the W.R.A. took over and brought us here to Minidoka. I am hoping and praying everyday and night that I may go back to the home I love and forget the past and continue as before the war.

Aiko Okawa
9th Core Class (5-6)
Dec. 29, 1942

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

On the morning of Feb. 18, 1928, a screaming, kicking, chubby little infant was born to the happily married couple of Mr. and Mrs. T. Okawa. This tragic thing happened at exactly 6:00 A.M. in a little house on a fifteen acre farm, six miles on the outskirts of Portland, Oregon. This little bundle delivered by Mrs. Stork was to bring much worry and grief to its parents in its later years. This was the beginning of my life of mischief.

In telling all the little incidents and facts of my life, I might as well admit having two older sisters and a older brother whom are very much the opposit of myself. I being the youngest of the little family was spoiled and petted by everyone. Ever since I can remember I know that I got everything I wanted and went anyplace I wanted to.

Till the young age of five I didn't do a thing to be of any help to my father and mother who worked hard out on the farm to clothe and feed decently my sisters, brother and I.

Finally when I became six years old I attended Whitaker School, a school located not far away from my home. There I learned to read, write and associate with other children as any other American child .

Guess I was about average in my studies but am getting more feeble-minded each day.

Dec. 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was attacked my schedule of living was completely changed. Curfew was to be on own property by 8:30 P.M. Limit of traveling was not further than five miles. All Japanese aliens living within one mile of the Portland Airport were ordered by the government to move further out. We, living only one half mile away, and my parents being aliens were sent about a mile away from our resident. We visited them some times but still it was lonely being separated from them till we gradually got used to it.

May 5, 1942 two weeks before my graduation from grammar school, myself and all the rest of the Japanese with Japanese ancestry on the Pacific Coast were evacuated to various centers. I was one of the many of the evacuees moved to the W.C.C.A. Center, formerly the Livestock Center where animal shows were shown yearly. Population of the evacuees of the Center later increased to 4,000 some people.

After living there for four months in a cramped room and meeting many new friends, we received our notice to depart for Hunt, Idaho. This was a War Relocation Center located further inland.

We boarded the train on Sept. 8, 1942 and started out on our journey. After spending one and a half days traveling we reached our destination. There we were welcomed by the Seattle people who were there a few weeks before us.

After living here for approximately four months I am beginning to like it. Have met a few people and ma having a grand time. At this moment I am attending Hunt High School and it seems almost the same as back home.

Tatsuko Nishimura
7 & 8 Core
December 28, 1942

December 7, 1941, will be a day remembered by all of us. It is a day of memory clung to our hearts. It is a day of memory which all of us should remember. It will be put down in history so all of us should remember it. I, too, will always remember December 7, 1941.

Then in early March a curfew struck us all who were living on the West Coast. The curfew was from 8:00 to 6:00 in the morning. We all stayed at home to obey the rules.

Then in the middle of May evacuation started. It struck us all including me to which I used to live on the West Coast east of Portland out in the country home which I used to live for 15 yrs. I now miss my place so badly which I always think back of beautiful Oregon. My home place which I'll never forget. It was the time just before evacuation I said to my best friends "farewell" and said "I'm going to meet again when the time came." Then on Sept. 2 or 3 the people who were going to Wyoming had had to departed from Oregon I was very sad then. My best friends especially when to Wyoming "which I said " a dull farewell til we meet again." I still think of them which I'll never forget. Such nice friends.

We went into the Portland Assembly Center the 18th of May. We nearly spent 4 months in the North Portland Assembly Center and I sure did enjoy it there. I think No.Port. Ass. Center is the best on the West Coast. We had good food and a good place to eat and sleep. We had movies once a week and clothing from the welfare dept. Nearly 2,000 sat in the mess hall in Portland. 1,000 ate on the first shift that was between the hours of 5:00 to 6:00. Then at 6:00 to 7:00 the second shift began to eat. They had two shifts because there was so many. Altogether I think Portland was the best center than any other assembly center.

We left the North Portland Center on Sept. 7, 1942 to be re-located. So it was on Tuesday which we started out for a new home which was to be in Idaho. We went through Multnomah Falls, Columbia River Snake River and many others. Then we finally came to our destination which was in Hunt, Idaho.

In the afternoon of 3:20 we came finally into the Relocation Center. At first I didn't like Idaho because it was so dusty, but now I began to like it just like Oregon. I was so surprised to see miles and miles of barracks I was kind of discouraged then to see miles of barracks, but now I'm well used to it and I think I'll like it more better.

On the 20th of October we had to register for school to get more education so we all registered 2 weeks ahead of time. Then finally the 20th came and 100,000 marched off for school. At first

I didn't like it very well because I didn't know very many of kids but I think school is very nice because the like could get more educated, so that includes me too.

At first the thing got me puzzled was "I wish we all could have all the freedom we wanted to. If we didn't have freedom we couldn't do this and that. But since we have it people could go to churches and do anything they wanted. Everybody in the world wants all the freedom they could get, Since we are all in relocation center we could have all the freedom we want.

Mary Niiyama
9th Core (5-6)
Dec. 24, 1942

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

At Salem, Oregon in a family house which was painted white and a back yard. In the house on Dec. 24, 1927 a baby was born which was a baby brat girl that was me.

We live in the neighborhood of several fine family which was very nice to us. We live in this neighborhood for five years and then we moved to Portland, Oregon when I was five years old.

My father had a restaurant in which he worked as cook.

When I was six and a half I started school, I have went to Shattuck School ever since I started from the 1st grade to the eighth grade. I was not exactly finished with my last part of the quarter in the 8B for we Japanese in Portland had to be evacuated, this was a sad thing for I had to part with good friends and teachers which I'll always remember how nice my friends were to me in different classes.

Here we Japanese Portland people move to where the Portland Livestock Expedition was and the place was called W. C. C. A. Center. Here in this W.C.C.A. Center we made this our home for four month. I have met lot of new friends from different places out of Portland which came to the center.

After four months we Portland and country people parted with some other Japanese people which moved to Mt. Mountain Wyoming and we Portland and country people moved to Minidoka Camp of Hunt. Here we make our home in this camp and I have met new friends from Seattle and appreciate meeting them. Here in this camp we have school for school girls and boys to go. Here I am now in Freshman and to think of it I am a short girl which I think I won't grow much and I wish to be 5 ft 2½ inches tall but I am now 4 ft 10½ inches tall so I call myself a shrimp.

Ester Mizukami
Core Class 7-8 Per.

Since December 7, 1941

Since the bombing of Pearl Harbor, many things had happened to me which would not have occurred were it for the fact that the United States and Japan had not gone to war against each other. These things which have come to pass isn't my fault or anyone else's, but the army did what they thought best and so now I am in this relocation center.

To begin with I am formerly from Fife, Washington which is located on the outskirts of Tacoma.

The first thing that happened which sort of handicapped us because we never had the experience of it before was the curfew law. The time we had to be at home was 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. Naturally also there was a slight racial discrimination against us.

The next experience which was the worst was the mass evacuation from the Pacific Coast Military areas. This evacuation of course meant my separation from many of my white friends whom I had come to like very much. I sometimes think I value their friendship more than I do more than I do my own playmates in here. Many times I wish I were back their with them.

I was evacuated to Camp Harmony on the morning of May 15, 1942. After spending about four months in Camp Harmony I came here to Idaho on my first train ride. I was thrilled in the thought of riding on a train but since most of the scenery was sage brush and barren it wasn't very thrilling. On top of that I got pretty dirty from the soot coming in through the window.

Now that I'm quite settled here the place isn't bad for I know things can be far worse. At least we have enough food and most all privileges any other American citizen enjoys. The only freedom I miss is that of being back home.

Although this is only my second Christmas during a wartime and my first one in camp and although there is actually no fighting going on in American soil, I've come to dread war very much. I suppose it's mostly because of having to come to live in this center. One thing I do hope will soon come to pass is that victory will soon come, be ours and there will again be peace on earth and good will toward all mankind.

Since December 7, 1941

I've been going to school now for about two months. I know under these circumstances things can be worse so I appreciate what they are going to do for us. I miss going to my old home school though for I had always eagerly looked forward to my first year of High School

I've been expressing my thoughts thus far now and close with "God Guard America."

Amy Nii
Core 7 & 8
Room 5 A & B

THE SECOND WORLD WAR

December 7, 1941, is a date long to be remembered in our lives, for it was to change all of our destinies.

The next day, being Monday, I had to go to school, which I dreaded so much, for I was the only Japanese in the whole school, which consisted of about 800 pupils. The teachers and pupils seemed to sympathize with me more than ever, which made me feel a lot worse.

Christmas of 1941, didn't seem to have the same meaning as usual, for where ever you went, the people would stop and stare, as if you were a circus freak of some sort. Those were the most trying days of my life.

Then came March 27 when the curfew law started. It was really hard on us, for even we had to be in our homes by eight o'clock.

The day I evacuated was May 5, 1942, and as I looked back on the fair city of Portland, it brought back fond memories of my childhood days, for I had spent 13 years of my life there. I dreaded going into the building so much, for I knew very few children of my own race. Later I became acquainted with them, and all was well. The first night I slept in the center, was spent in misery, for we were all situated under one roof, and you could hear people snoring all around you.

We had one big arena inside our building, and that is where most of us spent our leisure moments. When ever it rained, the arena was quite crowded, and except for a few leaks here and there, it was a perfect indoor playground.

Our mess hall was a huge place, which held a capacity of all about 3,000 people at each meal. After the adjoining towns came into the same center, it became so crowded, that we had to have 2 shifts for each meal. Our time schedule was, breakfast-seven, dinner-six and seven o'clock. One day when we had something good, many people would eat twice, which was not a nice thing to do. In the first shift, we all had appointed seats.

The day we were told that we were to go to Idaho, was a sad moment for many, for there were Wapatonians with us, and they were to go to Wyoming. Many hearts were heavy and when the Wapatonians departed you could hear many sobs and moans. After the last car was out of sight, we went out of this back to the building, but everyone's heart was so heavy that there was no gaiety for the rest of the days that we spent there.

When I finally boarded the train to leave, I took my last fond look at Good Old Portland and gave a sigh!

The train ride was quite a thrill, and the meals were exquisite. I was over anxious about this camp, and when I finally arrived, I was very disappointed. The sight that greeted my eyes, was an worst, the awful dust storm, and a barren camp without trees or green grass. Really for days it seemed that we had nothing but dust and more dust. My hair had a layer of dust before I was here for 5 minutes.

During the first months of my stay here, we had nothing but dust, but now we have nothing but mud. This weather is truly a queer one.

If it were not for this camp we would really have a hard time. The meat rationing would strike us very hard. We don't feel it because we are in this camp, Also the sugar and coffee rationing are not felt so hard.

This camp gives us many liberties. One, which many of us do not realize is that they let the children of the internees go out of this camp to go to college, and various other places. I really don't think any other country would give us that freedom.

Amy Mitamura
Period 7 & 8
Room 5 A & B
9th core.

A REVIEW OF 1942

Nineteen forty-two, how full of events it has been. So many turning points, crises, days of anxiety and disappointment, yet some happy moments, too. It was like a goodbye to carefree days and a hello to reality.

Being the youngest in the family financial problems and such never bothered me any. But at the outbreak of the war when my father was interned and our funds at the bank were frozen, I realized for the first time that this was my first grown-up feeling of responsibility. This feeling grew as the year sped and finally we were evacuated.

It seemed to me more like a dream. The packing, the storing of sentimental valuables, the excited chattering over last minute cleaning up all seems rather vague now. But the false gaiety and picnic airs of everyone when the bus was pulling away from the waving crowds, made me think of a poem by William Thackeray, "The Play is Done." Which says that each man during his lifetime has an act to play up to and he must play it well. This was also a new sensation.

I saw how many faces dropped when Camp Harmony came into view. Thinking that this was one disappointment that couldn't be hidden. But others joked about the cooks and messhalls and tried to take them things lightly. The sight of many friends of mine and many like them behind those barbed wires shocked me so that I seemed to be suddenly awakened to the realization of what really was happening. This was war and a downright serious one, that affected every individual some way or other. Everybody had to make some kind of sacrifice and this was ours.

Life in Camp Harmony sometimes plays in my mind as being very barbaric because of our drude life. Also as being very carefree, and even happy at times. I didn't seem to accomplish anything during that time. But meeting different types of people and watching how camp life effected each was a very good psychological experiment. Whether I changed or not I wouldn't know, but my future aspect of the world changed considerably.

Time rolled very swiftly. It seemed like in a very short time we were to part with Camp Harmony and begin a new life in a strange state. Strangely, it was rather sad to leave. I seemed to sense that it was like a goodbye to the coast for quite a while.

I expected nothing when coming to Idaho, over and over in my mind I kept repeating, "Expect the worst; think of the worst."

I wasn't too disappointed when we were greeted by a sand storm and scorching sun. For I realized nothing is worse than disappointment. I tried to take things lightly and I noticed everyone else did. Life in Camp Harmony had made me hardened to these things so I was past feeling.

Living In Idaho has made me more concerned about the future. Today we are sheltered and fed by the government. What about tomorrow? Perhaps it's better to worry about it when the time comes, but I don't think so. Was what 1943 hold for us? I'm ready to do anything and I can thank 1942 for the strength enough to be so. So long 1942. Thanks for what you've done for me whether it be good or bad. For I'M quite thankful after reviewing the year, for the many lessons you have taught me to help me become a better American.

Tom Fukuyama
Core 7 & 8
Room 5 & B

On December 7

The bombing of Pearl Harbor was probably one of my greatest shocks to me and everyone. In Juneau, the capital city of Alaska where I lived, we heard the news of the attack some time in the afternoon. I was up skiing at the time and didn't get the news until late.

I haven't thought much of the bombing of Pearl Harbor only that it separated us from our father and friends. My father was taken in by the F.B.I. soon after the outbreak of war.

The news of evacuating the Pacific coast on April 3, 1942 was another great shock to me. That must have been the saddest day of my life. My friends were all nice to me which I was very glad. They never spoke to me about the war or the situation we were in.

The army officer told us that he did not know even when or where to we were leaving. On Thursday April 23, 1942, the day I quit school, we went under an army inspection and shots for typhoid fever. That night, as I returned from a late movie, an army officer, Mr. Hill, was talking to my mother and sister. Since he came to our house quite often after the war started I ignored them and to my surprise we were to leave 2:00 a.m. in the morning. We ran all over the house getting things packed. The army officer's car came at the appointed time and took us to the army transport. During all the excitement I hadn't realized that I'd be lonesome for Juneau when we left. When we reached the boat, we didn't find what we expected, instead they sent us clear down to the bottom deck. It was hot and crowded with bunks for high covering the entire section with one jeering huge light that was kept on all night and day. Stuffy as it was we were allowed to have fresh air little less than 1 hour each day/

We finally got started about 9 a.m. that morning. The food they fed us was wonderful but we had to pass a slaughter room each day and did it smell, it ruined our appetite. We stopped by at Ketchikan to pick up some more Japanese and soon we were again on our way to Seattle. We spent most of our time playing cards, bingo or sleeping.

After a nice four day boat trip we finally arrived in Seattle on a nice rainy Sunday, April 27, 1942. We slowly docked on huge army dock. Seattle looked so big from the deck Juneau would of never compared with the city.

We went under a baggage inspection routine and was sent to our busses. On the boat we thought we were to stay in Seattle for a few days but we were wrong as we passed the outskirts of the town and headed for the assembly center, Camp Harmony.

When we arrived the camp looked so big that thought maybe you were going to stay there, too. We were assigned to our rooms in Section 6, Area A, 67 to be specific a our humble room for the time. My opinion of the camp, well at first I never did learn to like it but after I came back from the isolation ward having mumps, I found the camp in a much better shape. Athletic sports were under way, school had begin which I later entered but soon quit for I found myself learning nothing. My days in Camp Harmony were wonderful, playing sports and keeping myself active I had never felt lonesome for Juneau.

After a long stay in Camp Harmony we finally got started to our relocation center for the duration. We boarded buses which took us to our waiting train. Leaving Washington we headed into Oregon, stopping to Portland to change engines. We again continued our journey. Spending more time looking at the beautiful scenery instead of playing cards, we enjoyed the train ride very much. Night had fallen on our train as it headed for Idaho. Everybody got ready for bed. To me that was my hardest time I ever tried to sleep. Hot and stuffy we couldn't get to sleep. Day break finally came and with it came a strange new country. Instead of seeing beautiful mountains as we did the day before, the scenery had changed to barren desert full of sagebrush. It began to get hotter steadily and finally in the afternoon we came to a sudden stop in an unknown country covered with sagebrush.

Busses came to pick us up and the end of our journey was completely coming to a close. From the road the water towers could be seen, but what the camp looked like we had to wait and wait and see. First thing we noticed as we entered the camp was not the people, or the barracks, but the dust, yes the dust was really awful. How the people before lived through it is some question I guess but later as we lived in Block 23 we too had got acquainted with the dust.

The long trips we had to canteen 6 under the blazing sun and swirling dust seemed like miles, but since we got more accustomed to this camp, it to some is now only a short walk. Camp life at first was very boring, running around in the dust made it worse. Then playing all kinds of sports we were kept pretty active. Playing football on a team was really fun. All the fun we enjoyed in Block 23 soon ended when we moved down to Block 6, near the hospital and no place to play I found life yet boring.

Since school started it kept ourselves from loafing around and keeping ourselves busy. School to me, well my opinion is that it should very much have a building but the way they organized this school and the way its run under the handicap of not having well equipped parts and supplies this school is a fairly good one.

Having a paper job also kept me busy delivering in the morning. and after supper, with collections on Saturday and possibly Sunday. Since school started we had to deliver our morning papers in the evening so we soon quit.

Days came and past, Thanksgivin came with a wonderful dinner, but it was soon over and everybody looked forward to Christmas which was just around the corner. The school mixer, I enjoyed very much. To me the mixer under short notice and planning it was really a great success. First time it was mentioned I thought it unwise to have ~~it~~ but when I attended the mixer I really thought it was a nice one and went home contented.

Christmas came and past, to me it was another day with a strong wind. The diner we had was really wonderful, and the program we had was very good. Singing and the Children gave a play and later we all received our presents. Things came and went. Thinking of a wonderful time we had ~~it~~ soon past as the days come and go.

Roy Mukai
7 & 8 period
Core

After war was declared on the United States, Christmas followed. Christmas followed so close that it was a usually to me as every.

The effects that followed were the frozen assets, curfew and evacuation. It wasn't until the 15th of May that the people in our vicinity were told to be at the assembly center in Puyallup. The center had seven or eight thousand people. There were four different areas named A, B, C, and D. Area A is where I came from. The center life wasn't too dull after I knew other people and considering sports I had a very gay time.

It wasn't until the 3rd of September we boarded a train for Hunt, Idaho. The trip took from the morning of the 3rd until the afternoon of the 4th. The car that we were on during the trip was about the most uncomfortable of the train. The food on the train was much better than that we had in the center.

The scenery we had along the Columbia and all the rest of the places were very pretty. When it got toward noon it started to get hotter and flat land was seen for miles. When we reached the spur just out of the camp we noticed the intense heat and how hard the workers were.

The bus was bringing us in and all of us noticed the camp was many more times larger from the ones we came from. Since being in the camp for some time the size is much smaller than the first day we came in. The first thing I noticed was that it was dusty, dry heat, and intense heat. When I went into our room I thought the ceilings were very low. The mess hall ceiling and tables were very low. In the shower room the wash bowls were also very low.

The first day I came to school, wasn't much excitement because school is a place to learn but it puts nothing but studies on my back. The school teachers that that I have or had, have been or are very good, as far as school goes now, I realize I have to go so no use of slacking down on my job.

This Christmas I didn't notice it because every year where I lived we had a large tree that was all decorated but this year our room (home) didn't have nothing of the sort. I missed ~~my~~ my friends who was my neighbor very much this Christmas. Only way I noticed him this year was he sent us his graduation picture. My friend was about six feet five inches tall and he used to come over my place every night so now I miss him more than ever. He used to be just like a brother because he would argue with my sister and stick up for me. On Christmas we would usually see

movies together and had all sorts of fun. I'd just like to see him once more before he graduates because he will be joining up with the armed forces and may be never able to see him again. Well, I hope every thing turns out all right but in times of war you can't predict hardly anything.

Edna Hirabayashi
7th and 8th Period Core
9th Grade

A REVIEW

This is a review of the past years when I lived in Seattle and in this camp.

The outbreak of this war was the most heartbreaking thing which has come into our family. "It had begun between a country which we made our homes in and a land from which our ancestors had come from." My father had made his business here in the United States since he was either eighteen years old trying his skill at all trades until finally became a grocery man. He married my mother who had come here at the age of thirteen with my grandparents. He stayed in this business for over twenty five years in Seattle. My brother and I were both born and educated here among other American youths and we were always taught by our parents to be loyal American citizens.

Five days later my father was taken into custody by the immigration authorities as a dangerous alien. This made us feel worse for many thoughts and questions kept coming into our minds. Wasn't he trusted after he had lived here for so long?

My mother and brother took care of the business and sent me to school as usual. My mother went to visit him very often until he was sent away. This meant we couldn't see him any more for a long time. The Christmas plans we had made together was now broken. We passed gifts around for it was a blessed day but there wasn't as much feeling in it as the years before. I prayed that day to the Christ child that the only thing I ever wanted was my dear father.

Then the curfew law came into effect in Seattle. We obeyed it like the other people. We didn't go out to parties any more and my brother couldn't go to the dances. Most of our evenings were very quietly spent.

Many times we had black out practices which made us wonder if there was really going to be an attack here. Was it going to be like this if we really did have one? All the people went out in the streets to see what was happening in all this darkness. One day in a while we noticed lookout planes passing by.

At New Years a Japanese custom was always carried out among all the homes. They celebrated by going from one house to another giving a taste to the year to come. This year it was just like another day passing by. There was no more of this lively going about for the houses were quiet.

Everyday's news items and gossip came up which made us very uncertain of what would happen to us in the near future. Everyone was talking about evacuation! Was it going to be far away? Finally the sad news came. We were going to be evacuated to the Puyallup Assembly Center in the coming month. This meant a separation from our American friends, to live a new likeable life among other Japanese.

I was then going to a private school so they gave us a big graduation commencement and banquet before we left. We had a grand time and now I know how much they really thought of us.

On April 30th we boarded the busses and started for our new homes. As we left Seattle tears came into my eyes for this was where I had lived for the past fourteen years. The thought that

going to a new place griped me but the people were kind, for they too felt the same way I did.

When we reached our destination we found many barracks lined together in fenced off areas. The people who had arrived day's before greeted us to this new home. All during the four months of our stay there we were treated well. Our American friends came to visit us in the visiting room of the camp. There many leisure moments during the day. Most of them were filled by going to school, dances, parties, games, and reading. It wasn't a bit like a home for there were lastly always something interesting to do.

During our stay there we always wondered where we eventually were going to be moved to next for this was only an assembly center. I wanted to go to a place where it was nice and green with trees all over. I dreaded the idea of going to hot place for we would roast and get all brown.

My idea didn't go far for soon after a notece came out that we were going to Eden, Idaho. It was a place where we had never given attention to it till now.

It was a new experience for me because I had never ridden on a train before though I didn't think going to Idaho was to much of a thrill. The thought of leaving Washington was like losing a friend. On our arrival here, we were greeted by clouds of dusts blowing into our faces, and people giving us muffled "Hellos" because they held handkerchieves over their noses. I wondered how the people in Idaho ever lived here so many years in all this sand.

School started in November but I felt very awkward going to school being ways from it so long. We weren't offered as many subjects as we had at home but it was more comfortable in a small class because I get to know more people both Seattlelites and Portlanders. They were young Americans youths too learning their way in life as years go by.

The weather here is different than I thought it would be. My idea was hot days throughout the whole year. No, it wasn't a bit like this. There were many days that it snowed. On these days we went sledding or skating. This was fun for we hardly ever did these things in Seattle. On rainy days we played tug-a-war with the mud for every step we took our boots always would get sucked up in it.

Christmas this year was our first one in camp. This year it was a different kind of Christmas. We didn't spend it alone with our families but with the whole block entirely for we as a whole put Christmas decorations up in the Mess hall, had the party together sang carols sharing our Christmas with each other.

The children received nice gifts from Santa Claus and even many of the adults got them. I think that we are lucky to have such a nice Christmas as this when many people in war torn countries are suffering from hunger.

All those things are of most past and with all my heart I wish to forget these incidents hoping they will be mended in some way in the future. In other words I mean to express by this compositions that now I look back on the old year and wonder what the New Year holds for us.

"WAR" (AND EVACUATION)

"War," was declared between the U.S. and Japan, which changed many a Japanese career and life. Boys and girls going to college had to stop, people too going to high school had to be set back in mid year. Then the evacuation comings had many worried. Would the camps be like Germany's concentration camps? Would the food be poor, etc? Internment of all the fathers, curfews, money frozen in banks, etc. bothered many more too.

Evacuation brought us to camps. Here worries dwindled a little, except for a few who wanted to go outside and study or earn a living so he or she may live in the future. \$8--\$12--\$16--was not enough money for a living, here one would only become ignorant and waste time, and would not be ready for the future.

Here one would only learn and do things parents did not want them to learn, but things went on. Diseases spread, the measles, etc. At the height of it came the time to be relocated again. Packing and crating was done again.

The first group are going to "Idaho" wrote the "News Letter."

"Idaho", what part of it are we going to? Rocky, sandy, cold, barren part? Well, we found out. Summer was hot with sand storms, winter was below zero and windy with snow. Yes, this is the place we were sent to, very cold in the winter, hot in the summer, with dust storms.

"It isn't even worth living out here, and isn't even fit for a dog," said many a workmen, but now as things become better it has encouraged many. Since we have to say here we might as well make it worth while living here said the people.

Coop was started, 7 men council and reps from each block started, spaces were leveled off, to make and beautify this community of ours. In the future, this community would be one of the noted places in the state of Idaho, (I presume.)

These are some things war brought on the Japanese Americans, but to think of what is happening in "war torn Europe" it is not too bad staying here. (Minidoka Idaho)

And war has taught many a fine lesson too. War teaches to work, study, learn harder, and to face the future on better ground.

Mary Hikida
Core 7 & 8
Dec. 30, 1942

My Life Since War Began

On Dec. 7, 1941 I was sitting by the stove listening to the radio. I was shocked to hear that Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese. Next day after Pearl Harbor was attacked United States declared war on Japan. I knew right then we were going to be evacuated sooner or later in the future. As days went by the good programs in the radio were all about the war situation. News about the war was written in books, magazines, newspapers, and talks were given over the radio. Later restricted areas were put up near the Boeing plant. There were many army tents and soldiers scattered around there. Japanese stores near by were sold to Caucasian.

I lived in a part of Seattle called South Park and lived close to the Boeing plant. Many Caucasian lived around here and very few Japanese. The Japanese around there lived out of the city limit.

Christmas came one bright sunny day. Everybody had their shopping done, and the decorations their Christmas tree. That evening after I had eaten supper, I was surprised to find so many presents. As I was opening the packages, they were mostly from my Caucasian friends.

As days and months passed by the sad news of evacuation was heard over the radio.

I said to myself, "My hunch when the war started was right." As I heard more about the sad news, it said that evacuation is started compared to what zone you lived in. I knew our turn was coming soon, so I quited school that day and said goodbye to my school mates and teachers. The day for evacuation finally came on April 31, 1942. It was a busy, sad and exciting day. My pet dog had tears in his eyes for the first time. The man who rented our house took care of the dog. A man drove us to Jefferson Park where we got on the bus. People were waving their handkerchief and shedding tears. When we got to Puyallup it was rainy and the roads were muddy in the camp. The place was very queer and I never dreamed of such a place like this. As we got things organized the best we could it seemed more homely. As days pass I got acquainted with people and places around there. I never knew there were so many Japanese. To pass the time away there were games, acts, movies, dancing and many other sports and activities. There were no visiting hours at the gate for Caucasian to come to visit. Lots of my friends came to see me quite often. I received many letters from my friends. But one day I received a letter and I cried as I read it. A sad thing had happen. My pet dog was run over by a truck going past and died instantly. I didn't know what to do but cry.

School began for childrens from 9th grade under. It really was fun to go to school. The work was easy and fun. Pupils who didn't want to come to school didn't have to. But school was fun then. Clubs were organized for ambitious girls.

Some months had pass when we had to be relocated. I was glad to be relocated for I was tired of that camp. One day we got notice that we were going to Idaho on August 30, 1941. We were all excited and busy. Everybody was talking about Idaho and how far apart we would live. The day finally came and everything was ready. When I got on the bus everybody was saying goodbye. We reached the train station in 10 minutes and then we were transferred to the train. This was my first experience riding on a train. After we had gone quite a ways we saw many beautiful scenery. It really seemed like we were on sight seeing trip. We got to Idaho September 1, 1941. When we were entering Idaho I could just feel the hot air. After we got to the train station, we rode on a bus 8 miles inward. It felt good to see my friends who were down here already. After I had registered I went to find my place. It wasn't very hard finding my place this time. As I got used to the camp a little better I went to every block so I wouldn't get lost if I came down this way. After awhile things were boring with nothing to do. So to pass the time everybody made souvenir or hobbies. I have of habby of song collection and I am making necklaces out of sea shells for a souvenir. Writing letters took some of my time.

The boring days was terrific, hot and dusty weather. But later it wasn't so bad.

Later movies, dancing, talents games and other activities were performed. Best of all movies pass my time away.

School was organized for 12th graders to nursery school. I was glad school had begun at last, for I was afraid I wouldn't catch up in my work. I am glad that school has started.

One day it snow and I knew that winter was coming. The snow felt good for it was the first snow for a long time. It snowed quite often after that. Christmas came at last and everybody was happy for it snow that day. We were very furtunate to have a free Christmas dinner, than no Christmas at all. I didn't think we were going to have a Christmas tree, but we were sure lucky to get one. It sure was a nice Christmas. this year in camp because we got to eat with our family. After we ate the children shoed their talents at Christmas. Now that were here lets make this New Year a happy and successful one.

Tom Kodama
Core 7 & 8

"1941"
#1942"

In Seattle on Dec. 7, 3:00 when I stepped out of a theater and I was very much startled to see on the headlines which said PEARL HARBOR ATTACKED. As soon as I seen that headline something came over me in a flash and ran chills all over my body.

All the rest of the day I stayed home and listened to the news of the bombing.

The next day I didn't really feel like going to school so I stayed home in the afternoon I went to school. On the way to school I don't know if I was self conscious or not but I had the impression that I was getting the so called once over by everybody. When I was at school every body asked me how I felt about the war and they told me I had nothing to worry about because America would win the war in a few months but here I am in Hunt, Idaho I kept on going to school every day until about a week from evacuation and had my fun in the very short week.

We were about the last family to be evacuated because we lived down town. On the morning of the evacuation I was all excited and dropping things left and right. After waiting about an hour or so the bus came with moving trucks for the baggages also with an army escort. We all got in the buses after we helped load the baggages. In the bus I sat reading a comic books. The bus finally started on its way when the bus started to move I didn't read any more and just relaxed in my seat just taking my last look at the city in which I was born and reared. Something in me just made me burn up inside and I said I would come back to Seattle if it was the last thing I ever did. But now I don't care so much if I do or not.

We rode the bus for about 3 hrs. and when we reached the district in which the camps were people from other sections waved at us as we entered Area D. Camp Harmony that was the name of the whole camps was divided into 4 areas A, Area B, Area C, and Area D.

When we entered Area D there were many people to greet the people who just came in. When I first entered I just said to myself this is a dump and to the day I left that still was my opinion.

The first thing we entered they showed us to our rooms. Our family had a rat hole underneath the grand stand for we was in the fair grounds. We had to stuff our own mattress with straw and had to bring our bed from quite a distance.

The first few weeks I was there I though I would go crazy or something for being cooped up in such a small place.

Then in a few months news came that we were to be moved in to Idaho.

Finally in a few weeks the news was official. The train ride out here was to Hunt, was a very dry and rotten, ride. The food in the train half the train had diarries.

After I was at Hunt for about two months I got a job outside in the sugar beet farm near the town of Burley. That was the first time I was in town since evacuation. The town was small but it was a very lively place and I enjoyed the place very much. In the first week I was ther I spent money like it grew on trees.

Shortly after I came back from the farm school started and here I am writing this.

Takako Mukaida
9 Core 7 & 8 periods
Room 5 A & B

Farewell 1941

Sunday December 7, 1941, I was attending church. Since it was a four mile walk back and forth my girl friend and I thought that it would be nice if we stopped at North Park to entertain ourselves. Later when I arrived at home I found that time to be passed dinner. Because the both of us lived in a restaurant, we didn't mind very much about being late for dinner. As I was preparing myself for the program which was to be held that night, Daddy came home telling us this terrible news. Although I was shocked my mind was set mostly on the performance to be held that night at Harmony Hall. I argued to go since I had bought and ticket. Unfortunately I wasn't able to attend.

Next day was school. Something inside told me that I didn't want to go. I tried to forget it, but I couldn't. People on the streets were like policemen, who watched every move I made. It made me feel as though I was wondering through an unknown city.

The teachers were very nice and helped us in many ways. Their thoughtfulness I will never forget. Then another shock had to come. This was terrible. One of our teachers had passed away. She, Miss Merrill, was known to be the finest teacher along the Pacific Coast. I wasn't able to attend her funeral which I wanted to do most of all because of the curfew. (No one is allowed to go five miles from their homes)

Then came the days of evacuation. What had shot through my mind at first was the separation of my beloved classmates and friends. The last days of school I spent my time exchanging pictures with my classmates and am I glad because I was able to have their pictures even though I wasn't able to graduate with them. I knew them every since the fourth grade. This thought of having my classmates pictures appeared to be more important to me now that I'm in Idaho.

The Portland Assembly Center didn't make me a bit homesick for we were able to see the outskirts of Portland every day. What did get me homesick was to live right across from Jantzen Beach and see the lights on the different concessions every night and yet not being able to spend a day there.

Since we were under one roof there wasn't much privacy but the recreational "gang" kept us very happy by sponsoring shows and buying us various equipments to entertain ourselves. Of all our happy moments we learned that Yakima Valley was to join us. When they arrived we greeted them and discovered them to be very friendly and cooperative with ~~our~~ our weak points. We got along

together just dandy. Many a times we spent seeing shows and various games together. As the end of our four month came along we got the bad news of being evacuated but the worst part of all was that we weren't able to go to the same place the Yakima Valley folks were evacuated to Heart Mountain, Wyoming. The days after they left were known to be just terrible. Many folks were heartbroken. Not only of the opposite sex but of their own sex also. Today we are communicating to each other by writing letters. In each letter we tell them how much we miss them and how we shed our tears together in the arena.

Next we were to be evacuated. We left our Portland Assembly Center within five or six days. Our family left our center home on Sept. 9, 1942 and arrived here at Sept. 10, 1942.

Being a lover of scenery I enjoyed my train ride and was I glad to see our Columbia River Highway before leaving Oregon. The scenery of Idaho was very interesting before it turned to sagebrush. Being forced by just seeing sagebrush my girl friend I travelled through the train talking to some of our Oregon friends and playing games with them.

Joshio Aoki
Core 9 Period 5-6
December 29, 1942

"ME"

I was born in "Seattle," Washington, the largest city of the Northwest on March 31, 1928. My family is formed of five boys and my mother, my father died in 1939. I went to the Pacific School for my early learnings. Then I was transferred to the Washington School and just before evacuation I went to "Garfield" High School. I was evacuated to the Puyallup Assembly Center and lived in Area C. for three months of which I spent Happily.

Later we were moved to the "Minidoka " Relocation Center in Idaho. In the beginning, because of housing shortages we lived in a recreation hall for one month. School began in Early November, but it wasn't like I expected it to be.

I hope this war will end soon.

Hatsuye Imanishi

ME

to Puyallup. I had a very nice time at Puyallup but I always thought about my father being alone. In about April a letter came from father again saying that he is leaving for New Mexico.

In April 18th we then were sent to Idaho where I now am. I am very thankful for the government provide us the food, shelter and do most everything they can do to return us to normal communities after the war is over. Education is one of the important thing and we have it here that I have nothing else in need except my father. I know it is no use of saying it over and over but I am praying day and night for duration of war and the day when our family can live happily again.

Shizuko Furumoto
9th Core (5-6)
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

It was on a very hot summery night on August the 7th, 1929 that I was born.

As the years went by and when I reached the age of four years I took a tumble, which made me lame. After a year or so went by, my leg started to heal. By then at the age of five I entered the Bailey Gatzert School. The teacher whom I thought was matter of fact a meany later ended up to be the nicest of them all.

In the second grade I started taking dancing lessons. For five years I took dancing lessons whcih was then my future hope. During my sixth year I was elected as the girls' president of the Good American Citizenship Club.

Then at the age of 12 years I entered the Washington Junior High which I thought was a very large old school. I was a young punk amongst the 8th graders. My what a joy it was when I was an eighth grader.

The a day of shock came when the war started.

It was the week before evacuation that we exchanged pictures and had our friends write in our autograph albums.

May the 9th, 1942 I reached Camp Harmony in Puyallup. I felt so small amongst the crowd that it made me scared. Area B was next that was the smallest in size but the best area I knew of. We were small enought that we knew everybody in it though at first I did not associate with the country people. I thought they were a bunch of roudies.

The day of departure was a sad day. All my friends were going to Minidoka. On August 21, I rode on the train for Minidoka. Our meals were exceptionally good. The houses not being finished, we had to live in Recreation Halls and later after months we got our rooms.

Here I live in this camp until the duration of the war.

Mits Kawachi
9 Core (Periods 7 & 8)
Dec. 28, 1942

MY EXPERIENCES DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR

On December seventh, 1941, when I first heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor; I was very shocked. Our family thought we would lose much of the business in our grocery store with most of our neighbors being white people. To our surprise the business went down only a little. The war did not effect our Christmas and New Year much either. We traded gifts as we did the Christmas of 1940 and everything went fine.

The next few months went very quickly for me. With the evacuation coming most of the Japanese pupils at school didn't care much about their school work. Even though we missed two months of school work and played around most of the semester, the teachers promoted us to the next grade.

Then in April the evacuation began in Seattle. The papers showed when different zones were going to be evacuated. I was living in zone, the next to the last zone to be evacuated. On Monday, May 11th at about 1:00 p.m. we said our last "good-byes" and left for Puyallup on the busses. It took us almost two monotonous hours of riding to reach Puyallup. When we arrived there we were met by a large group. At first I didn't know where I was but later I found out from a friends that I was in Area D.

The first week in Area D was filled by writing letters, taking a physical exam, and looking around our new surroundings. About four days after we arrived at Puyallup, I got a job at the mess supply. After almost two weeks of work I had to quit because I was underage. I spent the next two and a half months by just playing. I made lots of friends anyway. Then it was announced in August that we were to be relocated sometime that month. First the advance crew went. Then the different blocks went. I was living in Block One and left Puyallup with the next to the last group leaving Area D. That day, August 18, 1942, was my most exciting one. This was because it was going to be my first train ride and also because this was going to be the first time I was to leave the State of Washington.

We left the Puyallup Station about 9:30 a.m. We stayed at Portland for quite a while before we left for Minidoka. On the train we didn't have anything to do so my friends and I decided to play cards. We played all that day and the only time we weren't playing was when we were eating. The next day we were tired of playing cards so we thought we might as well watch the scenery or visit some other friends at the other end of the train. The scenery was beautiful till we transferred from the train to the busses. A little later we reached the camp. We passed a few blocks before we came to a stop. Our family was almost the first to get off the bus. We were guided

through the mess hall, then to the laundry room. From there a guide took us to our new home. Even though it was very hot and dusty I was very glad to get settled down again.

The next day when I first looked around the camp, I was very disgusted. Chiefly because it was very dusty and also because we were surrounded by sagebrushes. It was so dusty of the first month and a half I had to take a shower every day so I wouldn't be white with dust. It was a cold shower at that. The first two and a half months were spent by playing. Then in November my friend and I got jobs as swampers at the warehouse. Again with almost two weeks of work I had to quit. This time it was because of school. At school I learned only a little. Anyway I made some new friends.

Thanksgiving and Christmas were just like the ordinary days out here. The only things which made it feel like those days were the food we got. Also the presents we got on Christmas reminded me that this important day was here. That was about all though.

I don't like this camp life very much but I'm trying to make the best of it. I think everybody should.

Kazuko Endo
Core Class Period 7&8
December 30, 1942

MY EXPERIENCES OF THE PAST YEAR

On the bright day of December 7, 1941 we were all having a lots of fun when we heard this startling news that Pearl Harbor was attacked by Japan. We all became very shocked, since we were of Japanese descent. We wondered how Japan could do such a thing to this peaceful land of ours.

The next day when I was awakened by my mother and remembering it was school, I told her I didn't want to go to school because of what happened. But she said the best thing to do was go so I got ready. All the way to school I had a very funny feeling in me, telling me to turn back and go home again, but I got my courage and kept on. When I finally arrived at school, my heart was very heavy within me. I kept wondering what my friends attitude toward me would be. I soon found out what some were more kinder and some the opposite. All during that day, the only thing we did was listen to the news broadcast or talk about it. I only wished that they would not talk about it, because it made me feel very self conscious. I was very happy that the day was over and time for us to go home. The days after that was not very bad ones but now and then we mentioned it.

As the days went by and it became to come closer to Christmas. I wondered if this Christmas will be as pleasant as the last. I think I will never forget this Christmas, because the people were so kind to us. I think they knew how we felt about this too.

As the days rolled by and the days more cheerful. Then came the day that broke the cheerfulness from our home. It was in the later part of March, when my father suddenly fell ill and passed away not three days later. It was during our spring vacation. I thought this was the saddest vacation I ever had. It was very lonely after he passed waay, but we managed the best we could. Although it was very hard.

As the days went by and the days became weeks and the weeks months, it was soon May. It was on the 4th day of May when we heard that Portland was being evacuated. And we became to wonder when we were to be evacuated. Then not a week later we were told that we were to be evacuated too. We all hated to leave the little town of Milwaukie because we lived there all our lives. But since it was Army order, we thought the best thing to do was to obey it and show our patriotism to our country, although we thought it was unfair deal to us who are American citizens.

The people of our town were very nice to us and we found

it very hard for us to part from them and they found it very hard to see us leave. When the day came for our departure, we had them goodbye, and said that we will see them again, very soon.

When we arrived at the center we found it very pleasant, although I was very lonely at first. But I overcame that very fast, as I began to make new friends. Some of the entertainments and games they had were baseball, basketball, Talent Revues, Picture shows, Saturday night dances, tennis, and Etc. One of my most happiest days at the center was when the Milwaukie baseball team came to play the team in the center. I was very glad to see some of the boys from back home again. I was also very thrilled when the Yakima Valley people came. The day of their arrival I got so excited I didn't know what I was doing, I was very anxious to see my friends again. I also made many new friends from Washington, too.

I found to like the Assembly Center very much, but one thing that bothered me was seeing Jantzen Beach everynight. Jantzen Beach as you might not know is one of Portland's largest amusement park. I used to remember the days that I went, before this terrible thing broke out.

As the days at the center went by people began to talk about being relocated. During this time there also was a rumor that the Yakima Valley group were to go to Wyoming and the Oregon group to Idaho. We all said it couldn't be true. How could they do such a thing to us. So we though the best thing to do was wait and hear the truth about it. When we finally did, it was true that the Yakima Valley group were to go to Wyoming and the Oregon group to Idaho. And so again we had to part with our friends again. I think this was one of the saddest days at the Assembly center.

As the days became nearer for us to board the train and go to our new destination. I was in away very thrilled and in away very unhappy. I hated to leave the assevbly center which I became very fond of. I know I will never forget the days that I spent there.

When the day really came for us to board the train, I was very thrilled, because this was the first time I ever rode on a train and probably the last one until the duration of the war. Since this was the first time I rode on a train I thought this was going to be a new experience for me, but when the train began to move I was very disappointed because it was just as if I was riding on a street car. The ride to this camp was a very cheerful one. I tried to look out the window as much as possible because I like scenery very much. The thing that I liked the best on the way here was the food. I don't think I ever tasted such delicious food ever since

I was evacuated.

As we were nearing our destination, I began to wonder what the new center would be like. I knew that Southern Idaho was a dry land from what I learned in Geography. When we finally arrived all we saw around us was sagebrush after sagebrush. I wondered how we were to going to live in a desert like this, after living in a place with large trees around us. We were also greeted by a terrific dust storm. Which pushed us that way and this way. And then came the big sondering. Was the weather here going to be like this all the time. But as the days went by I began to like this new center very much, although I was homesick for Oregon and for the town I came from.

The days here began to go by very rapidly and it was soon November. I began to wonder when school will start again. When school finally did start, my first impression of school was how was I ever going to learn anything in this school. It was very hard for me to get acquainted for me to this new school. The school that I came from is a very modern one, with everything that we need in a school is there. But as the days went by I became to like it very much. And I will do my best to make this school a better one.

And here is the end of some of my doing during this year of 1942. And hoping that this war will soon end, so we may all go back to our friends again. From wherever we came from.

Reyko Miura
9th Core
Rm 5-A and B

COMPOSITION

The beginning of December, 1941, I was going to school as usual and nothing disturbed my life until the seventh day. That was Sunday when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor without warning. I thought it was just a rumor but it turned out to be a real, true nightmare.

After the attack dark days followed: War was declared: Japanese school was closed: fathers were interned: Japanese business was ruined: A curfew was enforced: and finally there was evacuation. This movement of Portland Japanese began May the third, 1942.

Our family were to go that day so we were packed and then waited for taxi to take us to our new home. Our home or, the Assembly Center was formally known as the International Livestock Exposition. I was very curious to see the Center because I heard so many stories about it. When we finally arrived there I found the place much better than I expected.

There were six sections where we lived. These sections were divided into corridors and these into apartments. I was constantly finding myself lost because the building was so large.

What fascinated me the most was the big Arena which was located in the center of the building. Staring at the Arena I can just imagine a livestock exposition. I could see cowboys, throngs of people, cow, horses, and everything'. Oh, how I wish I could see a show! Later it was made into a gym where you can play volleyball, basketball, tennis and badminton. The Arena was always filled with people and it was the most popular sport.

Another popular spot was the canteen. Because it was summer it was very hot. And since the canteen sold ice cream, soda pop, and candy it was full of customers.

I can still remember the first night at the center. Since we were all under one roof you can hear snoring, babies crying, radios, etc. But I was so tired that as soon as I closed my eyes I fell asleep.

The mess hall was under the same roof too. It seated 2,000 people at one time. When the dinner bell would sound everybody would dash for their seats. My pals and I would always get the front table and we were always the first ones seated. Later they had permanent seats.

After the first three or four weeks went by the Yakima Valley Japanese were evacuated with us. I ushered some of them and found them very friendly and nice. After I met some of the girls we would sit in the Arena and talk and boast about our home town.

When everybody began to know each other very much and when it was the most fun it was announced that the Yakima Valley Japanese were to be relocated to Wyoming, and the Portlanders to Idaho. Nobody liked the news but it was too late to do anything.

It was a sad day when they left. After the last train was out of sight everybody tried to believe that they will meet again to have more fun than they ever had. A few days went by and then letters started to pour in from our friends. It was fun receiving and writing letters.

Then it was time for us to go. I didn't want to go because Portland is a wonderful place. But riding on a train was fun. The food was delicious. The chicken we had tasted so good that I got second serving. I couldn't sleep because I was cramped up in my seat and because I was too excited. The next day it was very hot and stuffy and I wanted to go outside. The hours that went by after that was monotonous. Then about four o'clock the train stopped and we were told that this was the end of the ride. We then rode on a bus to Minidoka.

I was surprised how big the camp was. I didn't like Idaho for many reasons. I didn't like it because of it's weather, water, the sagebrush, smell of sagebrush, rattlesnakes, and ticks. I was afraid to even come near to a sagebrush in fear of snakes and ticks.

Day after day all I did was play. Because of the weather I could not play any out door sports so all I played was ping pong. Soon I got tired of it and wished the school would start. My wish came true and now I regret that I wished. Not that I don't like school but I always get stuck on compositions.

Soon it will be 1943 and I hope that year will bring me luck and mor fun. I hope that I will get to see my Yakima friends again and that I'll get to like to write compositions.

William Akiyoshi
Core 9

EXPERIENCE IN A CAMP

The situation of the war brought forth the evacuation in which we were put into a camp in Puyallup, Washington in June 1, 1942. Assigned to a room we brought our baggages to it and found a small room in which a partition of about 10 or 12 foot high and an opening in the top which separated us from our neighbors who felt bad about it just as we did since it was a war we didn't say nothing and started to unpack and get settled to our new home. As days went swiftly by I made a lot of friends and enjoyed playing with them. One of the ways we past our time away were baseball, pinoche, and monopoly. As 4 month past by quickly and news of moving to another camp came into our ears. So on Aug. 15, 1942, our Area D started to evacuate and on Aug. 16 our block were up at 6 o'clock and ready to move to Idaho our new relocation center. Having a grand time and delicious meals aboard the train for $1\frac{1}{2}$ days we reached our destination which was this camp. Entering this camp we found it dusty and unprepared to live byt as days went by the ground were stamped down so that not much sand were aroused with the wind. Before we had only cold rooms and cold showers but now we have water running in the shower and laundry so that we will not freeze when we take a shower. Rec. hall started to open so we could play ping pong in the rec. or check out football or baseball or the other things to play outside. Soon after school started and many more friends were made. Since all this had happened in this camp many ideas have been changed and I think it will be a pretty good camp after all.

Miyako Ohno
9th Core 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

On a cold wintry day in the month of January the 16th day, just thirteen years ago a great event was announced to every corner of the earth. It was an event to be remembered for on this day a new born child entered this wide, wide world of ours and was placed in the city of Seattle. Now, the question was, what shall we name her? After thinking of all possible names they made a decision on the queerest name, "Miyako" Oh! How I hated that name. No one never seemed to pronounce it exactly right. Though I hated that name terribly I kept it.

As the years rolled along it was time to start my first year of education in school. I don't know if I loved it or hated it but not long after I was promoted to the first grade. Time marched on ----- and before I knew it I was in Junior High School. Then a year later a terrible things happened. War broke out! Pearl Harbor Bombed! It was hard to believe. Our faces turned white and we were speechless. What we had hated most had come. School went on as usual the following day. Everyone was talking about the war and it just hurted my ears. When the month of February came around the corner there was the talk about evacuation. Evacuating all the Japanese from the western coast. This word finally came true when April was coming to a close but we were to be evacuated in the beginning. In another month or so it would have been graduation for us. But we mided that. Now it was "Hurry up and get your things packed." There was so much racket in the house we couldn't even hear each other's voice. The house was just turned upside down. Everything was scattered on the floor. It seemed like years before all this would be cleared. After staying up till late every night and talking away we were finally ready for the day.

We rode on a bus to Puyallup and after 4 months in the assembly center we were moved to a state I never dreamed to be in, Idaho. As we were on the train and stopped at Eden to approach a bus all we saw around us was vast fields of sagebrush after sagebrush and it just seemed endless.

After arriving in camp it wasn't bad except for the dust. There were times when I was just choked with dust and couldn't even breathe. But its better now. Now it's that awful mud and here I am now in school and I still have to tramp home in the mud.

Aiko Haga
9th Core (5-6)
Dec. 29, 1942

A CHILD WAS BORN

It was on a cold dreary morning of February 13, 1929 when the lights were sparkling althrough the huge house on 12th Avenue and Washington St. in Seattle. Through all the hustle and bustle of excitement in the big house a baby girl was born to the world. That baby girl was me. As I was crying and howling in my mother's arm no doubt my parents were hoping that I would have been a boy instead since there were two older girls above me. I sometimes hoped that I would have been a boy too. They named me "Aiko," and why in the world they gave me that name I do not know.

I spent many of my happy childhood hours playing dolls, making mud cakes in my backyard. After I got about 7 or 8 I stopped playing with dolls and started to take up sports, such as skating, swimming, play baseball, marbles, kick footballs, and ride on bicycles. I guess I got too sportish and turned out to be a tomboy.

At the age of $4\frac{1}{2}$ I started kindergarten at Baily Gatzert School. I learned my A B C's and such and after I finished my sixth grade I was transferred to the Washington Junior High School. I made many new friends and spent two years of my happiest days at Washington Junior High. Then came that awful day, Yes, December, 1941.

After the war started evacuation came. The few days before evacuation were the saddest moments. There many sad good-byes to my dear friends whom I have grown very fond of and whom I may never see again.

On the morning of May 8, 1942 I had a last glance of my good old house and funny feeling came to me. Yes, for this was the house which sheltered me through the hot summer and cold winter. This was the house where I slept in, ate in and spent many happy hours in and had to leave.

As we rode out of Seattle on a bus I had my last wistful glance of Seattle and was ready to face a new life in Camp Harmony, Puyallup. We stayed in Camp Harómony for four months, and again I made new fríends. Many of my dearest friends left for Tule Lake and the last that I saw of them was riding on a bus, turn a corner waving their arms.

On August 29, we left Camp Harmony, Puyallup and headed for Minidoka, Idaho. To Puyallup we went and to Idaho we came. So here I am. My first glance of Idaho was not such a good one.

All that I could see were flat dry land covered with sagebrush. But here and there were a few green spots along the canals. The hot blistering sun, with temperatures running up so high, dust storms and whirl winds gave me a bad impression of Hunt. That was only in the summer. Now its winter with snowstorms, rain storms, muddy roads, and temperatures running as low as 12° is just as bad as summer. But I do hope to see many changes in Hunt during the coming years. Changes that will make Minidoka not a camp but a little town or community and I am very sure that these wonders will happen very soon.

Jiro Miyatake
9th Core 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

Strolling the streets past the Swedish Hospital In Seattle I wonder if possibly I could remember anything of this building's interior. I can hardly believe that thirteen years and eight months ago I was born in this same beautiful building.

My days before I could walk we lived on 1220 Weller (so my family tells me). We moved and for the next nine years and we depended upon our grocery. Too much candy had made my health not too strong. I entered kindergarten at $4\frac{1}{2}$ years. Until then I was fat and chubby but the vaccinations the doctors gave me was too much and it made me a little bit slimmer. I still remember when we put tax tokens on the cable cars track and watch the cars flatten them out. That was when we moved to a store which was beside a street car line.

Since then we moved to a store nearer to the school which I was to attend in 6 months. We had fun on the streets playing basketball, soccer, football, and baseball. The street was wide and smooth. This kind of life was all I wanted, care-free and nothing to worry about.

Then came the war and we were put on martial law, boundaries of freedom, curfew, etc. On May 11, 1942 on a three day notice we were put in the Puyallup Assembly Center under the W.C.C.A. (Wartime Civil Control Authority). Here too was curfews and armed quarters all around the center. We had four areas and to go from one to the other to see other friends we had to get special permission from the W.C.C.A. which was very difficult. The facilities were few and inadequate.

But since we came here we have a decent place to sleep and rest and we have better facilities like hospitals, laundry rooms and etc.

Hatsuye Imanishi
9th Core Per. 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

It was on a very cold winter morning of December 4th, 1927 when the family was fussing over the birth of a first girl ever born in the Imanishi family. This girl was "me". I was brought up to earth at a house located at 668 Dearborn St. Seattle, Washington.

Of course my father was upset about naming me. After a long conversation with the family, they decided to name me Hatsuye. Since the name Hatsuye means first branch in Japanese and I was the first girl they named me that.

I was 10 month when I began to talk my first words, gaga, papa and mama and I was 11 months when I began walking a little. My family took very good care of me. I guess I was my papa's little girl as everybody says for he took very good care of me and he would always scold my brother when we ever quarreled with each other, but my mother didn't want him to spoil me.

Then in 1933 at the age of 6, my mother decided to take me to school so I attended the Bailey Gatzert School for 6 years and then in 1939 entered the Washington Junior High School.

We were very happy till the day Dec. 7, 1942, two days after my 14th birthday when they were talking about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I nearly burst into tears when I heard that dreadful news.

It was on March, one morning when I was cleaning the house when the door bell rang so I immediately opened the door and there stood 3 tall men. They came to call on my father and they said they are the FBI's. My father just then came home and the 3 men asked him to come with them to the immigration office with about a three day's clothes. There I stood trembling while I watched my father leave the house which he had lived for years. My mother was at the store at that time and did not come home until right after my father left. When I told that sharking news about father being taken she was so sharked that she couldn't talk. The immigration office was about 2 blocks away from our house so I often went to visit my father.

Then in the middle of April my father was leaving Seattle for Montana. When I went to see my father off I knew that I will not be able to see my father till the duration of the war. After my father left, 1 month later we were evacuated.

Ikuko Ouje
Core 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

To many people this autobiography I am about to write will be dull and uninteresting but knowing that it is required please listen.

According to the Zodiac I was born under the sign of Scorpio. Translating it I found that it means egotistical, secretive, magnetic, thorough and sensual. I don't know what all these words mean but they sound pretty bad. The word thorough doesn't exactly suite me because there has hardly been a time when my mother or father hasn't reprimanded me for not finishing some thing that I started. As for being magnetic well, I think I had better skip it.

Many people say 13 is a bad luck number but to me it seems a lucky day. The 13th of November anyway. That day is my birthday and when I hope was a happy day for my parents because I was their first baby since their arrival from Japan.

I lived for twelve years in one house. It had nineteen steps. Our neighbors moved and new ones came but we still lived on at the same old place until one day notice came that we had to move. That was the beginning of our moving days which never stopped until I came out here.

I never did much in Seattle. I just went to school everyday, went to Sunday school, Scout meetings, down town and did my home work after I had listened to all the radio programs, and used to read about 5 books aweek. Now look at me. I changed a lot, I think, to the bad. After I went to the assembly center. There I found many many new friends and renewed old friendships. I learned to play pinochle and ping-pong, learned how to dance, and learn new songs. That camp was the place where I had the most fun. One of the reasons I liked it was because it was a small place and we knew everybody that lived in there.

I had my first train ride when I came from Puyallup to Idaho. I certainly got car sick on that train, and missed all the good food served.

This camp is all right except that it 's so big you never get to see all your friends all at once. The houses and facilities are much better than before and I know that it will be a wonderful place soon but I shall have to do my share in beautifying it.

Naoko Anzai
Core Class 9th
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

I was born on a rainy morning one July 8, 1927, The rain was still falling, sweeping down from the half-seen hills, filling the far off alley with a whitish cloud. This was the scene that will never be forgotten by my mother. I was a thin, shy girl, not a fat, cunning baby. Since I was so thin, I was not strong. I suffered from terrible attacks of asthma. When winter came, the raw wintry winds choked me. I usually had to gasp for breath.

Mother knew that I needed some attention so she called for a doctor. The physician looked me over and believed that the asthma was partly caused by the dogs we had in our home. I loved our dogs and I couldn't bear to give them away, but the doctor's orders is orders so it had to be followed. The dogs were taken to the dog pound. I kept thinking of what might happen to them and I was never relieved.

As years passed on I was not cured, so I was sent to the country to regain my health. I was to get all the fresh air and sunshine possible. But I stayed out in the sun so long that I became weak and had fainting spells. What was wrong with me? I do not know. All that the doctor said was, "Don't worry " Just two small words. But very soothing! Worrying will do more harm than good. Even to this day, I have a slight case of asthma. After going through this experience, I do hope that in my later years I will be able to overcome asthma.

My years of schooling have been quite puzzling. I entered kindergarden at four but the school would not accept me because I was too young. I returned at six years old. Everything went fine until I was in the third grade and I became ill. I was behind in my work. I was half a year behind when I was transferred to Washington School from Pacific School. From Washington School I went to Broadway, evacuation orders came, so here I am.

I am just a plain Freshman again. In my later years I would like to become a nurse. I will try my best to reach my goal as a good nurse.

Reyeko Kikuchi
Core 9th 5-6th Per.
Dec. 29, 1942

Me

I came into this world on March 2, 1928 at about 6:00 a.m. Since March 3rd is Japanese Doll Day my grandmother was out buying some goodies for my brother and sister. She was rejoiced when she heard of "me". Sometimes I do wish my birthday was on Doll's Day.

Mostly everyone's first word is "mama" or "papa". Mine was "mama" first because I guess she was most loved by me. My first step was taken when I was about eighteen months old. I had my sister and brother as a playmate when young.

I learned how to do the 3 r's when I first entered Washington School in Seattle, Washington. Miss Shive, a tall kind lady was my first teacher. Everyday we would take off our wraps and sit down. We played with blocks, dolls, and with mud pies. I was promoted and until about the 3rd or 4th the grade were transferred to the Bailey Gatzert School. Our former school is now a Washington Junior High School. After dropping the 6th grade at Bailey Gatzert, we then went to our former Washington School. War broke out when we were in the 8a grade. Each night after school was over I had to sell bus tokens and after one year of selling them I received a school letter, "W". I am proud of this letter and it is one of my souvenirs.

During all my minor school years from kindergarten to the school here, I have a chum, Teruko Kobayashi, who has been in all my classes since I was five. My playmate at home lived next to us and we are still chums. During my leisure time in Seattle, I used to always play with a Boston Bull Terrier. He was tamed since he was very small and he was always a very good playmate to me, also. He is now in Seattle though his former master is in Tule Lake, California.

One of my saddest times were when my uncle, aunt, grandmother and grandfather left for their homeland. Uncle and aunt were scared of an outbreak of war while my grandparents left because of age, I think. Now I have no relatives though there are many in Japan.

On February 1942, I entered the Garfield High School. Garfield had a nice building and lawns. My teachers, principal, vice principal and the teaching staff and organizations were all helpful and eager to help us. Our school, though I thought, was super when time for evacuation began. I still remember that on Sunday morning December 7 while listening in to a good radio program we heard, "War Began With Japan." It was unbelievable and we were amazed, yet true.

When we were evacuated we were having a hard time trying to clean the house. We were on the bus at 12 in the noon and reached our temporary quarters at the assembly center at Puyallup, Washington. While staying at Puyallup for four months our next destination was beautiful Idaho.

I hope that all of us shall have a decent place to live and that there shall be a victorious ending.

Ken Kikuchi
Core 9 Period 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

"ME"

I was born in Seattle, Washington, the largest city in the northwest on January 25, 1927. My little life was very pleasant but uneventful. About four years of age I attended Bailey Gatzert School kindergarten class for one day and then was sent to Firland Sanitarium for observation. During my stay there my father past away. I could not attend his funeral. I stayed there for a year and a half and enjoyed it very much. I met many American Friends of which I still correspond with.

During the depression we moved to smaller hotel in a district not to pleasant for a boy my age. About three month after I left the sanitarium I fell from a fire-escape and landed in the hospital with a cut on my chin and a tongue bite almost in half. I stayed there for three weeks and resumed my school life.

I entered high school at the age of $15\frac{1}{2}$ years old. There I had the most fun because I played mostly with white boys. With the Japanese I felt out of place because I was $1\frac{1}{2}$ years older than them.

For my recreation I went to the Collins Field House where I learned to play basketball. I visited the library and the Y. M. C. A. very frequently because I lived so close to them. I t got so that they became very friendly with me.

After evacuation I stayed in Puyallup, Washington for three month and the arrival here. I got set back another half year of school here because I was a mid semester. I feel funny in here because there are so many people younger than I am and yet they are so much smarter than I am.

My life plan is to be a surgeon but I doubt if I will ever be one.

Tom Kido
Core 9
Period 1-2

ME

I was born in Gresham, Oregon not far from Portland. I grew up in its vicinity until last year. I lived on a farm of about one hundred acres. We raised vegetables for truck farming.

I went to a little country school named Lusted. I graduated from it and was planning to enter Gresham Union High School.

When the war started I was forced to quit grade school and to prepare for evacuation, so I got my graduating certificate early. It was approximately the twentieth of April when I finally left for the W.C.C.A. Center in Portland. It was fair inside the center. When August came, we were moved to this center. There were so many pupils located in the W.C.C.A. Center, that it took four trips to remove us all here. I came on the third trip. It took us approximately two days to reach here. When we reached here, we reached here we got an assigned room and barrack which we are still living in. So-----here I am

Saburo Nakahara
Core 9 (5-6)
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

On the 8th day of May 1928 a little boy was born, It was 11:30 in the morning at a house on Jackson Street. He was named Saburo for he was the third boy. The reason he was named Saburo is because in Japanese Sa means third. As the years passed he grew and went to Bailey Gatzert School where he finished the 6th grade. Then he went on to Washington Junior High and finished the eight grade. At Washington the place liked the most was gym. The instructor was Mr. Jay Dishnow but they all called him "coach." He was a plenty good guy and he would get mad only when he had to. On came the war and the day of evacuation from Seattle was his birthday. The Nakaharas got on the bus like the rest and was waiting for the time when the buses would move. On that day many Bailey Gatzert School and teachers of other schools came to say farewell. At about 9 O'clock the buses started to move and for the next 2½ hours they rode on the buses until they reached the Puyallup Assembly Centers A.B.C.D. The one Saburo was in was Area B. For three long months he stayed in this camp and finally on the 18th day of August they got on the train and left for Idaho.

For 2 months he worked on the Irrigation and Highway Project and then school started so he quite work and started going to the Hunt Community School.

George Nishimura
9th Core 5-A-B
December 29, 1942

"ABOUT ME"

Far as I know I was born on May 20, 1925. A little town Troutdale, that's in Oregon. According to my folks I only lived there a little while. Then we moved to Gresham, not far from where I was born. I lived there until evacuation.

I started school when I was six. They had a school in Gresham. It was a pretty good sized school. Held about four hundred pupils. The school was only about two miles away from where I lived. They had a bus to pick us up, so I didn't have to walk.

There was fourteen teachers in this school. I had all of them except three. After I graduated from school, I didn't start high school because my folks were running a farm. My father was getting old so I had to take over the farm. I was getting along fine for a while. I did most of the business on our farm.

Then on Decmeber 7, the war broke out. It was alright for a while, because we got to go out. But later we had a curfew, that we had to be at home between the hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. We couldn't go out further than 5 miles from our homes. Couldn't have much fun.

Then in May evacuation started. On May 11, 1942 we were in Portland Assembly Center. This place was pretty big. Eleven acres under roof. Held about four thousand people. There I worked in the Mess Hall,--two thousand people eat at one time. Had two shits, I got eight dollars a month there. We had movies and other things.

Then in September we got orders we were coming to Idaho. That sure was a tiresome train ride. We left Portland 4:30 in the evening and arrived here three thirty in the afternoon the next day. About five hundred persons left at a time. When we arrived here had a dust storm, couldn't see twenty feet ahead.

Then a week later I went out to work in the sugar beet field about sixty miles from here, a town called Burley. I stayed there two months, had lots of fun. When school started I came home. I missed couple of weeks school. So now here I am in the Minidoka School. This place isn't bad. I still think Oregon is a better state.

George Aoyama
Core 9 period 5
Dec. 29, 1942

"ME"

I was born in Seattle, Washington, the largest city of the northwestern March 17, 1927. My family consisted of 8 children, four boys and four girls, but now only six remained. I'm the third from the smallest. The brother next to me passed away and one of my sisters lives in Japan.

My school life started when I was six years old. I entered the Bailey Gatzert grade school. There I went for seven years when I only should go for six. I guess something must have happened to me for going an extra year. From there I went to the Washington School where I went through seventh and eighth grade. There I made sure that I would finish in two years.

Then it was my happiest moment of my school life, for it was time for me to enter High School. I was enrolled at the Broadway High School. There, I went for half a year until the attack on Pearl Harbor. After that all people of Japanese ancestry were to be evacuated from the coast. My family and I were sent to Camp Harmony in Puyallup along with the rest of my friends. There we stayed for about 3 months. From there we were sent to Minidoka Relocation Center where we were now in Idaho. I do not think very much of Idaho compared to Washington. I think that the conditions and climate of Washington are much better.

Hanaye Fujihara
Core 9 - 11AB
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

I was born in Vernonia, Oregon Dec. 5, 1927. The city Vernonia is a very small town with a small population. I don't remember very much about this city because I only stayed there two years of my life. What I recall from what my parents told me is that there was a certainly small shipping district and a saw mill there. That is about all I remember of Vernonia. Ever since we moved from Vernonia to the city of Portland until evacuation I have never been out of the state of Oregon.

My parents ran a laundry so we did not have the privilege of living in a family house. But life seemed very pleasant until this war and the evacuation.

Portland is a very large city with a big shopping district. Many big industries and manufacturing places. While I lived in Portland I attended the Shattuck Grammar School after going there eight years I went to Lincoln High School. The last year I went to Shattuck I helped as a Secretary's assistant, during lunch hours and my spare time to play but I really enjoyed helping.

The year 1940 we had our Rose Festival as usual but in this year I was chosen with a group of other girls to ride on a float. This was the most thrilling moment of my life. Everything was going fine until this war and evacuation. We were evacuated from our homes in May 5, 1942. This really was the saddest moment I experienced thus far. A few weeks or rather the first few weeks seemed to drag and I wished that I were never alive but later we made friends and it didn't seem so bad after all. After three months of stay at the assembly center again we were to be Relocated to our permanent place until the war. We all hated to leave Portland but we are all here now.

This is all I can think of at the present about my life and I haven't lived very long either so I'll be closing.

Hanaye Fujihara

Teruko Kobayashi
9th Grade 5-6 Core
Dec. 29, 1942

"ME"

I was born on a cold Nov. 28, 1927 morning in a comfortable home on King Street, Seattle, Washington. From there on I grew to an age of a little understanding child and found out that I had come into a nice family of 2 sisters and 3 brothers. I grew fond of reading the picture books even if I couldn't understand them. My mother even recalls that once when I was telling myself a story. She listened to me and told me that it was wonderful. So I was sent to school at the tender age of five. Mother had dressed me up in a sailor cap and coat and this was the first time that I had seen so many children all looking alike. As the time went by I learned to draw and cut and etc. On and on I gradually worked up getting a better knowledge of the world until the sixth grade. Then we were to go to a junior high school. I attended Garfield High School and I liked it very much. I thought that it was the most nice and beautiful Public High School in Seattle. One of my wonderful happenings was that I had never missed a day of school or had been tardy except once when I missed a half a day for having a little headache in Grade 1B. It won many of the football games and had been champions practically every season. We were having good times in Girls club after school sports, and after school dances until the outbreak of war. It was on a wonderful Sunny Sunday that we were driving along the Lake Washington Boulevard, stopping once or twice to feed the ducks on the way and had we no sooner reached home when we found out the drastic news. From then our lives were disrupted and we were sent to Puyallup, Washington (a former fair ground). We were then brought to this relocation project on a hot sultry day when the air was just filled with dust. From then on I began to have an ill-feeling against this place, but I believe that I will grow to like this place but more over have a chance to go out and live in a nice community like the one we lived in before.

Sadako Nakashima
9th Core (5-6)
Dec. 29, 1942

ME

April 11, 1928, (in the Bedroom) of our former home an infant's cry could be heard. Yes, it was an event for my parents. Cuddled in the arms of my mother was a baby, and perhaps a smiling father delicately fingering the blanket to get full view of his new born daughter. Several days later the name of Sadako was given to me.

As I can best recall my happy days of childhood, I treasured most the green lawn. I just loved to climb about on the big rocks in the garden made by my father to look like a mountain side full of pretty flowers, trees and bushes. The enormous rocks which measured above my head at that time, were placed here and there with green vines clinging to it. One of my favorite hobbies is to help in the garden and I stood in the freshly turned dirt and filled my lungs with the moist fresh air. During the early part of spring we planted miscellaneous flower bulbs and seeds. I anxiously looked forward to the time when the beautiful gladiolas and the dainty sweet peas (two of my favorites) would blossom. Then when the time came I cut the sweet peas and made bouquets. Most frequently I used to sit on the step of the veranda and think how jewel-like the dew drops looked on the grass blades, while nibbling at my breakfast toast.

The years went by like this. In spring I planned for the garden and Easter vacation. The biggest event in summer would be the three months vacation plus my report card. We stayed home more than this although we went picnicing, hiking, traveling, to Mt. Rainer or Olympia, going to the theaters and days filled with interesting times. Autumn brought the back to school preparations with homework and studies with one exception---Thanksgiving holiday. December 1---the hustle-bustle of Christmas shopping and cards. My happiest holiday was Christmas when I get out of bed in my nightgown. I went to the playroom where the big Christmas tree was alighted with sparkling balls and colorful lights going---on---off---on---off---on. There were ever so many boxes under the tree that the lower branches were fairly covered with gifts. New Year's Day brought another wonderful time. It was fun to stay up late on New Year's Eve while mother was preparing many things to eat for the feast which was to follow the next day. Then several minutes before 1943, I made a resolution (although I never could keep it throughout the New Year) and regretted for the mean things I had done this year. 12:00 o'clock---the whistle was blowing by the water front and I would wish everyone with a chorus of other husky voices, "Happy New Year"

All these happy, carefree and peaceful years had past. But the fateful 1942 gave a different story. Many fathers were taken from their families and sent "some places." That year's Christmas and New Year's Eve wasn't a happy one. I dreaded the thought when, if dad----- Well, the days came and went in which I as well as all the Japanese were looked upon with side glances of suspicion.

On the twentieth of February I was full of plans for a birthday party for my cousin who lived with us. That night I slept with confidence, full of hope for the party,

February 21---I was sleeping comfortably and then the front door bell sounded. Perhaps it's the paper boy, and dozed off again. A few minutes later mother opened the bedroom door as she does every morning to get us up. This morning she shook my sister who was lying beside me and said, "Wake up. The F.B.I. is here." Very alarmed I jumped out of bed.

Three hours of searching passed. Father's innocence was known to us but for an unknown reason to Dad and to the family he was taken. This, I knew was that dreaded moment that other families had faced. I couldn't help but let the tears roll out and trickle down my cheeks. His farewell was a brief one. Just few words, "Take care of yourself." and then with a choking, "good-bye" he was leaving behind him all the treasure he worked for.

Nightly I lay awake recollecting that day when Dad left with the pleading eyes that said plainly, "Can't I stay with my family!"

Evacuation orders were issued by the army. I didn't have time to plan. What shall I take? What shall I leave? What shall I do with the treasured things I can't take? These were the only thoughts whirling in my mind and the days went by with it. Pack, pack, and pack.

Puyallup was our temporary stay for three months. My future was blank. We unpacked and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. During that time I made new friends, learned to knit and dance. There was even a longing to go back to my birthplace, the only home that I had ever known.

Again came the time when I must pack. Pack to relocate ourselves for the duration of the war. The ever so busy packing days had come and gone rapidly.

The journey from Puyallup to Hunt was hot, tiresome and dusty, but at last we had come to our destination.

Tatsumi Noritake
Core 9 Period 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

"All About 'Little Me.'"

The stork reached our house in Seattle, the day of January 31, 1928. I was looked upon what was to be my big brothers and my big sisters.

Time marches on! Four years later I was given a special name from my dear neighbor. Unfortunately I was named "Porky," which some people may think that I am plump. Some folks take it for granted that since my original name, and my nickname are that of a boys, they may get red in the face. Especially those who have the same name as I.

By the time I was five years old I was to get an idea of what school was. My first impression was that I was going to work hard, the teachers mean, and that school was no place for me. But fortunately school thoughts was only a ghastly nightmare.

I was greeted by a kind women who later in the day gave me blocks to play with, I also met very kind friends that were in in the same room as I. We painted, took naps, played games, sang songs, and many more things.

So as seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years went by, I enjoyed this great building that was our school.

It so happened that our family lived in the country. We had a beautiful home to live on, and a beautiful garden, and everything else that makes up a house.

When the tragic day came along, and my dear Mother who comforted and sheltered me, was called away by the Angeles, and never would return, I felt that our beloved home was shattered. To live in this house without Mother it seemed empty, and deserted, so we packed up our belongings and moved to the city, where we learned later, that it was quite a different place from the country. We lived in what can be called an apartment, and had a little garden. The traffic day after day was noisy, but gradually we became assustome to the city. This was in 1937.

We lived in the city for five years when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. We were shocked that our own ancestors were the cause of this, but in our hearts we have America in mind, and we will fight side by side with her.

In April, 1942 the mass evacuation began and as we boarded the bus that was to take us, there was a lump in my throat that said good bye to our homes, but we hope that someday we may come back to the gardens, lakes, rivers, mountains, and to everything that we once loved.

In Puyallup I met more friends that I ever did before in my life, and in Idaho I still am meeting many more as we go to school, parties, church, and every place else, but I am always hoping that I may see the time again where we can have our own homes to live in.

Shuso Kumata
9-Core (7 & 8th period)
Jan. 3, 1943

HOW OUR LIFE HAS CHANGED IN A YEAR

When ever I think of the date when the war broke out, a tingling sensation runs down my backbone, for I think of (a) my future as a complete wreck, but thinking it over I seem to see a little hope, so I try to make the best of that thought.

Ever since the attack on "Pearl Harbor" I had no hope for studing at school, since we were to be evacuated from the homes we loved so much. I thought that immediately after Dec. 7th we were to be evacuated to the Assembly Center in Puyallup, but not till 6 months' after that date were we evacuated.

In Seattle these 6 months seemed to pass quickly and I graduated the Washington Jr. High School I was attending and attended the Garfield High School for 4 months, as these months rolled along I got my close friends addresses.

Then came the first mass evacuation of Seattle, April 28, 1942 and approvimately 500 citizens and aliens of Japanese decent were speeding their way to Puyallup assembly center in the Puyallup fairgrounds. Within a week the district that we were in was going to be evacuated, being so excited we stored the things that we thought would not come in use in our homes in Puyallup. Doing so we regrest is very much, for we stored the most useful materials.

During the few days left in our b̄loved Seattle I bade farewell to my friends leaving before me. As the date of our evacuation drew nearer I with drew from school and also departing from my friends.

On May 11, 1942 the district which I was in was evacuated from the designated localities that we were supposed to be. Soon we left the home town for most of us but restricted to all of us.

Traveling at a very terrific speed we soon reached the town of Puyallup. Finally reached the Fair grounds, and reached our home for a indefinite length of time.

We were placed in Area D, here we spent 4 months of the indefinite length of camp life. During these months I kept my slf busy for a half month working on the supply crew for the kitchen of Area D.

Since our timekeeper said that we were under aged and was not going to get paid, I resigned from such a position that had no money in it. From that day on I started to sell the Seattle Times for a week or so, about 3 days after I started the 3 boys besides me noticed that our daily pay was decreasing steadily, so discussing among ourselves we dicided to leave our boss without any helpers and desert him.

For the next 3 month I did nothing but play from the time I got up to the time it was dark. During this period I met the most friends by playing games, baseball, football, volleyball and other sports.

For a month or so I spent my time playing chess, checkers and cards. A₊ the latter part of this months an notice was issued for us ~~to leave our bes~~ in Puyallup to evacuate this area spend

the rest of the duration in Idaho.

On August 11, 1942 an advance cadre of 200 men and women were on their way to Idaho. This relocation center was called "Minidoka" even though this center was not in this county. It is located 15 miles from the town of Eden and 17 miles from Twin Falls.

The first evacuation of Puyallup's residents were from Area D.-- Block 5 on August 15, 1942. This evacuation of 500 or more evacuees started off to the Puyallup railroad station about at 9:00A. M. and at 10:00 A.M. they were boarded a train leaving the pacific coast for the duration and maybe for ever.

For the following few days the remaining residents of Puyallup were getting ready to leave the restricted area.

The block which I was situated was left deserted at August 19, 1942. the very eager look on all the faces of the people leaving this block seemed to say they wanted to get to Idaho, but upon there surprize we were greeted by sagebrush and dust. These sagebrushes never seemed to have an end.

When the train was stopped we were dirty with dust and perspiration. Soon we were being on busses heading to our new homes for the duration. We entered the center for the duration and the dust was worse then out at the train, but regardless of the dust we had quite a reception, that gave us clean cold water. and took care of our baggages.

Then 2 months of loafing was my job, but deciding to get a real job I signed up for a job at the Warehouse a a swamper. i had fun on the job until school began so we had to quit this position.

Christmas came and we were disappointed for we celebrated our Christmases as the same old day, different from the past.

I was not as observant to this Christmas as the Christmas of the past for we were in a camp.

Now we face a New Year with a renewed hope, and praying that these months of horrors will soon come to an everlasting peace.

Elsie Murakami
9 Core - Per. 7-8
December 28, 1942

It was from seventh day of December in the year of ~~of~~ forty one that changed every me to a different person. We did not celebrate the new year as the years before. It did not mean much to me, for I didn't know what it meant by war, or how it feels to be living during the war. But as days went by, I realized what we were in to.

In the latter part of March, they had a curfew law which stated that no Japanese can be out of their home after eight at night.

As days went by they were talking about evacuating Japanese. Little by little they started evacuating from all parts of the coast. Then our little village of National which had about one hundred fifty Japanese were to be evacuated next. I felt so terrible when parting with my friends. It was the most sad moment. On the sixteenth of May we left for the assembly center. I looked back until I could not see a sight of National.

First few weeks of the center was so boring. It was entirely different from the ways we have been living but I got used to it as days went by.

I enjoyed the three months of my life in the assembly center, making many friends among each other.

We were the first to leave for Idaho which was on the fifteenth of August.

When we came to the end of our destination, I was surprised to see nothing but sagebrushes around.

This is our permanent place where we are to stay. I was certainly disappointed to think about it. I got used to it and now I feel that we are much better off in here than if we were out.

It's so hard to make your living with everything raised so high, and rationing all sorts of things. I could hardly believe that the war has been going on for over a year. The year of forty two has nearly ended, so let's say farewell in prayer to nineteen forty-two.

Aiko Kawaguchi
Core 7 & 8 (9)
Dec. 30, 1942

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

The greatest effect of all my life was the movement made on Sunday morning of December 7, 1941,----- The Attack on Pearl Harbor!!!! Life has changed completely for me, for I had never dreamed of such a thing and had never taken a step out of "Good Old Seattle."

The saddening news was heard. There was excitement. Many aliens were interned and later the curfew was on. Relatives of people who were interned went to visit them and it was really sad. Later many were sent to Arizona, Montana, New Mexico, and other far away states. When we were in Puyallup, several were sent back. Then again there was happiness. Men are still in concentration camps yet. When the curfew was on not a single alien or their children were allowed to be out on the streets from 8:00 p.m. till 6:00 a.m. It was very quiet then.

About March 1942, plans were being made for all Japanese Seattle-ites to be moved out to Puyallup. Then we started packing and began to see our last sights of downtown, movies, friends, and all the surroundings around us.

Now preparations were made for certain zones to be moved out on certain days. We were told and prepared to be ready to leave on Friday morning, May 1st, 1942. Everyone was parting with all their friends especially whom they had known for years. As you know, departure is always not so very pleasant.

The day came and when on the bus, the teachers came to bid good-bye, tears rolled down everyone's eyes. Now we left Seattle and waiting to reach Puyallup.

After several hours on the dusty bus, we finally reached our destination. Everyone was excited and ran in every direction to see their friends who arrived before them. Everyone gazed at their new rooms which will be their homes for awhile.

The first few days were very lonesome, but later I got used to it and liked it. It was a lot of fun when you found your old friends and got acquainted with new ones. We spent many enjoyable days there.

When friends and teachers came from Seattle, I was very glad we were together again with a few of our schoolmates. It was interesting to know what was going back in Seattle. The departure again was so sad. The days were all so far enjoyed until plans were again underway for us to be relocated, when we had just gotten settled down--- 4 months after evacuation.

again we were moved out so certain sections at certain days.

Plans were made so that we were to be ready to leave to Minidoka Relocation Center on the morning of Sept. 2nd, 1942. Many took their last strolls in camp and got many souvenirs of Puyallup as mess hall buttons and knots knocked out of empty barracks. I walked up and down many avenues knocking out knots, for we were practically the last ones to leave the center.

The morning came and withit excitement. All the goods were packed and all were ready to leave. Practically everyone was awake at three o'clock. When the buses arrived, everyone was bidding goodbye to their friends who had another day there. When we arrived at the train station, we could hardly wait to get in a train, for it was the first ride for many.

The first few hours were very exciting and everyone was looking out windows for all the beautiful sites. Later it got stale so everyone sat down and ate, played games, and cards. The hours went pretty fast and we just roamed around. The food on the train ere exceptionally good and we were all surprised. After a day and night we reached our destination---- Minidoka Relocation Center. We passed many beautiful and different scenes as pastures, cliffs, lakes, and at last the sagebrush. It seemed as if we were all on a sight-seeing trip.

As we entered Hunt, the first fact that others and I noticed was the dust. All over there was dust and sagebrush. Every step we took, dust came up,--- everyone was disgusted: Dust storms were plentiful.

As days went by, when we knew the places about, many went fishing, swimming, and to get greasewood. One incident I shall never forget is happened one day as we went down to the canal and were watching some girls swimming, when all of a sudden a girl yelled, but we all thought she was just joking. Later since she acted so true and yelled so long some men on the other side of the canal came and rescued her. She had drunk a lot of water and was hard to breathe. She and all the girls that went with her were so frightened they didn't know what to do. If it had not been for those men she would of been at the bottom of the canal now. That is something to be real thankful for.

We are now here being educated and I think we learn just as much or more as we do in other schools, with many advantages. I don't see why many people do not come to school now.

Our Christmas here was much more fun than many had expected. I had never thought of presents, turkey, and having programs as we did. It was fortunate that it snowed though because it gave a more spirit of Christmas. The Christmas windows are the

only thing I miss so I must be thankful about this Christmas.

I only hope this war will be over soon and I will be back in "Good Old Seattle."

Henry Kawata
Core 7-8
Dec. 30, 1942

World War No. 2

Pearl Harbor was attacked on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, by the Japanese. At that time, I was at the picture show anxiously looking, suddenly they announced, all soldiers report back to their camp. I didn't know what it was all about. As I got out of the theater, I heard the paper boys yelling--Japs declared war on United States. I ran home as fast as I could and turned on the radio. Every station I turned on they were saying what happened.

The next day I went to school and the pupils in my class felt sorry for me. Day after day I listened to the radio. The FBI men told all the Japanese in Portland to go to the court house and have our finger print taken.

As days, weeks and months went by the evacuating days were creeping up. The day to go had come. As long as it was the request of the government we went to the assembly center.

At first most of the Portland people were evacuating. Next was the people living out of town and other vicinity. At last came the Wapato people from Washington. At first I didn't know many people but as I went along I got acquainted to other people.

In the center there was a big arena and in there the recreation department made basket ball courts and tennis and other thing. Later on they made baseball and softball field and was nice and fun. They had ping pong tables and lots of other thing.

The weather was mostly nice and gay. But at nights there were great big misquito and nearly all the people had misquito bits. Because of sickness they gave us typhoid and other shot. They got many nurse and doctors from outside.

The main thing is mess. They had a big mess hall but there were so many people that they had to eat two shifts. The dish we had nearly every day was stew which we got sick of it. And on Fridays we had fish that tasted like carp.

The first aid station came in handy because there were many cases. They had first aid class and many pupils got the official rating.

Canteen which have come in handy too. On hot days they would have plenty of business and like the old men, every body would sit under the tree outside and sleep or just lie down. The canteen in Portland was small but it had soup to nuts. As for money they used coupon.

The fire and police department was well organized too. Sometimes they would have fire drill and usually it works out nicely.

Unfortunately the Wapato people had to leave for Wyoming, and we were pretty lonesome.

We days went by the time to leave the center has come/, and so as we start to pack it reminded me of the time in Portland.

As we got on the train I shouted to my friends and told him that I'll see them beyond the hills in Idaho. On the train, we didn't do anything. We were delayed at Nampa for we had some trouble.

About 7:00 at night we reached this camp.

I hope all the people in the world learns to work together and again have peace on earth good will toward men.

Tomiko Masuda
9 Core (7 & 8) per.
Dec. 29, 1942

The Happenings From December 7 and on(41-42)

Pearl Harbor was attacked a little over a year ago on Sunday, December 7, 1941, by the Japanese. On the eighth of the same month and year the United States declared war on Japan.

Yes, it is over a year since the war had begun, although it seems only yesterday. In many varieties of magazines, newspapers, over radios, all we read or heard about was the war. United States had entered. Everywhere we go war! War! War! When trying to retire from work or school, trying to relax our minds by getting a good nights sleep, I can hear the words, war, WAR, WAR! WAR! WAR! ringing in my ears.

Many days had passed, then weeks. Finally the day everyone had been waiting for had arrived. Yes, it was Christmas, as usual, the young and old had done their shopping early. Everyone in the United States tried to forget about the war, that certain day and tried to make the nineteen hundred and forty-one Christmas, the best Christmas they had ever had.

Again another holiday came. This time it was New Years day. It is the day to start another year from the beginning. Having a great celebration, I can see that everyone had a wonderful time.

Days, weeks, and then months had rolled by. I didn't realize war had been going on for so long. We worked, slept, and went to school as was, before the war had begun.

Then one day, we read about the evacuation order the Seattle Japanese residents were given. I knew then it wouldn't be long before our section of the country would begin moving out.

Soon after the Seattle Japanese were evacuated our definite order came. May 15, 1941. I'll never forget that day. Leaving my home in Alderton, about two miles south of town called Sumner which had a population of less than one-thousand. One of the saddest moments of my life was the bidding of my schoolmates and friends farewell. And, of yes, my beloved dogs and cats.

Since we lived so near to the Puyallup Assembly Center, we had to find our own transportation. There were about seven Japanese families living in my district including us.

We stayed in Camp Harmony for about five months, when an official order for all of us in Puyallup Assembly center to move more inland came. Their were a lot of rumors then going on, but none of us believed them.

Another definite order came saying where we will go. It said to a relocation center in Idaho.

We left Puyallup Assembly Center on September first, bidding our friends good bye again. I lived on first avenue, but since my sister had to ride on the Pullman we had to leave a few days before the rest of the people who lived on first avenue. I believe we left the same time the fifth avenue people left.

The ride on the train was fun, although I did get a little dizzy. We stuck our heads out the windows for awhile and by the time it was dinner our faces were covered with soot. Maybe some mistook us with the cooks in the train who were all negroes.

One good thing, I believe everyone liked on the train, was the good foods they fed us. Honestly every meal was perfect.

We came to our destination on the next day about four o'clock. How happy we all were to get off of the stuffy train!

It seemed sort of queer to be in our new homes again which was to be ours for good till the duration.

By September four or five of the evacuees in Camp Harmony had been cleared out. Now, that all of us are quite settled down, things will begin to be better.

Following the fifth day the Portlanders began coming in. More and more people added. We liked the idea of them coming in because it meant new acquaintance.

Then the months had rolled by, September, October, and then December. November sixteen, the day school had begun.

We had our Thanksgiving dinner here in camp and should be mighty thankful for it. Since the meat rationing and all had started some of the outsiders couldn't afford to buy turkeys. Look back to Europe. Those poor children and their dads and mothers in the warn torne zone. Some of them, are probably, starving to death, so you can all see why we all in this camp should be thankful about.

Then came the Christmas again. I thought it would be a terrible Christmas day this year on account of the rainy days we have been having, and since we are in camp, but it turned out to be one of the best. I guess it is partly because our mess hall tied for first with dining hall seventeen in the mess hall contest.

Now that Christmas is over we must look forward to New Years Day. Another holiday coming around the corner! I hope all of us will have fun and enjoy ourselves as we did on Christmas day!

Hideo Kondo
Core 9 (7 & 8)
Dec. 29, 1942

My Life Since Evacuation

Some of my friends and I organized a club and made a den, where we could spend our spare time during rainy days. One day the boys was listening to the crystal radio set that we constructed. Suddenly he jumps up as if he sat on something sharp. He shouts to us, "Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japs." Not believe him, we remarked about his hearing. Picking up the other set I found out it wa true. Going home I heard some details about the attack.

The main topic at school next day was about the attack. I heard the president's speech and the declaration of war by Congress. Life went as usual. Then curfew laws and a law keeping us within 5 miles of our home. Also came many rumors such as we were to be evacuated to California, Wyoming, and many other places. Finally news broke that we were to evacuate to the Puyallup Fair grounds. I found out that our estimated stay was from three days to three months. All of our firearms, cameras, fields, etc. were taken by the police.² We had to quit school in order to help. This brought down the school attendance to less than half its former size. We were not all evacuated at the same time. The last on May 16. I left on May 16. We had to register and have a physical examination before leaving.

On May 16, my last day in Seattle, at least for the duration if the war, I was up visiting my intimate friends. The time flew fast for me and soon it was time to leave. Arriving at the starting point we boarded the bus and the procession left Seattle. The trip took about 1 hour. Upon reaching camp I learned that it was divided into 4 areas, Area A, B, C, and D. My home for the next three months was in Area D, the fairgrounds proper. The other wer parking lots. House were build on racing lanes and other places. D had many advantages over the others except that were because we were inclosed behind high walls. I lived under the grandstands and though dark we were protected from the heat and rain. The Japs. from the rural district were evacuated here so I made many friends.

Sports such as baseball, table tennis, horseshoe and many other minor sports were held. Contests were held to see which teas of each area played against each other to decide the champion.

Then came August and with rumors of where we were to go for our permanent relocation. Then official stated that we were to go to a place in southeastern Idaho, Area D going first. There would be no curfew and less restriction. My

stay was one day less than three montsh, coming on May 16 and leaving Aug. 16. The others were here longer as I came on the last day and am leaving on the first day of the movement.

So saying good-by until we meet again in Minidoka, I left on the bus for the station. There I waited about an hour then started on my first train ride. Our route was along the coast down to Portland and from there turned and went along the Columbia River. The trip took from 10:30, August 15 to 3:00 Aug. 16. There were many interesting sights such as, a Indian spearing fish. The August sun was hot for me as Seattle had a not too cold or hot climate.

We reached the end of the track and after a 15 min. ride in a bus we were here. The days following were hot and dusty.

Then came school and our carefree life of nothing to do but play and do some chores was over, at least for a while. The school is altogether different from my former school. The hour were from 8:45 to 3:10 and more subject were had. But during emergencies teachers cannot get teachers right away so it can't be help.

This is the story of my life since Dec. 7, 1941 until now.

Mitzi Nagasaka
Core 7 and 8
Room 5 AB

MEMORIES THAT WILL SUBSIST IN MY MIND

"The Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, Japanese Ambassador Nomura, and Special Envoy Kurusu had their first conference in Washington, D. C. today--They will resume their conference tomorrow also." So read the millions of Americans who thought that that conference in Washington would be of no avail, since the war crisis had come to an extent where war was inevitable.

Then came December seventh that memorial day for all American People. The expression, "I told you war would come," was written on nearly every face as I walked down the streets. Hundreds of Niseis thought, now that war actually has started that would happen to us? Are we to be evacuated soon? Would we be able to graduate in June? These questions were answered partly for us when we read that we were to be evacuated soon in the near future.

On December eight when war was declared by the Congress the first question that reflected on my mind was, "how would the Caucasian people act towards us?" To us who have made America our home, who have taken the American principles, the habits, education and styles." Yes, some have given us inclement looks, many of the store clerks would not wait on us, the governor of California said, "I would like to see every Japanese in this state evacuated as soon as possible."

When the House of Representatives and the Senate were discussing the evacuation problem Christmas soon appeared. Many of the fathers of the Japanese families were interned as prisoners of war. For that reason many homes did not even celebrate Christmas. But I believe that as we celebrated that joyous white Christmas we knew deep in our minds that that Christmas would be the last one we would have at home for the war duration.

The war problem was rather vague in my mind until the Curfew law came into effect in March. Perhaps to many of us it seemed to be an unjust law for fact that we, of the Japanese ancestry were the only ones to which it referred to. But as we think why the children of German and Italian ancestry were not affected by it we cannot blame the government entirely.

One day returning from one of our regular school classes, I was the first to read the evening papers. As I glanced at the headline the word "evacuation", caught my attention. Reading that article suddenly dawned upon me that evacuation was serious, and that Portland was the first city in Oregon to be free of all Japanese.

The day, May 5, will live in my mind as one of the most memorable days in all my life. The neighbors helping us to pack, the dogs barking as the neighbors pulled ~~it~~ them to their new homes, everyone nervous as they thought about their new temporary home was all part of an exciting adventure.

Arriving at the center and seeing many familiar faces outlined against the barbed wires made me realize that we would never be able to get out until we would be relocated to our permanent home.

The first things I did when I got to our new home was to explore, for curiosity got the best of me. It seemed that I was in a daze when I saw all the Japanese eating in the mess hall because I had never seen so many persons of one nationality assembled together.

One of the most active department in the center was our Recreation Department. They organized baseball leagues for boys and girls, fixed the arena into a regular gym, and fixed ping pong tables for everybody's use. Many of us have gotten healthier since we were evacuated and we can thank the Recreation Department for their efforts.

Entertainment was one thing that everyone enjoys and for that reason we had movies every Tuesday nights, and dances every week. For entertainment from the outside we had a circus, different baseball teams coming to play our teams, and various other entertainment.

Then came news that the Yakima Valley People would join us at the center. That was really a joyous news for me since Yakima was my native city. With these people we began to build a little community of our own.

Later when we were to be relocated we learned that we could be sent to different camps. Indeed that was sad news to us for we had come in close contact with the Valley people in those brief two months.

Then came the task of packing again. Until eight-thirty, all day we could hear the hammering of boxes. I almost came to the conclusion that I would go insane if I heard any more hammering.

We were in the first trip out here and it was rather fun waving good-bye because we knew that we would see each other again in a few days. "See you in Idaho," seemed to be the favorite farewell words for everyone.

Sitting in the train and watching the farmhouses and barns seeing the beautiful green grass and trees growing in the hillsides go by, made me utter a silent prayer to God, thanking Him for the wonderful things and opportunities he had given us, and also, I felt secure and safe for I knew God was watching every move we made.

The fertile lands, the snow capped mountains, flowers that grew in the gardens, all reminded me of Portland and I never knew we were in Idaho until I was told so. But as we stayed a day or two in Minidoka I began to get an idea how Idaho weather was in summer. Of course the dusty weather would probably not be

as bad as in Hunt but how the Idaho people endure such weather was beyond me.

Of course this center was much bigger and we lived in barracks instead of all living under one roof like the assembly center, but otherwise I felt very much like I was in Portland.

Many of us feel that we have suffered much, but we really are as bad off as the Caucasians. I believe that from January everything is going to be rationed accordingly, and already, gas, coffee, and various other articles are being rationed.

Just because we're in a camp is no reason that we should be feeling sorry for ourselves. Let's try to get as much education as we can, and along with millions of other Americans, let's help build up a better democratic country in which the future generation will live in peace and contentment.

Mary Hara
Core 9 7th and 8th periods

REVIEWING THE PAST YEAR

It was on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, that I think the most important facts of last year started from. We lived in Gresham, Oregon then, a small city about 13 miles east of Portland, Oregon. The news of the terrible Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was such a shock to us we refused to believe it, but when we even saw the headlines; Japanese Brutally Attacked Pearl Harbor, we knew it must be true. All sorts of thoughts raced through my mind, but the most important was "How would I face my classmates at school?"

The next day, Monday was a school day so I certainly dreaded to go to school. Even as I entered the bus, I felt a change as a few of the little boys began to snicker and whisper behind my back, but the older ones were much nicer and acted friendly. When I got to school, again I went through the same ordeal. Most of my friends were nice, but some were not and certainly showed it. These tried to make all the trouble for me as possible by passing false rumors and such. Of course, they weren't nothing at all but it still made me feel awful. I went through this routine every day until the Christmas and New Years vacation.

Christmas that year was one of the gloomiest I ever spent as everything was so dull. We tried our best to make it a merry but as much as we tried it didn't seem to work out. Everyone was worried about the war and when New Years day came, we just took it as the days to start more troubles and worries. That I think was true at the beginning, as they made many laws and regulations we were to follow, so we thought we were not as free as we should be. Then came the day they definitely said we were to be evacuated. I was not worried at first and just took it as a new adventure for me as I had never in all my life moved until then. But it was not as easy as I imagined because I found it very hard to say good--bye to all my friends. Even those who did not like us softened up towards the end and gave us their best wishes.

Going to our assembly center at North Portland was only an $\frac{1}{2}$ hour trip. We started about 11:30 and got there around 12 noon. We certainly were hungry as I don't suppose any of us thought of eating from our homes and those who did must have been too excited as all of us ate like we hadn't eaten in days. That was my first meal at the center and as I remember it, it was stew.

I was at the Portland Assembly Center four months which certainly was a new adventure to me. It seemed queer to me to be able to walk a few hundred yards to go visit my girl

friends, but I soon became accustomed to it and before I knew it I was down there over half of the day. There is one thing I didn't like at the center. That was the fact that we all had to live under the same roof and breathe the same air, which caused in spreading diseases up there much faster. Some of the diseases were chicken pox, measles, mumps. We were given injections for diptheria, typhoid, small pox, which I dreaded to take as I would get sick every time and lie in bed a week or so.

After everything was established here, about 600 people came from Puyallup, Toppenish, and surrounding territories of Washington. We became friends very rapidly as they were so friendly.

We had baseball games, shows (once a week) softball games, volley balls and all the other outdoor and indoor sports. Besides this we had a canteen. They sold ice cream, fruits, toothpowder and paste, etc. there which certainly earned a lot. One of the most busiest days seem to be on Sunday when they earned an average \$100 an hour.

Churches and talent revue's, symphonies were also conducted there. Although we only had one talent revue it certainly turned out a success. Oh, yes, we had a circus there too! It was only amateurs and wasn't much, but all the small children certainly enjoyed it. There was no live animals there, only amateur trapeze performers and such. I think those two were the best and most important showings held there.

In August we got the news that we were to come to Idaho, We were all glad, yet very sad as they said all our friends from Washington had to go to Wyoming. August 29, was set for their parting day and I think it was one of the saddest day I ever knew. After they had left I thought the center to be so lonely not only because it was on account of my friends, but they gradually began to tear down all our playgrounds and rooms which made everything so boring.

On September 6, 1942, I had my first ride on a train, for that was the day I left Portland to come here. The train ride was alright during the day but at night I couldn't sleep so I thought it was terrible. We passed many towns and after we passed them all, the only thing we would be able to see for miles and miles was just bare rock and sage brush. It surely got monotonous.

We reached about noon Sept. 7. As we were arriving to our homes I thought the project was at least 10 miles long as we passed so many barracks and people. The houses and barracks we first pictured them to be as my friends at Wyoming had described them to in my letters.

As soon as we were taken to our house I went outside and no sooner had I gone, a few blocks away, I was caught in a dusty storm. It wasn't very bad at first, as it wasn't so dusty, but I got lost anyway until a girl friend saw me and took me home. After that I thought I daho would always be like that but I was mistaken as it certainly is not.

During the past month I have stayed here, I did many things such as fishing, hiking, greasewood hunting and sports. Now that school is here I don't have time to play as much as the school hours are so long.

My first empression of school was not very good because of the lack of school equipment and facilities besides the long hours, but now I am a little accustomed to it and like it very much.

This Christmas was not very good for me as I was sick but even tho' I was, I think it was better than last years as this year there was not much worrying whi ch made it very merry.

Now I am looking forward to the coming New Year which will certainly be a different one for me because it will be the first one here in camp.

Jim Akagi
Dec. 28, 1942
Core Subject

My first Experience in a War

Before the bombing of Pearl Harbor I always used to go ice skating every Saturday and it was my formost sport. I also like football and we played very often. On December 7, 1941, I was playing football when a friend of mine told us that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese. I could not believe this and I felt soo embarassed because I was practically the only Japanese around the district. The rest were all Americans. I did not go out so much as I used to on account of being Japanese.

When the word of evacuating came I knew I had to leave my friends and go live with Japanese people. I didn't knwo more than five families of Japanese and if I did they forgot me. Before I left Seattle for Puyallup, I said good-by to many of my friends and got their addresses so I can write to them from our assembly center. We evacuated on April 30, 1942 and came to Puyallup, Washington to live. I gave away most of my play things, but now I wished I didn't. I din't know even l single person in our camp, (camp A) Every day my kid brother and I played by ourselves all day long. A recreation leader of our section lived near us and I got to know he very well. He asked me to play baseball and ping-pong which I did and got to know many first class friends.

Then we were to be transfered to Idaho where we will stay for the duration. We were going on the train and I never rode a train before. I thought it was going to be fun, but later I thought differently. We were busy packing all week and the n came the day when our cap camp was supposed to be moved. Section sic(6) moved first then section five (5) and so on till section two (2) was supposed to go.

We ate breakfast at 4:00 o'clock AM and I was not sleepy for the first time. Section one (1) was the only section selected to stay behind and some of my friends were still there. We got on the train and made ourselves at home. We had very good food on the train, and later we were allowed to visit is different cars.

The scenery was beautiful, but the train really was going boring. The night on the train was very cold, but I slept well. We were behind schedule when we came to Idaho. We got the bus to take us to camp. It was about five measly minutes later when we came into camp where many people were there waiting for us. We checked in to get a place to live. We got a place where my married sister was across the small hallway. The first week it was very dusty and I was hoping for rain. The second, third, fourth, etc. weeks were also very dusty. Then around September 28, 1942 it started to get cold. We heard very much about

going to school and did not like it. One day I heard that we had to register for school and was a little jittery about it. It wasn't so bad as I thought, because after we registered it was about two or three weeks later, since we registered that we went to school. When school started I hated it at first, but gradually began to kind of like it. It was about freezing then, and a lake by our place froze, so I went ice-skating again which reminded me of Seattle very much. Many people from our section ordered ice skated and went ice-skating with the rest of us who already had it. When it started snowing it ruined the ice so we had to quit for awhile. Christmas was coming soon but somehow I was not glad of it. I guess it was because I was in camp.

On Christmas day I slept till a quarter to ten, and then I woke up to wash. It was kind of cold, and I was thinking of a muddy Christmas instead of a white Christmas.

Just then it started to snow, and I got mad because it will ruin the ice like it always did. There was a very strong wind and it was like a small blizzard. To me Christmas was like an ordinary day, but inside of me I was kind of happy. That night we ate supper which was turkey and later we had a small program. Then Santa Claus came in and started to yell out names for chosen children to get their Christmas present. I got a scarf, color pencils, and a knife for Christmas from Santa Claus. Some small children cried when they saw him. It was a pretty well Christmas even though it was in camp.