

Looking Ahead by Betty Hashimoto

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What will my future be? As I ponder over this question, a great many things come to my mind.

If someone had asked me a year ago, what I had in mine for the future, I would not have had to sit and think for hours, what my plan might be. My answer would have been something like this.

Why, I'm going to go to Woodbury Business College. Then what? Well, if I am able to secure a good position I will work. I would like a Receptionist, and have a good knowledge of accounting for a supporter.

Ever since I was in Grammar school, I had been taught to sing. For a while it looked like I was going to be a piano and voice teacher. But fate stepped in, as usual and took a hand in my affairs.

One winter, I was the vocalist with our popular school orchestra at Lake Arrowhead. We were making a big hit, but one day when we went tobogganing I caught a bad cold. That following day they were holding a skiing tournament. Against my mother's insistence that I stay home and nurse my cold, I went out into the snow. Well I learned to my grief then, that my mother knows best.

The next morning when I awoke, I discovered that I couldn't speak, above all I couldn't sing. Well that was that. My mother had a two weeks vacation. I couldn't utter a single word.

After two weeks of writing messages and motioning, my voice finally returned. To my horror, I was not a Contralto anymore but an awful alto. It has been a little over two years since that incident. Since last year I have been singing now and then to restore a confidence in myself. When we are permitted to return to our normal lives again, I hope to resume my practice again.

Many things such as losing my father have changed our plans. At present the Niseis position in the world is very critical. We are on the stand, so to speak to prove our loyalty towards our mother land, America.

What effect the juries decision will have on us, will have a tremendous weight, as to the direction of our future plans. If my brothers are inducted into the Army, that will alter many things too.

My greatest aim, at present is to relocate to Chicago. There I would like to work as a Stenographer, and go to school to further my training in the field of Accounting.

The man I expect to marry someday, is at present a doctor in New York. Within a few weeks he will volunteer for the Army. So, the portion of my plan to settle down, will have to wait until the war is over. My brother is a Sergeant at Fort Riley, and if we were any place outside of California, he would be able to visit us. That is another reason why I would like to relocate.

In a few more days I will have graduated from high school, so my plans, or at least thinking of them will be a great value to me. Up to now, I have decided to educate myself, find a means of helping to contribute towards the family income, and then I will think of my home.

While I was still a sophomore in high school, I took my first trip to San Francisco and Palo Alto. There I made many friends. Most of whom were students at Stanford University. Some of them were attending U.S.C. in Los Angeles, and had gone home for the holidays.

The following summer I met a young medical student from Stanford. He was my cousin's best friend, and had accompanied him, on a return visit to our home. Naturally everyone kidded me because I had just completed my sophomore year in school the last term.

They all thought that I was too young, and told me so. But I had made up my mind.

I was brought up in a large family. It was a very happy environment, but a little matured for me. I had three sisters and three brothers all of whom were older than I. They had quarrels now and then but that was about all there was to it.

The fact that they were all older than I had a great effect on me. When I was only a Freshman in high school, I was but thirteen years old, but I chummed around with all the Senior girls. I just could not, adjust myself to going around with girls of my same age, because they seemed gittish. That was because my environment had been nothing but older people.

When I began to attend parties and such, it was always the older boys that I picked to associate with. I have always gone around with a group six or seven years my senior. Most of them, were attending college. To tell the truth I just turned seventeen a few months ago, so I have a pretty long future to plan. That is if nature takes its natural course.

When the day comes, so that I may have the opportunity to apply all that I've gained from my Social Problems class, I have learned the value and the ways of conservation, how public opinion is governed, how people like myself help govern the whole of production and in general, what makes the whole world, and its population tick.

I think that, now I have a little better understanding of how this complicated business of living is carried on.

Ignorant people can not, and do not know how to live successfully, because they do not know and understand how the world is run.

Planning for the future in these troubled times is not an easy task. It takes weeks and months to plan wisely. But so far I have not a definite set of plans. However there are many things which I hope become possible.

Maybe when the world has been resumed it's natural course, I will be able to go to school, work and all the other things.

Then too, I would like to see all my friends, who are in different camps. Some of them are in the Army too.

In order to have a happy future I must have a lot of friends. I guess I'll never be able to get along without friends.

For the next few months the War Relocation Authority will more than likely govern my life. The biggest factor in my at present, and for the future depends upon the outcome of the draft situation.

But for the present I shall further my education and train myself for something greater. Maybe too, I may be able to become an asset to the country and to people whom I might come into contact with.