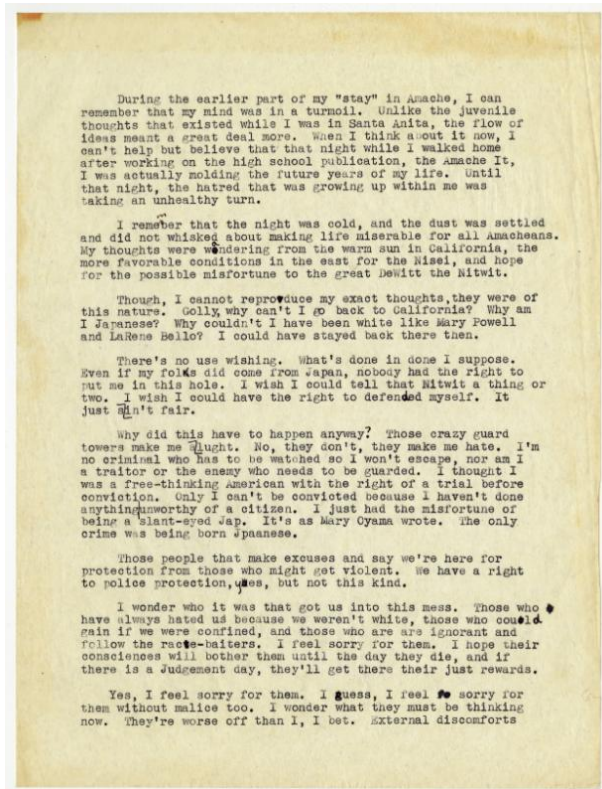


# Basic Detail Report



## essay

Medium  
paper

### Description

Frances Sasano essay, Amache High School; reflecting on what it's like to be incarcerated; below is a transcription of the letter: During the earlier part of my "stay" in Amache, I can remember that my mind was in a turmoil. Unlike the juvenile thoughts that existed while I was in Santa Anita, the flow of ideas meant a great deal more. When I think about it now, I can't help but believe that that night while I walked home after working on the high school publication, the Amache It, I was actually molding the future years of my life. Until that night, the hatred that was growing up within me was taking an unhealthy turn. I remember that the night was cold, and the dust was settled and did not whisked about making life miserable for all Amacheans. My thoughts were wandering from the warm sun in California, the more favorable conditions in the east for the Nisei, and hope for the possible misfortune to the great DeWitt the Nitwit. Though, I cannot reproduce my exact thoughts, they were of this nature. Golly, why can't I go back to California? Why am I Japanese? Why couldn't I have been white like Mary Powell and LaRene Bello? I could have stayed back there then. There's no use in wishing. What's done is done I

suppose. Even if my folks did come from Japan, nobody had the right to put me in this hole. I wish I could tell that Nitwit a thing or two. I wish I could have the right to defended myself. It just isn't fair. Why did this have to happen anyway? Those crazy guard towers make me alught [sic]. No, they don't, they make me hate. I'm no criminal who has to be watched so I won't escape, nor am I a traitor or the enemy who needs to be guarded. I thought I was a free-thinking American with the right of a trial before conviction. Only I can't be convicted because I haven't done anything unworthy of a citizen. I just had the misfortune of being a slant-eyed Jap. It's as Mary Oyama wrote. The only crime was being born Japanese. Those people that make excuses and say we're here for protection from those who might get violent. We have a right to police protection, yes, but not this kind. I wonder who it was that got us into this mess. Those who have always hated us because we weren't white, those who could gain if we were confined, and those who are ignorant and follow the race-baiters. I feel sorry for them. I hope their consciences will bother them until the day they die, and if there is a Judgement day, they'll get there their just rewards. Yes, I feel sorry for them. I guess, I feel sorry for them without malice too. I wonder what they must be thinking now. They're worse off than I, I bet. External discomforts can't compare with mental torture. I really do pity them. I didn't realize that. Why have I been thinking such evil thoughts? It's been like this since Santa Anita. I know it isn't right to hate. I don't want to. I know I don't want to, but it's there inside. When will I be able to forget the past and build my thoughts on the future? The night sky is so beautiful. Back home, the lights of the city dimmed all of the natural beauty of the sky lights. It makes me feel good to look at them. When I look up and see all the beauty there is in this world, I almost forget the ugliness that signifies confinement—fences, search lights, drab barracks, etc. I'll not look at those ugly things. I'll think of beautiful things. It won't always be like this. The war will end someday, and perhaps there won't be anymore wars. We'll have a chance, all of us. The destiny of America is in our hands too. I wonder if there can be a world or even an American without inequality of races. It won't be now, and maybe not for a long time, but maybe someday; it'll come sooner if everybody puts his heart into it. I wonder – Oh, there's 6F now. And golly, I don't even feel cold anymore. \*\*edited with Frances' own spelling edits\*\*