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Period 7 & 8
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9 Core

A Review of 1942

Nineteen forty-two, how full of events it has been. So many turning points, crises, days of anxiety and disappointment, yet some happy moments, too. It was like a goodbye to carefree days and a hello to reality.

Being the youngest in the family financial problems and such never bothered me any. But at the outbreak of the war when my father was interned and our funds at the bank were frozen, I realized for the first time that this was also my problem for I was part of it. Perhaps it was my first grown-up feeling of responsibility. This feeling grew as the year sped and finally we were evacuated.

It seemed to me more like a dream. The packing, the storing of sentimental valuables, the excited chattering over last minute cleaning up all seems rather vague now. But the false gaity and picnics air of everyone when the bus pulled away from the waving crowds, made me think of a poem by William Thackeray, "The Play is Done." Which says that each man during his lifetime has an act to play up to and he must play it well. This was also a new sensation.

I saw how many faces dropped when Camp Harmony came into view. Thinking that this was one disappointment that couldn't be hidden. But others joked about the cooks and messhalls and tried to take things lightly. The sight of many of my friends and many like them behind those barbed wires shocked me so that I seemed to be suddenly awoken to the realization of what really was happening. This was war and a downright serious one, that effected every individual some way or other. Everybody had to make some kind of sacrifice and this was ours.

Life in Camp Harmony sometimes plays in my mind as being very barbaric because of our crude life. Also as being very carefree, and even happy at times. I didn't seem to accomplish anything during that time. But meeting different types of people and watching how camp life effected each was a very good psychological experiment. Whether I changed or not I wouldn't know, but my future aspect of the world changed considerably.

Time rolled very swiftly. It seemed like in a very short time we were to part with Camp Harmony and begin a new life in a strange state. Strangely, it was rather sad to leave. I seemed to sense that it was like a goodbye to the coast for quite a while.

I expected nothing when coming to Idaho. Over and over in my mind I kept repeating, "Expect the worst; think of the worst."

I wasn't too disappointed when we were greeted by a sand storm and scorching sun. For I realized nothing is worse than disappointment. I tried to take things lightly and I noticed everyone else did. Life in Camp Harmony had made me hardened to these things so I was past feeling.

Living in Idaho has made me more concerned about the future. Today we are sheltered and fed by the government. What about tomorrow? Perhaps it's better to worry about it when the time comes, but I don't think so. What does 1943 hold for us? I'm ready for anything and I can thank 1942 for the strength enough to be so. Solong 1942. Thanks for what you've done for me whether it be good or bad. For I'm quite thankful after reviewing the year, for the many lesson you have taught me to help me become a better American.