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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 ancestor had come from." My father had made his business here in the United States since he was 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 up 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. Once in a while we noticed look out 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 toast 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 very quiet.

Everyday 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

in the coming month. This meant a separation from our American friends, to live a new 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 gripped 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 were 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 always something interesting to do.

During our stay there we always wondered where we 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 a hot place for we would roast and get all brown.

My idea didn't go far for soon after a notice came out that we were going to Eden, Idaho. It was a place where we had never given any attention to until 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 handkerchiefs 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 away 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 stuck 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 very lucky to have such a nice Christmas as this when many people in war torn countries are suffering from hunger.

All these things are of the 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 composition that now I look back on the old year and wonder what the New Year holds for us.