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(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

On May 27, 1931, a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Morisaburo Hirano. They named their son George Hideo Hirano. He was born in a house in Seattle, Washington. Mr. Morisaburo Hirano went to work in the Grocery store while Mrs. Sei Hirano tended the children. Mr. Hirano is now a storekeeper for the Carpenter's, Irrigation Crews, Plumbers, and other kind of workers. Mrs. Hirano is a waitress for Dining Hall No. 3.

When George was 5 years old he entered Fairview School in northern Seattle. One summer in 1937 the Hirano family went to visit Mt. Rainier.

George's interest are playing baseball, football, and other kinds of sports.

My ambition is to be a conductor on the railroad company.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Emiko Takenaga. I was born in Seattle, Washington. I am 13 years old. My birthday is on July 27. I was born in the year of 1929. My parents name are Tomizo, Misao. They were born in Japan. My father was working in a Gasoline Station, my parents went to the sugar beet field. When I was in the first, second, and third grade I went to Thomas School. When I was 5 years old, our family took a trip to Oregon and California, When I was 6 years old we went Vancouver. I'm interested in handwork. When I grow up I want to be a nurse.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Rosie Nakamura. I was born in Seattle, Washington. I am 12 years old. My birthday is September 9, 1930. My father's name is Itsukei and my mother's name is Kashiku Nakamura. My parents were born in Japan. They have no occupation. I attended Bailey Gatzert School. The most exciting thing I did since I was 5 years old was being evacuated. I didn't have any important experiences. My interest is in sewing and hadiwork. The hobby I like to do is collect pictures of movie actors and actrèsses. My life ambition is to be a nurse.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Bobby Fujiwara. I was born in National, Washington. I am 11 years old and my birthday is Sept. 19, 1931. My father was born in Japan but my mother was born in America. My father was working in a sawmill and now he is picking sugarbeets. I used to go to the Ashford school, I started when I was still 5 years old. My experience I had was in fishing. I thought I had a big fish but it was only a snag. I like to go swimming and like to make airplanes. My hobby is collecting pins. My ambition is to be a pilot.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Hiroshi Nakashima. My birthplace is Seattle, Washington. I am 12 years old and my birthday is April 1. The name of my parents are Yukie Nakashima and Kintaro Nakashima. My parents birthplace is Japan. My parents are unemployed. I have been ~~Japan~~ Central, Pacific, and Bailey Gatzert. I went to Japan when I was 6 years and stayed for two months. My interest is airplane model. My hobby is model airplanes. My ambition is being a mechanic.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Satoko Kadoyama. Seattle, Washington was my birthplace. I am twelve years old and was born on May 28, 1930.

My mother's name is Hana Kadoyama and my father's is Kengo Kadoyama. They were both born in Japan. Being a Grocer was my father's former occupation. My mother was a housewife. The present occupation of my father is to cut and smash tin cans. My mother is a housewife.

The schools I have attended are Cascade School and a village school in Japan.

I left for Japan when I was seven. There I stayed for two years and returned at the age of nine. I had my tonsills out when I was six or seven.

I am interested in art. My hobby is to collect pictures of my favorite movie stars.

I have an ambition to become an artist.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Shoji Wataoka. I was born in Seattle, Washington on the 4th of July, 1929. My father's first name is Kikumatsu and my mother's name is Takayo. My big sister's name is Mary and my other sister's name is Masako. I started to go to school when I was five and a half years old. The name of the school I went is Bailey Gatzert. When I was in the 4th grade I did not like the teacher, her name is Miss Louis. When I was eight years old I started to make airplanes. My first airplane was a seaplane which I broke up after working with it for a while. The first successful airplane I made was when I was ten years old. Then I started to make larger airplanes when I was eleven years old. When I got to be eleven years old, I burned my finger with a fire cracker. When I was twelve I was in the five-A in Bailey Gatzert is the hardest school. On December 7, 1941 while two other boys and I were going home from Sunday School a strange thing happened. We were naming all the countries that were in peace. After that we went to a downtown show. While we were coming home we heard a loud shout from the newspaper boys. He said, Japan Declared War, Pearl Harbor Bombed. Next day Japanese school did not open. On March 20, 1942 we had to evacuate to Camp Harmony, Puyallup, Wash. There were fence around us. On August 20, 1942 we left for Minidoka Relocation Center, W. R. A. near Twin Falls, Idaho. Now I am at school in Minidoka.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Esther Tsuboi. I was born in Seattle, Washington. I am 11 years old. September 28, 1931 was my birthday.

The name of my parents are Tamiye and Kakichi Tsuboi. They were born in Japan. The former occupation of my father was storekeeper. The present is sugar beets. The work that my mother had was housekeeping. The present is sewing for the hospital.

I went to Cascade and Marknoll School.

My mother, brother, and I went to Japan for six months.

I have an interest in cooking, knitting, crocheting, and embroidery.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

Yoshiko Katherine Takahashi is my full name. I was born in an apartment in Seattle, Washington on the day May 28 and the year 1931. I am now 11 years old. My father name is Gentaro Takahashi. My mother's name is Iku Takahashi. They were both born in Japan.

My father worked as a real-estate agent in Seattle.

The only important experience I have had is being evacuated to Puyallup and then to Idaho. That was a very sad experience.

I haven't any special thing I like as a hobby.

My life ambition is to go traveling all over the world in an airplane.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil in Minidoka Project)

My name is Fumiko Elsie Urakawa. I was born in Seattle, 112- 17th Ave. I am 11 years old. My birthday is on September 14. I was born in the year of 1931. My mother's name is Masaye and my father's name is Yoshio. They were born in Japan. My father was working in a restaurant. He is now a cook in Mess Hall 10. I went to Washington School for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years. I then went to Bailey Gatzert School 4 years. Our family took a trip to Spokane, Portland, and Vancouver. I am interesting in handiwork. My hobby is handiwork, too. I want to be a Nursery Teacher when I grow up.



Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Mary Mariko Kondo. I was born in Seattle, Washington in 1931. I am now 11 years old. My birthday is August 10th. My mother's name is Sono. Kondo. My father is deceased. My mother was born in Japan. She was a housewife. She is in the Sanitation dept. I attended Washington School for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years, Pacific for 2 years, and Bailey Gatzert School for 2 years. I went out in the country with my family to work. My important experience was evacuating to Puyallup and then to Idaho. I am interested in handicraft. My hobbies are finding pretty rocks and collecting charms. My ambition is to be a nursery teacher.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Yasuko Lois Kaseguma. I was born in Seattle, Wash. on August 25, 1931. Now I am eleven years old. My father's name is Fred Shigeru Kaseguma and my mother's name is Kikuyo Kaseguma. My father was a cook on the train. Now he is a Baker at Mess hall five.

I attended Central School at five years old then went to Pacific School a seven years of age. After two years at Pacific School I went to Bailey Gatzert School. Now I am in the 6th Grade. After five year old I took my first trip on the train. I am interested in handicraft. My hobby is the same. I would like to be a dressmaker.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

My name is Tomiko Hashizume. I was born in Seattle, Washington July 31, 1931 and my birthday is July 31. My mother's name is Katsuko Hashizume and my father's name is Frank Yoshiharu Hashizume. My mother and father was born in Japan. Father use to work at a gasoline station and my mother use to work as a housewife and at the glove factory. Presently my mother is a housewife and my father is picking potatoes. The school I have been attending to is Washington, Pacific, and Bailey Gatzert School. Since I was 5 years old I have been taking couple trips to Mount Rainier. I have had not any important experience. I am interested in knitting, sewing, embordry, and hand-craft. My hobby is collecting rocks and knitting. For my ambition I would like to be a nurse.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

## THIS IS MY STORY ON EVACUATION

by Phyllis Unosawa

Before the news came about evacuation we were all sitting in the parlor; my sister at the book case, my mother by the radio and my little sister and I coloring our color book. All of a sudden we were interrupted by a friend who came in and reported that we all were to be moved soon and to be prepared. There was a rush in the house. We were to stay at a friend's house until we were evacuated. Before we knew it we were all set to go to camp.

We left on May 8, 1942. There was great excitement in the streets, people rushing here and there, buses coming one after another. After every one had boarded the buses we started. People outside stopped and watched us as if we all were Kings or Queens. How proud we felt!!

As we neared Camp, we saw the many barracks in the distance. As soon as we entered the camp, a great crowd had formed. We walked along the long row of barracks passing a tool house, nail house and a place where they kept hinges. As soon as we all were settled we talked about what we had seen. I saw many farm lands, acres and acres of land where nothing had been planted. As we rode along we came to some marsh lands. There were cows grazing here and there. There were also skunk cabbages growing all over. There were many clumps of porcupine grass growing.



The scenery was very beautiful, but the fun had ended when we reached camp. Before we knew it we were to be evacuated again. There was again excitement in the room. Most of our clothes were packed in sea bags. We all went to the station in buses. My sister and I sat beside the driver. It was very bouncy and fun. Soon we reached the station. The empty train was waiting for us. As soon as we boarded the train there was great commotion with everyone wondering where to sit. Soon the train started which awoke me from my sleep. I woke up at 5:30 in the morning and did not get enough sleep. Soon the train was moving along smoothly after it had hitched the other train on. As we rode along we came to Tacoma's Narrow Expansion Bridge. It was nothing but a skeleton, with it's long narrow, graceful body stretching from one shore to another.

After a little while we came into Oregon and on to Portland. We followed along the Columbia River for quite a long time. Farther along we came to Bonnaville Dam. There was a big park filled with fragrant flowers. On up a little ways we came to Celilo Falls. There you could see many Indians spearing fish. The scenery along the Columbia is very beautiful. There are many bridges crossing here and there from Washington to Oregon to Oregon to Washington continuously. As lunch time came we came to the Dalles and stopped. There were many people stopped and looked at us.

Soon we were moving along again. People in the train were now getting sleepy. Every now and then I would wake up and



see nothing but trees, cows, horses, and creeks or small irrigation ditches running here and there faster and faster as if wanting to play tag with the wind. Soon the scenery changed to dry grass. The outside was now getting cold. Soon all the windows were closed. It was getting dark. We would pass small towns now and then with their gay colored windows. Soon all the lights were dimmed. Guards walked back and forth continuously flashing flash-lights on and off to see if every thing was alright. Everything was quiet but I did not fall asleep. I would pull up the blind and look out. All of a sudden we came to a huge plant. It looked so funny--one building was round like a ball and there were bridges crossing from one building to another. You would see tiny figure moving here then over there. Huge mountains were now appearing. Soon my eyes were closing but the train ran over a bump or something and had caused the train to give a little jump which awoke me. The land was flat with irrigation ditches running all over. We would cross them over and over again. As we crossed one bridge I looked down and saw a deep gorge with a river running below. How beautiful it was with the moon shining on it.

Morning was now appearing and everyone was yawning. People were now walking around saying, "Good morning" to people they knew. Soon it was noon and it was now getting hot. Many people could not stand the heat. Doctors were walking back and forth tending to people.

As I looked out there was nothing but sagebrush and rocks with its color of red as if burned by the sun. The train came



to a stop. As we stopped we saw a little lizard running in and out through the rocks. There were many buses coming. As soon as we boarded the buses we rode along so fast. The wind was blowing all the paper and hair around. Before we could enter the camp we came to a bridge crossing a river. On the bridge there were soldiers. As we crossed it we saw the camp. It was very long. How dusty it was! The dust would blow through the windows. There was a crowd to greet us. How happy I was to see my friends again after a long trip.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

## A EVACUATION TO THE PROJECT

BY WILLIAM KAWATA

It was in Alaska around April eighteenth. When our boat arrived to pick us up. We didn't even know it was our boat and everything was hurried to the dock. I wanted to take my gun along with me but Katherine told me they would take it away, so I left it there in her hotel. I had my new suit, shoes, and everything new on. I shook hands with all my friends on the dock and said farewell to them. Then the boat slowly moved out of the harbor. The name of our boat was the Delaware.

I was watching all the houses and everything slowly go out of sight. It was quite chilly on deck so I went to my room and started reading comics and magazines.

Then a man came down hitting on some instrument. "Gong," "gong," "gong," "gong," went the man hitting his instrument. That was the first call for dinner. About a half an hour later he hit the gong again and said "last call for dinner."

I walked out on the deck and saw a convoy behind us. It looked like a destroyer behind us. There wasn't much to do. I didn't even feel like sleeping. Time went on again and it was soon time to eat again.. The same man and the same tune went by as the man was saying, "first call to dinner." When I was eating, the boat slowed down and I began to see from our porthole. I hurried and ate my ice-cream and rushed on deck.

And ther was Ketchikan. All of us got off and carried



our baggage down to the dock. We waited there for a while; Lutes, my friend, telephoned to a hotel owner whom she knew, and it wasn't long before we got on a taxi cab and drove off. As soon as we got there we went to our rooms. We stayed in Ketchikan one week. I had a friend with me named George. We went to a movie every night we stayed there.

Sunday our new boat came: it was still a quite a distance out there in the bay. We got our baggage on small boats and went to the ship. It was a ship with a big gun in front of it. Our little boats came up there and went up to the steps.

In about fifteen minutes the boat started to move and we got farther and farther from Ketchikan. It was three and a half days' journey. When we reached Seattle many soldiers with M. P. around their arms were guards. We went single file down the plank. Our baggages were thoroughly checked and then soon we got on a bus and went to Puyallup. We Alaskans were the first to get ther and it was muddy and wet there. We stayed there for some time then some more people cmae filling up the camp here and there. As soon as the four Areas were filled, some conditions were changed. The four Areas were A, B, C, and D. I stayed in Puyallup a few months and heard we were going to move to Idaho. Area D was the first area to move out. Then B moved out next and we moved with some of the Area C group. We went to the train depot ona bus. I was quite surprised to see such a long train.

I was hoping that the train would hurry and start on



to journey. A half an hour later the train started. We passed many things. We stopped at so many places I can't remember all the stops. About the middle of the day we saw many rivers and lakes and beaches. I looked hard at them because I knew ther weren't any things like this in Idaho. At 4:00 P.M. we stopped at Dallas. It was a nice quiet town and the people there were nice. It was hard to believe that I could be so far out here--from Alaska to Idaho. I began to see the Columbia river and the train followed it for quite a long time. We slept on the train for one night.

Next morning we woke up for breakfast and went to eat breakfast. I saw sage brushes for the first time in a long time. Believe it or not we were in the west, too.

A little while later after lunch, the train stopped and car by car, the people got off and went to camp in a bus. It was so dusty you could hardly breath. When you put your foot down a lot of dust comes up and you could smell it. Well, I'm slowly settling down dor the tine being. I guess it was quite a travel, huh?



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

FROM SEATTLE TO IDAHO

by Yaeko Ishimitsu

On April 28, 1942 we were evacuated to Puyallup, Wash. We stayed there until September 2, 1942, when we left there and started on our trip to Idaho. From Puyallup we went to Portland, Oregon where we saw the Columbia River most of the way. The mountains on the other side of the river in some places looked very beautiful with the river in front of them. I was thrilled when we went through the tunnels. Some of the meadows we saw on the way looked so refreshing that I felt like jumping off the train and going to the meadow but when we neared the end of our trip we started to see some sagebrush. We had very good trip.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

## EVACUATION

by Takeshi Yoshihara

On May 20, 1942 we were evacuated to the W. C. C. A. Center in North Portland, Oregon. That day was very sad.

We all gathered together at a town and left for North Portland. I thought it was a very large place but it is not if it is compared with the Minidoka Center.

The only things I didn't like about the North Portland Center was that there were too many flies because of the livestock yard.

I played there almost everyday and had fun.

The Jantzen Beach was about a half a mile away but we couldn't go there, and on hot days how I wished the fence was out of the way!

On Sept. 9 we were evacuated for the Minidoka Center on a train which was the first train trip I had ever experienced. We followed the Columbia River all the way to the Snake River. There was lovely scenery on the way up. We reached here the next day at about 8:00 p.m. When we came here all I saw was sagebrush. There was a dust storm everyday when we came here.

In this Center there are forty four blocks, including in a block the mess hall, laundry, and a recreation center. In the night when I go outside, this town looks very beautiful with all its lights and I believe this town will become more beautiful after awhile. I am praying that the peace time will come soon.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

## BEING EVACUATED

by Lucy Torii

The beginning of my story takes place at my home in Portland, Oregon. We were happy until we heard the news that we were to be evacuated. We packed and ready to leave on May 5, 1942 for the Japanese Assembly Center. The Japanese Assembly Center was a place we were to stay until Idaho was ready.

In Portland we never thought that Idaho would be as dusty as it is. After staying three months in the Assembly Center we received news that we were to go to Idaho.

We had to leave some of the dear friends who had to go Wyoming. In our big arena (that use to be the live stock area) we waited until it was our turn to go on the train leaving for Idaho. Before leaving in the afternoon, my biggest sister left to go to College in Minnesota. In the afternoon we were off to Idaho.

On the train trip we saw many interesting things. We saw beautiful mountains and mountains. I can't tell you everything about the trip because I was car sick.

The next morning we reached the border of Idaho. For awhile we saw trees but later it was sagebrush and sand. We also saw Indians for the first time.

Our first stop on the train was Boise and many other stops. It took us about one day to reach Idaho. As we were coming closer to our new relocation center, we saw rattle snakes and jack rabbits all the way. We ate good food on the train like chicken and ice cream.



Lucy Torii

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Through Idaho we did not see very many interesting things as we did in Oregon. Finally we reached our new relocation center. The date was September 17, 1942. We got off the train and got on a bus to our home in Idaho!



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

by Hiroko Terakawa

Dear Marian:

I am now going to tell you about how I came to this Relocation Center.

On the day of May 4, 1942, we received a notice saying that we were to go to the Assembly Center. We had our suitcases and belongings all packed and ready to go. A friend came after us in his car and he took us to the Assembly Center. When we reached our destination, some soldiers came and took our baggage inside the building for us and we were met by many of our friends who went before us. We were then taken to our apartment. When I first looked around in the center, I thought that I would never be able to find my way around because it looked so large and strange. Next we took our things out and fixed up the room. We stayed at the center from May 4th to Sept. 7th. Then we received our notice to come to the Relocation Center. We packed up again. We finally got finished, and we ate our lunch and on the afternoon of Sept. 7, we got on the train. I took a last glimpse of the center and waved goodbye to my friends and before I knew it, the train started and we were on our way to Idaho.

On the way we passed many ranches, farm houses, and trees. After we had entered Idaho, we did not see many trees and meadows but many plains, barren hills and sand dunes. When we were nearing the center, the train passed a place where both sides were high like a mountain and a tunnel through it



only it had an opening. At last we reached our destination. I took a look around and saw many things but it was not like Oregon, with green trees and meadows but a desert which you could see for miles around with thousands of barracks all about us. We went on a bus then and we kept on riding and I thought that we would never come to our house. When we reached there, many people were watching and waiting for their friends. Then we were registered at the Dining Hall and led to our apartment. We have now stayed here for two months already. This is the end of my story of how I came to this Relocation Center so I'll write again and please take care of yourself.

Sincerely yours,

Hiroko Terakawa



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

EASTWARD BOUND

by Sumio

It was that quiet Sunday morning when that dreadful thing happened. We were evacuated to Puyallup April 30, 1942 and were soon on our way to Idaho. Going through Washington we saw tall evergreens of different kinds, short shrub-berry of all kinds, short and tall. We crossed over on a narrow, slender, but strong bridge, and we were soon in Oregon. We travelled along the Columbia for some time. We were soon in Idaho. All we could see in Idaho were bare hills, sand and plenty of it. Where there was a house there was a tree. In some places were old mining towns. Other places were made beautiful with trees and bush. We passed Glenn Ferry. It was green and full of fresh air. We reached here 4:30 that afternoon.



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

by Chimo Okada

Dear Lois:

After we evacuated from Seattle, we went to Camp Harmony in Puyallup, Washington. We stayed there for four months and then came to Idaho. It took us about a day and a half to reach here. We started in the morning at about nine o'clock and arrived here at four or five o'clock in the evening. All I liked about coming here was riding the train. The first few hours I just looked out of the window. After that I played with Sumako and Ruriko Tanaka. We went to the end of the car and look at the scenery from there. We went into many tunnels, one which was very long. When we passed big rock it looked as though we were going to crash into them; Afterwards I went back to my seat. There my mother told me that she saw a bird with long legs so I wondered what kind of bird it was.

There were many pools on the shores of the river we followed. The Bonneville Falls was very pretty and I thought Oregon was lovely, too.

When we went through a town I thought it was very strange, because the train went right into the street.

Whenever we passed another train all the people in the other train stared at us.

As we went into Idaho I saw green grass and I thought people said that you could not see green things they said all you would see is sagebrush and the rest sand. So when we



Chimo Okada

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stopped I thought we stopped at the wrong place and when I walked I sank into the sand. I guess this is enough for one letter so I will say good-bye.

Your Friend,

Chimo Okada



(Written by Sixth Grade Pupil at Minidoka Project)

### UNEXPECTED TRIPS

by Tak Monde

We started to pack up when we heard the news of the evacuation. We left on May 1, 1942 time: 8 o'clock. When we were through packing a truck came to get our luggage. We all help him to get the suitcase. We then walk a couple blocks where the buses were. We then board the buses between Lane St. The bus started about 8 o'clock. We passed alots of places that I do not remember. Ina few minutes we were in Puyallup, Wash. In a few months we had to pack up again. We had notice to leave for Idaho at September 1. We reach Idaho September 2. Before we reached Idaho we saw the Columbia River and the Tacoma Bridge. We ships, too. When we came into Idaho we saw a canal. We rode on a bus five miles of dusty roads. We saw a lots of houses when we came in. Some people were waving at us. The bus stopped at the laundry. It was then 3:30. They looked at our papers and told us to go through that door. We were in the mess house then. After that we went to look at our house. Then a truck came around with beds and covers.