

As I reflect back on the day's of internment, it brings back memories of the terrorizing fears when the F.B.I. came to arrest and send my father away to internment, as well as the other fears and anxieties that were associated with being herded off to camp. Armed soldiers, orders that told us what we could and could'nt do, unknown areas to which we were being sent to.

These were some of the fears. I am sure there is no need to elaborate on the hardships caused by the internment because of all the other statements that have been presented but I would mention that there were good times even in those adverse conditions.

There are a couple of very significant experiences that I would like to bring out, which to me pointed out how much the evacuation effected me psychologically, as to my identity (Being of Japanese ancestry).

If it weren't for this redress, I probably would not have recognize how psychologically this had effected me. Even though I was going through all this turmoil. I still loved the United States and wanted to prove that I was a loyal citizen and when the opportunity to enlist opened up, I volunteered.

After getting into uniform, I found it very uncomfortable when I traveled on the train with other servicemen, especially Marines and Sailors, realizing that they may have been in the Pacific and I was very selfconscious about being Japanese. Because I was green in the service could have accounted for much of these feelings possibly but I found that even after fighting in Europe, I still had that feeling and even the fame the 442nd was receiving, I tried to minimize. The reason for this, I believe, was my poor self image caused by the events that happened with the internment, Being accused as dangerous, treacherous, can't be trusted, and many other unflattering things.

This added to the feelings that I had already experienced while going through childhood, really gave me poor image of who I was.

What really brought out what I was feeling inside was in 51 or 52, when the 442nd had a reunion in Hawaii. As soon as I got into Honolulu, I felt like I had come home because of all the Japanese faces I saw. This made


me realize how much strain I was going through, liveing in white majority community.

I know that I would never have been able to enjoy the life intended for me had it not been for Jesus Christ, who helped me to realize that I was loved equally with all the other peoples of the world, white or otherwise.

So now I am learning to love who I am and hold my head up and be counted for I need not be ashamed of who I am.

As I said before , I love my country and I would like to see something happen that will prevent such an injust ice from happening again.

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