

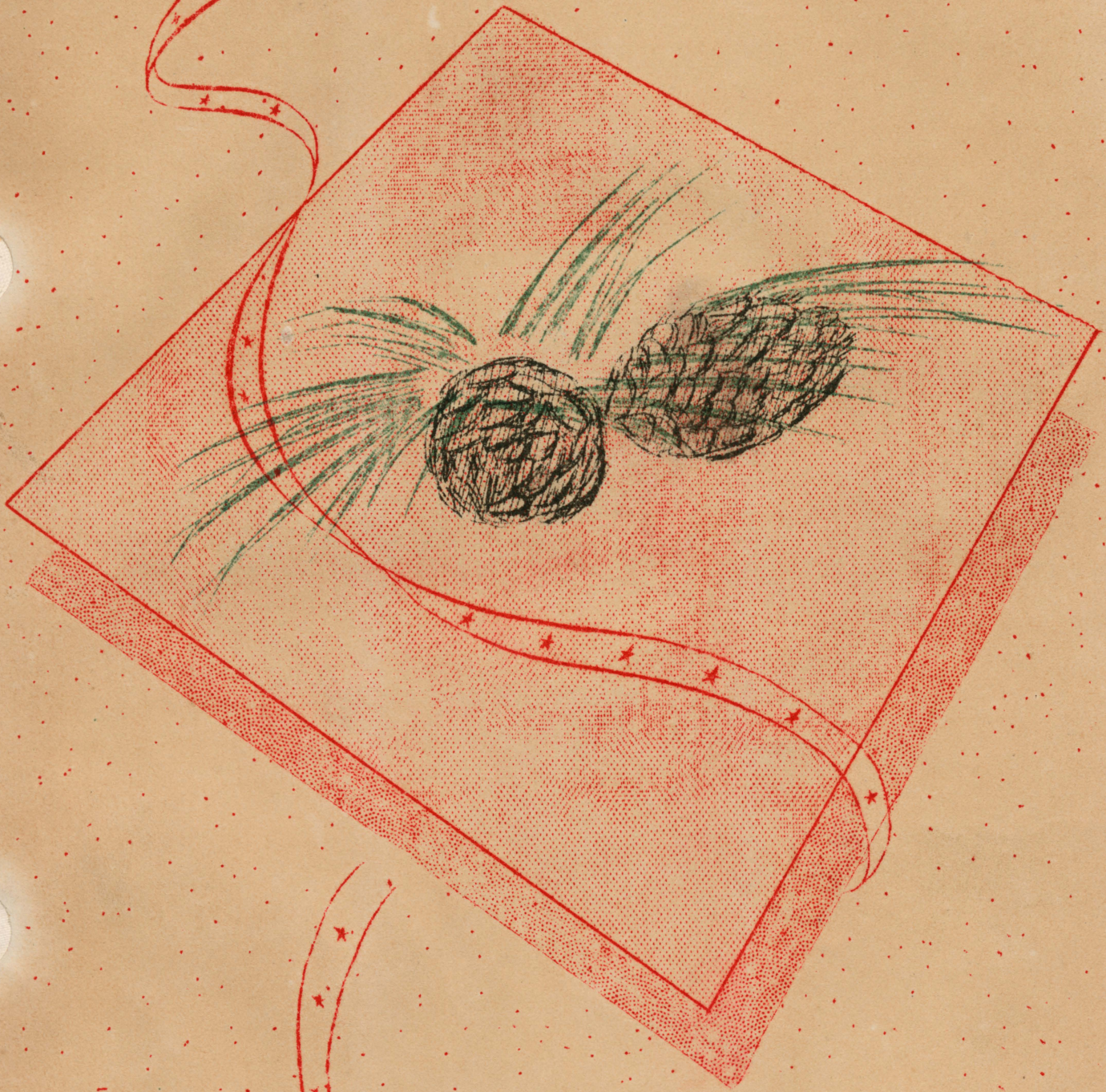
1942

DECEMBER

25

THE MINIDOKA
*S*trigatoz

VOL.1 NO.29



Christmas
ISSUE

Handwritten scribbles and faint mirrored text at the top left.

Faint red markings and circular stamps at the top right.



Faint red markings and mirrored text at the bottom left.



FOREWORD

Thanks . . .

WE OFFER our thanks to the MANY contributors whose LITERARY efforts were POOLED to turn out THIS SPECIAL Christmas ISSUE of The IRRIGATOR WHICH WE hope YOU'LL enjoy and READ from cover to cover AND to give credit WHERE CREDIT is due ALL THE artwork in this ISSUE just to mention IS THE WORK of ONE MAN, Eddie Sato, OUR staff artist.

Printed . . .

OUR EFFORTS to have A PRINTED IRRIGATOR so far HAVE ONLY been shouted INTO deaf ears BUT you can bet WE WON'T relent in our EFFORTS in the coming WEEKS to have a printed SHEET to which you can POINT with pride as MINIDOKA'S very own.

Temporary . . .

THE PAST YEAR has been A DIFFICULT one PARTICULARLY for evacuees LIKE US who have been TORN from the roots of our HOMES in Portland SEATTLE and other cities TO BE PLACED first in ASSEMBLY CENTERS and later IN RELOCATION centers such AS THE ONE here at Hunt AND THOUGH we're confined BEHIND barbed wires WHERE EVEN Santa himself WOULD NEED a pass SIGNED by Phil Schafer TO GAIN entrance WE'RE by no means DISCOURAGED or DISHEARTENED for WE KNOW full well THAT OUR STAY here is JUST TEMPORARY and THAT WE'LL be given THE CHANCE through WRA'S relocation program TO FIT once more INTO THE scheme OF AMERICAN ways THAT WE MAY be able TO CONTRIBUTE to freedom's ALL-OUT war effort FOR WHICH we eagerly WANT TO DO our share.

Greetings . . .

AND NOW before we sign off WE'D LIKE to toss in our SEASON'S GREETINGS to you AND YOU and you. . . Yo Ed

Irrigator *

EDITORIAL

Everything For, Nothing Against...

.....by dyke miyagawa..... 1

IN THIS, OUR LAND.....by kimi tambara..... 7

SHORT STORIES

Going Home.....by tadako tamura..... 14

Wrap It Up In a Flag.....by daiki miyagawa..... 19

Kathy.....by taka ichikawa..... 17

Kiki--WRA Style.....by yukio ozaki..... 12

The Decision.....by hiromi miyagawa..... 20

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.....by yuji hiromura..... 6

REVIEW OF THE YEAR..... 2

TOP STORIES OF 1942..... 8

FEMINIDOKA.....by mini..... 9

IDAHO--ORIGIN OF THE NAME...by r.a. pomeroy..... 4

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE...by mary minamoto..... 21

GREETINGS

Administration Staff..... 3

Capt. Dorland, Military Police..... 3

American Friends Service Committee..... 3

BETHLEHEM'S MESSAGE.....by tsutomu fukuyama... 3

A WHITE CHRISTMAS.....by father tibesar..... 4

SPORTS REVIEW.....by hiromi miyagawa.... 21

POETRY

The Night Before Christmas..by mitsu yasuda.... 13

Christmas Cards.....by john essene.... 11

A New Challenge.....by yuji mochizuki.. 10

Christmas at Minidoka.....by min yasui..... 16

FOR GREENER PASTURES.....by harold james.... 5

OBSERVATIONS.....by w. wincy de warrens... 18

NEWS..... 22

All Artwork in this issue by Eddie Sato

Published by the WRA at Hunt, Idaho
Editorial Office:: Blk. 23-12-G & H

Editor.....Jaxon S. Sonoda
Associate Editor.....Max T. Morinaga
Translator.....Hideo Kitayama
Contributing Editors.....Dick Takeuchi
Dyke Miyagawa

Reporters: Taka Ichikawa, Hiromi Miyagawa, Yuki Mochizuki, Sally Nakamoto, Kimi Tambara, Cherry Tanaka, Mitsu Yasuda, Daiki Miyagawa
Typists: Hanako Okamoto, Shizuko Kawamura, Taka-ko Matsumoto.

Staff Artist.....Eddie Sato
Technicians.....Davis Hikida, Frank Yamasaki
Circulation Manager.....Sara Jayne Terao

A Prayer For Peace

by tom takemoto

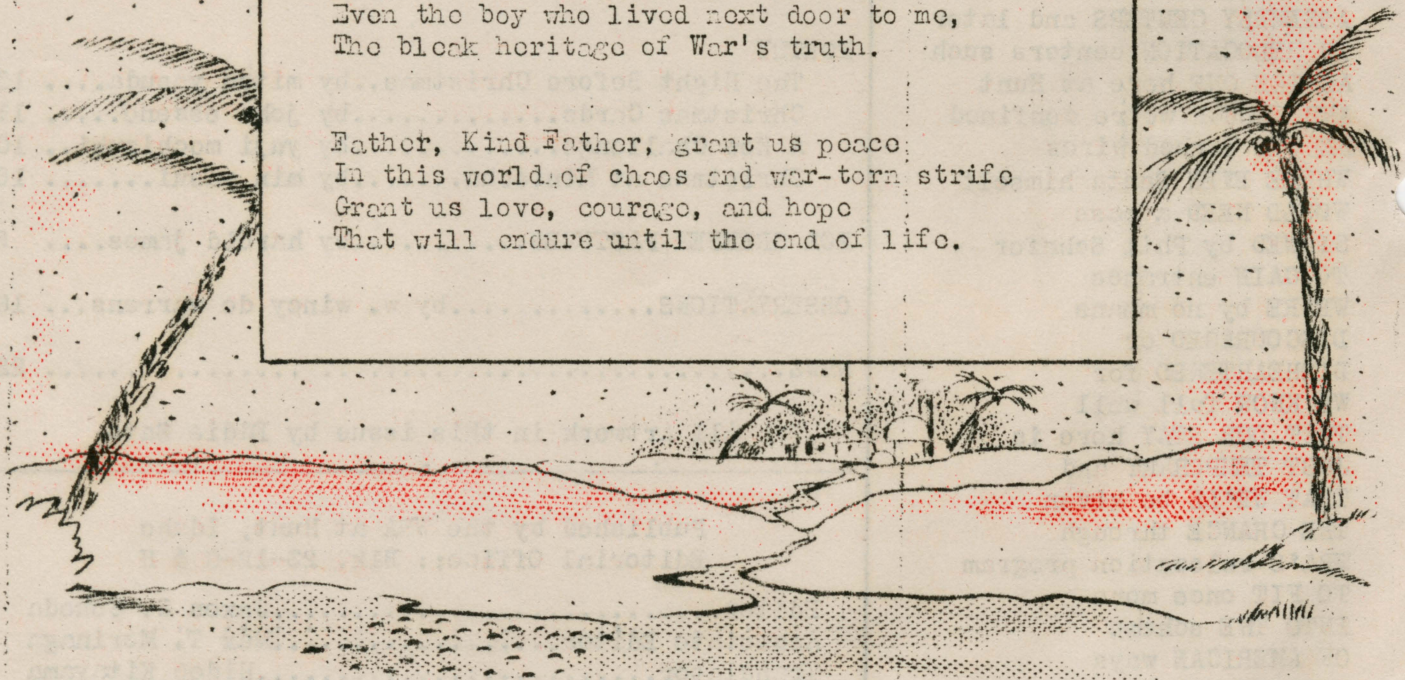
Oh, Father Who art in Heaven,
Look down upon us thy children;
And grant us peace, Dear Father,
Send down thy blessing to all men.

Why must our brothers die, Kind Father,
When we are not to blame?
Will death and destruction never cease, Father?
Must it be the prelude to fame?

What is fame--fame, Dear Father,
When heartaches are numberless,
When the dead lie in their humble graves
For the whim of a man and less?

They lie there unsung and forgotten,
The pride of our country's youth;
Even the boy who lived next door to me,
The bleak heritage of War's truth.

Father, Kind Father, grant us peace
In this world of chaos and war-torn strife
Grant us love, courage, and hope
That will endure until the end of life.



editorial

Everything For, Nothing Against

by dyke miyagawa

A piece of writing carrying even the faintest note of grimness may be inviting a hooting down when found in a special issue conceived to rhyme with the carol singing, laughter, and the jingles and spangles that define the Christmas mood. But this needs to be said, and there doesn't seem to be any way of saying it except to say it without the accompaniment of sweet-tinkling chimes.

The late lamented disturbances at Poston and Manzanar--dramatizations once again of the chronic, violent ugliness of the fascist temper--are no longer news. The issue brought into the sharpest possible focus by the two "incidents", however, are still very much with us, and can no more be ignored than the war or the rains that are making this project a quagmire. This particular commentary, late as it may be in finding print, sought articulation because it began to appear as if awareness of the issue might be permitted to congeal in complacency at Minidoka.

Editorial writers of other center publications were quick to deplore the occurrence of political violence among evacuees, but there is further need for realistically placing a finger on the existence of a residue of pro-Axis sentiment in every center. It can easily and often enough be said that evacuees from Southern California seem, for this or that reason, to be peculiarly inclined to settle accounts through violent means, and that people from other sections of the Pacific Coast are not as bellicose. But explanations of that order, aside from being evasive, are about as satisfactory as a Southern bourbon politician's explanation for the low income of the Negro, and certainly do not rule out the possibility of repetitions in some form of the Manzanar and Poston riots.

The boldness of the little band of Axis followers in the two centers, the exten-

sion of latrine propaganda to more spectacular methods of attempting to inflame greater numbers of evacuees, are sufficient warning that nothing is too audacious for those who accept and practice the fascist gospel of violence and disruption.

So it is time, some of us think, that we begin developing controls through organization, and examine closely every center issue and sign of ferment behind which may exist the machinations of a small but persuasive body that stands with the Tojo-Hitler combine.

This is said because there are enough among us who see no bona fide cause for a transfer of allegiances. Also because there are enough who experience no difficulty in realizing that the WRA's relocation program makes these centers mere stations--irritating but temporary--on the road to a place in the American sun where we, if we have any capacity for adjustment, will be free of the stifling provincialism and the "ghetto" sights and smells that prevailed in the "Little Tokyos" of the Coast.

Neither pro-Axis melodramatics nor school-boy recriminations and legalistic hair-splitting over the now purely academic aspects of evacuation should divert our attention and energies from the supremely important goal of relocation.

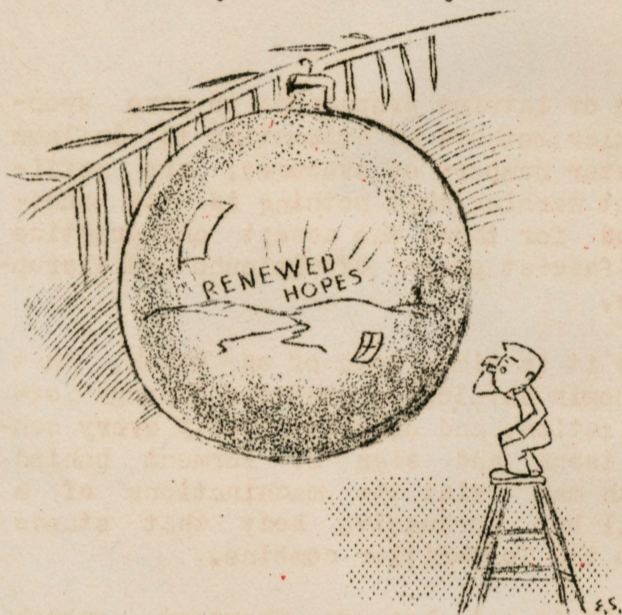
We mean to get on with relocation, and to avoid or defeat anything which threatens to hinder our efforts toward permanent resettlement. But it seems there are some around who, either out of shortsightedness or plain cussedness, are risking eventual classification as gear-jammers--and they need to be tipped off that the highways to all kinds of hells are heavily paved with the indiscretions of the innocent, and the designs of the diabolic alike.

The Year In Review

There was no presentiment of what the new year held in store for the evacuees-to-be. There was only that foreboding fear of the unknown. Christmas was, for the most part, a drab, solemn, thoughtful affair. That was Christmas, 1941.

The eve of another new year draws near. Renewed hopes, a determination to make the most of relocation characterizes the changed spirit. This marked contrast is a sign, it is to be hoped, for an intelligent view of what 1943 means to every evacuee.

It will be a year which may determine



the extent of the stake which the nisei, the Japanese here as a whole, have in these United States. It will be the year in which WRA Director Dillon Myer launches his program of relocating in gainful occupations. 100,000 West Coast evacuees.

But ere 1942 is given a not-too-fond farewell kick in the pants a hasty backward glance through the hectic months that were may help the evacuee organize the past year into a coherent pattern of events. We'll stick to our own little world-shaking events. Thusly:

January-----Restrictive and precautionary measures placed upon enemy aliens by presidential proclamation requiring aliens to register their identifications. Attorney-General Biddle announces areas from which German, Italian and Japanese aliens are excluded.

February-----More prohibited areas announced, Washington and Oregon areas prohibited to aliens made public by Biddle. Secretary of War given power to exclude "any or all persons" from designated military areas. Lt.-Gen. John Lesesne DeWitt named to carry out evacuation.

March-----DeWitt's Proclamation, No. 1 classes nisei with aliens, evacuation in prospect for all Japanese. Tolan Committee concludes hearings. Curfew established, okched by Congress, first formal

evacuation ordered for Bainbridge island Japanese; 900 Japanese leave L.A. for Manzanar. Voluntary evacuation halted by Army. Minoru Yasui violates curfew to test law. WRA established by President.

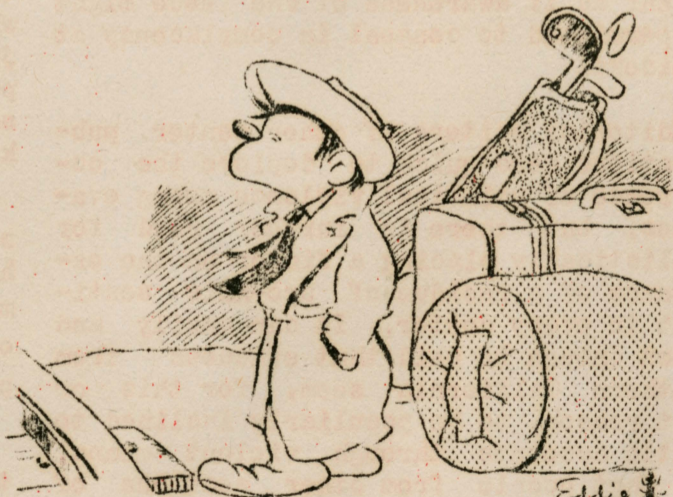
April-----Parts of L.A., San Francisco, first Seattle contingent leave for assembly centers. Federal Judge Black rules Mary Asaba Ventura not charged with crime, therefore DeWitt is within rights vested in him by War Secretary to enforce curfew laws. Mrs. Ventura had challenged curfew laws as being an abridgement of her constitutional rights. Work begin on Minidoka.

May-----Portland Japanese begin, complete movement into assembly center; Puyallup center filled. Evacuees throughout West Coast settle down to summer of assembly center life. Coastal area half cleared of Japanese. First call issued for farm labor.

June-----High school, university students graduated in special ceremonies in assembly centers. Congressman John Tolan says "further mass evacuations of enemy aliens from the West Coast are not contemplated by the War Department." First evacuees arrive at Tule Lake. Navy opens Japanese language school at Boulder, Colo.

July-----Gov. Olson of California, who demanded in June that the "entire state be prohibited to Japs," says he may be forced to ask for use of interned Japanese for farm labor. DeWitt turns Olson down. First repatriation ship, Gripsholm, arrives at Rio de Janeiro.

August-----Manzanar publishes first letter-pressed newspaper. Movement from Puyallup begins to Minidoka. Only 2,300



of 110,000 evacuee Japanese sign intention of repatriation. Gripsholm arrives at New York, Jap atrocity stories hit nation's newspapers, 700 Japanese due to sail on return trip of repatriation ship. War Department approves more schools for student relocation. Guayule rubber project begun at Manzanar on research basis.

September-----Minidoka filled, becomes Hunt. Outside labor recruiting starts at all relocation centers.

Greetings

At the close of a year in which war has brought you to this strange and new place and has affected all of us in many ways, it is our sincere wish that this Christmas will be a joyous one for you befitting this day.

It is our real hope that the coming year will bring success to the fight for democracy and improvement in the personal fortunes of each of you.

The Minidoka Administration Staff

M.P. EXTENDS GREETINGS

At this time of Christmas spirit and good cheer, the officers and enlisted men of the 321st Military Police Escort Guard Company wish to extend to our Japanese neighbors our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy holiday season.

WILLIAM E. DORLAND
Captain, 321st MP
E. G. Co.

BETHLEHEM'S MESSAGE

by tsutomu fukuyama
young people's minister

Christmas with all its usual platitudinous sentiment, commercialism, and this year the hollow mockery of a diabolical warfare on the four corners of the earth approaches us. Everywhere, untold suffering prevails: the evacuees from Burma in India, Chinese refugees of a memorable trek to West China, and the millions of war prisoners throughout the world. This year, rather than the usual joyous fire-side celebration of the Yule season, there will be tragic sorrow over loved ones who have been killed by brother men in jungles of Bataan or on the searing Sahara desert; there will be untold thousands falling from sheer starvation and exhaustion in Greece, Belgium, Russia, Poland, India, China, and a great many countries of the world.

In such a world what Christmas message is the story of Bethlehem's babe of us? Is that just a beautiful story? Or is there something of eternity hidden behind its symbolism? The students of Edinburgh once went to Thomas Carlyle for a message at their graduation. Carlyle was old and ill. He raised himself in bed and fairly shouted at them: "Tell them not to listen to the voice of the world with its noises, its menaces and its deliriums; tell them to consult the Sacred Voices, not yet inaudible or ever to become so!"

This is the message of Bethlehem's babe. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." That message is as fresh and contemporary for us as it was for his day. It is God's imperative demand which is revealed in the image of Christ. Too long, men have looked to themselves for wisdom and direction. We are like frightened children, after all our bravado, clinging in desperation on the edge of thin ice. Our only hope is to seek, think, and live the eternal divine music of Christmas.

American Friends Service Committee Sends Greetings

This Christmas greeting is addressed to the Japanese American friends whom we have had the privilege of knowing in former years or whom we have come in contact with during evacuation and in the Assembly Centers.

Although it has been a difficult time with tragedy and heartbreak on every side, we have enjoyed knowing you. We feel that you are now really our friends and we regret that we did not find occasion to know more of you earlier. We hope that we may be able to keep in touch with you (and this letter is an effort in that direction) even though we are separated by great distances.

Christmas in all Christian lands is a time of drawing close to our fellow men and to the God who made us all. We believe in a God who is a Father to all mankind and therefore we believe that all men are brothers. We who call ourselves Friends (Quakers) refuse to recognize any man as enemy even though we may disapprove of his actions and attitudes. At this Christmas time and at all times we want to live together with all men as brothers. We pray that wars may soon cease so that this way of life may be possible to all men. We humbly ask forgiveness for the fact that we have not always so lived in the past. Because we have not so lived we bear our share of the guilt for this war which has caused you suffering and which brings only grief and sorrow to the world. We pray that we all may come through the testing of this fire stronger, truer, men and women. We must not lose faith in the great good which everywhere remains in spite of wars and hatreds and misunderstandings.

We look forward to the time when you may return freely to your home communities. We shall welcome you as neighbors and we trust that because of this sad experience we shall be better neighbors to you than we were in the past.

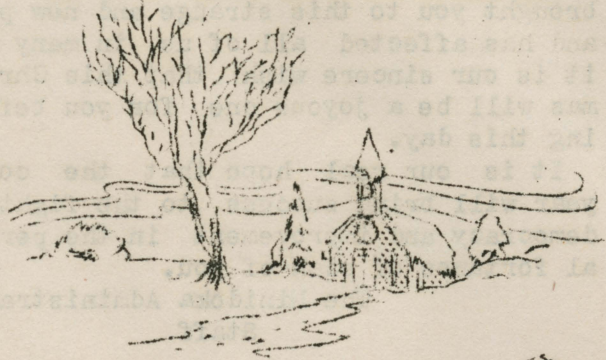
Again, our very best Christmas greetings and good wishes to you.

The nostalgic notes of "White Christmas" seem to express both a popular and universal desire on the part of everyone for a good old-fashioned Christmas this year. Too bad they are ruining a good song in the process. White Christmas! the very words recall to memory our trudging through a half foot of new fallen snow to Midnight Mass to serve at the altar or to sing in the choir the sweet strains of "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles", the solemn hush that stole across the worshippers at the consecration of the Mass, the exultant strains of the recessional at the end of the service. Boyhood memories!

White Christmas! the cheery greetings to friend and stranger alike as we trudged home again with deep satisfaction in our hearts—"this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord". The twinkling lights in the windows glowing their myriad colors echoed the glad refrain, the Saviour is born. We hustled home to see for the first time our own tree above a replica in miniature of Bethlehem's stable that on that night of nights tabernacled the King of Kings. The parlor doors were thrown open to us after weeks during which they had been forbidden trespass to reveal to us the glory of heaps of toys and all a boyish heart desired—presents to emphasize the Supreme Present God gave the earth, His Only-begotten Son.

White Christmas! weeks of preparation on the part of a thousand hands and heads and hearts will give us one this year in an alien place amid alien surroundings that make us one with the Tiny Babe of Bethlehem, alone and defenceless in an alien world. "He came unto His own but His own received Him not." Alone in a

White Christmas



by
father tibesar

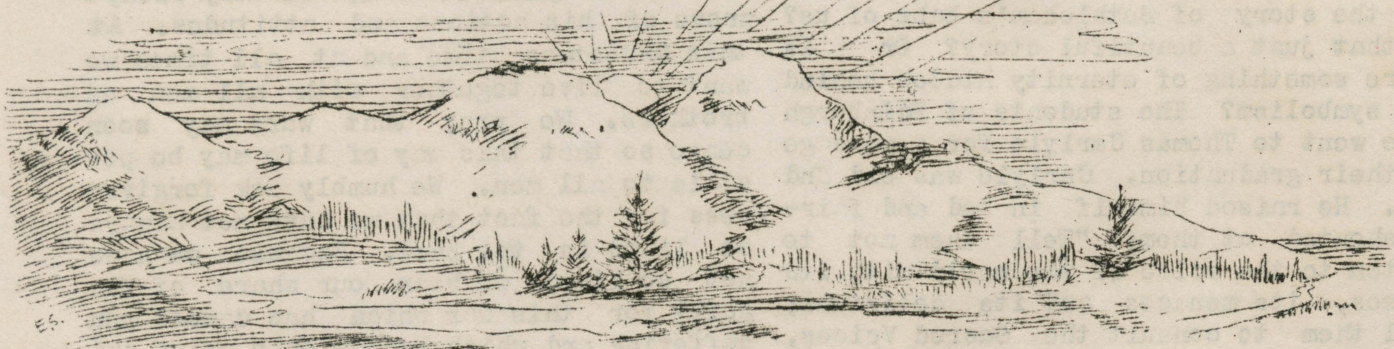
stable, alone in a Camp—common ground there! He'll understand as we understand Him. Christmas joys, truest Christmas joys spring from the heart, lie beneath the surface to spring to life in cheery greeting and sincere exchange of gifts. They will not be denied to us whatever else we lack. "Peace on earth to men of good will." We'll hear those words. They'll echo deeply in our hearts—Peace! what a precious treasure to a war-torn world! It can be ours this Christmas day, within our hearts, our lives, our Camp. A Merry Christmas then, to one and all, A Merry White Christmas!



Idaho

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME

by r. a. pomeroy
supt. of education



Asked to contribute something about the history of Idaho to the Irrigator, I am wondering whether the people of Hunt might not be interested in the origin of the name of the state, Idaho. The word has a romantic and thrilling background.

It is said that the Indians in the early history of the state, seeing the sun rising over mountain peaks covered with snow, exclaimed "Eedah-how!" This word in their language meant "sun coming over the mountains" or literally light on the

mountains.

If we look, north or south on a cold, clear winter morning we are all able to see why this name was applied to our state. Perhaps you will agree with me that the sun appearing over a snow-clad peak with its rosy light falling into the valleys beyond is indeed a glorious sight. And so when you behold the beauty of a winter sunrise, you too can exclaim "Eedah-how;" and the word can mean to you what it meant to our Indian forerunners, romance and beauty.

by Harold James
placement officer.

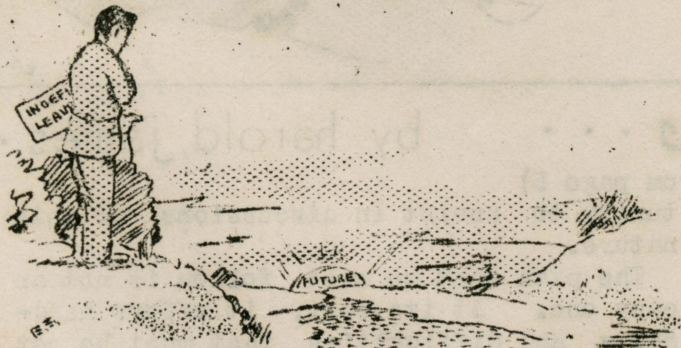
On October 1, the Leaves Section was established under the supervision of Ken Nishimoto, of WRA now in Washington, D.C., employed in the National Employment Office. Ken, at that time, was loaned to the Minidoka Project from the United States Employment Service, and was to remain here to assist the employment officer as long as needed. Ken was drafted by the National Office, and Ronald Shiozaki fell heir to the Leaves Section. In that stage of development, the Leaves section remained, doing little but collecting and organizing leaves documents and submitting them to the Assistant Project Director for his signature.

On November 7, Administrative Instruction No. 22 was issued from the Washington office, removing many of the problems that had formerly been met by the newborn Leaves Division, setting forth administrative regulations never before received. With this instruction as authority, the Leaves Section was reorganized to include all leaves for any purpose whatsoever, and centralizing all the work previously done by the Social Service Division, the Employment Division, and the Ingress-Egress Pass Section.

The staff formerly consisting of four people, was expanded to approximately fifty workers, including interviewers, supervisors, and clerical workers.

Leaves now fall into three categories; the indefinite leave, the short term leave, and the border pass. The indefinite leave is by far the most important to all evacuees. When once indefinite leave is granted, the person may again go out of the Center into the main stream of American life, and resume his proper place in the American Society.

The short term leave is for the purpose of permitting "An evacuee to leave the Relocation area for a short period of time



in order to attend to affairs requiring his presence outside the Area. The person granted such leave is expected to return to the Relocation Center when the purpose of the leave is accomplished." Such leaves are usually granted to attend to personal business matters, visiting relatives, marriages, etc.

The border pass is the relatively simple problem of ingress and egress of individuals, evacuees, or others, to get in

For Greener Pastures

and out of the Project through the military control, for any reason whatsoever. This Division is primarily concerned with authorizing visitors, employees, etc. to pass in and out of the Project as required in the normal course of the day's business.

The War Relocation Authority, through its director, Dillon S. Myer, has established a policy for the Agency to follow throughout all of its fundamental purposes of relocating in so far as possible and practical, all of the evacuees now living within the Center. The problem is a stupendous one in view of the War, lack of knowledge of large sections of the country about the Japanese, the natural prejudices that spring from a lack of understanding, and personal knowledge of the evacuees, and what is at least as important, a lack of preparedness on the part of many evacuees to face the difficult task of relocating in a strange area and again finding themselves economic security and happiness.

It is hoped that thirty thousand evacuees may be relocated, generally in the middle west in the next year. It would appear that those best suited to immediately assume their place outside the Centers are the younger and aggressive people trained in American Schools. This does not mean that older people may not be successfully evacuated early in the program. Applications are solicited by the Leaves Section for everyone interested in eventual relocation regardless of age, citizenship status, or occupational background. It is necessary and desirable that all evacuees who wish to relocate, file their application for clearance at the earliest possible date. This will build up an available file of people whose clearance has been secured and who, when a job is available for them, may leave immediately to accept that job. Clearance now takes approximately four weeks. It is hoped to shorten this period appreciatively, as the relocation program develops. However, few jobs will wait four weeks for a person to be cleared in Washington and become eligible for indefinite leave. Therefore, it must be emphasized that everyone should make application at the earliest date for clearance. Planning for their future resettlement may follow at a more leisurely pace, but frequently, the opportunity to relocate comes suddenly and the opportunity will not wait.

Education along the lines of relocation is an important function of the Project

On this the twenty-fifth day of December, another Christmas descends upon us.

Most of us know too rightly, that this Christmas Day will be unlike Christmases of foregone years....that live so vividly in our memories. Christmas with..... the milling multitude of weary last minute shoppers; the ringing of bells at each Salvation Army pot for the needy; the over-crowded trolleys dashing cross-town; gayly decorated toy-land with a throng of youngsters at Saint Nick's north pole; and mistletoes, holly wreaths, and brightly lighted ever-green trees at each and every home.....need it be a shack or a mansion.

Yes, we'll miss this and other tangible objects that go along with Christmas. We'll miss all this and then some; but that shall not dim the Yuletide spirit within our hearts.

We have made our sacrifices and contributions...in many more ways than one..... the loss of things we treasured so dearly. Sacrifices and contributions that shall forever linger in our memories. But are our sacrifices in a sense such a large measure as we see them to be? We meditate too often of self-sacrifices, slighting sacrifices made by others. Supreme sacrifices on the blood soaked battlefields wherever man has given his

A Christmas Prayer

by yuji hiromura

life. Sacrifices on the home front meaning....adjustment in home life to meet the needs of the war. Sacrifices made by those millions now under the ruthless and treacherous hands of the Axis nations. Sacrifices we have performed and sacrifices we must make to insure for future Christmases like those of days of old.

Here behind barbed wires on top of sage brush cleared soil, we are about to celebrate our Christmas in an atmosphere none too familiar to us; but in an atmosphere where the Yuletide spirit will not go unprecedented. Christmas in an American relocation center....the American way.

On this day as we pay homage to our God...be it in worship to the God of our own speech and within the sanctum of our own church.....let us all pray for that day of "peace on earth and good-will to men." On this Christmas Day, let our message of hope and pray for a "White Christmas" be conveyed onto others.

CHRISTMAS, 1942

by sally nakamoto.

Christmas, 1941, was never like the one in view,
I've always shopped for weeks before
The great day rolled around.

Christmas, 1941, meant gobs of gifts beneath the tree,
And many anxious days were spent
Before I opened them.

Christmas, 1941, meant tables groaning with good things
And tummy-aches were nothing new
That's Christmas, '41.

But Christmas, 1942, tho' lacking in so many ways
Will still be quite a pleasant day
Of that I am assured.

For "peace on earth good will towards men"
That thought will still be in our hearts
For many Christmases to come.



For Greener Pastures . . .

by harold james.

(Cont'd. from page 5)

personnel and a challenge to the residents of the Project themselves. It is essential that every means to discuss and understand the danger and desirability of relocation be used in the Project itself. Open Forums, Newspaper Articles, Schools, and discussion groups might well devote a major portion of their interest and time to this all important problem. Certainly, the schools themselves should become a Center of preparation of evacuees to again resume their rights as individuals guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States. The Administrative Staff in general, and the staff of the Employment Division in particular, will always be available and welcome any oppor-

tunity to assist in discussions of this nature.

The path that we must follow is not an easy one. At its best, it offers hardships and difficulties that must be met before all our people are again absorbed in our Democratic Society. But a hope, free of many of the previous problems known to the Japanese in their previous life, is the goal worthy of the effort. It is the firm belief of the Administration of the War Relocation Authority that the people of the Centers are up to the problems involved and that they themselves will eventually solve their difficulties in a permanent and satisfactory manner.

by kimi tambara



In This, Our Land

Dear Jan:

Night is falling rapidly in this desert land, and as the fiery sun settles beyond the horizon, sharply silhouetting against the blazing sky, the stark lines of the barbed wire fence; and while the rippling waters catch and play with the iridescent rays of the fading sun and sky, a myriad of thoughts, tumbling, dancing, and sometimes jarring, course through my mind.

Christmas 1942, is drawing ever nearer, and as the multitudes of twinkling stars march across the midnight sky, I thought of the other Christmases I enjoyed with you. Poignant in their memory, light in their gaiety, hope in their everlasting "good-will and peace toward men", heavy with the portent thoughts of future Christmases to come. The last minute looking and purchase of some forgotten item, the elbowing, shoving, and cursing (I'm afraid) our crowded way through the holiday-mad people on the same errand.

The joyful voices of the carolers, the friendly bickering as to who was the best gift wrapper, and the family ritual of hanging up our stockings, these among other things I remember of that Christmas 1941.

Then another thought jars through my aching head, coincident with the crackling noise of the firecrackers popping around Lower Chinatown, a low voice--

"You damn Jap-you! By gosh, the government should put every damn one of you in concentration camps"----I remember the cold shiver that ran up my spine, transforming the humid, warm air of a July night into the bitter cold of winter. You and I, Jan, tried to laugh it off, because somehow, it seemed ridiculous. The freedom of life and liberty was so much a part of us that the idea of confinement had never even occurred to us.

Then again the spicy odor from the luxuriously flowering lilacs borne on the gentle spring breezes and billowing the fluffy curtains in my room, perfuming the

room and all the familiar objects with its refreshing smell. The cheerful music of the meadowlarks, the mowing of my tortoise cat, the barking of the family dog. The verdant hills beyond the rolling lands, broken here and there with the snowy blossoms of the dogwood trees, and the cheerful chatter of the merry brooks; fades reluctantly before my eyes as the sharper, bolder, barren lands of our future home rises over the horizon. Challenging, in its very barrenness, terrifying in its strangeness.

Jan, to one who has known no boundaries, no limits to bar one's restless feet, this life behind a fence is not a pleasant one, but nothing can be pleasant in these times, could it? I can now understand how an eagle feels when his wings are clipped and caged. Beyond the bars of his prison lies the wide expanse of the boundless skies, flecked with soft clouds, the wide, wide, fields of brush and woods--limitless space for the pursuit of life itself.

The night is waning, and beyond the already brightening skies, the lonely howl of the coyote is vanishing before the swiftly advancing dawn.

As the bright sun breathlessly hangs beyond the sage-rimmed hills, dispelling the rose-tinted sky, casting its brilliant rays across the sleeping populace, so to us, in this, our land, surely another dawn must break--fast as the homing chimney swifts, as powerful as the eagle, as wonderful as the Birth of Christ, as permanent as the Rock of Ages.

Till then, dear Jan, let us work to aid our nation in its final victory, each in our own way. You beyond the fence and the limitless spaces, I, in my confines. Let us pray for peace and let us hope for the freedom of the entire world,---and to you and me.

I wish you a Merry Christmas, Jan, and a happy New Year, and please remember--- have faith in me, I shall not fail you, now or ever.....K.

ABE CASE TOP STORY

IRRIGATOR LISTS LEADING STORIES

When Harry Horiuchi, housing truck driver, and Hiromi Miyagawa, IRRIGATOR reporter, stumbled across the body of Takaji Abe on Dec. 3 at 1:15 p.m. in a clump of sagebrush, they not only ended the two-and-a-half day search for the missing greasewood hunter, in which close to 2,000 took part but furnished the IRRIGATOR with the biggest and most-widely-discussed news story carried by the paper since its inception in early September.

By a strange quirk of fate, a pair of flat tires played a dominant role in the discovery of the body of the missing man. For, it was due to flat tires of their truck that Horiuchi and Miyagawa, members of a searching party, were proceeding by foot back to the center area when they ran across Abe's body three miles northeast of Hunt.

YASUI CASE

Runner-up to the selection as the choicest news story was the item on Minoru Yasui, who was sentenced in Portland on Nov. 18 to a year in a road camp and fined \$5,000 for the deliberate violation of the curfew law.

Not the sentence itself, but the ruling expressed by Federal Judge Fee in the test case evoked editorial comment all over the country. The validity of the Army's entire evacuation program was cast in doubt through Judge Fee's ruling that in the absence of declaration of martial law, the military has no power to regulate the life and conduct of the ordinary American citizen.

More is expected to be heard on the Yasui case in the coming weeks as a committee here, headed by Ronald Shiozaki and Dr. George Toni, has firmly expressed its stand that it will "see the case to the finish."

SEPTEMBER PAY

The coming of the long-awaited September pay, which was first disbursed

dokie popular

Dokie, lovable pal of countless Hunt tots whose weekly antics in the IRRIGATOR are eagerly followed by youngsters and oldsters alike, made his debut in the IRRIGATOR on Oct. 21, the creation of our staff artist, Eddio Sato.

Not until Nov. 7, however, was the name Dokie--entered by Yasuko Koyama--chosen from the score of names submitted in the contest held to pick a name for the 'lit' fella.

During the coming months ever-playful, ever-jolly Dokie will carry on with his inimitable escapades to further win his way into your hearts.

TOP STORIES OF 1942

• As Carried In The IRRIGATOR

1. Finding of the Body of Takaji Abe
2. Yasui Sentenced for Curfew Violation
3. Long-Awaited September Pay Arrives
4. Delay in Coal Shipments Investigated
5. Mrs. Kato Killed in Accident
6. No Electrified Fence, Furor Abates
7. Former Criticizes Workers' Attitude
8. Canteen Burglary Solved by I.S.
9. Housing Jam Not Fully Solved Yet
10. 21 Picked for Minnesota School

OTHER STORIES: Census Drive Opens Sept. 21, Scarcity of Workers Hits Hunt as Men Leave for Boot Fields, Six Hurt When Truck Spills, 7-Man Planning Commission Picked, Poston "Reign of Terror" Short-Lived, Knife-Wielder Threatens D.H. 16 Cooks, Community Enterprises Board of Directors Picked, Manzanar Under Martial Law Following Riot, Poll Favors Bus.

to 2,200 dining hall workers on Nov. 4, was one bit of news which was avidly digested by Hunt workers who had been wondering when they would get paid.

COAL DELAY

The lack of coals when the mercury reading started dropping in mid-October was the cause for much fretting and fuming among residents.

Raymond Best, supply and transportation officer, and even Harry Stafford, project director, went to Salt Lake City to investigate the reason for the delay in the shipment of coal for which the government had contracted.

MRS. KATO FATALLY HURT

First recorded incident of an off-project worker being involved in an accident took place Oct. 21 a-

bout three miles northwest of Filer when Mrs. Yae Kato, of 16-4-A, died as a result of injuries received when she was struck down by a loaded truck.

Witnesses related that Mrs. Kato, a contract farm worker, walked into the path of the truck which was backing up before pulling ahead.

NO ELECTRIFIED FENCE

The erection of watch towers and the putting up of a barbed wire fence raised a protest among the residents, but when the story leaked out that the barbed wire would be electrified, the residents were enraged beyond words.

However, the furor abated when the wires were disconnected and the announcement was made that

(Cont'd. on pg. 11)

Feminidoka

by mini



LIKE TO SEE....

Colorfully decorated mess halls, and Christmas trees, glittering and gay, tho' somewhat sparse, are reminiscent of those Christmases before....how all feminine eyes at the table turn to a wee tot eating--little face up-tilted and rosebud mouth opened to accept the food the mother patiently feeds on a too-big spoon....the day started off right by the sight of little children bundled up and off for school, marching single file singing lustily, "Johnny Comes Marching Home"--off key but yet touching.....while others fall into line....

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE....

(Even tho' I too must plead guilty) the high-water line on the limbs of galoshes and boot-wearing feminidokans...a dearth of good table manners--less mentally rolled-up sleeves and a tackling of food with a "let's get to work" expression--more sociability and leisurly consumption should be in order...

silverware has been in use for scarcely 300 years--but that should be ample time to learn its proper use....

I LIKE TO HEAR....

Picturesque similes of a friend artist who when we say the common place "walking on mud" says "walking on marshmallows", who at the stage of weather just hitting 32° when a thin upper layer of goo begins to get a little crispy, remarks, "the mud's toasted"...the sweet, resonant notes--unexcelled by any music--of the dinner clang.

I DON'T LIKE TO HEAR....

Gossipy women--or men...malign talk can lead to such unpleasantness and inexcusable misunderstandings--heed the poor stuffed fish hanging on the wall who admonishes, "Take a lesson from me--I wouldn't be here if I had kept my mouth shut."

I'D LIKE TO KNOW....

Why the entire atmosphere of some dining halls are so much friendlier and more comfortable than others....why we have to have beets on the menu--unfortunately, we who do not

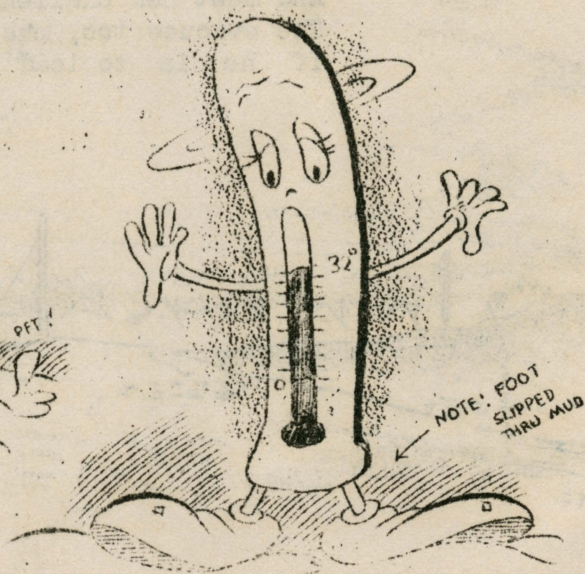
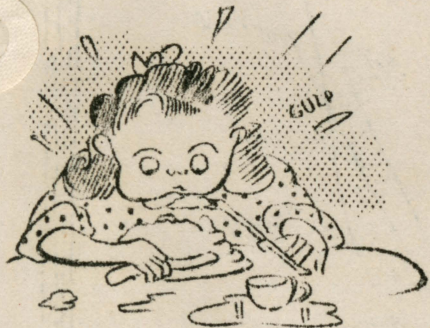
like them--do not like them...who's got the most attractive home--so I can go and copy it...how fond parents worked their way out of explaining how Santa could come down the skinny stove pipe chimneys.

I SOMETIMES LONG....

To walk again on the smoothness of concrete walks...to dine in the homey family style where one could take as long as an hour eating, and talking over the day's affairs...to stroll along crowded streets of downtown resplendent with dazzling lights and seasonal trimmings...windows reluctant with reflections...to eat what I feel like eating whether it be fried chicken or lamb chops--or misoshiru or o-cha-zuke...to hear again the anticipated ring of the phone....

I WISH...

Everyone from Blks. 1 thru 44--and especially feminidokans--a very merry Christmas...may the New Year bring to us all the happiness that we seek....



A New Challenge

by yuji mochizuki

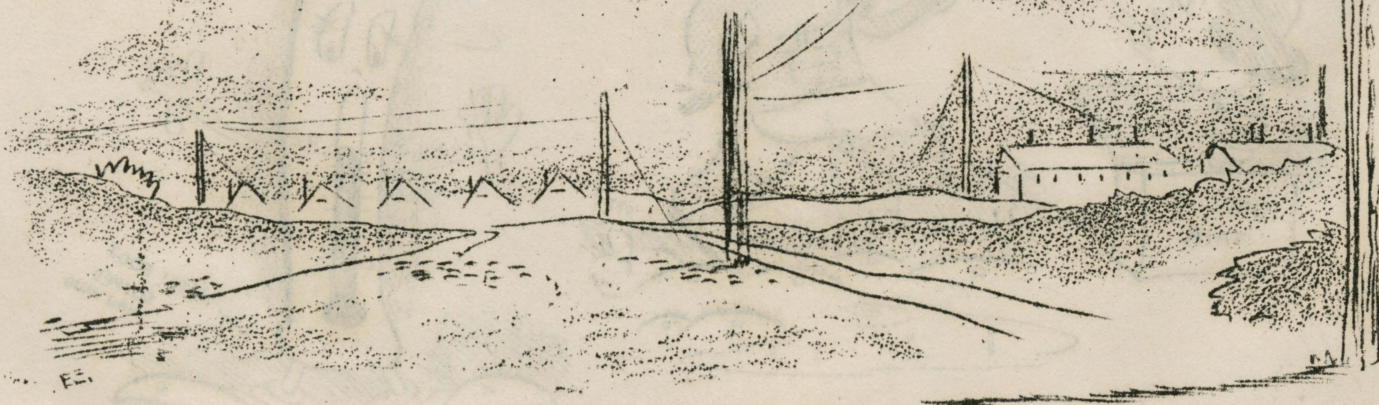
The prairie wind of this desert land,
Rushed along the beaten path.
And danced along the project grounds.
Shifting the soft, sandy soil of the
sagebrush land,
Spreading the dust along the way,
Slapping the barracks of the camp
Isolated in the far terrain.

An old man I met on my way
Shuffling slowly along the road.
He started from scratch many years past,
And by sweat and toil, he carried through
his plans,
And built a home he thought secure,
Only to see it crumble before his eyes,
Shortly after the sneak assault on Pearl
Harbor.

Then I rushed on and brushed a youth,
Who begged for the chance and prayed for
a break,
To prove his stand of loyalty months back,
And lead a life of the average man.
But by a military need a deaf ear was turned,
And into this barren land of sage
Were sent aliens and citizens alike.

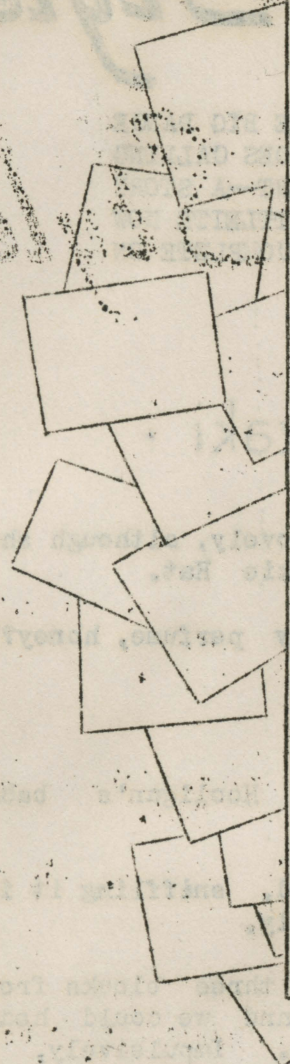
To live in crowded barracks,
Away from the pleasures of home,
Confined to a restricted area,
Not free as I as before,
To a climate almost entirely new,
From the mildness of the coast.

But such is the past and the present,
With the future yet to be,
It stops not on the spot,
Like me it must go on,
And meet new challenge square,
The evacuee too, must struggle anew,
If he is to lead the average life.



Christmas Cards

by John Essene
community enterprises



I think that I shall never see
 Some decent Christmas poetry;
 A Christmas card without cliches
 Which no banality displays,
 A card in which does not appear
 "New Year" to rhyme with "Christmas Cheer"!
 There ought to be at Christmas time
 Some more of reason, less of rhyme,
 I wish that peace would come again
 With consequent good will to men,
 And I wish, instead of lesser bards
 That only God made Christmas cards.....

TOP STORIES OF THE YEAR 1942

(Continued from Page 10)

the electrification was not authorized by either the Army or WRA, but that the contractor had connected the wires to a generator to dissuade residents from cutting the wires and uprooting fence posts.

"UNFAIR" CHARGES HIT

On Oct. 21 the IRRIGATOR presented the viewpoints of a farmer who claimed he was dissatisfied with the attitude of eight Hunt boys whom he had hired but had quit after a few days' work. Rescussions to the farmer's letter were heard when the boys presented there stand in the Nov. 7 issue, in which the boys blasted the charges made as "groundless and unfair".

CANTEEN THIEVES CAUGHT

Alert work on the part of Internal Security wardens led to the solving of the five-day-old burglary mystery of the Blk. 6 canteen with full confessions

obtained from seven boys ranging in age from 13 to 17.

The boys admitted they gained entry in the store on the night of Sept. 17 through the ventilator hole in the ceiling of the adjoining apartment. The major portion of the loot, which had been cached in the sagbrushes, was recovered by the I.S. wardens.

HOUSING JAM

One of the most ticklish problems ever since the first batch of evacuees came in from Camp Harmony, the housing problem is still not completely solved. Families have had to share apartments and even recreation halls have been used as dormitories for bachelors.

With new evacuees coming in and with workers returning from beet fields,

new housing problems have arisen, but an early end to such problems is seen. A statement of policy to be followed by the Housing Division has been issued by the new housing head, Earl Ingham, who replaced Lorne Haycke in mid-November. The opening soon of Blk. 44 is expected to serve as a partial solution to the housing problem.

21 to MILN. SCHOOL

Displaying a fair knowledge of both written and spoken Japanese as well as the ability to translate, 21 kibei and nisei were picked to attend the Military Intelligence Service Language School in Savage, Minn.

Most of the 21 left on Nov. 20 for the school where they will undergo an intensive six-month course in the Japanese language.

Kiki - WRA Style

Kiki's my girl. Kiki Kamamitasuke's her full name, "Potato-face", her common.

It was the night of The Dance. The Idaho moon was being greeted by yawning canyons, as I reached Kiki's place, regally attired in a flashy sport coat, my shoes Shinolized, my teeth Pepsodized, my breath sensen-ized, and my hair Brilliant-ized.

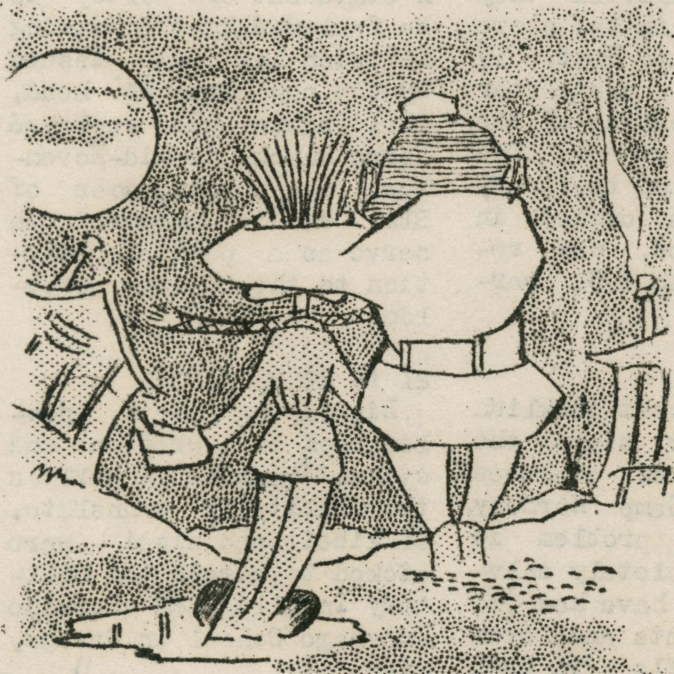
"Knock! Knock!"

"Yuki-chan, my beloved!" Kiki shouted, as she stopped through the door and fell off the porch. We picked up her eyelashes and fixed her wooden leg back in place.

"Yuki-chan! You look so handsome, so vibrant, so sta-rong! (I pat myself on the back). I could just kiss you and kiss you and kiss you!"

We clinched. Her abalone lips clamped on to mine with a swoop and I felt somewhat like a tuba. She sucked all the juice out of my vibrancy and all the starch out of my collar. When we finally split, it sounded like a shot out of Big Bertha.

Kiki really looked swell in the moonlight. Her Fisher's Blend strapless gown with the words "Blend's Mah Friend" neatly stamped in the back fitted her like velvet--on a sugar beet. She had on pumps, which were still working overtime, squirting out water, and over all she had on a WRA Mackinaw Special. Her hair, after I had fixed it into a more solid



* Eddie

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG DANCE
AND YUKI-CHAN GOES CALLING
ON HIS BIG MOMENT--A STORY
BY A FORMER SEATTLEITE NOW
AT TULE LAKE. COMPLETE ON
THIS PAGE.

by
yukio ozaki :

position, was really lovely, although she hid it with her WRA Dokie Hat.

"Don't you like my perfume, honey?" Kiki asked.

"What is it?"

"Haba Haba Night In Hooligan's back Alley."

"Lovely!" I replied, sniffing it in and throwing up politely.

We were just about three blocks from the rec hall by now and we could hear the strains of music. Impulsively, I tightened my fingers around Kiki's. Her nail polish came off on mine and, in a passing light, I recognized the missing rare paint from the Art Dept. The Lucky Strike green which had gone to war.

"Honey!" Kiki suddenly asked, looking at my head. I didn't know which part of my head, since she was cross-eyed. Yup, all three eyes.

"Honey, how'd you get that scar?"

"Well, you see, darling," I started. "it was like this. We were in Africa hunting black panthers. Suddenly, one of them leaped on me from behind, knocking my gun to the ground. I wrestled with him with my bare hands and, by strength, bar-rute strength, I had him pinned by the shoulders. My guide then shot him. One bullet, however, hit me right in the head and went on into space."

Kiki asked then, "And is the bullet still there?"

I smiled sweetly and bashed her nose in.

We arrived at the dance. I opened the door and waited for Kiki to slip through. She was fixing her strapless which had slipped a little--down to her waist.

We went in.

The Night Before Christmas

Hunt 1942 Wartime Version

by mitsu yasuda

Twas the night before Christmas after all work was done,
Not a creature was stirring, except the boilerman.

The stockings, (G.I.), were hung with care,
With hopes the block Santa soon would be there.

The children were snug in their army blankets
While visions of "priorities" danced in their heads.

And Mama in her pincurls and I in my cap
Had lain in our cots for a long winter's nap.

When out on the road, there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

I tripped over a chair and fell with a crash
Grabbed hold of the curtain, and pulled open the sash.

The Idaho rain had come down in a flush,
The sprinkling of snow was turning to slush.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver so lively and quick
With a retreaded sack and boots synthetic.

From head to toe the picture of yule
With his big red suit of reprocessed wool.

He jumped from his sleigh with a "Hi ya Bud"
And promptly sank in the Hunt City mud.

He glared at the ground with "Leggo'd my foot"
And took the next step minus the boot.

"##!!!!!!?@!%##\$@!//!!!" he made a grimace,
He turned with a jerk and fell on his face.

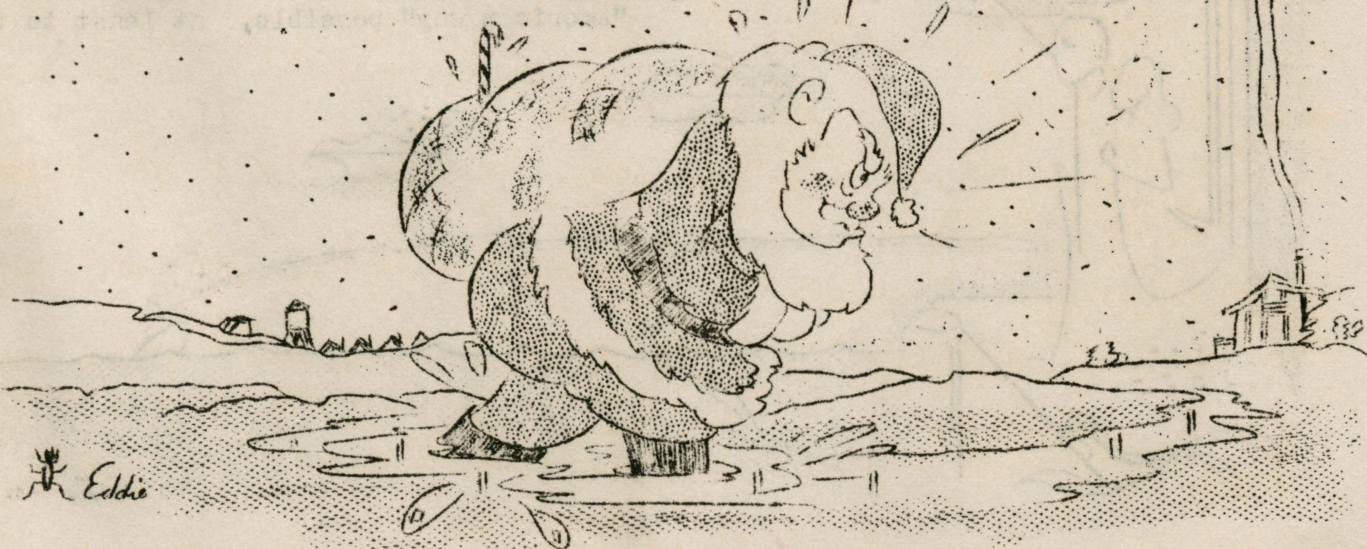
He sat in the mud, in the dirt and the grime,
Then he gave me a smile, and a look sublime.

"I'm up against Nature, I'll have to surrender,
I'll just leave it up to the block manager."

So he sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down in a thistle.

Then I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."

And illumined by moonlight on the back of the sleigh
I saw the white license of the WRA.



a short story

Going Home . . .

by
tadako
tamura

It was mid-November in 1941 when the Nishikaze Maru finally lifted anchor and steamed slowly out of Clearwater Bay. Yuriko Fujimura hugged the deck rails and watched herself drawn away from the waving crowd in the docks, from her brothers and sisters, her friends--everything.

The evening before had been a painful experience. She had so wanted to carry with her the last minute impression of a happy group of her friends, but she was denied even this for Mrs. McLoughlin had burst in upon that intimate farewell gathering. She was a strange woman. She hated everything connected with the "Japs" because, she'd insisted, they were threatening the Pacific peace, and she looked to the day the combined naval forces of Britain and America would throttle the Japanese militarists. And yet, she loved her Japanese neighbors with the fierce intensity of a mother-hen guarding her young brood.

"Yuriko, you can't leave on that ship!" she'd insisted hotly in her blustering way. "You belong right here in America. You say you're coming back, but I tell you war will break out and, then what will you do?"

War! War! War on the broad Pacific--speaking of war on an occasion like that! Yuri had simply stood there facing the woman--her composure shattered. She'd gritted her teeth and burst out with surprising fury! "Why do you speak of war like this? That's all you ever talk of--war with Japan. You wouldn't understand, but I've just got to go regardless of what happens!" The last she'd remembered was the white set faces of her startled friends, and Mrs. McLoughlin bursting in-

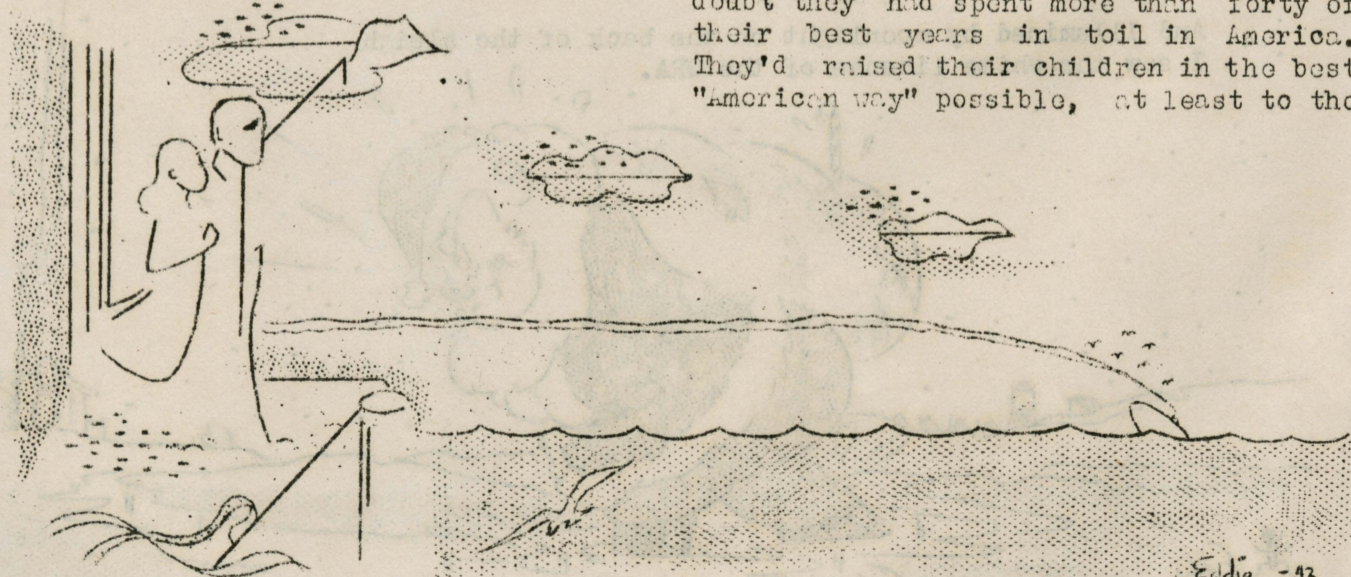
to tears.....

And here she was, on board the Nishikaze Maru and bound for Japan--on board the ship which the newspapers had predicted would be the last of those flying the Rising Sun to leave these American shores. Unconscious tears rolled down her cheeks in huge warm drops. In her heart, in the hearts of her fellow-passengers she knew, beat the grimly-determined faith that these as well as other ships shall ply the Pacific as always--side by side. But there had been no laughter at the docks; no bright confetti had been tossed about gaily. To the hundreds gathered, it had meant farewell--a farewell coupled by encouraging hopes which mere words could not express--for each recognized a stabbing sort of apprehensive fear.....

Just before she'd passed through the wicket on the pier, a harsh-looking long-shoreman had muttered to his companion: "Those Japs are going home, and good riddance!" The words had struck deeply into her heart, for the story, if they could only understand, was a tragic one.....

Yuri turned and studied the subdued faces around her--aged men and women with a sprinkling of small children pressed into every available space along the deck rails--catching their final glimpse of the land they'd known as home for so long. An old couple stumbled by, the withered little woman sobbing softly, face hidden behind a fluttering handkerchief, and the man, clumsily wiping his faded eyes.

Yuri bowed slightly in reverence. She tried to smile but only half succeeded. These two--theirs were the old, old story of the hardy immigrant pioneers. No doubt they had spent more than forty of their best years in toil in America. They'd raised their children in the best "American way" possible, at least to the



best of their humble ability--and how that their children, who belonged to America, were grown up; they whose work was done and done well, were going home to their native Japan with the hopes of spending the last few years of their lives in a land where they at least "belonged". But Yuri well understood the fire that burned ever so strongly within their toil-worn hearts--a clinging faith in the preservation of peace on the Pacific.

Yuri closed her eyes tightly for a moment, then looked out upon the tiny green, islets rising from the waters of Puget Sound. Something warm and wet was trickling down her cheeks. Just two short years that seemed only yesterday..... It was in March when the first of the daffodils had opened their golden trumpets that mother was called away; her mother who'd never known rest since the day she'd first touched the green shores of America as a young "picture bride". She had been one of those pioneer mothers who'd toiled beside her man in the fields as long as she was able--even after the children had come. And then just last year dad too was taken suddenly, without warning, in an automobile accident on a fog-ridden highway.....

She fumbled in her coat pocket for a handkerchief, then feeling the presence of someone tall behind, wheeled and met the friendly blue eyes of an extremely tall blonde woman. Yuri managed an embarrassed smile.

This lady proved to be a nurse and she was going to join her sister who was ill in Tokio.

"The authorities absolutely refused to give me my papers," she twinkled, "but since my sister couldn't come home, I simply had to go to her." Then she smiled the kindly, patronizing smile of a typical school marm. "I suppose this is a sad occasion for you having to leave your friends and everything else behind. But the situation will right itself eventually and the Pacific shipping lanes will open again."

"Thank you," Yuri murmured softly. Somehow this lady had managed to lift the sad burden from her heart. "But I'm coming back," she explained. "Don't you see? This is my home."

Yuri felt the kindly blue eyes upon her. "You're one of the Japanese Americans--a Nisei, aren't you?" the lady finally said. "I've heard so much about your group. But why are you leaving at a time like this?"

"My mother and dad," Yuri said simply.

"Your folks are in Japan?"

Yuri shook her head. "I'm taking them home," and her eyes clouded again. "I hope you'll understand, but my folks are both dead. I'm taking their ashes home to their native Japan. You may think we're awfully silly to feel this way, but you see," she explained eagerly, "my folks lived more than half their lives in

America--even their last years and although they did fit into American life nicely, they never actually belonged in the true sense of the word. They were always 'foreigners' because of America's immigration laws." And Yuri smiled wistfully, her eyes gazing beyond the sad reality of her present surroundings.....

* * *

Dawn broke early in the tiny village of Matsuyama in Southern Japan. A young girl, clad in the lovely blossom-splashed kimono of the land walked down the road with a little basket in hand--but somehow she was different. There was a free light swing to her walk, and in her eyes were laughter.

Her thoughts dwelt with friends back home in far-away America, and in her basket, she carried her Christmas remembrances to those same friends--neat parcels of curios she'd found in the village shops. And the Methodist Mission had supplied her with a hugh batch of greeting cards upon which she'd scribbled: "I'll see the cherry blossoms in the springtime, and then I'll be homeward bound." Perhaps the packages won't reach America in time for the holidays, but what mattered? It was never too late to inject that cheery "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" spirit into any greeting--even if it be mid-July! She giggled at the thought.

The morning air was refreshing and she hummed a light tune, a tune strange to the Japanese countryside--swinging her basket in rhythm. The country road creased itself through the village main street. A group of villagers were milling before the tiny postoffice. The girl quickened her pace.

Something big must have happened. Perhaps America and Japan had reached a peaceful agreement! Emitting a joyous whoop at the thought, she made her basket whiz a complete circle, then stopped and laughed. It wasn't maidenish; it wasn't befitting her kimono to do a thing like that, but she didn't care. And the happy girl rushed forward, jubilant hopes in her heart.

Then she caught those words, those awful words which exploded her hopes with volcanic force. She stared about her wildly. The villagers on the whole wore a peculiarly-passive mask over their faces--as if they too had been too stricken by the sudden news. But the girl found herself pushing into that crowd, her heart crying--refusing to accept the disastrous turn of events. But those fateful words came drumming through her ears in a mad whirl--round and round. Sen so-o da! Sen so-o da! It was WAR!

"Oh no!" she grasped with a strange intake of breath. "No, it can't be..."

And she staggered away from the crowd--far away. She couldn't even find the urge to break down and cry. Unconsciously she clutched the basket of Christmas packages close to her heart.....

The End.

A cold winter morn is bleakly dawning
Across wind-swept fields of glittering snow,
Waking children are sleepily yawning
Somewhere out in the deserts of Idaho.

The austere sun glares in frozen glory,
But the children wake with hearts strangely gay
For they have been taught that old, old story
And they know that today is Christmas Day.

Our barrack homes are glazed with snow, and iced;
Overhead, wintry slights streak the sky;
Humbly we dedicate the birth of Christ
And renew our faith in God on high.

It's bitter cold, and ice-chilled winds murmur,
But undaunted we sing of "Peace on Earth,
Goodwill towards men", with heartfelt fervor,
And pray for brotherhood of man on his worth.

It's bitter hard to cling true to faith
Out in the lonely wastes of Idaho.
Beside half-warm fires that splume their feeble wrath,
While outside, freezing winds of winter blow.

Our lives, desolate and soul-destroying,
Stagnate in these miserable, empty shacks;
Bounded by steel, debasing and annoying,
Hounded by fences and guns, from the beaten tracks.

Christmas At Minidoka

by
min
yasui

CONCEIVED IN
MULTNOMAH
COUNTY JAIL,
DEC. 17, 1942

Sagebrush and dust, in summer heat incurred,
Snowstorms and muck, bittercold, raging wind;
These things uncomplainingly have we endured,
'Til doubts and fears into our hearts have dinned.

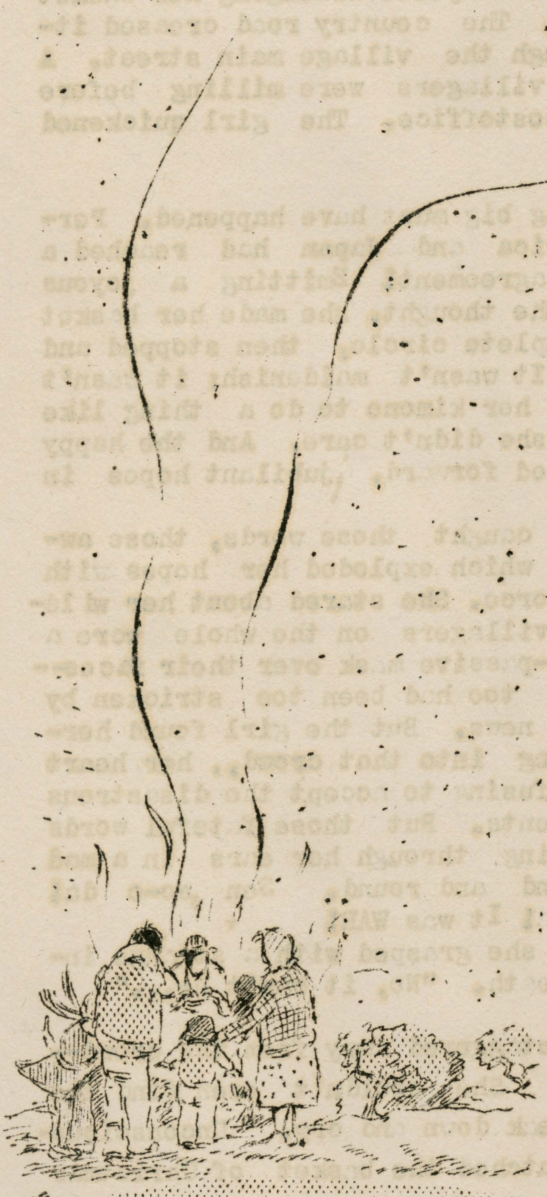
And yet, but comes the time of Yuletide cheer,
Half forgetting yet remembering, that past,
Dismissing our present and future fear,
Bravely we raise our hopes to fly full-mast.

We join our voices in world prayers for peace,
Fervently we hope, reverently we pray
That blessings of freedom will never cease
And bring to all the world, happiness to stay.

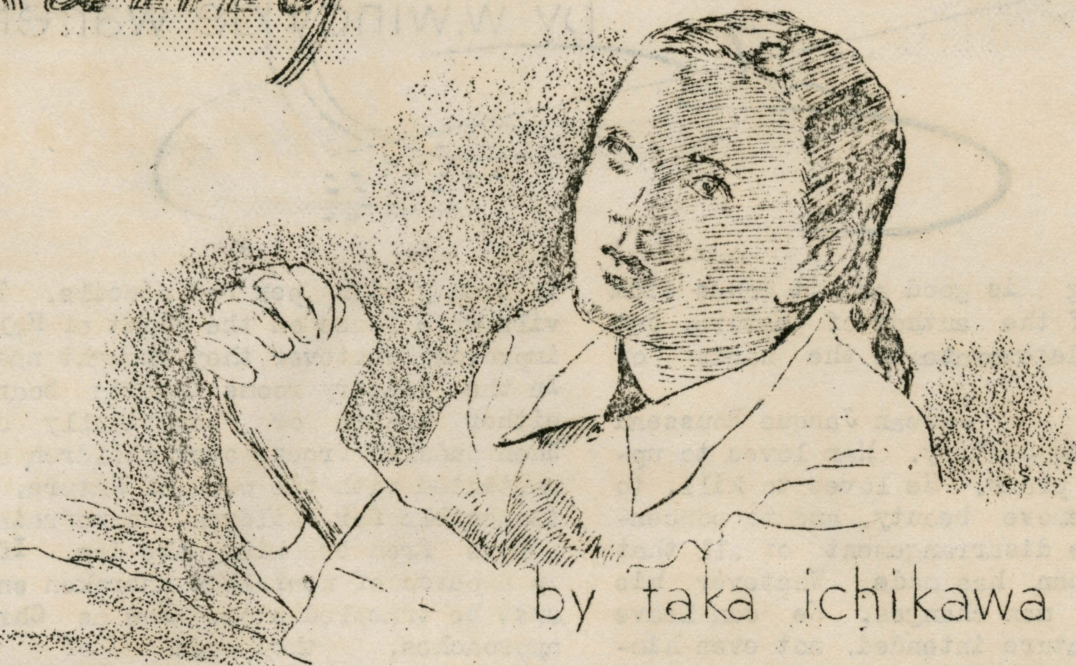
Full well we know, as the night yields today,
And after winter comes glories of spring;
To all the world in hopefulness we say,
May this Christmas, joyous visions bring.

Of a radiant New Year of hope and peace
That after the war, when victory is won,
Liberty and understanding will increase
So that we all may say "God bless everyone".

Now children are waking, noisy and gay,
The morning is crisp, but the day dawns clear,
Sincere our wish, cheerful our greeting, we say
"A merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year".



Kathy



by taka ichikawa

Her daddy had gone "somewhere" but cherub-faced Kathy, eight-year old daughter of the Kodate's, didn't know exactly where.....He had been taken into custody by the FBI a year ago on Christmas Eve and was now interned in New Mexico, but little "pig tails" wasn't aware of the fact.....

Kathy's predicament came about as a result of Pearl Harbor.....it was Sunday, that never-to-be-forgotten-Dec. 7, and she was still in bed....Her mommy turned on the radio and Kathy heard "something" about war.....Japs.....Pearl Harbor.... and the commentator rattled off a lot of things she couldn't make heads or tails of.....

From then on, Kathy knew that something was wrong.....A few of her playmates didn't know just what it was.....Then on March 28 her mommy told her that she couldn't go outside after 8 p.m...."Something" about a curfew.....Some Americans said harsh words to her mommy one day.... "something" about "the dirty yellow Japs"....Kathy's mommy didn't go out to visit her friends as often as she used to..... But Kathy continued with her school work--day after day--until evacuation.....

On a bright sunny day in May, little "pig tails" and her mommy bid final adieu to their home and friends and left for the Puyallup Assembly Center.....and there they lived the life of evacuees for the next three months....Until relocation took them to the Minidoka Relocation Center in the early part of September..... After a long train ride, Kathy and her mommy arrived at the project on a hot, dry, dusty day and established their "duration home".....

On fair days, Kathy and her mommy took


long walks to the canal which ran along the camp and on other days they visited their relatives.....When school started, Kathy resumed her elementary studies..... She made many new friends from other parts of the Northwest.....

And then after three months of dust, wind, rain and snow, Kathy was about to observe her first Christmas in camp..... The day before Christmas was a busy one for Kathy and by nightfall she was tired enough to go to sleep without any amount of persuasion from mommy.....

While soft white flakes floated down gently, Kathy dressed for bed and then knelt by her army cot.....She clasped her dainty white hands in prayer and prayed for her daddy who had gone "somewhere"---to keep him safe and guard over him---and hoped that he might come back to her again someday.....She said a prayer for her mommy.....Kathy's dimpled cheeks were wet as she lifted her large moist eyes and her heart toward heaven.....For she had her White Christmas for the first time in many a year and Santa had come, too.

.....But, she missed her daddy---oh how she missed her daddy.....She prayed for a long time, for this was a special night for her.....Christmas Eve---Christmas Eve -1942.....Two little rivers appeared suddenly on her cheeks as again she lifted pleading eyes to God to watch over her beloved daddy....

Kathy's cheeks were still damp as she slipped quietly into bed, but she was soon deep in slumber and the sandman had sprinkled his magic sands of sleep over her.....



Observations

by w. wincy de warrens

"Everything is good as it comes from the hands of the author of nature, but everything degenerates in the hands of man."

--Jean Jacque Rousseau

Man loves to destroy. Man loves to upset Nature's plans. He loves to kill, to break, to remove beauty, and to concentrate on the disarrangement of all that Nature and man has made. Whatever his hands grasp, man changes. He can leave nothing as Nature intended, not even himself. There is nothing that man can enjoy unless he conforms it to his own taste and satisfaction. It is to his own egotistical fancy that he trains children, animals, and plants as means of obtaining his desires. Nothing goes without degeneration sometime or other at the hands of man.

Neither laws nor instincts prevent man from destroying. He cannot escape from it. He is plagued with it from childhood, and no power bestowed upon earth can change his impulse. It is useless to convince a child or a youth to reason whether to do a thing is good or evil. They do not have the ability to reason for reasoning comes with time; therefore to have youth reason would be impossible. Hence children and youth have no motive for many things they do. They do not always break or destroy for pleasure, but because of a sudden impulse which overcomes them. Due to pleasures and impulses the passage through childhood, adolescent, and adult stages is filled with destruction of Nature, of laws, of morals, and man himself.

When a baby first noticing the world about him discovers the wonderful use of hands, nothing is safe from degeneration until his death. One only has to give a sheet of paper to a baby; the result is well-known. Turn a child loose with crayons in his hand into a room full of paintings. Will he be satisfied with the works of painters? No, the child must improve the paintings. Give a flower to a child and observe what happens. In a short time the child will pluck all the petals from the flower. Ask the child what possessed him to do such a thing and invariably the answer will be, "I don't know."

There is no beauty when things remain unbroken, but there is beauty when things are broken by man. It is not difficult to find improvements by children. Books may be easily found which are defaced in-

to beauty with pen and pencils. The devils were loose on the night of Halloween improving whatever they thought necessary. In the laundry rooms ironing boards are either broken or beautifully carved. When puddles freeze over children are not contented with the work of Nature. It is impossible for children to refrain themselves from breaking the ice. If there is a patch of newfallen unbroken snow it must be trampled upon. Now as Christmas approaches, thousands of young fir trees are removed from the forests in order that these unbeautiful trees may be transformed to more beautiful trees in the eyes of children. Hence children consider Nature offers no beauty but that man does; therefore they are unmoved by the sights of Nature.

Man cannot leave nature alone. He must have nature according to his own fancy and use. Rabbits have been trapped. Porcupines have been caught. Horned toads, frogs, fish, and snails have been caught. Everything taken from nature has been confined in small enclosures and made to suffer the presence of man. Even cactuses from the plains suffer from the small containers. Birds have been caught and their tongues have been split by man in order that they may please their captors. Snakes were killed for only the enjoyment of killing. The captors and the killers of birds, plants and animals deserve the life they now lead. Freedom means nothing to them. Nature in its environments creates no enjoyment. Man must make nature, hauling rocks and brushed from their natural habitat in order that he may have nature at his front door. Nature must be made over to man's own fancy.

When nature is destroyed by man he suffers. The sagebrush was removed, and when the winds blow man suffered. From the plains one could notice that the dust storms existed only in camp. When man cut sagebrush for firewood he suffered. His corrugated nose will attest to the dislike of burning sagebrush odor. The greasewood has almost entirely been removed by man in the vicinity of camp. Whatever Nature creates man destroys and then suffers. In search of greasewood a life was lost. In killing snakes a snake may bite. In want of a rabbit a tick may bite. In want of pleasure man destroys. In want to destroy man may suffer. Schopenhauer has stated, "Not pleasure but freedom from pain is what all wise men seek."

Wrap It Up In A Flag

"I'm getting sick and tired of it," Marie said flatly.

"What I do on my own time is my own business" he shot back partly to cover the shock, partly to salve his vanity, hurt the more deeply because of the suddenly changed Marie.

It was the first time she had stood up to him with anything other than her easy-going affectionate way. He had never expected her to be like this. She hadn't complained before. The change had come without notice.

"I had to do all the chores," Marie continued without hearing him.

"Oh for chrissakes, this is first rate preachin'!" he said, his insides heading dangerously for the limits of quiet reason. "I done nothing to bring this on." He sincerely believed himself innocent.

"If getting drunk 6 times in a month is nothin'," she said stubbornly. She was outwardly calm, but only from suppressed rage.

"If getting booked in jail is nothin'. If costing Jack a lot of money on his tractor is nothin'."

Cripes! She didn't beef before about these things. She knows I couldn't help about the trac'. What she turning on me for? Just a morning's chores? And what she standing up by Jack for? Yeah, why?

He couldn't put up with the air in the room for a minute.

Driving into town he ignored the 35-mile limit. His thoughts kept taking ugly turns. His poor showing as hired man at Jack Cromley's didn't worry him. Not enough to make him come around to admitting that all that should put him where he was with Marie now. He felt there were explanations for every slip-up he had run into. At least his past standing with her seemed to demand that she at least understand.

Groping for someone to take the blame, he could think of only Jack Cromley. At heart he felt sure of himself with Marie. Yet if Jack could be pinned down to be at the bottom of all this! He realized he was jealous, the poison running through



deeper than he ever believed possible.

He found himself at the Blue Rose, trying to shake off the feeling. The drinks didn't seem to help. He didn't want to get himself into a stupor today.

At Spangler's he let himself in on a few games of eight-ball. He scratched or missed the pocket consistently as he cussed inwardly and tried to convince the mike playing him, a mere poolroom hand, that he was way below par. He didn't feel he was much of a hit either at the game or with the mike.

By now the drinks had him thoroughly playing up with the idea of the martyr in tyro.

"It ain't worth a horse's _____," he was muttering as he called off the game.

On the way to the backroom, he stopped short and dropped his jaws at what he saw. A pair of Japs were shooting a game.

Making a last stab at venting a superiority he couldn't live without, he sneered in their direction. "You slant-eyed yellow Japs!"

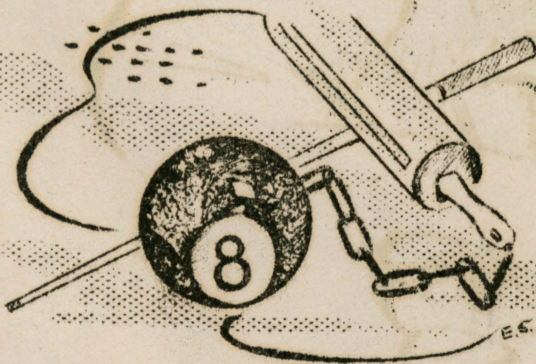
They looked at him, one embarrassed, the other undisturbed, steady-eyed. The latter didn't look as though he would let himself be stepped on.

He knew he would backfire when he heard the one still looking at him say calmly to the other, "Your shot." The game seemed to go on without his having won any concessions.

Suddenly aware that he was stripped of all that covered what he would normally consider naked and indecent, he nearly fell over himself making a path through the crowd, throwing about still-born glances to catch whatever approval he could find with which to cover his naked shame.

In the frost-laden air, all the sores cut in since the morning seemed to parade around nakedly. And suddenly he remembered a Negro student in Chicago telling him, "Because I'm black don't mean you owe the country less than I do." That wound had healed when he had admitted that the Negro was right.

And now even the old scar was reopened.



by
daiki miyagawa

The Decision

by
hiromi miyagawa

The first light of dawn slowly pushed night's dark curtains aside and crept through the small window of a dingy hotel room. It swept across the dusty floors, over a battered Gladstone and came to rest on a figure lying on the bed.

He lay fully clothed, stifling sobs on a dirty pillow. A sleepless night...the same scene flashing over and over across his weary mind...not even a minute's rest.

He didn't notice the grease-stained wallpaper...roaches crawling over the bed...the dilapidated bureau in the corner with the broken mirror reflecting all the sordidness of the room...his mind revolving about that one vivid moment in the darkness.

Carefree...he was driving back from college to spend the holidays at home... recalling rides on crowded trolleys to football games...taking his girl to the prom on a cab...hitching rides whenever possible...to save his weekly gasoline quota for this journey.

He hummed a popular tune as the Ford sped over the familiar highway at the outskirts of his home town. Just as the car swung into the sharp turn by "Devils Bend," a dark figure, sharply outlined in

the glare of his headlight, shot out of the night. He twisted the steering wheel, but not fast enough...the sickening sensation of metal striking flesh.

Shocked and terrified beyond all logical reasoning, his immediate impulse was to flee...get away from the scene as fast as possible.

Pressing the accelerator to the floor, he drove madly into town. Abandoning his car on a side road, he took refuge in this squalid hotel in a secluded section of the city.

He was a fugitive from justice...a hit-and-run driver.

...At last he rose from the bed and walked to the window. A new day had dawned. Morning made everything so different.

He finally made a decision...give himself up...perhaps the pedestrian didn't die...five years at the most.

He bathed his heavy blood-shot eyes with cold water...combed his disheveled hair...straightened his coat and walked into the street. He nonchalantly bought the morning's edition from the corner newsboy and scanned the front page for a particular item.

He found the story. The victim...his mother.



Sports Review

by
hiromi
miyagawa

With baseball, basketball, football, horseshoe, boxing, and golf planned for sports devotees of Hunt, the local athletic program, four months ago, held a very promising note.

The Community football team, with eyes on a possible game with the College of Idaho team which had sent an invitation, had a turnout with such well-known nisei gridgers as Jack Yoshihara, Harry Yanagimachi, Don Sugai, and Shiro Kashino lending prestige to the squad.

An intensive program seemed to be in the making. Then the sugar beet fever hit Hunt. Most of the cream was drained from the local young crop, and with the departure of the boys, coupled by lack of facilities, the entire sports plan collapsed.

All efforts exerted by the athletic staff for the promotion of organized sports ended up against a solid wall..... lack of participants and facilities.

Although crippled, the sports program was carried on, but few stories were worthy of mention.

The most publicized sports event of the year was the Hallowe'en marathon race

which never got started.

Due to lack of prospective entrants, the cross-country trail was shortened to half its original distance, but not a single person volunteered to exercise his legs.

The IRRIGATOR-rec staff gridiron classic drew the most interest in local sportsdom.

Challenged by the Rec. 21 boys, the project "rag-men" postponed the ordeal as long as possible, laying the cause of their delay on inclement weather, but finally were forced to lay their cards on the gridiron.

Unconditioned, unorganized, but undaunted, the IRRIGATOR six braved the elements to battle a superior team.

The project paper's "My-T-Six" managed to drop the encounter by the close margin of 12-0 on the snow-covered 28-30 field.

The most unusual sports story of the year was recorded when two grid-minded girls' teams invaded the field previously reserved strictly for the male sex.

Sec. III lasses clashed with the Sec. V gals in a six-women football game. After four quarters of a rough and tumble exhibition, Koichi Hayashi's Sec. III femmes came through with a 2-0 win.

Preparing For The Future

by mary minamoto

Nisei! Do you ever think about the future? Surely you're not going to keep depending upon your parents and watch the parade of life through the side lines.

Why do you think your parents send you to high school and college? Besides, what's going to happen after your parents die?

After all, is life really worth living if you cannot find a place in it?

According to an old Indian legend, a hunter while walking through the forest stumbled and fell. As he was getting up a quiet voice behind him said:

"Human, when you fall you rise to your feet and stand but when we of the forest fall we never rise again."

This quotation certain-

ly compares well to explain the difference between the nisei and their fellow Caucasians. Although we have adopted American ideals and culture, we are not fully accepted as Americans because we do not look as such.

Therefore, it is up to each of us to fight for a goal of equality of mankind and make the Caucasians proud of us by contributing whatever we can to show that this world was a better place having us here.

Then the clock will tick and we will find opportunities waiting for us regardless of whether you are a high school or college graduate.

Therefore, those still in high school must plan

their future and get all the education while they are young. This is no time to quit, for in so many lines of work a young person without a high school diploma hasn't a chance.

Those above high school age may take advantage of the Adult Education classes for, remember, people are employed to have something done and done efficiently.

Prove to your employer that you can do the work. Be so efficient that you would be missed should you take a day off.

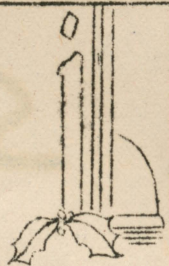
Be better than the rest so as to win the gradual but nation-wide acceptance and approval of the Japanese and nisei as assets to their community and nation.

The Irrigator

Vol. I, No. 29

Dec. 25, 1942

Special
News
Section



HAROLD JAMES LEAVING FOR WRA POSITION IN WASH., D.C.

Harold James, Placement Officer here since the project's opening, will be leaving soon for Washington, D.C., where he has been assigned to another post under the War Relocation Authority, it was revealed this week.

While his efforts pivoting around the fair treatment of evacuee labor will be missed here, he will be serving a wider group of Japanese from Washington and the various relocation centers where his work, it was reported, will stake him.

Regulation Rules Out Congratulatory Wires

Beginning December 22, 1942, telegraph carriers are not permitted to accept for transmission domestic messages of felicitations or congratulations by order of the Board of War Communications, The Western Union Telegraph Co., announced this week.

Not only Christmas and other special occasion messages but messages of felicitation or congratulation on births, weddings, anniversaries, and birthdays will not be accepted.

BLOCK 44 OPENS

With the occupation of block 44 by several families and couples, Hunt's newest block has finally been opened. Y. Doi has been appointed block manager.

Vital Statistics

BIRTH:

SASAKI-girl to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Sasaki, 39-12-A, Dec. 22.

DEATH:

YOSHIDA--K.D. Yoshida, 54, 21-12-C, Dec. 20.

Workers Required To Report Return

Furlough workers returning from the fields must report to the Records Bureau in the Leaves and Furloughs Division, according to Placement Officer Harold James.

Notification of return is requested by the WRA Headquarters in San Francisco, James stated.

MOCHI-GOME!

In order to enliven Hunt's New Year's festivities, orders have been placed for 10,000 pounds of mochi-gome, 3300 pounds of English walnuts, and 36 sacks of red pinto beans, the procurement office reported this week.

The 4500 pounds of turkey which arrived, will be served in the dining halls today.

SPECIAL DINING PERMITS DENIED

"No more special permits to eat in mess halls other than the residents' own, will be issued," Leon Krumenacker, Project Steward, revealed Thursday in regards to the official ration orders from the WRA regional office in San Francisco.

The new project-wide mess hall ruling which went into effect Dec. 23, requires all Hunt residents, with the exception of the Fire Department personnel, to eat in their own mess halls.

All people will be counted by the respective blocks and food will be distributed according to age and the number of residents in the respective blocks.

No more meat will be served, whatsoever, at the 10 p.m. snack and milk will be given only to expectant mothers, nursing mothers, children 8 years of age and under; and to special diet cases.

SUNDAY CHURCH Services

FEDERATED CHRISTIAN CHURCH

- Dec. 8 Nisei Worship Services 10:45 a.m.
Topic: "The Truth that Makes Men Free"
Speaker: The Rev. T. Fukuyama
- Evening Vesper Service 7 p.m.
Topic: "America in Wartime"
Speaker: Miss Esther Mc-Cullough
- Dec. 34 Nisei Worship Services 10:45 a.m.
Topic: "America in Wartime"
Speaker: Miss Esther Mc-Cullough
- Evening Vesper Service--7 p.m.
Speaker: The Rev. O.S. Hodges
Wendell, Idaho

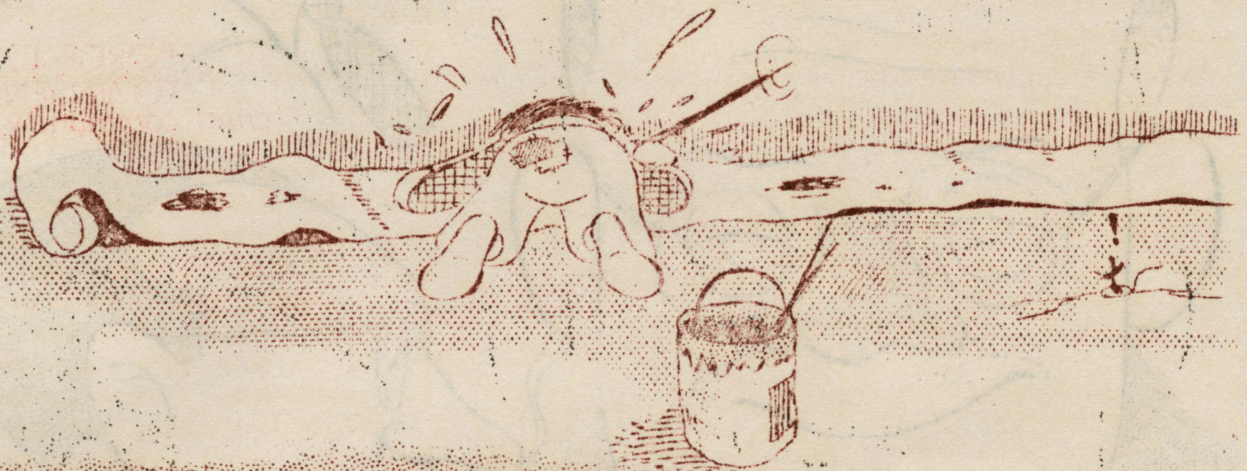
UNITED BUDDHIST CHURCH

- Sunday School and Young People's Meeting (10-11:00)
Dec. 4 Rev. G. Kimura
- Sunday Schools (10:30-11:30)
Dec. 36 Rev. Arakawa
Dec. 29 Rev. Terakawa
- Young People's Devotional (9:30-10:30)
Dec. 36 Rev. Arakawa and Terakawa
- Adult Meeting (2:00-3:00 p.m.)
Dec. 13 Rev. Arakawa
Dec. 29 Rev. Kimura
Dec. 36 Rev. Terakawa

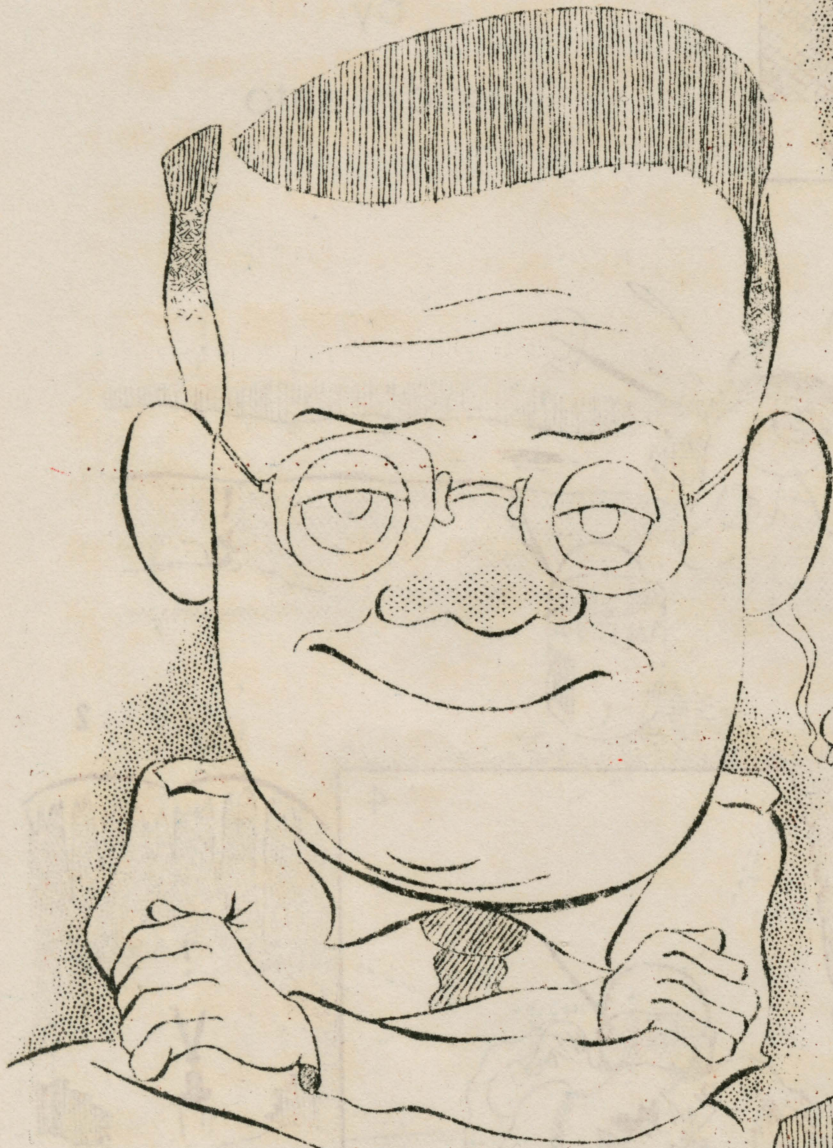


Dokie

by
eddie sato



Personalities . . .



HARRY L. STAFFORD
project director

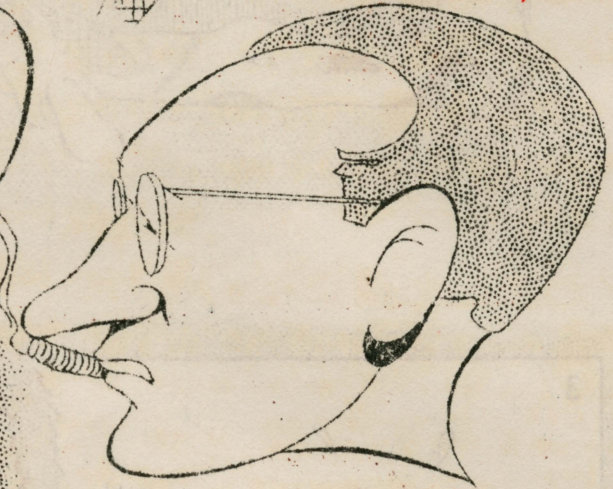
PHILIP SENAFER
asst. project director



JOSEPH P. BACCA
senior engineer



GEORGE L. TOWNSEND
chief community services



RUSSELL SPRINKEL
senior administrative officer



Eddie 米

冬日記抄

KEY PO SECTION

- 1. Haiku (poetry)
- 2. Opinions on self-government - Fujii
- 3. Evening - Nonohana

ミニドカの航空線路屋凍る 大場砂丘
 傾く日雪合戦のこともどち 梶田福女
 我が影を踏む足音のうす水 和泉如安
 冬晴小やせしれの果ててはく 小山ひとみ
 せし野に舞ふて胡蝶の六つの花 葛川路子
 冬の日の午元の暗さ灯しけり 藤居江雪
 凍雲に乏しき運河の水の音 望月野の花
 ロッキーのこゝろまで続く雪景色 中田洋舟
 秋みかく日毎夜毎や冬ごもり 野間一沙
 雲低く雪よとなるへきせし夜 六六山人
 たぶくの服着て雨相の登校児 安井重狂
 マーブルの子にバラックは小春なる 安井秀女
 夜学してはゆめと老の老小癖 弓部不老
 尻振て家鴨の陣や朝時雨 林 秋夕
 木枯やホコラ葦木の弓なりに 八谷九峯
 いっしかに煙火の細りて寝りけり 川島初音
 公園の枯草鳩のうづくまる PROBANN 一羽
 本枯のいっしかに枯落ちて夜の雨 米岡日章
 バラックのや毎槌のま冬ごもり 藤岡細江
 霜晴小や煤に濁りし軒しづく 関谷赤江女
 高原の嵐に冴えて冬の月 堀内瓢泉
 谷川の岩間を閉ざし寒水 濱徳太郎
 落ちつかぬキヤンプ住ひ、初時雨 大家湖汀
 果てもなきせし曠野の雪あかり 内田衆月
 冬の朝湯気やはらかに立ちのほり 木村 将
 軒垂氷映る灯かけを争ふる 小池晩人

自治制私見

藤井清志

(2)

尚センターも愈々、近々自治制施行に決定し、先般来各憲法起草委員によつて、之が準備を急ぐと懸く。而して既往ヒヤロフポ並ひホ市に於ける假收容所での一、二世間の軋磔と言はすんは、急志疎通缺如のため、甚だ面白からぬ結果を醸生した事能くを考慮して各邑より二名を選良し約十名を得、更に七名を挙げて行政と司法の憲法起草に参與せしむと。而して之が遠

成の曉は當然、市長、警務、学務、庶務、判事、等々各般に亘り厳めしき職守の人々が任命さるるやうにも吾人の觀する所では果して如何なる程度迄で、司法行政の権を許典さすや頗る疑問である。吾人は現今戦時口際法に依り米口政府の保護の下に何等不自由なき生活を営みつ、あるとは言へ、また或る点まで、之が自由を拘束せん、あるは事實である。過般ホストン及いマンサナに於ける紛擾事件はこの一片影を物語るに過ぎず。思ふに憲法起草委員諸氏か、此際徒らに法則を作成し、これ以上更に吾人を牽縛せんとするは不可にして、希くは日東縛より開放の念慮を基本として取理し、一萬の住民へ一層安堵の生活を与へら小なるを望望するものである。

(3)

野一の花

西の方セイゲラレばかりの曠野の果てに大きな太陽が、いま次々と昇つた。
 絵にも、筆上も、書き、描きあらはせない、と真つ紅な雲か、オオ、何と美しい高原の果に、雪よまたらな、ミニネトカの館存をいれどつて、明日の天気を重衣書きして居るやうに横に横に流れて擴がてゐる。日奇麗ななあと私はいと運河の怕しき道に、妻と、重陣をたると耳たしなから感歎の瞳をみはつて立つてゐた。
 凍つた道、冴えた空。そろく六軒長家に灯が瞬き始めた。人の子ひとり通行らない。宵の明星が病院の煙突の先きの空に燈として輝いてゐる。
 運河の向々の道の自動車へのフトライトが、一、二、三、と照らす光を始めた。

農家に頭痛の種

記録的収穫を持ちながら

英字紙所報の「EW通信」によれば、本州内ワイン・オールド郡では過去五年に亘り、農作物の記録的収穫を更たが、それにも拘らず、郡内に於ける、農場の買渡し及び競賣に於ける、転上つてゐる。之は他所の農場に移轉したり、又軍需工場に働くための都会へ出て行くものがあるが、この傾向は土着農家及び農事関係技師等に多大の関心を拂ひあてゐると、同郡の伴官ホーリング・ブローク氏は其年次報告書に述べてゐる。ワイン・オールド郡は州内でも最もよく灌漑された郡で、現在農場は平均に達してゐる。而して主要農産物はピーズ、オトト、砂糖大根、アルファルファ、グレイン、レイド・ピース、アピオン及び果実となつてゐる。

去る十月の悪天候が収穫期を遅延せしめたにも拘らず、一四三万の砂糖大根の平均収穫は一英加約廿二噸といふ数字を上る。これは前例のない好成績となつてゐる。収穫期に於ける、従来の労働力不足は本年は商人、学校生徒、失業者の總掛り、勤働で補充されたが、このうち数千の日本人男女が提供した労働力は定に大きな役割を演じたであらう事は関係に疑なくなり。

緑色スタンプを大切に (2)

社会企画部 エー・エー・エー氏の言明によれば、同部の管掌する緑色スタンプの純収益は現在ところ約一割と見積られ、不足は、従つて十仙の四割上、亦一枚五元行するグリーンスタンプは約一仙の額に相当するたため、紛失し、やう保管

を小たいと。この発行されたスタンプが顧客から手許へ戻つて来ない場合は、其収益に対し、所得税を支拂はねばならぬ事になつてゐる。猶緑色スタンプは去る十一月一日から発行されたが、それ以前にも、エ・エ・エ・エ・エの受取りが手渡しである筈だが、現状のところ其の約三割五分程度しかスタンプに取替えられぬといふ。また手許に在り取りスリッパを保持する人は、第廿三区、一〇一Fの同事務所まで至るスタンプに換えられたいと。猶スタンプは現在第廿三区と第廿四区の店內洋品部で発給してゐると。

食事は自らの居住区で (3)

本週、第廿二区食堂で開かれた区長会議の席上、期部長クラム・ホーカ氏は肉類、其他の食料品のレーション施行により、今後配給が区内に居住する人数及び年齢別等によつて嚴重に行けねば、従つて区外からの飛入客を、期小場合はをわせた。区内居住者の食料に影響を及ぼす旨が強調された。従来は三友何百人前レーションといふ食料配給配給があったが、これから区内居住者数に割當して、配給する同僚は、各業者を多量に配給するたけの配給加なく、各区域とも嚴重に自らの区内の人だけに食事をさす方針をとるやうになつた。従つてこれまで仕事先のクラブで食事をする習慣の人も必ず自己の居住区へ戻らなければならぬようになった。猶き配給を八オ造となつた。

吉村氏 敵と友人と (4)

吉村氏氏は今回假意委員会により臨時に消費組合の副支那人に任命され、エー・エー・エーの先鋒となつて活躍する事となつた。同組合の規約條文が完結し、正式の重役会が成り立ち、總支那人が選定される事である。

山峯土香短歌會詠目録

Tanka (Japanese Poetry)

阿部氏を悼む

みえつく雪の荒野に木を採るとき迷
ひ入りし人は還らざる 新井冬村

ひといせもいつしか過ぎぬ思ひの深き
感謝を神にささげむ 堀内武子

山岸釣りのつれで見やれる水の面にうつ
る雁群すす雪勢に消ゆ 浜徳太郎

雨相のたく降りしキャンプロのあかときを
朝餉の鐘の湧えてひくも 土屋輝江

つたつこしとせかむ吾児をいさめしめ
散歩に友を訪ねる 足田佳子

山平牧師に

はしけやー新事をたづさへあらたむに君
か天稟いや老りませ 糸井野菊

母上と語りし夢のふとさめて続きの見
たしつたよふた閉ず 今川久子

白雪の上往く飛行機ニ機三機四機
かと見れば五機六機なる 金子伸子

夜警より夫は歸りぬ音きて、朝の氷
をかみさくみつ、 金子竹代

田舎をとおくはきけ汝が病めは命消ぬ
かに心さびしむ 忠 四郎

遠近に子供等さやく聲しつ、また人のふ
まぬ雪路歩むも 神部孝子

所作まき京人形を觀る

精根の限りをこめし京人形今と相より
歩み出でんとす 柏木天浪

朝の陽に氷柱は光とけに、我家の軒
に音のかまけき 望月秀一

移動されて荒野に住めど切等は父母のべ
にあれば足るらし 山峯 桂子

書書の陽にとけゆく道はおもむろに泥土と
なりてい行きなすむも 村上静子

泥濘の夜道苦しも我住むはバラックの灯
の、やはて所 三原かつの

衣服にも不自由なる日のよし来るとも
乙女等か兵服をたくみに着こなして出で
立つ見れば二小にてもよし 中村郁子

晴れし日は手に取るばかり雪山の山ひた青
くかけなせる見ゆ 仁熊登美子

玻璃を越しセエダの原を見放くは昨日も
今日も変わりたるなし 野村鷹声

青柳の茂る堤のおのづから河門をなせり
瀬の音あき 中川末子

慣れぬ業に疲れしものか湯上りのまゝにて
夫の熟睡し居るも 中村ます子

生まれませし求主を祝ぎ讚美ふ 天使の
いみじき樂は天に満ちけむ 中川筆枝

聖降誕祭

馬槽に生れませし君の尊ぶとしや律法
を愛に世をかへ給ひぬ 寺沢秋二

歳茲に往かむとすなり相つぎて退去移動
と事繁かりき 田中葦城

季節めづる、我が庭もなし配給のフール
に厚く雪積りたり 葛川桂子

再會の日までは生くと待ち給ふ相母に
逢ふ日もおぼつかなしや 小田切田鷗子

木枯や鐘に小石を吹きあてる 蕪村
大晦日さためなき世の定かな 西鶴

寒月や石塔の影松の影 子規
旅人と我が名呼ばれし初時雨 芭蕉

公共団体自治政府 (一)

憲章起草委員報告

四表きにミニトカ轉作所に於て憲章起草委員として選舉せられたる岡島中條、金右、藤井、秋山、湯川及び谷の七名が作成したる憲章草案がWRA地方長官フライヤー氏の賞賛を得たることは我々の欣快とする所である。

委員會は一九四二年十月十二日第一回會合を開き、先づ中央政府の指令第四号に則依りて自治政府の權能及び機能に關する形式を考慮せり。同時に我々轉作所の特殊性に鑑みず時は徒らに米口自治都市に倣ふこと能ざるを知るに至り。是に於て予、我等の境遇に適應する特有自治制度を創設するに必要と迫らるものあり。即ち居住者の福利、共同一致を助長すると同時に自治機能の円満なる活動を期せんがため自治政府の最高機關たる委員會以外に顧問制度を設けて市民たるその他の熱心なる者と同様平等しく之に列することを得るものとせり。

憲章は教度の校訂を重ね十月十日之を脱稿し、之を警署裁判、仲裁調停、公共団体書記等の権能に關する冊子及びWRAに対する説明書を一括して十一月十六日既に之をWRA長官に提出せり。

茲に須臾も怠るべからざるは諸般の立法に關する相談役として安井英氏は月餘に亙る會合に、我等委員と共に終始敵身的に憲章起草に助力せられたる事即ち之なり。

憲章は之に隨伴する他の冊子と共に合して八十七枚の教に達せり。然る

も之がタイプヒンクは容易の業に非らず、幸ひにも松村メリー、松村スアン、平山秀子及び大土井志の諸嬢が自発的に其の事業を援助せられたることは我等委員の感へ謝に堪へざる所なり。之に依りて自治政府の憲章起草に従事する委員の重なる目的を達成し得たる事を茲に報告し得る機運に接す。冀くは此の自治制度建設によつてミニトカ居住者たる我等の共同一致及び徳義心の更に一飯の向上あるを信ず。

憲章は英文理解上の便宜に備へんがため、特に湯川氏及び他の委員は之を日本語に翻譯したるものあり。當の章は當面官廳の承認あり次第之を配布して更に一般選舉人に賛否を問ふ。之が承認を受けた後、我等の自治政府は茲に確立するものなり。終りに臨み特筆すべき事あり。即ち我等委員の事業に對して終始懇篤なる暗示、説明及び建設的批評によつて援助せられたるWRA長官デロシーマイヤー氏、オフライアン及びキンホールの兩辯護士及び華府の法務官マックロープリン氏等に對して深く感謝の意を表示するものなり

岡島金彌
委員長
外委員 六名

日系人の進出に反對

新墨西哥州レイトン市月廿八日発のAP通信によれば同地のマックスウェル農産会社は所有土地を日系市民に賣却する計畫は数ヶ月前に放棄したか、今回又、使用してゐた三名の日系米人を解雇するに決定した。右原因は日系市民が同地方へ進出するやを地方人が反對したためと傳へられてゐる。社長セリット氏はもう日本人は産はないと述べてゐる。

白日夢

晩人



年を重ねてシアトルに住み、山はレニ
ノを、海はサンワン群島を憧れの中
にとした私にとって、ともすれば鈴蛇の影
に驚き、吹きつめる砂塵に面を北月、
限りなきセーシ野に見入るこの生活
は餘りにも急劇な変化であった。これ
と日を重ねてこの朝夕の空の蒼大し
さはワシントン州のどこで暮らしたも許さ
れたか。今日この頃白妙の衣を着飾
つて東南にそり立つマウント・ハリソン
とマウント・インデペンデンスとこれ続く山
々に廣重の版画を思い寄せるのは私の
白日夢に過ぎないであらうか。

廣重の版画に似たる遠山の
江戸餘景に夕せまりまゆめ
そして机上の地図を見入つて描く私の
想像は、この荒涼たる光景とは可成り
かけ離れたものがある。

ホーラ・ビーク(一ニ、六五五)を盟主とし
て一万呎内外に達する山には決してア
イダホに及ぶくない。北よりポート・レイン
国有林に米国有数の松樹集落があり、
寫真に見るトリス山脈に氷河侵蝕
の跡を見ることによつてアイダホの山に對
する私の憧憬が濃くなるのである。

一歩このキャンパスを踏み出すまでも
なく到るところ熔岩塊に富むことは幾
千万年の昔この地方の噴火現象がいかに
顕著であつたかを語るものであり、そ
の中心地点はクレイター・オブ・ムーン天然記
念地である。サーモン国有林に近くこの
奇を没するバーチ川が幾百哩の地下を
流れ、ヘーグアンを去ること遠かうさる千
條の瀧とて再び人間の眼に觸れるこ
とによつてこの地質が如何に変化に富
むかが推察される。

スノー・リウアの奇觀は聞くこと既に
之しい。その他幾多の山溪と湖沼と滝布に
富む点に見て、アイダホの溪谷美は決
して輕視すべからざる理由がある。

いつの白か再び私の自由が許さずと親し
くアイダホ風光美の一斑にだに觸れた、
といふところは燃えさかる私の希望が
ある。

火の山ノ跡ありといふセーシ野を

さよふの歩く我は孤獨か
R.A. Pomroy

アイダホの起原

ミネソタ所教育部長 R.A. ホメロイ

アイダホの歴史について何か寄稿
せよといりゲーター紙からの御依頼だが、
実は州名アイダホの起原が奈辺にあ
るか、このお話がハント在住の諸君に面白
くはなからうかと考へる。この名前には浪
漫的な而も壯快な物語がある。

傳へられる所によると、州史の初期、イン
デアンが、白雪皚々たる連峰に昇る朝
日を見て日イー・ター・ハウ(EEDAH
HOW)と絶叫したといふ。このインデア
ン語の意味は山々にのぼる太陽ととか、
文字通りには山々にひかりは輝くとい
ふことになつてゐる。

晴れ渡る冬の朝、北又は南を一望す
れば何故この名前が本州に使はれたか、
お解りにならう。澄谷にバラ色の光を投
じ、白衣の連山に上る太陽の眺めは實に
筆舌にも盡し難いものがある。この心は心
らく自分かみが感するたけではあるま
い。冬、旭日の美を眺めらうたら、諸君も
亦日イー・ター・ハウと絶叫して御覽
なさい。さうすると、この言葉が、我々の
先驅者たるインデアンに感心せしめたと
同様なローマンズと美とを諸君の胸に
もひしくと覚えさせるでせう。

ミネソタへの途上

本村 將

(3)

砂糖大根がすんで愈々引上る事になり、
僕等は、フランケトを巻き、モンタダ第二の都
会であるクレイト・フォールズに集つた。同市
は美しい所、水も良く、美酒の名産地だ。
排日は相當強いか、買物は出来る。第二世は
ゴム製品を賣つた所、そのトウワグ、ストアを
漁つてゐた。ソラ汽車が出ると乗込んだのはよ
い、日やツツス甘こしらに果、白と白人が僕等
三名を洗面所へ押込んだ。化糞物と河童は小
こは困る。僕等たつて立派な乗客だ。数分
も居ない、プールマン車に案内して送れた。海上
から眺めたウイクトリア港の夜景、そのま、のピ
ラテ市を過ぎた。アト目か留人めると狂風景、
な、行か、果てなき、フラレ、曠野を走る、
整頓所建設の好適地、人々を考へてゐた。

戦争のための諸君は不安内な異境に移され、又、我々も一人残らず凡ゆる点で影響を蒙つてゐる。この一年の暮に際し、衷心より念願する所は、諸君にとり、このクリスマスが、その意義に適はしい、楽しいものであるやうにと、心事である。特に迎へんとする来年は民主主義に勝ち戦をもたらし、且又、諸君の一人々々に親しく好運を恵むやう、我々は希願して置かない。

ミネソタ行政部員一同

降誕祭の精神と意氣の漲るこの日、第三百二十一憲兵護衛中隊の將校、兵卒一同は、我が隣人なる日本人諸氏に對し、茲にクリスマス及び祝日期の深甚なる御挨拶を申上りる次第である。

第三百二十一憲兵護衛中隊本部
陸軍大尉
ウィリアム・E・ドローラン

クリスマスに際して ③
岡島全彌

今日の世界動乱は、抑も何に起因するかの人類、強慾即ち非惡に起因する、断じ得るのである。

先きの世界戦争が、独り的發展を拓む、英國の強慾に端を起したる如く、今次世界戦乱も、勝利者の慾求が敗残者を刺殺するに終つた、不公正極まる、ウエルサイエ條約に因を惹きて居ると言ひ得るのである。即ち慾孕みて戦を生ぜるものである。

聖書の告げる處に依れば、キリストの降誕に際し、あまた天の軍勢、御使に如きは、神を讚美して、「いと高き處には榮光、神にあれ。地には平和、主の悦び給ふ人にあれ」と言つた。此處に大いに學ぶべき点がある。即ち「地には平和、主の悦び給ふ人にあれ」と言ふ句である。世界が、キリストを、「平和の君」と崇めて居るのは當然である。

が、人間が神の悦び給ふものとなるまでは、眞の平和は實現せぬものと悟るべきである。

ウエルンシ氏は先きの世界戦争未國参加に就き、戦争を終熄せしむるの戦争であると言つたが、事實は彼の言ふ處に全然相反した。蓋し、戦争に因つて、戦争を終熄せしめんとするは、火を以て、火を消さんとすると同じであるからである。

再言す。人間が神の悦び給ふものと

なるまでは、世界は、戦争の悲慘を非常時下、異様の境遇に置かれてゐる我等、茲にクリスマスの降誕を祝するに當り、實に感慨無量である。世界人類の一部として、我等宜しく、反省悔悟し、主の悦び給ふものとなり、而して、正しき、平和が世界を支配するの目を祈りつゝ、待つ可きである。

- KEY NO SECTION
1. WPA Staff Extends Greetings
 2. Capt. Dorland Sends Best Wishes
 3. Christmas Thoughts... Y. Oka Jima



負之の幸は我子を抱いて寝る
雪のノ又討りめいた鐘かなり
泣かした同士のく燃残り
配給のフォルの上に皆んな笑み
美しく生れて土に親しめず
思ひ出す文どうれい過去を持ち
良し返事口筒も出る路道
エキエウを明白に名残りの畑に待ち
トイカレン事空を高く子等の声
燃えさがる烽火へ焦い配給着
退去へ母のぬい身の忙しき
年頃の娘等の余祐を母安じ
冬着にも女は色を諦めず
C.O.D見本と違ふ憤り
子澤山隣の壁に気が疲れ
ぬかみへゴックに飲しいメスの鐘
共振き時衣もいらぬ配給服
母も駭父の眼鏡を借りて読み
ふたに二世は持たぬ星條旗
親んで来たには可愛いなさめ仲
曠原の月となき文ふ群カコテ
霜枯木に吐く息白し朝のメス
我が心磨々と秋の空が澄み
兵隊のコートが歩く塵埃の
立退の庭を書きくる菊にふれ
町々で祝ひキャンブのクリスマス
カケテ鳴く荒野もやがて理想郷
食前の感謝に添はぬメスの愚痴
今年は顧客に世貝ふプレゼント
降誕祭日に郵便物が配達さす
所内居住者の便宜をはかる意
味で普通にお休みたか、メスとカ
ド、小包等の郵便物が配達さす
事となつた旨を側か言明してある。
猶最近自らのフル・ネームを書かひ、
ため(例へば)中村とか、渡辺とか
とだけ書いてあるため)同名者が多数

出来、その中に所書が明瞭な穴のふと
両方で迷子となつてゐる郵便物が相
當にあると。はつきり宛名と共に出来
るだけフル・ネームを書いたらしいと郵便局
側は再申請してゐる。

消費組合の代表者会 (三)

消費組合設立委員会の召集に
より同組合の各代表者会が来る
廿九日(火)午後一時半から廿三日の会
議室で開かれる。右会議は同組合の
規約條文に關するものを解さす。

故吉田氏葬儀は月曜の午後 (正)

去る日曜(廿日)休日を利用し友
人等とテニスウツに採取に出かけ、その
歸途、心臓病発作のため突然他界し
た第廿一區食堂吉田久義氏の葬儀
は来る廿八日(月)午後二時から第十三區の
リクリエーション・ホールで執行さす。お
通夜は同日場所同日曜(廿七日)午
後九時から翌日(廿八日)に吉田氏は福
身縣を身で、本年五十四才の働き盛
りであつた。

電報事務に改正 (五)

ウエスタン・エニオン電報会社本週か
発表によれば、戦時通信の司令により
去る五月二十日から出生、結婚、記念
日、誕生日等に關する祝賀、お慶び
等の電報事務は取扱はず、了りにな
つたと。

開いた第四十四区 (六)

第四十四区はすでに同区小最早十
数家族が移轉してゐるが、同区内のア
パート居住者が増加し次第、凡そ施
設もすく完備すると見られる。区長
にはY土井氏が任命されてゐる。

セムズ氏葬儀へ宗轉 (七)

職業紹介部長ハロルド・セムズ氏
は在所開設以来、健康を失ふ病を振つて
今日に至るが、念を果す腕が認められ
て葬儀へ宗轉する事となつた。右方
面より同氏との袂別が惜しまれてゐる。

移轉(8) 日本報回書館は第廿三區
四一Fに移轉してゐる。

ターキー(9) Xマス用のターキー四五百
羽度か到着してゐる。

KEY TO SECTION: 2. Mail Delivery, 3.
Co-op Board Meets, 4. Yoshida Funeral,
5. Telegrams, 6. Blk. 44 Opens, 7. James
to Leave, 8. Library Moves, 9. Turkeys

Greetings

From The

Staff

John

Engelorn

Frank's Okamoto

Sam June
Texas

Rayson
Sonoda

Naiki
Miyagawa

Edith H. Bato

Dennis Hikiida

Mitsum Yanda

Hideo Kitayama
Jambura

Saka
Ichikawa

Yuzo Mochizuki

Kimie
Chery Hiromi Miyagawa

Sally Nakamoto

Junta Yamamura

Max T. Morimoto

Doris

Frank Yamaseki

