



Somewhere in the distance is the peace we all want. The soldier and his girl gaze at the Idaho sunset with thoughts that need not be explained.



Part of the famed Minidoka mass choir is shown at an appearance which won them added plaudits for an impeccable performance. Considered one of the best in southern Idaho, the choir has given several numbers at neighboring towns including, Jerome, Twin Falls and Burley.



The day is long for the old and the sick. While the housework is being done in the barracks rooms, the old men have nowhere to go, and invariably they turn toward the laundry room where they can play and concentrate on the game "go" for hours at a time. Above is shown a typical scene in nearly every block with a bearded Issei pondering his next move, with kibitzers watching eagle-eyed.



GREETINGS

AS the sun sets completing its cycle that makes the day into night, so is the past two years that evacuees have spent in relocation centers now entering its final phase. During those years since evacuation much has happened. In the mind's eye one is able to see thumbnail sketches of the many events that marked each passing day, no matter how insignificant or how important.

Captured by the camera and frozen into immobility for posterity's sake are some of those scenes that made each day into months and then into years—scenes that are familiar to all residents, scenes that will bring back memories in the years to come.

In presenting such a pictorial issue the *IRRIGATOR* is grateful for the tireless and unselfish efforts of Mr. Joe Tanaka for the photography, Mr. Joe Donohue, engraving, and of course our printers in Jerome and countless others whose cooperation made such an issue possible.

The *IRRIGATOR* takes this opportunity to wish all its readers Season's Greeting and a bright and happy New Year.



Walking down a camp road with a dripping ice cream cone is the big brother, assigned by his mother to take care of his little brother. Within two minutes the little one will demand a lick, and the interchange of licks will take place until the jacket fronts are covered with the sticky concoction.



Used to the wet and insufficient snow of Northwest Seattle, two boys take full advantage of the powdery stuff that is plentiful in Minidoka. The curse of the drivers and engineering department, the snow, however, shares honors with swimming as one of young Minidokans' favorite sports. The two boys are contemplating just how to aim that snowball at a passing man.



The bane of Hunt, Minidoka muds, famous for their adhering qualities, shown at one of their wettest and gooiest best. During cloudbursts, floods like the one shown above are frequent and force detours and traffic congestions. This time of the year is when rubber boots are hauled out of trunks, and woe to the resident who ordered too late for a pair.



Bashful at first but now completely at home in the presence of Santa Claus, tiny members of the nursery school have just finished telling him what they want for Christmas, and are thinking back to be sure that they haven't missed out on any last minute wishes. For most of the nursery children, Christmases in camp are the only ones they know.



Considered one of the best pictures of the year, the appealing photo above catches the youngsters in the midst of consuming their noon meal of wieners and spuds. The tyke on the left seems to be wondering at the rapid disappearing act of the wiener and having doubts about the general taste of it. Evidently the two other boys are too hungry to wait. Forks are so darn inconvenient . . . why can't we use hands?"



Always on the alert, and watching for any trouble, the Internal Security force keeps a full crew day and night in the sub-stations spotted around the center. Most of the force is made up of Issei men who patrol their beats with eagle eyes.



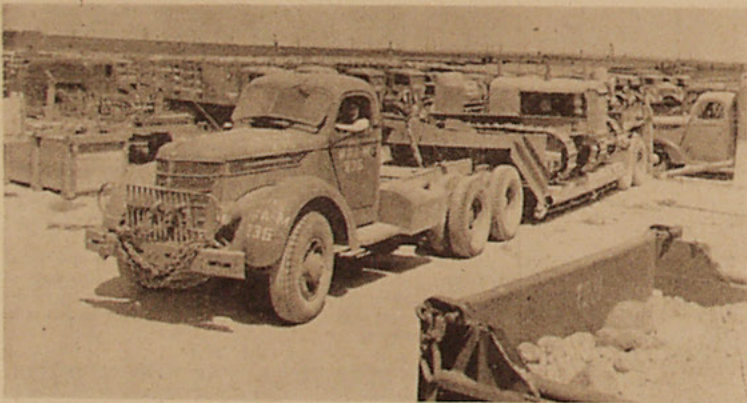
Dear, (or otherwise), to the memories of the residents, will be the familiar routine of the banging of the mess bell, the lining up, the dishing of the food, eating, and then the stacking up the plates to "slop" it. The above scene shows the residents of Elk. 41 looking into the camera just before they receive their plates of stew, in this case.



When the work is hard, and the future gray, the women turn to the Beauty Shop to rejuvenate their feminine morale. Efficient operators give all the approved beauty treatments to fit the \$16 wage scale, and do a beautiful job of it. With people skilled in all trades resettled in Idaho's sage-brush country, residents can get almost everything at Minidoka from horse-shoeing to the finest watch repairing.



Three times daily, water is poured into the tubs, soap silted in, chloride added, and some 600 odd dishes and many more hundred utensils washed and wiped. With most of the young people working in offices and departments, the bulk of the dining crew is made up of Issei men and women.



The rough, bumpy roads of the camp are hard on vehicles, and the mechanics are kept overtime repairing and overhauling the trucks and cars that come in a steady stream to the garages. The picture above is the enclosed area just above Elk. 22, with trucks suffering from appendectomies to malnutrition, waiting for their over-alled doctors.



When the snow falls and piles, drifting into window crevices, and blowing into soft dunes, Hunt is transformed from a dreary gray arrangement of barracks into a sparkling fairyland. Beautiful Idaho sunrises and sunsets touch off the light crust of snow, form an unforgettable picture dear to every resident.



"Open just a little wider," and obediently a little girl opens her mouth to receive her daily portion of vitamins pills. The nursery schools have proved to be a blessing to the work-harried mothers who take their children to the schools and dismiss them from their minds for the rest of the day, with complete confidence in the efficiency of the teachers.



Every night at bedtime, the familiar scene above is re-enacted in all parts of the camp. Notice that the woman above is wearing the "getas" which serves a dual purpose of keeping her high off the deep snow, and preventing her from contracting any foot diseases at the community showers. Though approximately half of Minidoka Project's residents are citizens of the United States, some Japanese designs persist, especially when they are as useful in the Idaho dust and mud as the wooden getas. But you'll notice in the picture above that the lady's bathrobe, soap dish and hairnet are purely American inventions.



Until January 20, when the evacuees will be free to go and come as they please, the front gate will keep on checking and issuing buttons for passes. In the past two years, this gate has been a silent observer of hundreds of residents relocating, soldiers on furlough, and tender scenes of farewell. When the gate is torn down, evacuation will have come almost to the final milestone.



Center of several controversies, and number one prayer of the high school students is the school gymnasium, as yet incomplete. Several members of the student body stand around the steps, chatting about their test while waiting for the bell to ring.



Throwing her famed baton high into the sky, little Myrtle Yamanishi, talented majorette, strikes a charming pose against the backdrop of a fluffy sky. Miss Yamanishi has given several performances, each one adding to her laurels, and now owns her own little pedestal as one of Hunt's talent boasts.



Except in age, there isn't much difference in the two boys. One loves marbles in the present tense, and the other loves it as a boyhood remembrance. Paratrooper Pvt. Junie Kawamura, above, shows his little friend how he used to win in Keeps. He is now overseas playing a deadlier game, a real and grim game for keeps.



"Lugging" water from the laundry room so many times daily is a routine chore for every family in the center. An old man carries a couple of buckets out to water his garden, and mop his room with.



The day is nice, the sun feels good, and the roving camera catches six attractive office girls taking a stroll during lunch hour. Reading from left to right, they are Misses Yasuko Koyama, Rae Ohara, Toshiko Hiram, Kimi Watanabe, Irene Kawanishi, and Minnie Nakano.



Just the opposite of the picture at the bottom of this row, the group of swimmers in the pool below the warehouse area, are probably skating on the top of the pool this time of the year. Piped in from the canal, the love of aquatic minded young people have been in constant use from morning till night, in the hot, dry days of the summer.



An important part of the agricultural program of Hunt, the hog farm has expanded several times more than last year, and now provides all the pork for the dining halls. Sows like the one shown above wear their piglets without any knowledge that the climax of their career is the gourmet's delight.



He's too young to think things out for himself; he doesn't know what his future will be. The little boy above is accompanying his parents to the Tule Lake Segregation Center. Mirrored in his face is the bewildered look of a completely lost puppy, taking a last look at the center where he spent a fourth of his life.



While community leaders argue and harangue each other about the shortage of coal, the delivery of coal, the kind of coal, et cetera, the "little people" take what they get and keep themselves out of controversies. In another prize winning photo, a wisened old lady scrapes up the last of the coal pile for her little pot-bellied stove.



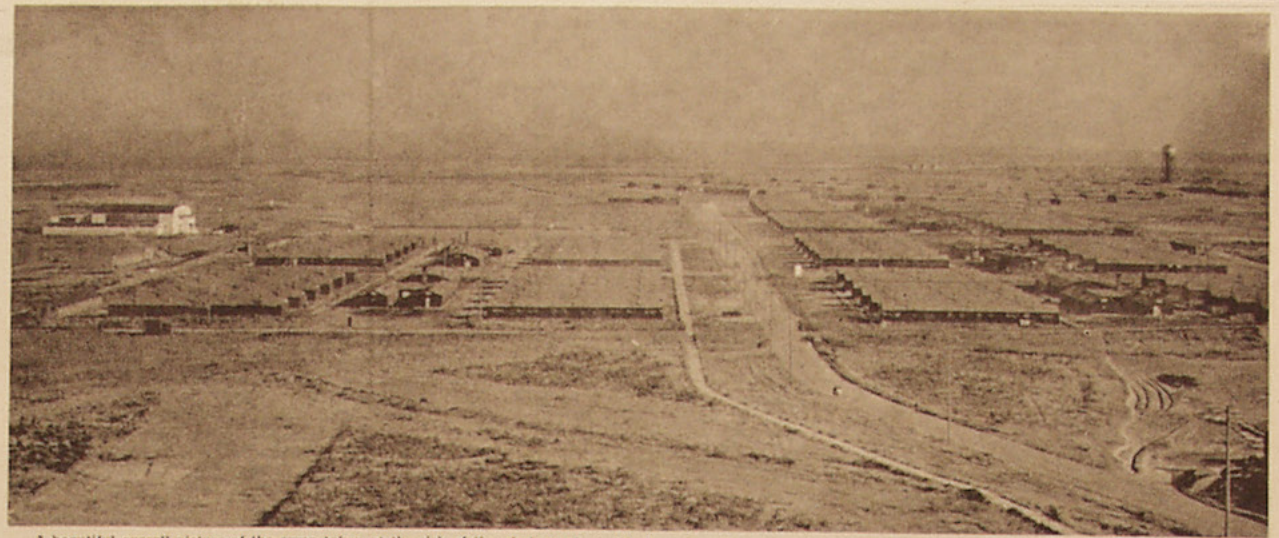
In this particular case, it's only a milk case, but if the reader will look closer, he will notice that it's a hard-earned throne, and the hat, a crown. The picture above shows the Marble Champion of the center, finalist in a center-wide competition, and the hero of the select "marble set."



Come a cold snapping day, and the younger population of the camp will all be found down at the canal or at the ponds, trying out their versions of Sonja Henie. The three girls above are gliding down a wide space in the canal, and seem to be having wonderful fun at the same time.



Giving enjoyment and entertainment to the older residents of the center, the various show organizations have been putting on a series of fuki-yose's periodically. The two little dancers above are shown in a familiar pose of the Japanese dance, a graceful execution of light movements. Heavy make-up, beautiful kimonos, and hours of practice are necessary for these acts.



A beautiful overall picture of the camp taken at the risk of the photographer's life from a water tower shows the center of the center with the main highway at left.



Evacuee babies, two weeks old, and born at the local hospital, take a sleepy look at the world from the maternity ward. In spite of the serious shortages of nurse's aides, the hospital has been run with utmost efficiency and deserves the thanks of every resident.

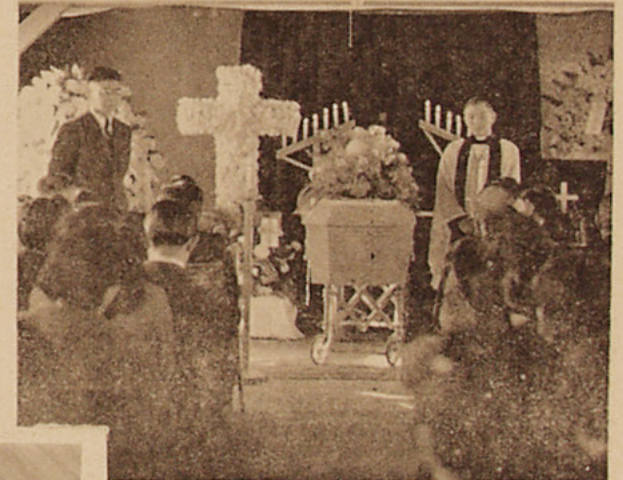


Snow has always been a fascinating mystery to children. For many babies, this year's snowfall is their first contact with the "pretty white stuff that's cold." Says the little beauty at the left, "Look, I could make a ball with it." Quoth the man of the hour on the right, "Yeh, but the darn thing's melting away in my hands . . ."

(Right.) Through thick and thin, rain or shine, the school boy patrols of the elementary schools have carried out their motto of "Safety First." Their reward has been the envious record of no major accidents since its installation last year.



"Can't you stay a little longer . . . ?" But there is a war to be won, and soldiers on their last furloughs in the States take leave of their parents and friends and board the convey that will take them to the train . . . then camp . . . and overseas. This is the scene that took place outside the gate at Minidoka when the boys left for Fort Snelling after spending the Thanksgiving holidays with their friends and parents.



Religion plays a large part in the lives of the evacuees, and faiths of four denominations share offices in the same barrack and conduct worship services for their members. In the above scene, Christian services are being held for a deceased member. At the right is the Rev. T. Fukuyama, and on the left, the Rev. G. Shoji.



Heads bowed in reverent prayer for the men who died for their country, hundreds of residents jam the incomplete gymnasium to pay their respects. In the audience could be seen several parents whose sons have already given their all, parents whose boys are wounded and overseas, and parents of men in training. Hunt, with its honor roll of over 800, has the largest casualty list in the centers.



When Hunt is no more, and just the fence will stand vigil by the canal, evacuees scattered all over the States will always remember Idaho's lovely sunrises. An early morning shot shows the long rays striking deep into the remnants of the night, as floating cloudlets pick up the soft colors of the day.