

ger's office. Strolling into the mess hall, various murmurs of approval or disapproval can be heard. If the table reveals roast veal and mashed potatoes, the comments will be: "Oh's and ah's." On the other hand, if the food looks and tastes like beans or fish, the growls and growns from the younger working set can be heard. And for a few minutes after lunch, families get together and discuss the gossip and news of the morning and prepare for the long walk back to their jobs in various places.

The afternoon sun is warm and many Tuleans take off one sweater but retain the other. About two p.m. the kitchen crew of youthful dishwashers storm out and head for the block manager's office to have a game of cards, or to pick up a basket-ball and volley foul shots around the basket. And if the mood suits them, they just sit reading the comics and film magazines until the evening hour when they once again shed their shirts and wash dishes, silver-ware, pots and pans, for 250 people. Among the waitresses, a number of them head for a class in artificial flower making and knitting.

"Going to English class today?" questioned one girl of a kibei friend.

"Yes," answered the kibei, "I have to learn to speak and write you know...and this is the day I go to class. I'm sorry that I can't go with you to the new sewing class. But I think it is more important for me to learn English."

"Sure," replied the nisei girl, "I'll see you tonight at five in the mess."

With the approach of three p.m., the block is hushed with the quietness of a Sunday afternoon. Practically everyone has wandered off to classes in English, a great number to flower making, sewing, knitting, woodworking, or to work. Among the few left in the block are three or four sickly and aged members of both sexes.

## MIDDAY SUN

A batch of eight retired farmers and merchant men sit around in the sun with pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and roll-your-owns, and with pocketknives, chisels, hammers, and sandpaper--carve interesting pieces of wooden vases and stands. All day long they talk.

"If we were home this season we would have cleared enough money to retire!" emphatically stated one old man. "But now, we have nothing, and it would be a miracle to see a live fruit tree

when we return."

"That's right," joined in another old man who was intently rounding off a knot in a rhythmically shaped carving. "We still have to pay taxes for the land, the truck, and the passenger car. Every year that we hang onto them it will be harder to pay...and the value will drop too."

"Sometimes I'm glad I sold everything," started an old man rolling a cigarette. "I didn't get much...practically nothing, but it would have been worse to have it taken in taxes we can't afford; what with sixteen dollars a month."

"Besides," began a third crony, "we have to pay our insurance on the barn, the truck, and the car."

"Don't forget that life insurance policy, too!"

And far into the day, the group gossip about the events in Tule Lake, the moral, the religious, the home-town left behind, the winning and losing of the war, panaceas for all evils, and what should be done that isn't being done.

A baby cries and a mother soothes the child to sleep. A young nice mother is busy feeding, nursing, and washing the baby's particulars. It is a difficult day for a mother, but she lives in a world of her own as she watches the growing infant and dreams of the day when he will become a great man. The father is a young man working during the day as a mechanic, and for the duration of the night chances are the man of the family will be patronizing the attentions of the infant while the mother sleeps.

"Frankly," stated the young father, "before the baby arrived I was worried. Circumstances here in the camp didn't look so bright for a birth, I thought; but the doctors are really efficient and nothing went wrong. Boy! I was relieved when everything went off o.k. And another thing, I don't have any doctor bills to pay either! The bills in themselves would have run into quite a bit; but the biggest break is not having to work so hard. I can't walk the baby and feed him at night the way I do now, if I had to put in a real ten-hour day back home...I'm really a fortunate man."

"Hello," greeted a young kibei couple, "just dropped by to see the baby. How is he?"

"Fine as ever," replied the mother. "He's asleep now...are you two going to English class?"

"Yes, we both started several weeks ago, but haven't learned much," the couple answered laughingly. "But," continued the

young husband, "we can really do some studying here and learn the language well enough to feel at ease among the nisei and white Americans as well. Working in the grape-fields and speaking Japanese continually never helped matters. Now, we both work in the same mess hall and have plenty of time between hours to go to school; maybe we'll know enough English to get along after the war."

## EVENING SHADOW

It wasn't long before the warm sun began to dip farther west and the atmosphere became a little chilly; a light wind began whipping the earth and school children hurried homeward laughing and shouting as they dragged their books reluctantly as boys do. The girls clung to them as intimately as all females prone to do. Within an hour, tired and irritable, happy and vivacious, adult workers trampled the earth for home. The old block resounded with the noise and chatter of human beings.

Sitting and standing next to the pot-bellied coal burning stove, adolescents, youths, and old folks alike chat about the coldness of spring weather, the outcome of Saturdays' baseball game, the lack of incoming letters, what to do tonight, the coming engei-kwai (Japanese entertainments), and what is on the menu for tonight. Children play tag, run, laugh, and whirl yo-yo's and shout. The shower boilers are hot and heavy black smoke whip the air laying a dark gray haze over the colony. The growing darkness and the cold winds announce the time of day: it is close to dinner time -- six p.m.

And with the varied clanging and banging noises, the people of the block stream into the mess hall. Once again, there is the familiar cry of enthusiastic reception or dull singularly unpleasant voices of dissention. Within a half-hour, the orderly mannered and well dressed tables are a jumbled mess of left-overs, empty trays, dirty cups, saucers and entree plates; the tables are unoccupied.

It is dark when the occupants return to their apartments and idly sit around the coal burning stove chatting about the latest rumors, something humorous, something inspiring, or simply talking. Others read the Daily Tulean Dispatch newspaper, make a crack, or listen to the radio programs; while others prepare to go out to various meetings, or to a friend's apartment for an evening of social relaxing.

Stoking the shower-boilers, two old men watch the flying coal flames and the belching black smoke as Tuleans walk in and out of the shower rooms performing the last routines before retiring. High in the sky, sightless, wild birds cry and the heavens reveal a pale cold moon and clear dots of stars flicker and sparkle like points of brittle icicles.

About nine p.m. the greater number of people still sit at home talking and listening to the radio as they knit, crochet, make flowers, read magazines, or write letters. Wandering back through the cold winter night, several ambitious nisei who attended night classes in academic pursuits exclaim unanimously: "Boy! It's cold."

One hour later, lights go out one at a time within each apartment and the dark Tulean night becomes even darker; but a few lights burn on. Laughing and chatting a great deal, a number of youths who work at various jobs during the day, sit congenially sipping tea and munching cookies as they enjoy a social evening of a closely knit group of their own. Card games, discussions, ouiji boards, and singing provide the bulk entertainment. But like all good things, about eleven p.m. the guests bid the host or hostess goodnight and meander off into the cold clear night.

And as a lonely warden makes his midnight rounds, all interior lights are out, and the people of the block are home at rest. This is the end of an early spring day in Tule Lake.

--Hiroshi Sugasawara

# Fleeting Impressions

It is like a dream--the scenes so familiar, voices that echo in the distance, the cool breeze that sweeps soothingly over the firebreaks, the clangings of the mess hall bells, the chatters and shrill laughters of carefree children. The wiry grasses growing along the firebreaks and between the barracks, the purple hills in the distance, Castle Rock's outline in the evening when the sky is light--like that of an Egyptian mummy; the sound of a phonograph jiving away in a laundry room, the stamping and shuffling of feet--jitter-bug session.

One year in Tule Lake Project. A thousand and one events kaleidoscoped into a Dali-like impression: softball games along the firebreaks. The "Ohs" of the crowd as the batter takes a healthy cut at the ball-strike? Oh, you robber!

Dust. Dust. The weather of Tule Lake, as unpredictable as a woman in a millinery shop. Snow in May, Indian Summer in November--but all the year round, wind, wind, and more wind. Wind, gentle as a baby's breath; strong enough to rattle the windows; wild enough to shriek between the telephone wires--whirling dust and papers like a minature tornado--sending fine dust particles seeping through the windows; blanketing furniture and floor with a coating of white. Dust. Dust. Dust.

The first snow-fall. Tule Lake Project under its baptismal covering of white. Tiny-cool flakes, floating down, silently, gently.

Hey, it's raining again. The incredulously: By golly, it's snow. Well, I'll be dammed.

Snow, gentle snow. It piles up on the front door-steps; it's slippery as the dickens, and it invariably turns into slush. snowballs, snowmen, and snow fights. Castle Rock transformed into a snow-white castle. And far off on the opposite side of the project, the hill to the right of Abalone mountain--it looks like a hot cross bun with its cross-like frosting.

And look at those dots on Castle Rock. Down they come. Home-

made sleds, Sears and Monky-Ward specials; long, short, narrow or wide--they bump, lurch and careen dangerously down the steep side --the snow whipping into your face and the hair turning silvery white.

Tired of sports? How 'bout a dance? Here's a bid. It's the Pensioneer-Mick's super-doooper. Let's take a look. It's a mess hall but Christmas, what a change inside! Look at that centerpiece! And look at that bar! Cokes. Genuine cokes. How do these boys do it? The orchestra is not a push-over--it's Miki Tanaka and his Stardusters. And sweet or hot, the boys can whip it out. Tables with cloth. And white-clad waiters. Yeh, man, this is the limit. Hey garcon! That's the stuff. Roast pork and dressing. Pickles and jumbo olives. Ah, appetizers and salad. Cokes and more cokes. Stuffed like a pig and then on with the dance. An evening of enchantment and finally, "The Story of the Starry Night". The dance has ended but not the memory.

Time doesn't march in Tule Lake. It flits by. Events pile up on events. Talent shows, songfests, forums and festivals. Holidays and more holidays.

How 'bout a talent show? Here's one that looks good--the Cafe Continental. Yukio Shimoda and company. Tap dancers, acrobatic, ballet, rumba and more Yukio. Music by Woody Ichihashi and his band, vocals by Tami Matsufuji. Fantastic scenery and eerie dances. How do the spectators like the show? They eat it up and clamor for more.

Fourth of July. The real McCoy. The glorious Fourth on the firebreak. Heat, sports, games and dances. A historic moment when Old Glory unfurls and flaps its silken spangles and stripes in the cool breeze. The sun pours it on. Parasols blossom out like gay-colored mushrooms. Around the sumo ring, issei men squat around impassively. The referee clad in traditional costume, prances around the wrestlers and shouts his warning cries: Akiyoi, noktta! Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The thuds and grunts of the two superably conditioned athletes --perspiration glistening on shoulders, backs and legs--bare and tanned; brawny arms locked in steel-like grips; faces contorted, chest heaving--

Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The final concentration of strength, the sudden dexterous twist of the body and then the heavy thud of fallen body--

Jozuda! The shouts of approval from the spectators. The match

is over.

An interval of time flitting merrily along--softball, hardball, mess hall gongs clanging harshly in the morning; lunch and supper to the same old tune--school for the youngsters, work for the old--wash-room conferences--squabbles and laughter--the jeers of the youngsters:

Come on, now! You do it. The cycle continues: That's sharp. Eat it!

The fountain of youth, the heart of cornucopia, the idling site for all--the canteen. Fruits, soft drinks, ice cream, groceries, hardware, dry goods, stationery and knick-knacks.

Ice cream's all out, so's peanuts. We have crackers but no butter. Meat's rationed and so are canned goods. What the hell kind of a store is this? The shrug of the shoulders--what can one do?

Here's a block manager; what is he? Nursemaid, janitor, messenger, complaint board, diplomat, tyrant, judge and jury. He's one and all.

Hey, the light fuse is out. My wife is sick, call a taxi. Tell that guy next door to cut out the snare drum. Where's my newspaper-----?

Wait a minute boys, I'm not Solomon and neither am I Superman. I'm just the block manager. Tell it to the councilman. Oh, yeah? What councilman?

Who lives here? The bachelors. Oh, the bachelors. Phew! It sure looks like it. Look at those unwashed socks and shorts. What's that pile of dirty shirts and hankies? Don't they ever make the bed? What's this pile of ash and papers? The dump pile. Gad! What a mess! Look here, boys, suppose a visitor dropped in to see you? Let them come? What guts!

Pic, Life, Time, Look, Reader's Digest, Colliers and more Pics. What food for brains. Cut-out pictures of gals on the walls, nude sketches on the door, women on the brains and women in their talks. What a bunch of hard-up guys.

What are those sprawling green buildings? And what's that tall chimney for? Well, sir, that's the Base Hospital. You've got a toothache? Your tummy hurts and your tonsils are bad? Well, the Base Hospital for you. Your wife's expecting, your father is ill? The Base Hospital's the place. Some outfit, that Hospital. It's the panacea for all illness, the final resting

place for some and the start of a new life for many.

Labor Day--parade, floats, baseball games and bazaars. The flag pole dedication and more talent shows. Harvest Festival and Thanksgiving. Chilly evenings, frost on the grounds, silence in the night and the glistening blanket of white. Noels, Holy Nights--the first Christmas in Tule Lake.

Rumors and more rumors. Did you hear about the councilman who got beaten up? What's all this junk about resettlement? We'll be here for the duration. Rain and mud. Snow and slush. Basketball, football, talent shows and more rumors. War will be over by spring. That's what you think!

Who's leaving today? Why, didn't you know? Well, I'll be darned, let's get going. There's the bus coming down the highway. Look at the mob--old and young, male and female--plenty of tears shed and hand-shaking galore--they look happy and yet they are weeping.

Well, look who's here. Didn't know you're leaving. Give my regards to old Chicago. I'll be there before the summer is up. So long, old boy; don't forget to write.

The bus rumbles into life, rolls into motion and slowly passes through the gate onto the highway. It picks up momentum and amid waving of hands rapidly dwindles into a tiny dot, then into nothingness.

And just outside the project gate--the mecca of hikers--rugged, steep, and historical landmark--Castle Rock. Up its sloping sides; youth gaily trudge. Sage brushes and grass, huge boulders and small pebbles, the winding path leads from one ledge to another. The peak at last where twin crags stand guard over the sprawling countryside.

To the north, the dark squares spot the plain--barracks; and countless spirals of smoke climb into the afternoon sky. The nipping breeze sweeps refreshingly over the rocky ledges, the western sky assumes its nocturnal coloring of silver and gray, the shadows drape over the slopes their mantle, a tower stands outlined on the hilly slope--dusk has fallen.

A myriad fireflies glow among the barrack windows and from a distance the faint wail of the train carries back mournfully on the evening breeze. It's twilight over Tule Lake.

--Arthur T. Morimitsu

# ATHLETICS



As much a part of the life of every resident at the Tule Lake Relocation Center as anything during the initial year was the athletic program. A one phrase description of the program could well be "from nothing to something." To start from a scratch is a tough problem in anything, and it was no exception when it came to getting a favorable recreation plan going here. At first all that the recreation directors had to work with was a lot of sandy space, a very limited amount of supplies, and the hope that the people, as they came in, would bring more equipment, which they did.

Out of the first group of volunteer workers to arrive on May 27, 1942, a small athletic staff was selected. Their first duties involved in laying the ground work for a recreation program for the incoming people. By holding various organizational meetings and the laying of diamonds, they were able to prepare for the first major sport, softball. Proving to be a hindrance during the early days, besides other things, was the battered morale of the people. They were yet to recover from the troubles of the evacuation and seemed reluctant to cooperate or help.

The weather was an unknown factor with which to consider. Rumors were to the effect that it snowed, rained, etc. for nine out of twelve months, but except for a period in mid-winter, the conditions turned out to be passable. All in all, though, to get sports started in this Project was a job which involved much hard

work, much initiative, and a little luck.

In the beginning there seemed to be hopes for building tennis courts, golf course, gymnasium and other facilities. Endless hours were spent in their planning by interested persons, but as time went on it became evident that all those things were just wild hopes. The ideas ended up in the ash can.

Realizing that they were not going to get much aid from the WRA as far as athletics was concerned, the sports directors soon began concentrating on doing what they could with what was available.

On the evening of Friday, June 12, 1942, with only a few hundreds of the colonists in camp, organized sports was inaugurated into Tule Lake history with the start of a eight team men's league. From then on, as more and more people arrived and as the population neared its peak, more softball accommodations had to be made. Also hardball was started in the early part of July. At the height of the ball season last summer, there were from nine to ten leagues going full speed, playing an average of six games per evening, with over 1500 people competing.

The panorama of sports in the following months included eight-man touch football and basketball as the major sports, while in the field of minor sports table tennis, volleyball, fencing, judo, sumo, horse shoe, tennis, track meets, boxing tournament and marathons were featured. Of all the major sports, the most successful was basketball, followed by hardball and softball. Although enthusiasm was shown in touch football, it never reached the popularity of the other sports. Despite being forced to play outdoors on sandy courts and under the most adverse weather conditions at times, basketball reigned as the king from November, 1942 till May, 1943--nearly six months. Outstanding minor sports were the track meet held in July 1942, the two day boxing tournament held in March 1943, the marathon race, and table tennis.

Athletics were definitely a morale builder in that first year. With time meaning very little, looking forward to the important games or programs was a big thing. And a helpful factor was that the Tuleans, issei as well as nisei, were very sports-minded, as was proved by the huge crowds which witnessed the big games. Even the girls drew as many as 1000 fans for a single softball game, and many events drew well into the thousands.

Of all the difficulties encountered in the first year, the two biggest problems were created by the battle with the elements, and the battle of the competitors. First, the battle of the elements. For some reason or another, constant wind storms would come up, sometimes at the most unexpected times, to create havoc with the playing of anything. Also something unusual for many Californians was to play football in the snow. This battle with the elements was bad but nothing could be done about it. However, the second battle, the battle of the competitors, could most likely have been avoided to a great extent. During the horsehide season and football, too, the playing fields became scenes of protest, fights, etc., which sometimes would grow into gigantic proportions, threatening to upset everything. In basketball, there was less of that kind of trouble than in the other major activities.

No one seemed to be able to explain just exactly what was creating the misunderstandings, but some called it "camp psychology." Whatever it was, sectionalism and frayed nerves probably had much to do with it.

Carved into the history of Tule Lake sports thus far has been names which will never again make the headlines here, for relocation has taken a number of the young men and women back into normal life again. But then again the foundation for new stars of the future was laid because the youngsters had a good sports program too. Although the question of juvenile delinquency did break into the camp picture from time to time, the fact that the youngsters were able to compete in sports must have helped to hold it down. If their program had been possible to be more complete, there is no doubt that juvenile delinquency would have been cut to a smaller extent.

Nevertheless, the opportunities which the young boys and girls had to play in organized leagues and under capable leaders, will help them in the future and for many it was a chance which they may not have had elsewhere. In considering all the facts, there's no question that the first year for providing recreation for the Tuleans has been a difficult one, but much was accomplished--friction caused by sectionalism has been broken down, new friends have been made, the spirit of cooperation has been brought about, a means of taking up the people's leisure time was provided for anyone who wanted it, and best of all, it did keep up morale.

--Kunio Otani

## Chronology Of Events

1943

- MAY 27 - First contingent of evacuees, consisting of 450 volunteers from Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers, arrived in Tule Lake Project.
- MAY 30 - "Hello Dance" held at Mess Hall #720.
- JUNE 11 - Colonists held public meeting with acting Project Director to discuss self-government.
- JUNE 15 - Project's official mimeographed news-sheets "Information Bulletins" adopted permanent masthead with the name, "Tulean Dispatch".
- JUNE 18 - Temporary community council formed.
- JUNE 20 - "Woody" Ichihashi organized dance band.
- JUNE 24 - Wage scale of \$12, \$16, \$19 announced. Transfer of 4,200 evacuees from Sacramento Center completed.
- JULY 4 - Recreation Dept. presented a day-long holiday program.
- JULY 8 - Influx of 9,166 evacuees from Military Zone No. 2 began.
- JULY 11 - 3,000 persons attended outdoor forum on citizenship questions.
- JULY 15 - Influx of 4,000 former residents of Pinedale Center began.
- JULY 28 - Colony census taken.
- AUG. 4 - Uniform meal planning established throughout the 64 mess halls.