

MAGAZINE SECTION

August 26, 1942

Santa Anita

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• in ANSWER to Ernest M.

Infinity, way up there?
Why not bring it right down here?
What is infinity, I ask you --
What shape, what size, what color, too?

How many eyes has a potato?
How many grains on an ear of corn?
How many seeds in a tomato?
And why on earth were we born?

Talking in circles is a lot of fun
But what do you have when you are done?

Infinity? It's this to me:
It's all and more than the eye can see --
It's up and down and "off the beam" --
It's bending and lifting and splitting a seam.
It's whiskers and peach fuzz and dribbling lips,
It's permanent waves and menacing hips.
It's boy and girl and "I love you, dammit!"
It's Christ and Buddha and Mohammed --
It's this, that, and the other, too.
It's "ah, why not can this goo?"

"This, too, shall pass away,"
The old fogies used to say.
From what I gather, the essence is this:
Infinity is like a kiss --
It's here and gone before you know it
While sonnets are written by overweight poets.

But here I am in a circle, too --
See what infinity can do for you?

-- Tom Tashiro

• NIGHT and STARS

variation on a theme
by a group of students

i
A quiet night and all the world is bathed in darkness.
The twinkling stars stare down on their reflections in nature's looking glass,
And trees silhouetted against the darkness
Softly nod their leafy heads.
The comforting croak of frogs,
The soothing sound of a stag watering at the pool,
And silence again reigns supreme.

ii
And stars
Reflecting your
Splendor in lonely pools.
How sad to be serenaded
By frogs!

iii
A cool summer night with darkness softly hung,
A hush quietly broken by croaking frogs,
And the slightest breeze rippling the grass.
Hush! The stag bounds away!
Only the trees silhouetted against the star-studded skies,
The croaking of frogs in star-reflected waters.

iv
Frogs croak faintly in the cool night air
As darkness and quiet descends.
Hush!
The silence shattered by queer men
Gazing at the stars through telescopes.
-- Mineko Shiroishi, Nancy Utsunomiya, Paul Arakawa, and Kimi Fujita

• verses by students

cinq Cinquains

The stars
Are like a mass
Of fireflies that gently
Lead the way for tired dreams
To rest. -- Helen Tashiro

Shoo, flies!
Fly, fly away!
You're all tickling me,
Roaming over my hairless head.
Shoo, flies! -- Sachiko Nakayama

The frog
By the river bank,
Who jumped over and over
To catch the long willow leaves,
Caught on. -- Kazuo Hachitsune

School's out
Everywhere but here.
Makes us miserable
To think we still have to study
Each day! -- Chiyeko Matsumoto
Sakie Takehara

Strike one!
Three men on base;
Strike two! One man steals home.
The ball whizzes over the plate.
You're out! -- Chiyeko Matsumoto
Yasuko Kobayashi
Christie Ozawa
Sakie Takehara
Roy Kishi



100 men and a flapdoodle to the guys and gals from that burg north of tijuana (san diego):

we've found out that you all are all reet...best of luck in the days to come.. show'em at parker how hard santa anitans work and play love comes to andy flapdoodle

they tell us (they are always flapping their lips in our faces and are telling us something) that we connoted that joe ishikawa was a sad batter, in our recap of the last inning of the unknowns-ancient mariners hardball game.

for whom the flapdoodles toll

as a matter of fact, and record, he is batting .385 at present...but you should know how he's doing it.

when he's at the plate, he crouches so low, that the distance between his shoulders and knees (the "strike" area) constitutes a space of about 2 1/2 inches...which makes it sorta hard for the pitcher to put over a strike on joe.

but then every once in a while, he gets up enough nerve to open his eyes to wave at the ball.

drink to me only with thine flapdoodles

the basketball games at the anita chiquita courts are rather "interesting"...so are ice hockey games when one team doesn't love the other...

e pluribus flapdoodle

we've noticed that the sumo bouts really draw'em nowadays...issei and nisei alike...

twinkle, twinkle, little flapdoodle

there were two hassenpfeffer brothers, one named oswald and the other named griswold. one lived in boston and the other lived in new york. they had 15¢ between them so they bought two butterballs and boarded a boat for new york...one ate his and the other fell overboard.....which was the loser? (that is a problem for you, brow-thors).

FOG CITY RALLY BEATS GOLDEN BEARS 29-25

Seventeen Fouls Called in Game

Fog City came from behind in the final quarter to defeat the Golden Bears 29-25 in a basketball game at the Anita Chiquita courts Saturday.

Seventeen fouls were called in the rugged game, six against Fog City and 11 against the Bears.

The game was close all the way and was tied up at half time. The Bears moved into the lead in the third period but a series of long shots in the final quarter gave Fog City a lead that the Bears could not overcome.

Art Kaihatsu of the Bears was the high point man, scoring 11 points and Tom Tomioka of Fog City made 10 for second honors.

Outstanding for Fog City were Jin Kinoshita and Mits Kojimoto, while Mas Nishibayashi and Tets Sumida played good ball for the losers.



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BOX SCORE

FOG CITY	FG	FT	F	TP
T Tomioka	5	0	1	10
S Kinoshita	2	0	0	4
B Okura	2	0	0	4
J Kinoshita	1	2	1	4
M Kojimoto	2	1	2	5
T Kitano	1	0	0	2
K Amano	0	0	1	0
T Matsuzaki	0	0	1	0
Totals	13	3	5	29
GOLDEN BEARS	FG	FT	F	TP
A Kaihatsu	5	1	4	11
M Nishibayashi	3	1	4	7
B Nomura	1	0	0	2
T Sumida	1	0	0	2
G Takahashi	1	0	0	2
T Itami	0	1	2	1
I Hasama	0	0	1	0
Y Kimura	0	0	0	0
Totals	11	3	11	25

OLDSTERS BEAT THREE STARS

After scoring six runs on England field Saturday. Batteries: Oldsters-- F. Matsuura and B. Ishii, the Three Star A hardballers Three Star--S. Sugino and 17-6 in a free scoring tilt J. Uyeda.

Results of Volleyball Games

Results of Wednesday's volleyball games:

Snaps def RDs, 15-1, 15-7

Esdees def Cardinals, 15-10, 15-7

Sigma Alpha def 3 Gs, 9-15, 15-5, 15-6

Alpha Vs def Crusaders, 15-8, 15-12 A

Alpha Chums I def Alpha Tris, 15-13, 15-6

COMING SPORTS EVENTS

AA SOFTBALL: Thursday--Shamrocks vs St Marys, Friday--Jr Produce vs Keystone.

A SOFTBALL: Tonight--Chefs vs Harbor Vandals, Friday--Redondo Bombers vs Parker Bound.

NATIONAL SOFTBALL: Tonight--44 Club vs Ancient Mariners, Thursday--Michel Midgets vs Commandos, Friday--Rams vs A 24s.

AMERICAN SOFTBALL: Tonight--Orange County vs Panthers, Thursday--Also Ran vs Kirkman Komets, Friday--Los Caballeros vs Blue Devils.

OLD TIMERS SOFTBALL: Tonight--Pi-Utes vs Nine Old Men, Thursday--Invincibles vs Hiyamizu, Friday--Hams vs Post Office.

B HARDBALL: Thursday--Commandos vs Unknowns, Friday--San Jose Gashouse vs Jr Nips.

SENIOR GIRLS VOLLEYBALL: Tonight--Cardinals vs LB Bojangles, Blue Kitchenettes vs RDs.

ALPHA VOLLEYBALL: Tonight--Chums II vs Chums I, Omegas vs Tris.

GAMMA VOLLEYBALL: Tonight--Irksons Imps vs Atinans, 3 Gs vs Gals.

Santa Anita *Pacemaker*

Published every Wednesday and Saturday
Distributed without charge to every unit
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Editorial

Our Future Under the WRA

The first quota of Santa Anita residents is leaving tonight for the relocation center at Parker, Arizona. Other groups will be moved in rapid order to other relocation areas.

Within a short time, the entire jurisdiction of the Japanese evacuees will have passed from the hands of the Wartime Civil Control administration and the Army to the War Relocation Authority.

The latter body differs from the WCCA under whose control we have been living in Santa Anita in that the WRA is a civil agency which has been specially created to handle the immense task of relocating and rehabilitating the Japanese evacuees for the duration of the war.

The problems confronting the WRA are many; theirs is the tremendous task of caring for the personal welfare of some 115,000 evacuees, most of them American citizens, and at the same time, upholding the principles of American democracy.

There should not be any conflict in this dual purpose. That there is some question, however, about a conflict is due to the activities of native American fascists who would sacrifice both the welfare of Japanese Americans and democratic principles to the doctrine of fascism.

The WRA, first under Milton Eisenhower and now under Dillon Myer, has not been swerved from its humanitarian, sociological nor democratic aims since its inception five months ago. A study of its operation during this period has shown that it has made no irremediable mistakes. This is an encouraging note for the future.

It is well to remember that in order to continue most effectively, the WRA must have the cooperation of the evacuees. The amount of self-autonomy and freedom from unnecessary restrictions granted us in our home for the duration will be in direct ratio to our ability to accept our own responsibilities.



One of the standing cracks tossed around the office whenever three or four of the staff members get involved in a pinochle game is, 'Hey, get to work! What do you think we're putting out? An annual?'

Which all leads up to the fascinating item that our News editor has his picture in the El Rodeo, SC annual, where he was director of student publications.

Then too we don't want to forget mentioning the Tulare News and its too-many-pages farewell issue from which we now quote:

'Arizona certainly is a peculiar place. For instance...It may rain in torrents in a man's front yard while the sun shines brightly in his back yard. Now people can have their choice...those who like rain can go sit in the back yard, while those who dislike rain can go sit in the front yard.'

Read it over again-- Arizona most certainly is a peculiar place.

Simple, wasn't it?

And now we ask you to check back to last Wednesday's issue when we ran the story of the three dots and promised the answer today. Here it is: Harry stands up and says, 'I know I have a black dot on my forehead. Since Tom, Dick and I raised our hands, there must be at least two black dots among the three of us.'

'Tom did not stand up because he saw a black dot on Dick and a black dot on me, and therefore did not know whether his own was black or white. Dick did not stand up for the same reason.'

'If I had a white dot on my forehead, then either Tom or Dick would have stood up. Since they did not, I must have a black dot on my forehead.'

Good by

To those from San Diego who were among the pioneers at Santa Anita and are now among the first to leave, we say, 'So long.'

Lil Neebo

BY Chris Ishii

