

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

A CHILD WAS BORN

It was on a cold deary 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 bou 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 now 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 Bailey 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 day 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 8th, 1942 I had a last glance of my good old house and a 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 Harmony for four months, and again I made new friends. Many of my dearest friends left for Tule Lake and the last that I saw of them was ridding 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, duststorms and whirlwinds 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.