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Core 7 & 8  
Room 5 A and B

### THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

December 7, 1941, is a date long to be remembered in our lives, for it was to change all of our destinies.

The next day, being Monday, I had to go to school, which I dreaded so much, for I was the only Japanese in the whole school, which consisted of about 800 pupils. The teachers and pupils seemed to sympathize with me more than ever, which made me feel a lot worse.

Christmas of 1941, didn't seem to have the same meaning as usual, for where ever you went, the people would stop and stare, as if you were a circus freak of some sort. Those were the most trying days of my life.

Then came March 27<sup>th</sup> when the curfew law started. It was really hard one us, for we had to be in our homes by eight o'clock.

The day I evacuated was May 5, 1942, and as I looked back on the fair city of Portland, it brought back fond memories of my childhood days, for I had spent 13 years fo my life there. I dreaded going into the building so much, for I knew very few children of my own race. Later I became acquainted with the, and all was well. The first night I slept in the center, was spent in misery, for we were all situated under one roof, and you could hear people snoring all around you.

We had one big arena inside our building, and that is where most of us spent our leisure moments. When ever it rained, the arena was quite crowded, and except for a few leaks here and there, it was a perfect indoor playground.

Our mess hall was a huge place, which held a capacity of about 3,000 perople at each meal. After the adjoining towns came into the same center, it became so crowded, that we had to have two shifts for each meal. Our time schedule was, breakfast, seven and dinner six and seven o'clock. One days when we had something good, many people would eat twice, which was not a nice thing to do. In the first shift, we all had appointed seats.

The day we were told that we were to go to Idaho, was a sad moment for many, for there were Wapatonians with us, and they were to go to Wyoming. Many hearts were heavy and when the Wapatonians departed you could hear many sobs and moans. After the last car was out of sight, we went back into the building, but everyones heart was so heavy that there was not gaiety for the rest of the days that we spent there.

When I finally boarded the train to leave, I took my last fond look at Good Old Portland and gave a sigh!

The train ride was quite a thrill, and the meals were exquisite. I was over anxious about this camp, and when I finally arrived, I was very disappointed. The sight that greeted my eyes, was an awful dust storm. and

a barren camp without trees or green grass. For days it seemed that we had nothing but dust and more dust. My hair had a layer of dust before I was here for 5 minutes.

During the first months of my stay here, we had nothing but dust, but now we have nothing but mud. This weather is truly a queer one.

If it were not for this camp we would really have a hard time. The meat rationing would strike us very hard. We do not feel it because we are in this camp. Also the sugar and coffee rationing are not felt so hard.

This camp gives us many liberties. One, which many of us do not realize is that they let the children of the internees go out of this camp to go to college, and various other places. I really don't think any other country would give us that freedom.

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