

June 3, 1943 B Lucy Duke
The Must Die!

It was a bright, sunny morning as I turned toward the hill and gradually sought my way to the top. The early morning air seemed refreshing as I breathed deeply and thought. Thoughts of happiness, pain and sorrow - all of the past and the thing to come - clouded through my mind.

I felt a sudden urge to reach the goal just - a goal that seemed miles and miles away. Yet, I was determined for that was the only peaceful place where I may at last find happiness.

As I walked slowly towards the hill, a vision of the past whirled in my mind. A vision of a bloody battle, ~~then~~ doubts and fears, all this accompanied by deaths, tragedy, and sorrow.

A gust of wind made its way and I felt as though the pressure was too strong. I was retreating. But I must go on, I told myself, and fought my

way up, every step leaving a picture
of someone dying. Hoping to show
their loyalty and to preserve our
long sought democracy.

Yes, it was that very goal the
Nisei were fighting for and still are.
They must win and we will! Even
now, the goal seems far, but every-
one must fight for it.

The spirits of many Nisei will
not cease fighting till at last they
have proved to everyone that they
are one hundred percent Americans.

At last, I reached my destination,
and as I lay there to sleep, the
same corresponding picture passed
~~return~~ my mind, and I knew that the
Nisei would win.