

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 with it 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 was 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."