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Core 7 & 8
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December 7 On

The bombing of Pearl Harbor was probably one of my greatest shocks to me and everyone. In Juneau, the capital city of Alaska where I live, we heard the news of the attack some time in the afternoon. I was up skiing at the time and didn't get the news until late.

I haven't thought much of the bombing of Pearl Harbor only that it separated us from our father and friends. My father was taken in by the F. B. I. soon after the outbreak of war.

The news of evacuating the Pacific coast on April 3, 1942 was another great shock to me. That must of been my sadest day of my life. My friends were all nice to me which I was very glad. They never spoke to me about the war or the situation we were in.

The army officer told us that he did not know when we were to leave or where we were going. On Thursday April 23, 1942, the day I quit school, we went under an army inspection and shots for typhoid fever. That night, as I returned from a late movie, an army officer, Mr. Hill, was talking to my mother and sister. Since he came to our house quite often after the war started I ignored them and to my surprise we were to leave 2:00 a.m. in the morning. We ran all over the house getting things packed. The army car came at the appointed time and took us to the army transport. During all the excitement I hadn't realized that I'd be lonesome for Juneau when we left. When we reached the boat, we didn't find what we expected, instead they sent us clear down to the bottom deck. It was hot and crowded with bunks for high covering the entire section with one huge light that was kept on all night and day. Stuffy as it was we were allowed to have fresh air little less than 1 hour each day.

We finally got started about 9 a.m. that morning. The food they fed us was wonderful but we had to pass a slaughter room each day and did it smell, it ruined our appetite. We stopped by at Ketchikan to pick up some more Japanese and soon we were again on our way to Seattle. We spent most of our time playing cards, bingo or sleeping.

After a nice four day boat trip we finally arrived in Seattle on a nice rainy Sunday, April 27, 1942. We slowly docked on a huge army dock. Seattle looked so big from the deck Juneau would of never compared with the city.

We went under a baggage inspection routine and was sent to our buses. On the boat we thought we were to stay in Seattle for a few days but we were wrong as we passed the outskirts of the town and headed for the assembly center, Camp Harmony.

When we arrived the camp looked so big that I thought may be our were going to stay there, too. We were assigned to our rooms in section 6, A, 6, 67 to be specific was our humble room for the time. My opinion

of the camp, well at first I never did learn to like it but after I came back from the isolation ward having the mumps, I found the camp in a much better shape. Athletic sports were under way, school had begun which I later entered but soon quit for I found myself learning nothing. My days in Camp Harmony were wonderful, playing sports and keeping myself active I had never felt lonesome for Juneau.

After a long stay in Camp Harmony we finally got started to our relocation center for the duration. We boarded buses which took us to our waiting train. Leaving Washington we headed into Oregon, stopping in Portland to change engine. We again continued our journey. Spending more time looking at the beautiful scenery instead of playing cards, we enjoyed the train ride very much. Night had fallen on our train as it headed for Idaho. Everybody got ready for bed. To me that was my hardest time I ever tried to sleep. Hot and stuffy we couldn't get to sleep. Day break finally came and with it came a strange new country. Instead of seeing beautiful mountains as we did the day before, the scenery had changed to barren desert full of sagebrush. It began to get hotter steadily and finally in the afternoon we came to a sudden stop in an unknown country covered with sagebrush.

Buses came to pick us up and the end of our journey was coming to a close. From the road the water towers could be seen, but what the camp looked like we had to wait and see. First thing we noticed as we entered the camp was not the people, or the barracks, but the dust, yes the dust was really awful. How the people before lived through it is some question I guess but later as we lived in Block 23 we too had got acquainted with the dust.

The long trips we had to canteen 6 under the blazing sun and shirling dust seemed like miles, but since we got more accustomed to this camp, it to some is now only a short walk. Camp life at first was very boring, running around in the dust made it worse. Then playing all kinds of sports we were kept pretty active. Playing on a football team was really fun. All the fun we enjoyed in Block 23 soon ended when we moved down to Block 6, near the hospital and no place to play I found life yet boring.

Since school started it kept our selves from loafing around and keeping ourselves busy. School to me, well my opinion is that it should have a building but the way they organized this school and the way it's run under the handicap of not having equipment and supplies this school is a fairly good one.

Having a paper job also kept me busy delivering in the morning, and after supper, with collections on Saturday and possibly Sunday. Since school started we had to deliver our morning papers in the evening so we soon quit.

Days came and past, Thanksgiving came with a wonderful dinner, but it was soon over and everybody looked forward to Christmas which was just around the corner. The school mixer, I enjoyed very much. To me the mixer under short notice and planning it was really a great success.

First time it was mentioned I thought it unwise to have it but when I attended the mixer I really thought it was a nice one and went home contented.

Christmas came and past, to me it was another day with a strong wind. The dinner we had was really wonderful, and the program we had was very good. Singing and the Children gave a play and later we all received our presents. Thinking of a wonderful time we had it soon pasted as the days come and go.