thoughts after all had left

These Walls Will Never Again Hear the Sounds of childrens voices.

I had seen sad eyes at this Center but I never heard a sad voice.

I had learned that appreciation can be a nationality trait.

I found myself hoping that some way I had given hope.

I had discovered that you can intern the body but not the spirit.

The internment of families, friends, neighbors and communities together was a wise and considerate decision.

I was looking at what was left of the most unu-ually delightful communit I shall ever be part of.

I found that confined people can live in harmony.

I found it was great to live without cats and dogs. I shall never again consider them indispensible.

I discovered that a lot of hatred had been fenced out of this internment city.

I wondered how much like us our enemy must be.

I told myself that someday I would have to visit Japan.

I realized I had never before worked s hard to bring joy and happiness to others and I felt satisfaction in that accomplishment.

I really wondered if I would ever see any of the evacuees again.

Where does life go now for them and for me.

I find myself feeling like I have lost some part of my own family.

I believe that I now believe that humblness is a powerful attribute.

THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE NOW SEEMS TO BE ALMOST A DREAM.

I feel surrounded by echoes of events.

Memories seem to echo in my mind.

I am back in a caucasian world, and it seems strange.

Already I miss the accents, the expressed thanks, the number of people that cannot prounounce my name, the bows and the quiet attention you recieved when speaking.

For six months my world has been oriental flavored.

The infectuous enthusiasm of the young Japanese evacuees that worked for my department I shall always remember.

I shall always remember the alertness, the neatness and their human quietness and soft voices. I do not suppose I will ever again be part of a community where everyone knows my name even though they could not pronounce it right.

Never before had I known an entire group of people that prefered work to leisure and seemed to be the happiest when the busyist.

Even their footprints in the sand are now beginning to leave as the evening breeze starts to erase them.

Strange but it seems like some of their voices are still here. some sort of inner ear seens to hear them yet.

I wonder how the evacuees will look back on these last six months? Who will remember it most ? The young or the old?