

Hatsuye Imanishi
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Dec. 29, 1942

"ME"

It was on a very cold winter morning of December the 4th, 1927 when the family was fussing over the birth of a first girl ever born in the Imanishi family. This girl was "me". I was brought up to earth at a house located at 668 Dearborn St. Seattle, Washington.

Of course my father was upset about naming me. After a long conversation with the family, they decided to name me Hatsuye. Since the name Hatsuye means first branch in Japanese and I was the first girl they named me that.

I was 10 month when I began to talk my first words, gaga, papa, and mama and I was 11 months when I began walking a little. My family took very good care of me. I guess I was my papa's little girl as everybody says for he took very good care of me and he would always scold my brother when we ever quarreled with each other, but my mother didn't want him to spoil me.

Then in 1933 at the age of 6, my mother decided to take me to school so I attended the Bailey Gatzert School for 6 years and then in 1939 entered the Washington Junior High School.

We were very happy till the day Dec. 7, 1942, two days after my 14th birthday when they were talking about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. I nearly burst into tears when I heard that dreadful news.

It was on March, one morning when I was cleaning the house when the door bell rang so I immediately opened the door and there stood 3 tall men. They came to call on my father and they said they are the FBI's. My father just then came home and the 3 men asked him to come with him to the immigration office with about a three day's clothes. There I stood trembling while I watched my father leave the house which he had lived for years. My mother was at the store at that time and did not come home until right after my father left. When I told that sharking news about father being taken she was so sharked that she couldn't talk. The immigration office was about 2 blocks away from our house so I often went to visit my father.

Then in the middle of April my father was leaving Seattle for Montana. When I went to see my father off I knew that I will not be able to see my father till the duration of the war. After my father left, 1 month later we were evacuated to Puyallup. I had a very nice time at puyallup but I always thought about my father being alone. In about April a letter came from father again saying that he is leaving for New Mexico.

In April 18th we then were sent to Idaho where I now am. I am very thankful for the government provide us the food, shelter and do most everything they can do to return us to normal communities after the war is over. Education is one of the important thing and we have it here that I have nothing else in need except my father. I know it is no use of saying it over and over but I am praying day and night for duration of war and the day when our family can live happily again.