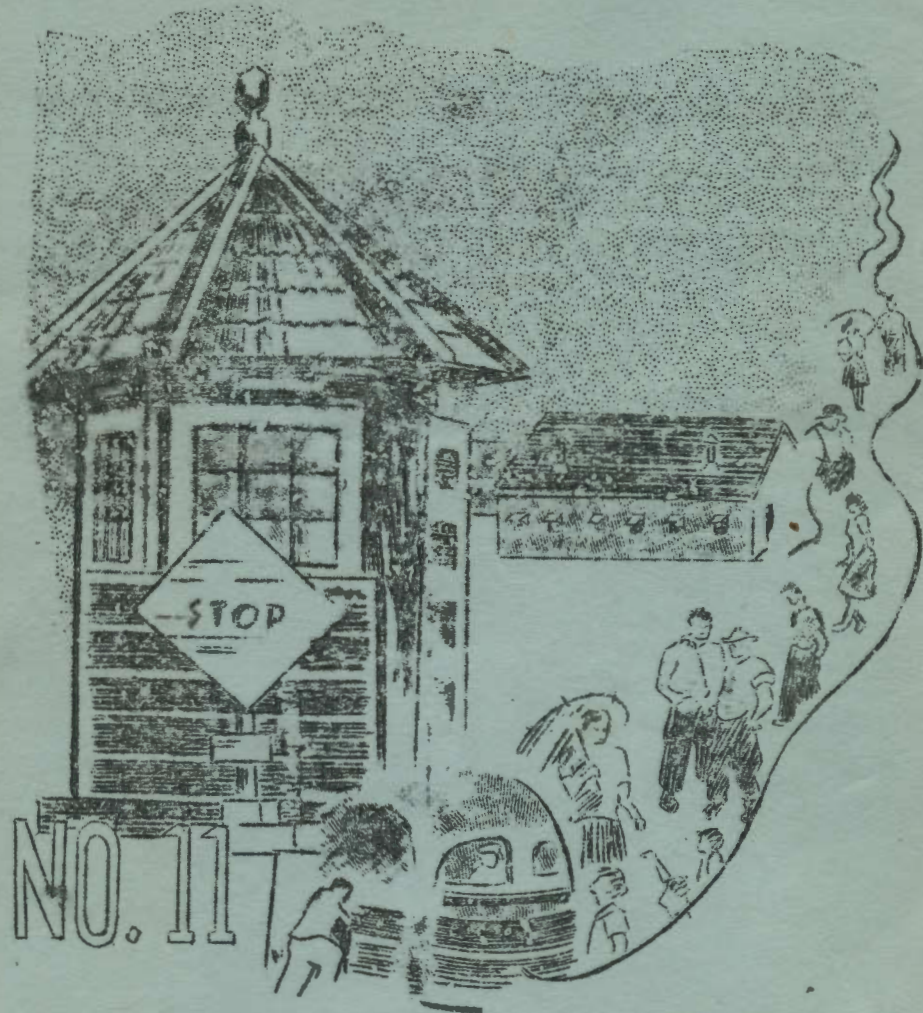


# TULEAN DISPATCH MAGAZINE

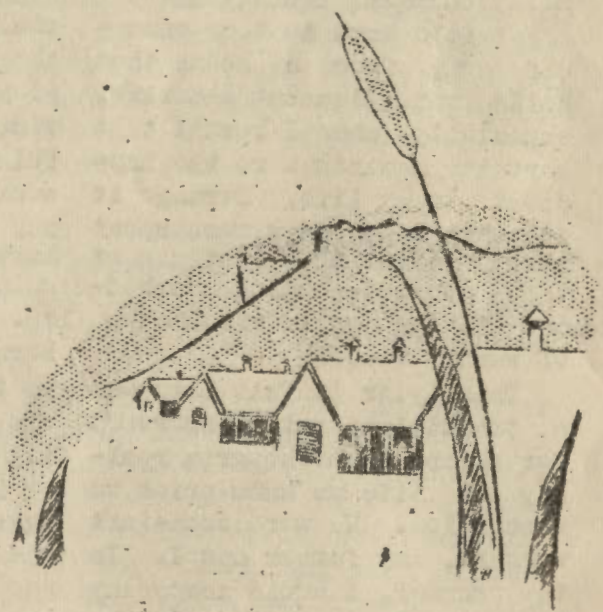


BUKTI DIRAJAH

MAGAZINE







The sun beats fiercely on the barrack window panes and the air hangs still and sultry.

From the dubious sanctity of our little cubby hole at 1608, I gaze across the field of shifting dust. A stiff wind picks up the dust and blows it full on a passing woman.

"I've got to get out of here," I tell myself. "I've been here long enough." Life in the Project is meaningless and without purpose. The world will not wait for me and it will be harder each passing day to readjust myself to normally changing conditions.

Yet it's hard to tear oneself away from a scene that holds some pleasant memories, especially when I recall that certain moments were the happiest in my life. Strange it is that happy days were spent here within the confines of this project--behind barbed-wire fences and in the shadow of sentry towers.

This year in Tule Lake was a transition; a time borrowed for escape from the grim reality of life we knew prior to evacuation. We were transient workers, my father and I. In the summer, I would accompany my roll of blankets into the hot dusty pear orchards to



pick that luscious California fruit which is so glamorously advertised by the states Chamber of Commerce. The white powderly arsenic spray got into our noses and eyes.

The ladders are 12 feet high and they became exceedingly heavy in the late afternoon. We figured it would be cheaper to stay in musty, squalid labor camp shacks, living on fish and bean soup, than to make ends meet in the city working for a Japanese merchant for \$60 a month.

After the last pear had been picked from the trees, we would throw our blankets on the outgoing track to seek employment in the famous Lodi vineyards. Jobs were plentiful on the ranches but the work was dirty as well as it was cheap. In the winter, the harvest of celery was in full swing in the San Joaquin valley. Most of the Japanese laborers were content to stay in the warm city boarding houses and spend their money during the cold winter months.

During the frequent rainy days, the men played poker in the bunkhouses. When weather permitted, we trudged out into the wet field, our feet sink-

(Continued on page 28)



# TULEAN Dispatch

## MAGAZINE SECTION

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### DOES IT PAY TO STAY HERE?.....

REV. SHIGEO TANABE

(This is a full text of the sermon delivered by the Reverend Shigeo Tanabe of The Tule Lake Union Church on July 27, 1943. It is being published with the editors' views that individual plans for relocation should not be postponed any longer. For our regular nisei personality feature, a sketch of Rev. Tanabe is presented elsewhere in this issue.)

○ n some people our evacuation and confinement here have made no impression at all. They will probably emerge from all this with no serious change of heart or mind. For them this experience will be all loss and no gain.

But for you it will be different. In spite of all that is wrong and bad about our present life you have gained something here which you might have missed otherwise. The crowded living condition here has taught you many valuable lessons in self-control. You have learned to be more forgiving, more patient with your neighbors. The noise and turmoil around you, which are always annoying, have strengthened your power of concentration.

For some of you this confinement has provided an opportunity, never available before, to look after and develop the neglected side of your life. And for all of you, freedom is no longer just an empty slogan. It is now packed with meaning reaped from hard experience.

You also know something about what it means to have your earthly treasures and securities stripped from you. And this experience has helped everyone here to get down nearer to the bed-rock of life. And so we might go on cataloguing your gains.

But it seems to me that the time has now come for you to leave this camp life. I would not say that there is something wrong with you if you do not leave. That would be wholly lacking in sympathy and understanding. Some of you are not in a position to depart this summer or this fall. You have your own personal problems to take care of. It may be that it's your well-reasoned out choice not to go out, a choice which you do not care to change or cannot change just now.

I am confident that you who are determined to remain are equally determined to make the most of the better side of life here. Taking the cue from Booker T. Washington, you too will seek out the advantages in the disadvantages of life here. Even in the worst of human situations you can still live nobly and creatively, if you so will.

## LIFE IS TEMPORARY HERE

**B**ut for the rest of you who are free to choose your future today there are many cogent reasons for leaving this life behind. There is a feeling running through our community that life here is temporary. The Japanese word "kari-ni" is being over-worked. This attitude colors life here from top to bottom. This feeling of temporariness is reflected in our work, in our speech, in our manners, in our social patterns, even in our friendships.

Life here runs along on the surface. It's super-



ficial and shallow. Nothing is done from the very depth of your being. Life here is only an imitation. As one young woman said, "You just can't put your heart and soul into the thing you are doing." This kind of living robs you of life's deeper satisfactions. The deepest joys and the richest gifts in life come to you only as you live from the very depth of your personality.

Here is something else which is part of the very air you breathe each day. It has now become your deep-seated habit to blame somebody out there, sometimes the government, sometimes the army, sometimes the general public outside, for the plight you are in. Of course I realize that our evacuation has been a terrible failure from every point of view. In spite of the recent ruling of the United States Supreme Court, I am convinced that the wholesale removal of American citizens at least was not altogether wise and just.

But on the other hand, this unforgiving attitude, always grumbling and blaming somebody else for the trouble you are in, will surely get the better of you. It will warp your personality. To live continuously in this atmosphere of unforgotten grudge can only dry up your inner resources and finally make you incapable of coping with life-situations later. You have seen moral dwarfs, who are always blaming the circumstances or somebody else for their own moral failures.

It is a well known fact to you that the farm which you own and operate or the business which you control gives you a feeling of security. But when the evacuation came along it stripped our people of everything, and this in turn swept away their feeling of their own in-





portance; their sense of security.

## REGAIN YOUR SENSE OF SECURITY

**W**hen a human being is deprived of his sense of security and feels cornered by a life-situation one of two things can happen to him. He either comes to his senses like the famous prodigal son and repents, "I have sinned against God," or he gives up part of his humanity. That is to say, he tends to be less and less of somebody and more and more of nobody. The tendency is for him to forfeit his high privileges and forego the responsibilities of being a real person, and reduce himself to a clay man who has no sense of duty or obligation. This temptation to be nobody is frightfully contagious; you're catching it and I'm catching it; and in the end it will stunt the growth of your personality.

I don't want to be too personal about this, but people here admit themselves that they are getting lazy. But they were not born lazy, not any more than people of other races. Laziness is just another way of saying that they are on their way to becoming nobody.

I cannot think that our race of all the races was born with the special instinct to carry away lumber belonging to the government. Stealing in our case



is another way of saying that we have given up the responsibility of being real persons.

There is a general feeling of irresponsibility running through this community. Last fall no one cared whether the potato crop was harvested or not. This attitude also can be traced back to the loss of our sense of security. This trend



downward from the human to the animal level can breed all sorts of vulgarities and indecencies in our speech, in our manners, in our relationships with one another. But on the other hand, there is every reason to believe that if and when the people here find a new sense of security, as a few have already done, the moral life here will be lifted up. You might make a note of this that people who never lost their sense of security because their lives were anchored in things unshakable and permanent have even grown in their moral stature since coming to this Center.

Here are other reasons for leaving this Center. For some of you there is a distinct gain in going back to college. There will be many opportunities for technically trained men and women in Europe and Asia after the war. More important still, in order to win the peace after the war there will be a great demand for mentally and morally disciplined people with a strong sense of what is right and good for men around the world.

I have a feeling there is greater security for you outside; and now is the time to resettle. With the rising tide of racial antipathy over the country against us in these Centers the insecurity of life here is almost sure to increase. Later on it might become more difficult to get out of this place. You certainly don't want to be here when the war ends. If you are still here then there is danger of you becoming a lost and forgotten race.

Then too your willingness to stay here can be interpreted to mean that you believe in race segregation. Of course you



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don't. But this conviction of yours must be translated into action at pretty nearly all cost.

Frankly speaking, there is altogether too much racial feeling among you; much more than I can comfortably admit. Some of you have prejudices against the Negroes, some against the Filipinos and some against the Caucasians. The only way to get rid of your racial bigotry and intolerance is to get out and mingle with all sorts of men and women. Unless you are prepared to live with all races you are not yet ready to live in the brave new world. You still belong to the old world which is trying hard to die.

The old world was self-centered. Every ego tried to make itself secure by grasping for more and more power over men and over things. Consequently no one was able to breathe freely, no one was free from fear and millions were not free from want. You have had enough of the old world. You are determined not to go back to its selfish motives and false securities. You will seek your new security in things that do not pass away with time, in high purpose and in God. Your heart is no longer set upon gathering money and things for you have learned in your experience here that you "can live on less when you have more to live for."

## LOVE AND FAITH

**F**inally without ever shouldering a gun you can fight for democracy and human freedom where you resettle. While others are fighting to win the war you can strive to win the peace and a new, progressive world-community. But in doing so it is well to remember that the only safeguard against anarchy, which is not enough government control,





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and planning and against tyranny, which is too much government control, and regimentation is not simply a better political set-up or a more efficient educational system but it is something deeper and more basic. The only safeguard is your faith in the God of love who commands you to love Him enough so that you will love your fellowmen. Only as you are free within to live in complete obedience to the law of love can you share in the creation of a society which guarantees freedom to men and women. --END

## RELOCATION

Must you sit and idle by?  
Watch the world drift busily by?  
Nay! Roll up your sleeves young man!  
Grab that hammer and make it swing;  
Hit that anvil and make it ring!  
Let its echo from every corner refrain  
The merry peal of countless hands again.

Don't you see those faces----so mutely pleading?  
Grab that shovel and make it swing;  
Hold that hoe and make it sing.  
Don't you know that we must fulfill  
A dream of replenished breadbaskets for the world, still?  
Don't you hear that clarion call---high and clear  
WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

--Minoru Kimura

# NISEI PERSONALITY ADJUSTMENT

NISEI NEED TO FIND THEIR PERSPECTIVES THROUGH SELF-ANALYSIS. A VALUABLE ARTICLE FOR ALL EVACUEES ESPECIALLY RESETTLERS.

By JAMES SAKODA

(The author is a graduate of psychology from University of California. The article was written before evacuation but it still is pertinent)

Have you noticed the following behavior in your fellow nisei: He likes to keep to himself and shuts up like a clam when approached by a stranger. He is extremely conscious of being a Japanese. He is cliquish and is jealous of the success of other nisei. He blames issei and kibe for his woes. He is confused; he feels insecure. All of these are signs of a disturbed personality.

## FIND THE CAUSE

Most of the sources of such uneasiness, and even despair, are often unknown to nisei. Since the mere knowledge of the cause of worries will reduce them tremendously or remove them entirely, we should find out exactly why we are disturbed. Many of our inferiority complexes, for instance,

can be traced to discrimination by Caucasians and criticisms from issei, both of which have been unavoidable to a great extent. Our confusion can be explained by cultural conflicts—being expected to act in two different ways both by issei and Caucasians; our wanting to be 100 per cent American and being rejected. It will help us to realize that the ideals and hopes that we used to cherish innocently as students have begun to crumble in the face of a realistic world (individual disorganization) and that these must be replaced with more practical ones.

## FACE THE FACTS

While knowledge of the disturbing elements in or about us is invaluable, humanly we want to avoid the unpleasant truth. But not until we face the facts squarely will we be able to tackle the problem directly and adequately. Education, like any investment, is a risk, and with some excep-



tions, it is becoming increasingly clear that for most of us the returns are not measuring up to the original calculations. White-collar jobs open to nisei are usually not promising. Consequently, most of us are afraid of becoming failures. We must acknowledge such facts in order to work directly on the sources of our anxieties. Any attempt to cover up realities can only result in a greater strain on our personality.

## DO SOMETHING

The standard criticism of nisei is that they complain about their plight, but do very little about it. While we should act--do something to change conditions--tackling the basic causes of our worries if possible, a few other indirect attacks should be noted.

## JOIN A GROUP

From observation, those nisei who take an active part in some group activity have better adjusted personal ties than those who do not. It is important that those of us who are lonesome and bewildered seek the protection of some sympathetic group. We should find a group well-suited to our nature, possessing ideals

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and attitudes similar to ours. To become a part of this group, we must learn its ways, neither lagging behind nor forging ahead obtrusively. In a rapidly-changing society, which is characteristic of the nisei world, it is wise to follow the group. More can be gotten out of a group by finding a suitable place in it and being active in that capacity than by attempting to excel in all of the group activities.

## LOSE YOURSELF

One of the most undermining habits to one's peace of mind is the constant preoccupation with oneself. If we could see our problem, not as being unique, but as a part of the greater American problem, it would help to shift the attention centered on ourselves. Better still, if we could lose ourselves in a movement or interest that absorbed all of our energies, we would have little time left for self-pity. Joining a religious movement, interpreting cultures of the East and the West, and studying the problems of the nisei are all to the good. Developing an interest, whether it be carrying on scientific investigations or painting pictures or writing poems means a chance to lose oneself. Those who want to free themselves of

constantly worrying about themselves should interest themselves in others or in the things that go on about them.

## PHILOSOPHY

Everyone must believe in something, and for the person who has a personality problem it is important that he possess a workable philosophy of life. Some of the standard

ones are to trust in the middle path of moderation; to see the brighter side of life; to appreciate the humbler things about us--friends, Nature; to do our best at all times and not worry about becoming failures. Religion, organized or personal, should have much to offer. Each one must weave his own philosophy to fit his own needs. End

## GLOOM

Hissing your evil melody, you rise from the goulsh mire.  
 In misty billow you rove on the mission of doom;  
 Swiftly you descend, whipped by the wind of wrath  
 Stunned by your first misty blast, numbed by the next,  
 slowly dies the fire.

Cloud my brain with your devilish mist,  
 Dim my vision, abolish my hearts glowing light;  
 Rust and fill my mind with bitterness of cruel delight,  
 Then I become a disciple of hate, every joy is missed.  
 I bolt, fright, then fall defeated under thy grasp.  
 The living fibers of joy are ceased; sin begins.  
 Aimlessly I drift, sails idle, for gone is the mast.  
 But the mind will work, the soul seek through the fog  
 a path  
 And dawn the path I strike into the light laughing,  
 as gloom spits his wrath.

--Buster Sawai



# "Outside"

(This is an account of a trip made by a delegate to Student Christian Faculty Conference of Rocky Region at Estes Park, Colo., July 12-19.)

by SHUJI KIMURA

It's funny, but we had a feeling of homecoming, not when we returned to the Tule Lake Project, but on our way out, a few hours after we left camp. It was in a little town, the first town out of camp. It was the first gas station we saw in more than a year. The red, cream, and light green paint of the Associated Oil was half obliterated, the station was empty, the grease rack had weeds growing by, with a rusty Ford body lying beside it, but it was a thrill. People talk about the Statue of Liberty greeting them as they return from foreign lands, of the emotion of being home in America again. Our Statue of Liberty was the dilapidated gas station.

## BIGGEST LITTLE TOWN

Reno is a charming place. It is not a city, yet it is

bigger than a town. It's supposed to be a wicked place, but it's really virtuous. You don't have to walk down from the sidewalk into a heavy-doored basement, or climb a stair in an obscure street to gamble. You walk in with a business-like tread into a place just like the leading bank of a town. Another hallmark of Reno is the signs on the highway approaching the city: "Get Married! Rings. License." It's quite a jolt to a romanticist who wants his gambling in the "dens," and to whom marriage vows is a matter of tears and whispered words, but it is a very healthy attitude, indeed.

## NEVADA

Traveling for a whole day through the arid sagebrush country of Nevada, one begins to realize the meaning of economics. Hour after hour, as far as the eye can see, sagebrush and rolling hills. Contrast it with the dark timberlands of Oregon and Washington, their tight green pastures, or the

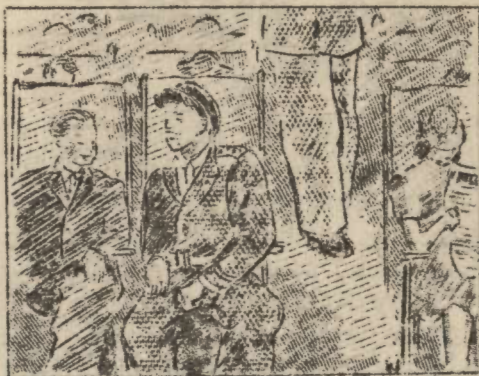


tremendous fruit orchards, vineyards, agricultural lands of California; or the seaports of the coast, hazy with smoke from liners and manufactories, and one begins to understand the contrast between the University of Nevada on the outskirts of Reno and the campus of the University of Washington, imposing in its spaciousness, or the science buildings and laboratories of the University of California. We have been living in rich states. Then think of the wealth of the great Mississippi Valley, the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. One begins to understand why Minnesota and Wisconsin produce lasting research in their laboratories, why Harvard and Yale are great. Well, gentlemen, where are you heading?

### "NOW SHINTO"

The bus stopped at a midnight lunch counter in a small Colorado town. There were some young army radio technicians talking about religion. Somehow Bill Osuga, our student of philosophy, became involved in the conversation, and soon he was explaining about the religion of the Japanese. It may have been the beginning of a beautiful friendship, for he found out that those boys were going to

Walerga, now an army camp. A week later, up at our cabin in Estes Park, he asked me how to spell "diarrhea." He was



warning his new soldier friend about something that hit him about a week after he hit Walerga.

### THE NIGHT SINGAPORE FELL

The Japanese Methodist Church of Denver is an old church, built by German Lutherans many years ago. Inside is dark and cool, the walls being of brick, the windows of stained glass. We noticed that the stained glass mosaic was irregular, and that the different panes did not balance and match each other. The pastor then told us that on the night that Singapore fell, some people had angrily thrown rocks through the windows, and had broken many panes. It must have been a tense time for the Japanese congregation. However, the Denver council of churches



heard about the incident, asked the other churches of Denver to contribute to a fund, and used this fund to restore the windows of the Japanese church. Hearing about the story, I was glad that the panes did not match. The church can turn Evil to Good.

### WILL'YA BUY ME A SANDWICH

She talked with me, walking about under the trees by the bus stop at a place called "Echo Valley" in Utah. She was as black as she could be, with a shiny face, and she wore a rumpled white cotton dress. She was a young Negro woman in her early twenties. She had got on our bus at Cheyenne. She said that she was from Memphis, Tenn., and that she was going to Brigham, Utah to visit the Navy Hospital where her husband was. He had been in the navy, and wounded in action off Australia.

We parted at Ogden. Later at Salt Lake, Hiroshi said to me, "Do you remember that Negro girl with the white dress? After we ate breakfast this morning at that little town I found out that all the restaurants had refused to serve a Negro. She was hungry, so she gave me a quarter and asked me to buy her a sandwich. They get it plenty tough?"

I thought of her traveling

all the way from Memphis alone; I thought of her husband wounded in action. Our "Democracy" has a long ways to go yet.

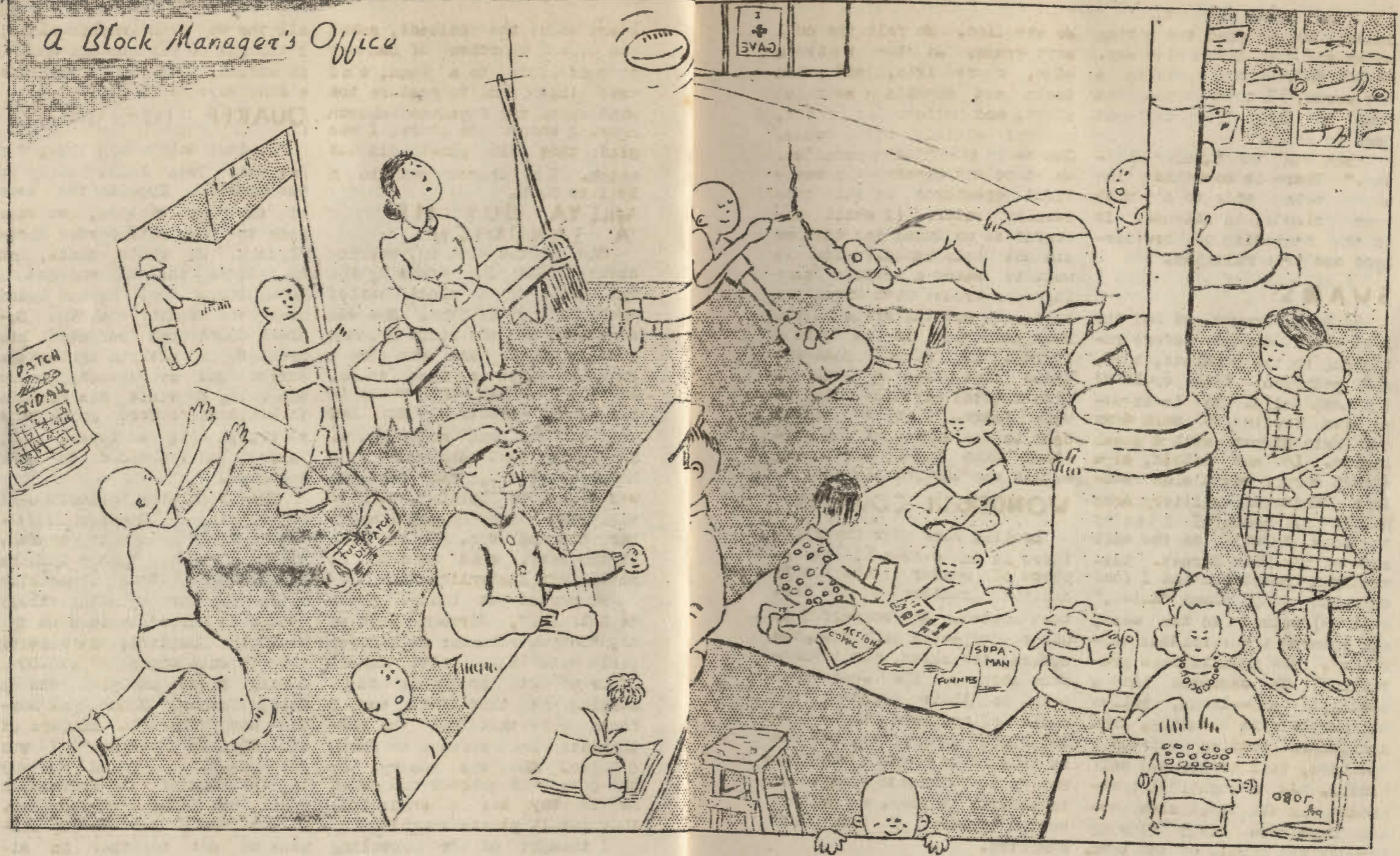
### QUAKER MEETING

On the way to Minidoka, we got into Twin Falls early in the morning. Opening the door of the bus station, we came face to face with Gordon Hirabayashi. We shook hands, and he told us that he was going to Minidoka too. He had heard over the radio that the Supreme Court had defeated his protest as citizen against the curfew and evacuation, so he was going to visit his friends in Minidoka before going back to finish his sentence. Kan, Gordon, and I decided to bunk together.

Sunday morning, Gordon thought of having a Quaker Meeting before going to church. There were two other Quakers in Minidoka, two Caucasian girls who were spending their summer as nurse's aides at the Minidoka Hospital, receiving the evacuee wages of \$16.00 a month. Since one girl was on duty, Esther, Schmoie and Gordon were the sole members of the "Quaker Meeting." I was the guest. We found our way to the edge of the irrigation canal, and found a grassy spot. We sat down. For twenty minutes we sat together in si-



*a Block Manager's Office*





lence. We watched the moving water and the deep blue sky. At the end, Gordon said in a few words, a thought that had come to him. Then we went back to camp.

That was the "Quaker Meeting." There is something fine about being able to sit with your friends, in silence. It is the beginning of brotherhood and true religion.

## SWANS

At Bend, Oregon, we had the last steak dinner before returning to the macaroni, beet, and potatoes, fish cycle of the mess halls. It is an expansive feeling to walk down the Main Street with a steak inside. Lo and behold, at a street corner was a sign reading: "Entering Military Area No. 1." A graceful hint to the Japs to walk on the east side of the Main Street. Naturally my companion and I (one charming lady named "Alice," of 1808) walked to the west, and entered the forbidden territory. The results were gratifying. We wandered into a beautiful park--lawns, yellow and purple iris blooming, lawn sprinklers sending out their cascades, tall trees, sky half hidden. As a beautiful background was the broad slow moving Deschutes River flowing through the middle of the town.

We strolled. We felt the cool soft grass. At the water's edge, more iris, and then ducks and ducklings swimming about, and believe it or not, several stately white swans. Swans--in this hidden paradise. We stood and watched the beautiful creatures on the cool evening water. (I shall regret to my dying day that we did not hold hands.) Then we went to watch a soldier fishing for trout with bread for bait. He put the bread on the hook and tied it on with a string. The string made the bread look like a bug. He didn't catch anything while we were there. Then we walked back to the safety of the Military Area No. 2, and barely caught the bus for Klamath.

## WONDERFUL COUNTRY

Looking back over the trip--there is an over-all atmosphere of wonder at the beauty and the grandeur of the western states. So wonderful is our country--the sagebrush, the waters, the skies, the tremendous scope of the West--compared to their grandeur the evils of men and their laws and fears seem petty, and one is tempted to become a Rousseau. But we don't want to escape into nature. Rather, we want to become worthy of this great country.

## NISEI PERSONALITY SKETCH NO. 2

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### THE REVEREND SHIGEO TANABE

The Rev. Shigeo Tanabe, turned down an offer to do research study in Sociology at Harvard and instead accepted a teaching position at the Aoyama Gakkuin, a Methodist Mission school of 3500 students, in Tokyo. Thus he forsook the life of a sociologist to become a minister of the Gospel.

Born some 30 odd years ago in the extreme Northwest, namely, Tarbock, Washington, to farmer parents, Shig, as he is popularly known has faced many hardships and setbacks.

Shig left home when he was in the eighth grade to shuffle for himself. He moved to Duvall, Washington, where he finished his freshman year of high school. He then moved to Seattle and attended the Broadway high school and finished his prep school training at the Garfield high school.

College beckoned and Shig enrolled at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma. He decided to major in Sociology, minor in Philosophy.

In the meantime two things

happened: He met his present wife, then Haru Semba; he accepted the leadership of the Tacoma M.E. Boy Scouts and their Junior co-horts, the Cub Scouts.

Many were the times that Shig, taking advantage of a lull in the scout meetings, would be caught red handed holding hands with Miss Semba and whispering sweet words to his lady. The cub scouts, women haters to the last man, would heckle and bitterly denounce this carrying on; but to no avail.

In 1931, Shig received his B.A. degree from the college and was all set to further his studies in the Sociological





field at Harvard when he suddenly decided that teaching in Japan held more fascination and interest. To Japan he went.

While in Japan, Shig made trips to Korea and China under the auspices of the Wesley Foundation. He came back a few years later, determined to enter the ministry.

He married his lady and entered the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley. After studying three years, he received his first pastorate, the Sacramento Japanese Methodist Church.

When asked what influenced him to enter the ministry, Rev. Tanabe replied that several factors were responsible for the change.

"Probably the most important were the College YMCA, my

church pastor, and Mr. Hall, father of Mrs. Helen Ritter of this Project, who was my Sunday School teacher," Rev. Tanabe stated.

Rev. Tanabe's future plans and aims are to help the evacuees resettle, to work for the inter-racial merger of all churches and to eventually occupy the pulpit of one of these churches.

The busy Tale Leko pastor is proudest of the fact that he made seven trips to Alaska to completely work his own way through both high school and college.

Rev. Tanabe concluded the interview with this amusing remark: "Just think—I would have been married to a thousand men if God hadn't willed otherwise."

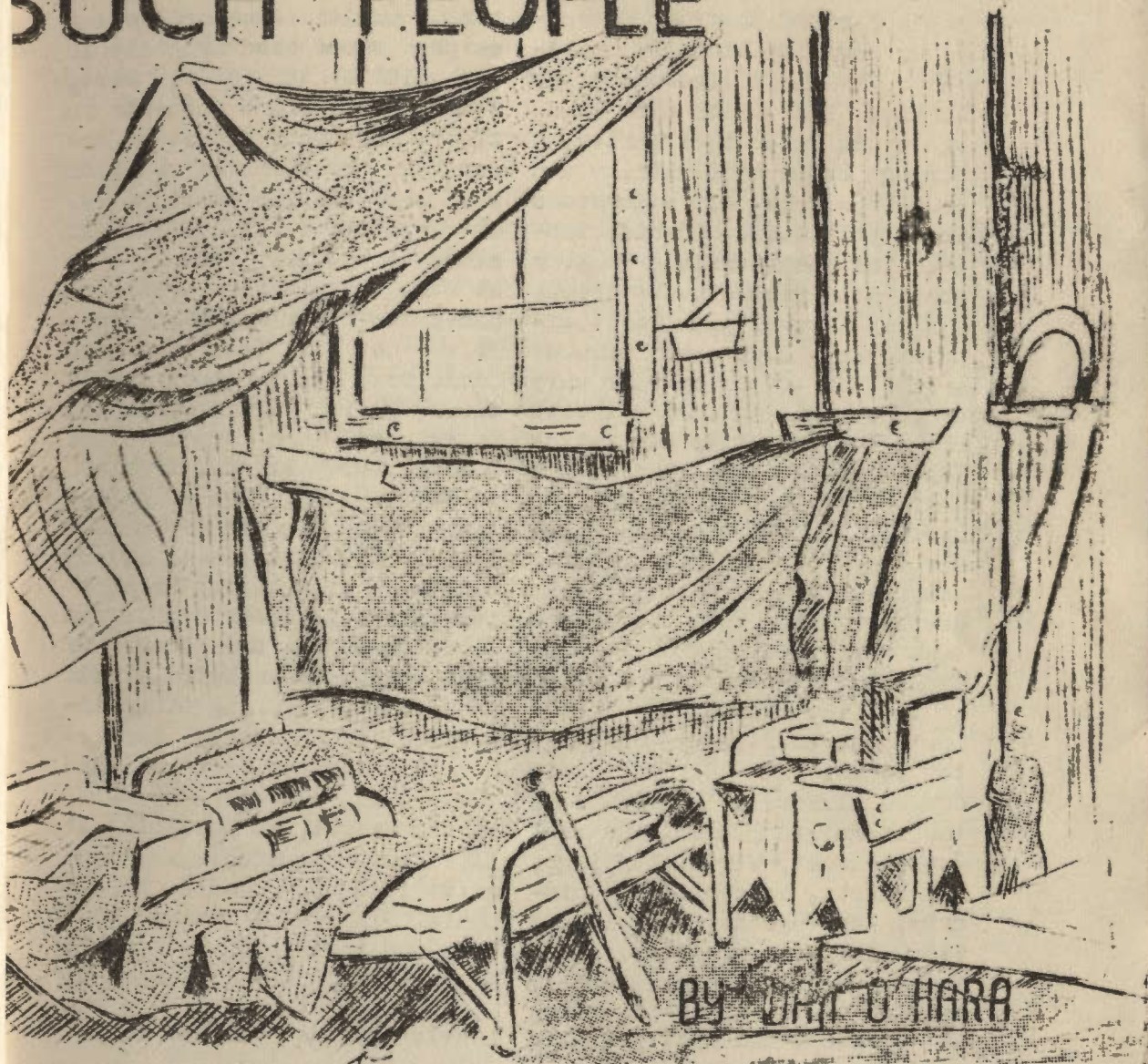
--Ken Kajitani

O, Word, thou hast not much  
To offer at this hour:  
In fighting for a power  
This life we waste and such  
Is but our lot we watch,  
While in the April shower  
The meanest wayside flower  
That lifts her head can touch  
Me with a thought too deep  
For song. O, God, this, this  
By which our own desire  
Becomes divine, shall keep  
Us here with joy and bliss  
That make us all aspire.

--K. Y.



# THERE ARE SUCH PEOPLE





The angry ring of the mess gong awakened him. Its incessant clamor called him from the dregs of unconsciousness. He cautiously opened one sleep-drugged eyelid and observing the room unoccupied, save for himself, emitted a loud, delicious yawn. Finding its way by mere sense of touch and familiarity, a strong brown hand retrieved a crumpled pack of cigarettes from a littered bed-side table. The well-trained member obediently picked out a droopy length of weed, planted it between dry lips and without hesitation began another wary search, this time for a book of matches. After completing its mission and finding his master serenely inhaling the nicotinous vapor, the hand developed itself into a fairly comfortable head-rest; its brother limb took over the task of feeding the gragrant smoke.

The interior of the bachelor's quarters slowly came into focus, as he languidly downed luxuriant lungfuls of the stimulating weed. He made out the dusty Varga clippings, the dirty, soot-smirched windows, the greasy towels and ties draped around the cheap canteen mirror, the diagonally nailed, G.I. blanket serving as a closet and feebly hiding

the slip-shod hanging of its occupants. The battered card table with its load of wrinkled issues of the Dispatch, the browning cores of mess hall apples, the half-finished letters, and the dog-eared poker chips, stood discouragely in the middle of dust, dirty socks, shoes, and geta-strewn floor. The only aspect of order and neatness in the room was the display of luggages. On a fairly substantial shelf stood a goodly row of Gladstones, Overnighters, Pullmans, and a few other nameless grips. Pride of all travelers and bachelors, they stood in all their glory of batteredness, usefulness, and smugness of Personal Property No. 1

He lay there and stared at the luggages, then by maneuvering his strong neck and by exerting his lengthy frame to its side, he observed his own Gladstones by the door. Of full rich brown Buffalo hide they were, looking their importance in the array of stickers and scuffed corners. And they were fat too, by God, that's right, he was going to leave tomorrow morning. "Damn it! it'd be good to be out again. The best thing that happened in this damned camp", he thought, as he reached up and unpinned the memo from the Leaves Office off the wall.



It stated that one Joseph Ishii was to leave for St. Paul, Minnesota on May --, 1943, at 10:00 a.m. "May, 1943, what the hell was I doing in May, 1942? That's right, t'was before evacuation and was I in a sweat trying to get out of coming here," he thought. "But a year sure flies fast, seems like only yesterday--."

Laughing and joking, twenty-odd Geology students sweated their toiling way up the colorful walls of Grand Canyon. Student Expedition during spring session--laugh and horse around, the world is your t o conquer!--Fifteen proud, eager young men in black and white facing the world with the stern-faced presidents' congratulations in their ears and a mining engineer's degree clutched in sweaty hands--Immediate offers from one of the largest oil companies, "The hell with the starting salary, let's go boys!" Days of riding the crazy old Dodge station wagon, through sage, mesquite and alkali dust: Heavenly nights beneath the purple, desert skies: Sing, think and dream of some cute gals back home--Dewy dawns--eggs, bacon, and coffee, a man's breakfast for a man's day. Cuss, sweat and curse the day you signed up, but you'll never say quits to this geolog-

ist's life--Mexican puebles, ice-cold American beer and flaming senoritas, then back to the sweaty grind. Seven men and enough equipment for a mining company in a six-passenger station wagon. "Hell around boys, we left trouble, worry, and strife with the folks back home--"

What a life! But we all love it, don't we boys? You're right, we do. Now steady Joe, while I plink that jack-rabbit behind that bush." Spring, 1942, -- "Sorry Joe, ole boy, but its back to the concentration camp for you"--Tearful regrets behind those jokes and taunts--one big blow boys! "C'mon Joe, let's clean out this Chink chop house and let's stop munching on those Four Roses and really drink. What's the matter with you birds? The kid's only going to jail. Damn these dirty politicians anyway!" What a great guy, joking through that heavy fog of despair! Strong handclasps of friendship, cemented by comradeship and mutual hardship--gruff "So long kids, see you again real quick, huh!"

Joe Ishii heard the first of his bachelor roommates returning from the mess hall. "Well, I'll be rid of them," he thought as he watched the oldster noisily chewing and



then spitting out fragments of an apple from the morning's menu into the open lid coal stove. Then sensing the impending doom of any more quiet with the return of the rest of the issei, he hastily clothed himself, and grabbing the equipment of his morning's toilet, the tall lanky youth strode for the wash room.

She was gracefully balancing a basket of soiled clothing in one arm and a bottle of Clorox in the other. "That new gal in the block surely

takes the cake for looks," he thought, as he quickened his stride so as to intercept her. "Good morning to you, Meiko-san!"

She stopped and her long lashes quivered slightly as she found the source of the greeting.

"Oh, hello," she drawled and searching his face with the luxuriant ease and serenity of an innocent child, added, "You're a sleepy head, Mr. Ishii." And then as if remembering her task, she turned and her lithe, young body mov-





ed in the sunlight. She was a dozen feet away, when she heard that chuckle. Low, vibrant and holding an amused note, it mimicked, "Mr. Ishii" and then rolling on beside her, it kept her company during her morning's chores.

He carefully adjusted the mirror on the single nail hook and then brushed his teeth while awaiting the hot water pipe to run itself out of its preliminary cold contents. Testing the temperature first, he wrung a not-too-clean wash cloth and then by a process of heat transfer, got his face ready for lathering. A pan of deep-set Un-Japanese-like eyes, topped by a flinty black hair and backed by a resolute chin, looked at him as he gently scraped the gold-plated razor across the night-old growth. "Well, what'll we do today, Joe?" he asked softly to the image and reviewed his plans for the day. The morning could be spent in last minute check-ups for his plans for his departure and for brief visits to his relations. "Damn nuisances, relations," he thought and winced as a tough hair refused to be mowed. Then there was the hiking date to Castle Rock with Darleen. He grinned as he thought of her; loose, wild and strikingly attractive. What a girl, so different from

Mieko and her haunting beauty! "Oh, yes, there's a dance on tonight, I'll take a chance and ask Mieko." He carefully wiped off the last trace of moisture and hummed "Black Magic" as he absent-mindedly watched the last sediments of the soapy water swirl, pause, then race itself around the brink of the drain and fall, leaving the galvanized tin sink unruffled again.

He caught her as she was on her way back for some forgotten raiment.

"Oh, Mieko, just a minute please." She stopped and faced him. The sunlight struck the tiny beads of perspiration on her brow and lit up the dark pupils of her wistful eyes.

"Would you care to go to the dance tonight with me?"

She slowly wiped the perspiration on the rolled-up sleeves of her blouse and gazed intently at him. "Damn those eyes," he thought as he followed up his lead.

"I'm going to leave tomorrow and--"

"Oh, are you really, and for where?"

"To Minnesota, on a general surveying and mining expedition job, and as I was saying, I'd take it as a very kind favor if you'd go with me tonight and make my life complete



here."

She seemed to see past him into an exciting picture and the slight breeze passing by, softly ruffled her soft hair. "Why is she so different from other girls? Why doesn't she say something?" he thought, half angry at himself for asking.

"I'll go," she said with the same child-like reserve which he could never penetrate. "Call for me at eight," and she was gone.

He stood there in the sunlight, extracted a cigarette from a shirt pocket and lit it. Soon he was lost in the interest of two ant-like figures racing down the greening slope of Castle Mt. "There'll be quite a few up there today," he observed, "hope we'll get some privacy." The breeze wrapped a curl of smoke around his eyes. "I'd better stock up on tobacco," he thought, "it's cheaper here."

She watched him from behind the curtains, a strange glow throbbing within her. "Mother, I'm going to a dance tonight."

"With Masao-san I suppose."

"No," and she said it slowly again, "no, not with Mas. I'm going with Joe, er, Mr. Ishii."

And a slow, vibrant chuckle filled the room. "Mr. Ishii."

She turned to look again,

but he was gone.

Darleen had packed a delicious, if plain, lunch. They sat beneath an overhanging ledge and watched the gray, sooty, camp spread below.

She leaned back against him, her soft, smooth, shoulders resting easily and feeling deliciously warm and exciting.

"Joe," she said his name caressingly, "I'm going to miss you like nobody's business."

"Will you, hon?" he chuckled softly inwardly at the thought.

"Yes, oh, darling," she turned her perfectly chiseled face up to his, "why do you have to go?"

Tears, false or genuine, clouded the immaculate eyes. He kissed her then, slowly and with deliberate patience. He knew she liked it and the pressure of her velvety lips, soft and sweet with yielding tenderness, was not unpleasant. He held her closer to him, her long hair pillowed by, an encircled arm. Again he kissed her in his same, slow, demanding way, resolute and breath-taking. Her kisses became insistent and he could feel the pliant beauty of her young body. He thought of the little Mexican bar maid in that bor-



der town, of the same passionate, love that had possessed him then, and he chuckled again very quietly; and she, mistaking the meaning, gave out the full measure of sincerity in her caresses. He met her demands, chuckling all the while.

A sea gull watched the two occupants of the ledge, wheeled, and screeched its loneliness to the dusty camp below him.

**A**ieko was ready at eight. "She never looked lovelier," he thought as the girl, clothed in the warm yellow of a new spring attire, answered his knock. A well-fitting sweater-blouse and a bow of the same color set off the rich blackness of her hair and eyes.

The dance was of the usual social event held every week. The few crepe paper decorations feebly did their best to make the dancers forget to see beyond their nakedness and into the rafters and beams of the mess hall; the heavily scuffed, uneven linoleum floor hid its shabbiness with a faint coat of wax and talc; the orchestra blared loud and strong in all its awareness as the only group in the camp. The dancers all moved with the unconscious mechanicalness of



those who have danced week after week at the same mess halls, with the same decorations, and to the same music; youthful figures all trying to forget their unuseful existence. Poor kids! trying to forget, or striving to catch some part of the old everyday wonders of life that was theirs by their American heritage, just a little more than a year ago.

"She's surprisingly smooth," he thought, "for a gal who seldomly goes out." His last



night in camp. "By 10:00 a.m. tomorrow morning I'll be rid of this dust bowl, then its real dancing in real places," he mused and then grinned faintly at the thought of the honky-tonks and dime-a-dance hall existence that was his social life before May, 1942. "There was Connie of the "Silver Slippers," a fiery red head, five-feet two, and eyes like liquid dynamite. "How she danced! I wonder if she's still there," he pondered and tightened his hold and smiled down upon the hauntingly, fragile face of his partner.

The night was warm and the soft breeze, fresh and sweet; the stars all hung in their places and gave their soft glow to the graveled road. The open fire-break broke the dull monotony of tar-papered barracks and the sparsely grassed sand was under them.

He stopped and she looked up at him. He saw the age-old look in those soft, warm eyes, the dewy lips, slightly parted and expectant. His feet shifted in the yielding sand as he gathered the girl into his arms. He could smell the faint fragrance of her hair, when his nose momentarily touched it as his lips went searching for hers. He tasted the full richness of young love in that warm quivering mouth and the

night seemed warmer and the stars brighter. He whispered, "Darling," tenderly and emotionally and for the moment believed he loved her.

**D**arleen finished the letter she's started, scanned over it and ended it with, "I'll always be waiting." She liked those endings; it always gave such a dramatic touch to her soldier friends' letters and anyway, those poor kids out there needed some kind of encouragement.

She looked at her watch and noted that it was time to get ready for her date with that dumb, neighbor's kid. "Oh, well, he was dependable and didn't get so touchy--its too warm to be pawed over tonight, anyway."

She thought of Joe and wondered where he was. "Lucky fellow, I guess he was glad to get out of here."

The kid called for her some half an hour late.

"What held you up stupid?" she demanded as she held her mouth up for his kiss.

**M**ieko, "Masao-san is here," her mother announced.

The soft spring twilight bathed the room and cast soft shadows against the plaster-board interior.

"Mieko, what's the matter,



are you sick, laying on the bed?" came the worried query.

She nodded and turned her eyes to the wall again. The child-like quality were not in them, but a softer light burned deep in those haunting depths.

"Oh, Joe, Oh, Joe," the girl whispered, and comforted herself in her painful loneliness. She remembered the spring morning, the exquisite night, and the beauty of their moments together. She remembered his eyes and that draw of the husky voice. The soft chuckle ~~ones~~ again filled her heart, the room, the universe, and she knew she'd wait forever.

**H**e looked out the window, saw the blackness rushing by and heard the steady click of the spinning wheels. Somewhere ahead, the engine roared its defiance to the night. He looked at the telegram, the porter had handed him. They'll be waiting at the station, that old gang of his; 'course a few were missing, what with the draft and war but the main bunch was there. It'll be great to be back with them again.

He thought briefly about the camp. One whole year he among his people, among the women of his own race, and

learned that girls were practically the same the country over. There were always two kinds. The nice ones were, well, like--Darleen, vivacious, exciting and nice to be with. The good ones--a girl with haunting, dark eyes came to his mind, "what the heck was her name, oh yeah, Mieko." Darleen and Mieko, two different girls, two different pages in his life. Darleen could love anyone; Mieko loved him, he knew. But that love was not for him, not while he was different from other men. He couldn't love like other men.

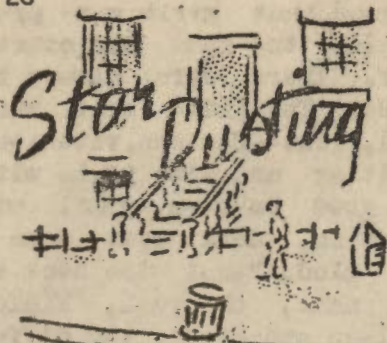
Mieko's face was there again and he cursed aloud, cursed the war that had drawn them together, the same war other decent fellows were in, doing their bit.

Joe lay back against the plush seat of the Pullman and stared grimly at his feet. They were curious, those legs on that sturdy frame, one, long and tapering like a football player's, and the other, full three inches shorter and encased in steel supports.

The engine whistled loud and long; it awoke the roosting fowls on the near-by farm and a night hawk paused in his nocturnal flight.

He snuggled down deeper and stirred once in his tired sleep. --END





(Continued)

ing in the cold mud and the the sharp wind biting our faces. Day after day, I told myself that I would quit and go back to the city; but somehow I stuck it out.

After celery, asparagus and cherry seasons followed. Such a life would continue until we died of old age. Men who sweat under the scorching sun in the fields for weeks would go into town and blow in the fruit of their toil in a single night. They would come back and begin all over again. We had no friends other than those we knew in the bunkhouses, and going into town meant little more than standing on the street corner, all dressed up and no place to go.

After a year's work in the fields, I could only show a couple of hundred dollars. Sick of that life, I came back to the city. Then followed weeks of tramping about the

streets seeking work, any kind of work, during which I passed through the usual vicissitudes of hope and disappointment.

A flood of joy came over me one day when an official looking letter informed me that I was to report for duty at one of the large granite buildings in Sacramento, owned by the state. I had taken a civil service exam a year ago and had all but forgotten about it.

It gave me a respectable feeling to be attired in white shirts and tie, walk nonchalantly down the Japanese town and tell people that I was working for the state. There was little left of my eighty dollars a month after paying for board and room, buying clothes and having them cleaned or laundered. My duties as a clerk were not excessive nor difficult—only foolishly trivial and unbearably tiresome. I was not saving money and days dragged by monotonously. I decided to go to college to prepare myself for something better.

To sustain myself for an expensive campus life, I managed to find a job as houseboy in a dormitory of several college students. The woman I worked for was physically rugged, disciplinary, full of rebukes and exacting. I was timid and afraid, lodged in a



strange big Caucasian home. Consequently I was easily handled. I helped the woman set the table, prepare dinner and serve it. Mountainous piles of greasy dishes and pans stacked up on the drainboard. After I had washed and dried them each night, I mopped the kitchen floor. When I doused the light at nine and descended to my makeshift room in the cellar, I was too tired to study.

On Saturdays, while my employer was out shopping, I dusted, swept and scoured the house in and out. Many a time I felt like running away but I had no place to go. I had no money. I did not have the courage to argue over my salary: board and room plus eight dollars a month. At nights, I occasionally cried myself to sleep.

On Friday nights, I was free to go out. I would saunter up and down the brightly lit streets, all alone, window shopping, knowing that I could never buy this sweater or that radio. The week-ends were always filled with the frivolous activities in which college students participated with wild enthusiasm. A dance was held weekly in the campus gymnasium. I could see through the windows, the rhythmic and beautiful movements of tall

dark boys in tweed suits, the slim blonde girls in their arms with the lush background of soft music and subdued lights.

The theater around the corner advertised a double feature, third or fourth run pictures, at 15 cents admission. I went in and forgot my dreary existence for a couple of hours in the world of make-believe.

Evacuation came to me in a sense as a temporary relief from all this--a blessing in disguise. It had to be temporary because it had lifted us out of the normal stream of the competitive world into government care. Also it was not a solution to our problem of being denied a living without barriers of prejudice, hatred and discrimination.

Despite the deprivation and many inconveniences, the social life in the Project was interesting and happy for me. It has been a year crammed with activities, with newly-made friends who, like me,



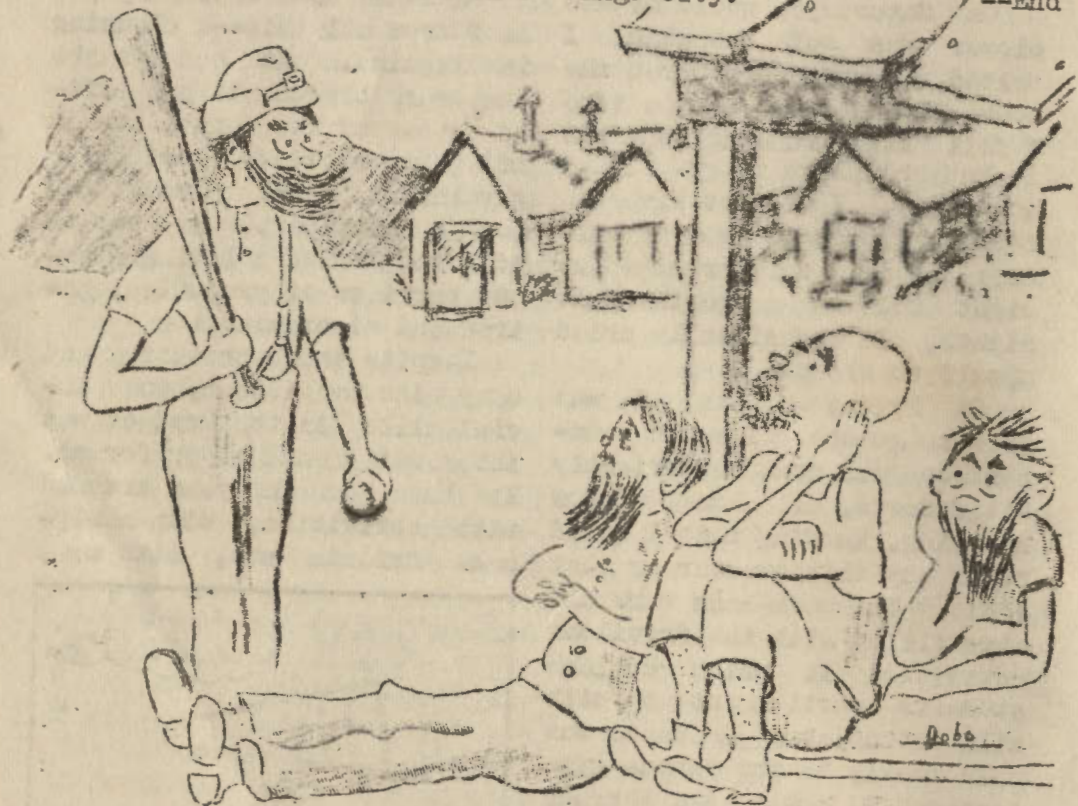


were reduced to the very fundamentals of life, making the best of what we had.

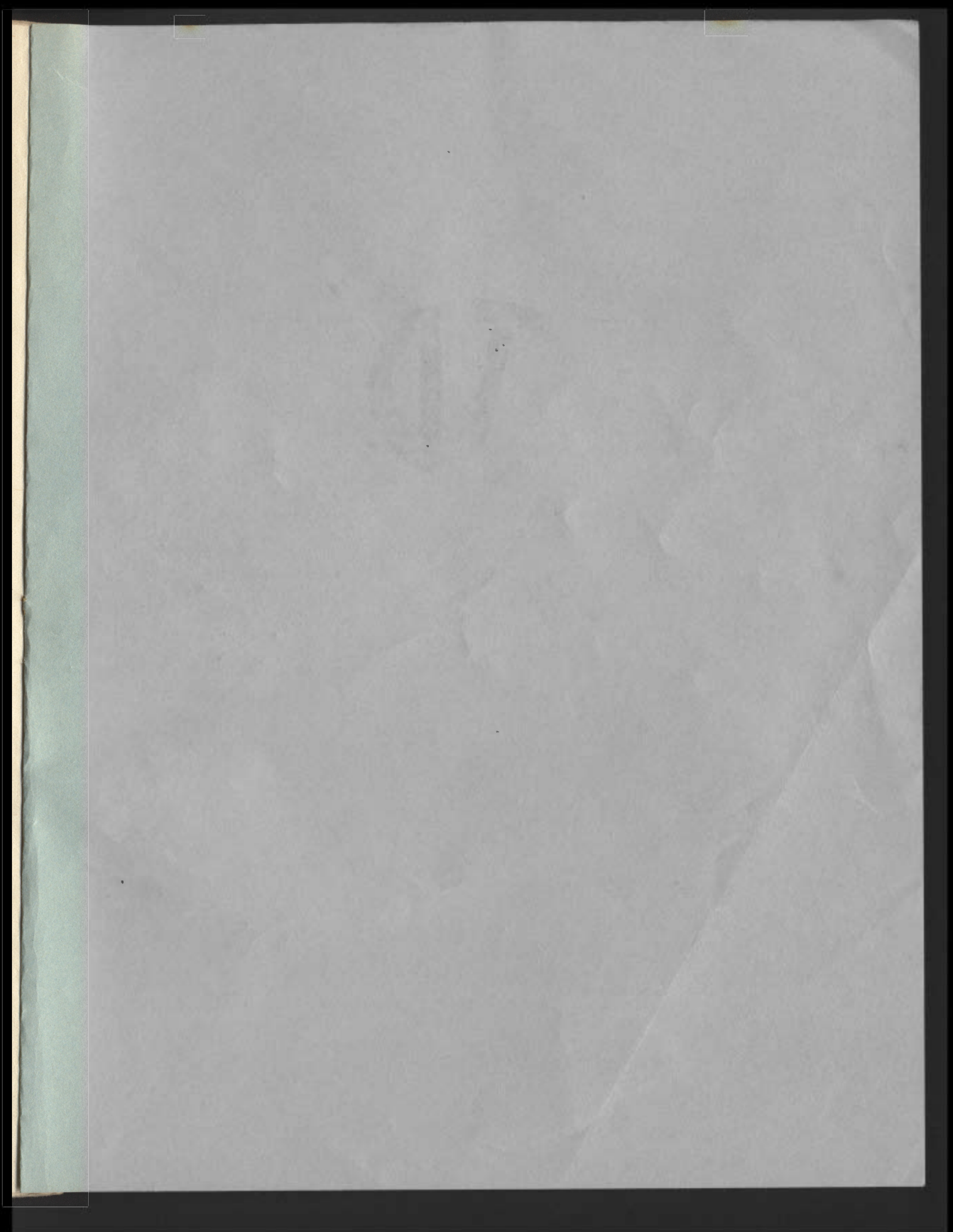
Fifteen thousand people living together under the same kind of roofs was not easy. But after we had thrown off all the superficialities of the life we had just left, we acquired a feeling that the real value of life was not found in outward form. My impression of one year in the Project is somewhat kaleidos-

copic: Saturday night dances, barrack room parties and bull sessions, jitterbug lessons, open air forums, carnivals, church services, the Little Theater, all super-imposed on a memory of wholehearted fellowship.

These happy moments are all too close now. They will jell into memory in the years to come, perhaps, when I am again wandering alone in a big, strange city. --End



ARE YOU STILL HERE, JOE ?





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