

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. There 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 know 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 home)

Then came the days of evacuation. What had shot throught 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 the. 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 everyday. What did get me home sick was to live right across from Jantzen Beach and see the lights on the different concessions everynight and yet not being able to spend a day there.

Since we were under one roof there wasn't much privacy but the recreation "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 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 shedded 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.