

Tom Kodama
Core & 8

"1941"
#1942"

In Seattle on Dec. 7, 3:00 when I stepped out of a theater and I was very much startled to see on the headlines which said PEARL HARBOR ATTACKED. As soon as I seen that headline something came over me in a flash and ran chills all over my body.

All the rest of the day I stayed home and listened to the news of the bombing.

The next day I didn't really feel like going to school so I stayed home in the afternoon I went to school. On the way to school I don't know if I was self conscious or not but I had the impression that I was getting the so called once over by everybody. When I was at school every body asked me how I felt about the war and they told me I had nothing to worry about because America would win the war in a few months but here I am in Hunt, Idaho I kept on going to school every day until about a week from evacuation and had my fun in the very short week.

We were about the last family to be evacuated because we lived down town. On the morning of the evacuation I was all excited and dropping things left and right. After waiting about an hour or so the bus came with moving trucks for the baggages also with an army escort. We all got in the buses after we helped load the baggages. In the bus I sat reading a comic books. The bus finally started on its way when the bus started to move I didn't read any more and just relaxed in my seat just taking my last look at the city in which I was born and reared. Something in me just made me burn up inside and I said I would come back to Seattle if it was the last thing I ever did. But now I don't care so much if I do or not.

We rode the bus for about 3 hrs. and when we reached the district in which the camps were people from other sections waved at us as we entered Area D. Camp Harmony that was the name of the whole camps was divided into 4 areas A, Area B, Area C, and Area D.

When we entered Area D there were many people to greet the people who just came in. When I first entered I just said to my self this is a dump and to the day I left that still was my opinion.

The first thing we entered they showed us to our rooms. Our family had a rat hole underneath the grand stand for we was in the fair grounds. We had to stuff our own mattresses with straw and had to bring our bed from quite a distance.

The first few weeks I was there I though I would go crazy or something for being cooped up in such a small place.

Then in a few months news came that we were to be moved in to Idaho.

Finally in a few weeks the news was official. The train ride out here was to Hunt, was a very dry and rotten, ride. The food in the train half the train had diarries.

After I was at Hunt for about two months I got a job outside in the sugar beet farm near the town of Burley. That was the first time I was in town since evacuation. The town was small but it was a very lively place and I enjoyed the place very much. In the first week I was ther I spent money like it grew on trees.

Shortly after I came back from the farm school started and here I am writing this.