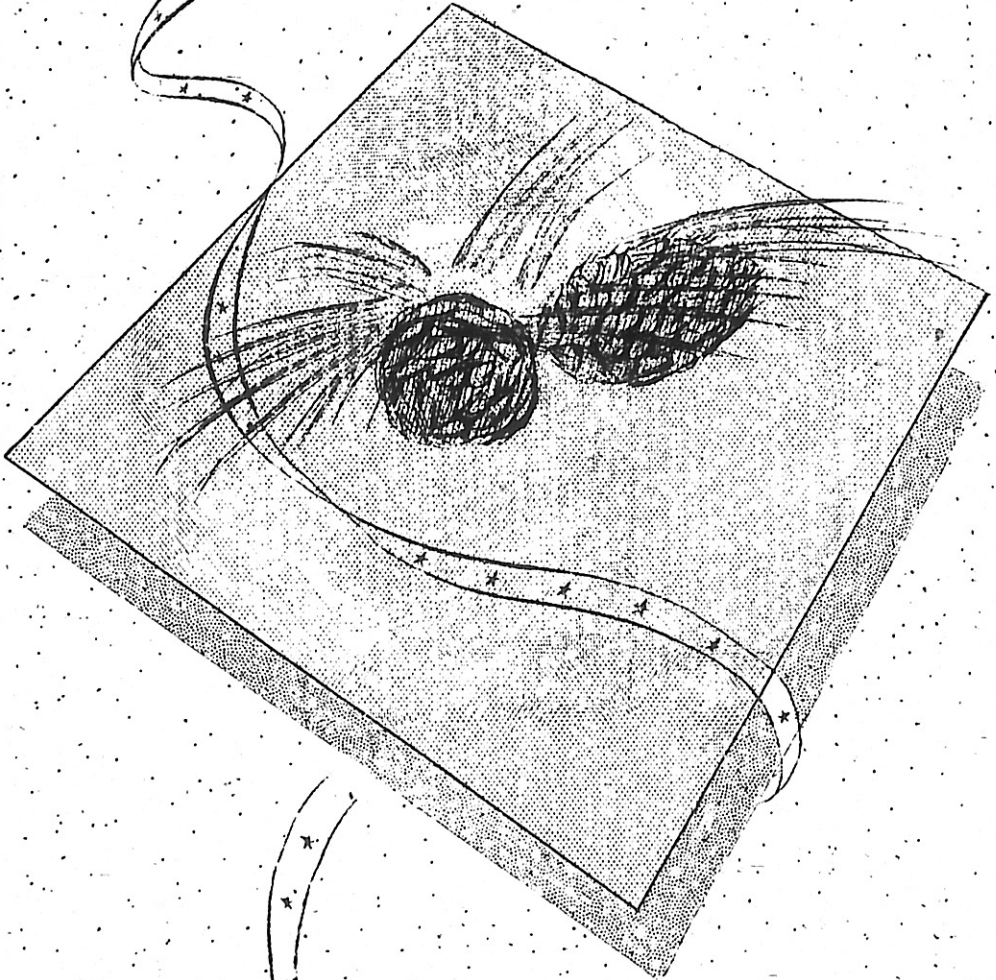


1942
DECEMBER
25

THE MINIDOKA
Navigator

VOL.1 NO.29



Christmas
ISSUE

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 MINIDOKAN'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 to pass SIGNED by Phil Schaffer 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...Ye Ed

Irrigator*

Vol. I, No. 29

Dec. 25, 1942

EDITORIAL

Everything For, Nothing Against...

.....by dyko 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 esseno..... 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

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A Prayer For Peace

by tom takemoto

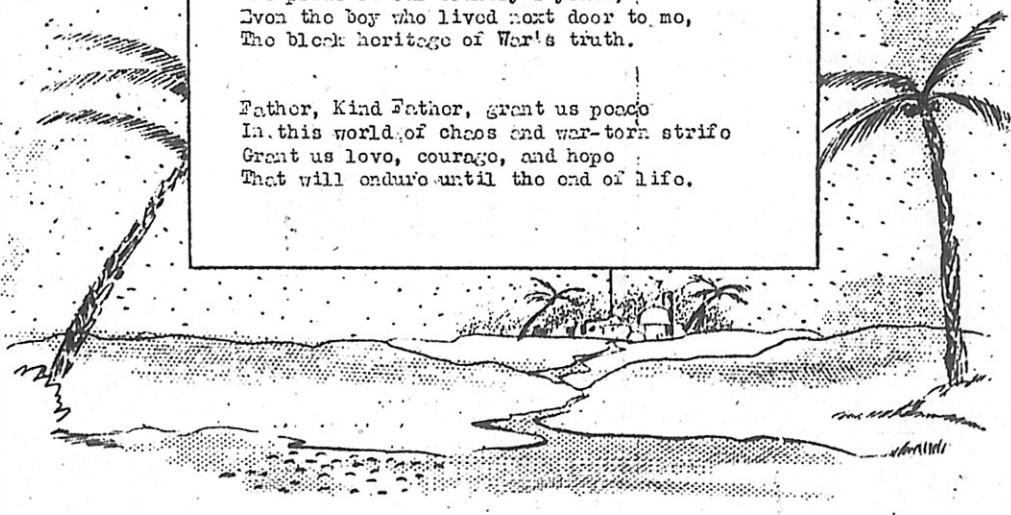
Oh, Father Who art in Heaven,
Look down upon us thy children;
And grant us peace, Dear Father,
Send down thy blessing to all men.

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 vain 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-

tion 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.

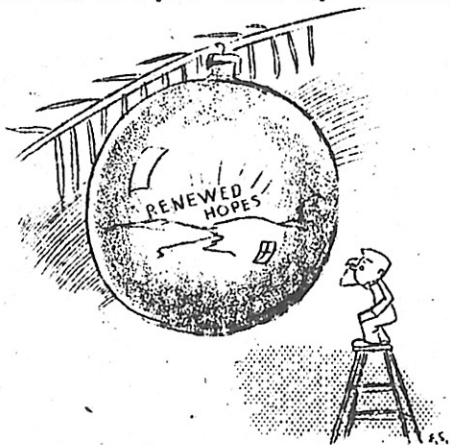
We mean to get on with relocation, and to avoid or defeat anything which threatens to hinder our efforts toward permanent resettlement. But it seems there are some around who, either out of shortsightedness or plain cussedness, are risking eventual classification as gear-jammers--and they need to be 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 1942 means to every evacuee.

It will be a year which may determine



the extent of the stake which the miscel, 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 miscel 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. Minora Yasui violates curfew to test law. WRA established by President.

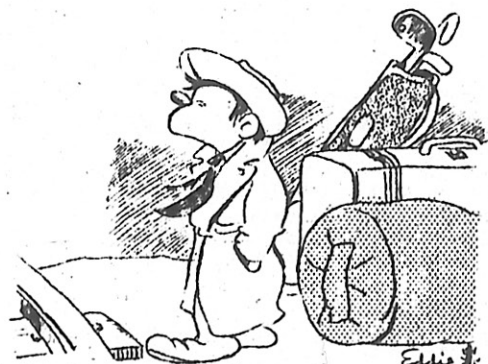
April-----Parts of L.A., San Francisco, first Seattle contingent leave for assembly centers. Federal Judge Black rules Mary Asaba Ventura not charged with crime, therefore DeWitt is within rights vested in him by War Secretary to enforce curfew laws. Mrs. Ventura had challenged curfew laws as being an abridgment 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 Japan down. First repatriation ship, Gripsholm, arrives at Rio de Janeiro.

August-----Manzanar publishes first letter-pressed newspaper. Movement from Puyellup 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 Minkoka Administration
Staff

MP. 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 Britain 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 has 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: "Glorify 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.

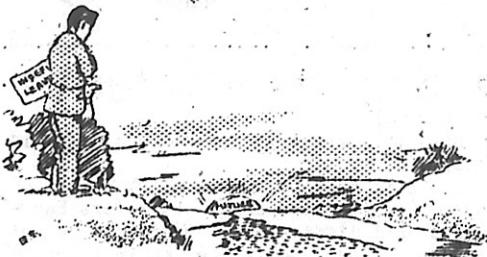
On October 1, the Leaves Section was established under the supervision of Ken Nishimoto, of WRA now in Washington, D.C., employed in the National Employment Office. Ken, at that time, was loaned to the Minidoka Project from the United States Employment Service, and was to remain here to assist the employment 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's 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 foot, 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. 16 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 Tani, 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, Eddie Seto.

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 Lil' 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, Furere Abates
7. Farmer 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 Lion Leave for Beet Fields, Six Hurt When Truck Spills, 7-Man Planning Commission Picked, Boston "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 wondozing 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 Filor when Mrs. Yao Kato, of 15-4-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 furere abated when the wires were disconnected and the announcement was made that

(Cont'd. on pg. 11)

Feminidoka

by mini



I 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 leisurcly 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 boots on the menu--unfortunately, we who do not

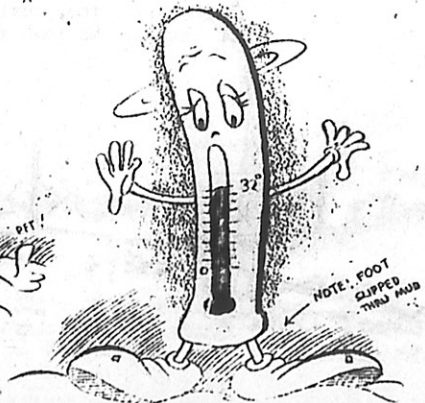
like them--do not like them...who's got the most attractive homo--so I can go and copy it...how fond parents worked their way out of explaining how Santa could come down the skinny stove pipe chimneys.

I SOMETIMES LONG....

To walk again on the smoothness of concrete walks...to dine in the honey 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

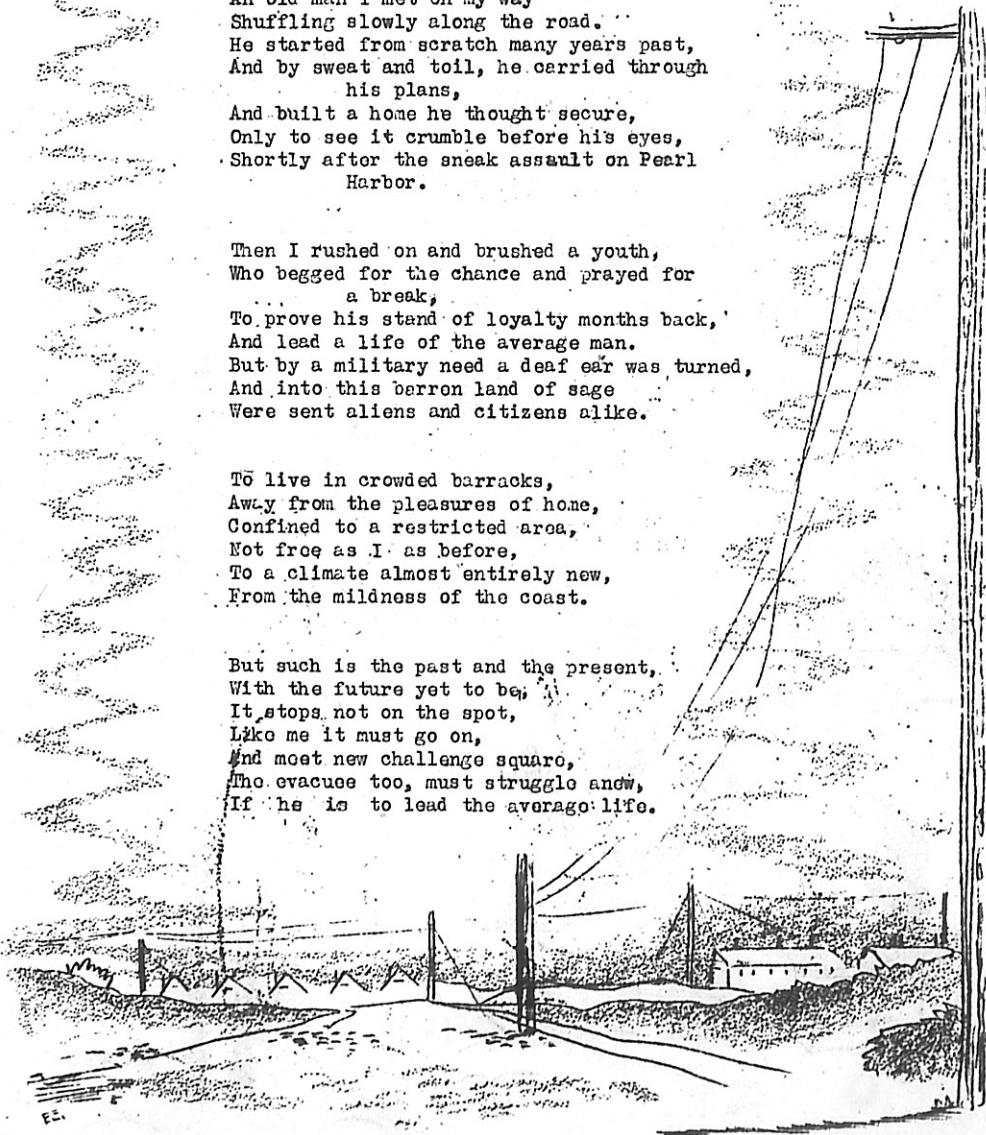
The prairie wind of this desert land,
Rushed along the beaten path.
And danced along the project grounds.
Shifting the soft, sandy soil of the
sagebrush land,
Spreading the dust along the way,
Slapping the barracks of the camp
Isolated in the far terrain.

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,
Awly 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 now,
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. Reproussions 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".

CANTEN 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 sagebrush, was recovered by the I.S. wardens.

HOUSING JAM

One of the most ticklish problems ever since the first batch of evacuees come 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 Huycke in mid-November. The opening soon of Blk. 44 is expected to serve as a partial solution to the housing problem.

21 to MINN. SCHOOL

Displaying a fair knowledge of both written and spoken Japanese as well as the ability to translate, 21 kibe and nisci were picked to attend the Military Intelligence Service Language School in Savago, 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 tooth Pepsodized, my breath senson-ized, and my hair Brilliantized.

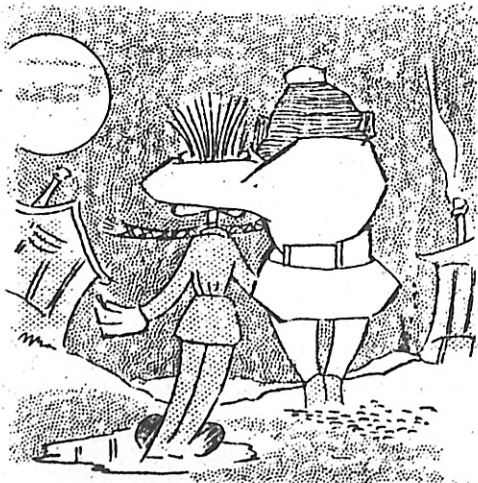
"Knock! Knock!"

"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



Edlin

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 print 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, barute 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.

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. to tears.....

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?"

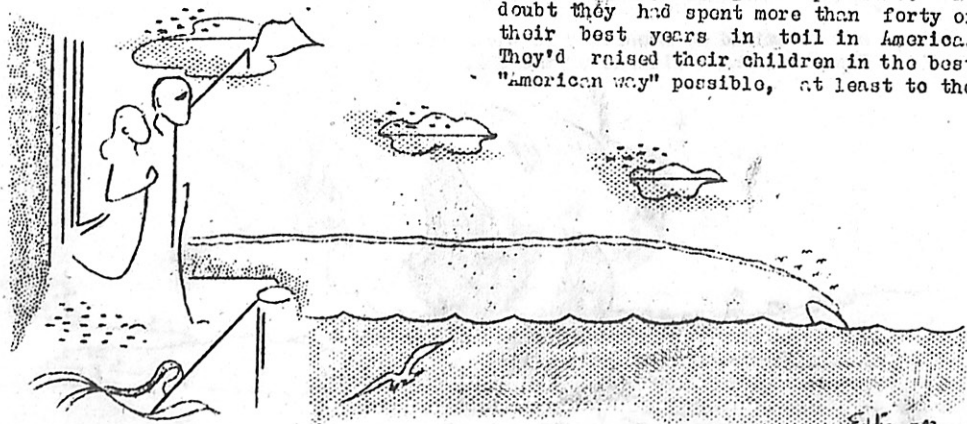
War! War! War on the broad Pacific--speaking of war on an occasion like that! Yuri had simply stood there facing the woman--her composure shattered. She'd gritted her teeth and burst out with surprising fury! "Why do you speak of war like this? That's all you ever talk of--war with Japan. You wouldn't 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-

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 longshoreman 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 in to 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. Those 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.....

Down 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--nest parcels of curios she'd found in the village shops. And the Methodist Mission had supplied her with a huge 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 plume their feeble wraith,
 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,
 Forvently 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 seeds 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 now-fallen-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 unbecoming 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 for 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 men 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 save 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 cursed 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 miko.

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!"

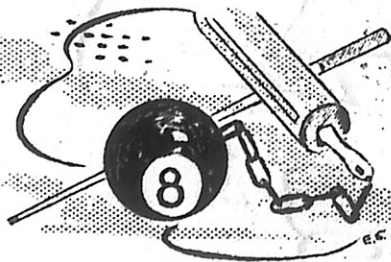
They looked at him, one embarrassed, the other undisturbed, steady-eyed. The latter didn't look as though he would let himself be stepped on.

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 own the country less than I do." That wound had healed when he had admitted that the Negro was right.

And now even the old soar 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 Bond," 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 griders 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 Halloween 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-roc staff gridiron class-ic drew the most interest in local sports-dom.

Challenged by the Roc, 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 take 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 Leavos and Furloughs Division, according to Placement Officer Harold James.

No notification of return is requested by the WRA Headquarters in San Francisco, James stated.

MOCHI-GOME!

In order to onlive Hunt's New Year's festivities, orders have been placed for 10,000 pounds of mochi-gomo, 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 6 years of age and under, and to special diet cases.

SUNDAY CHURCH Services

FEDERATED CHRISTIAN CHURCH

- Rec. 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
- Rec. 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

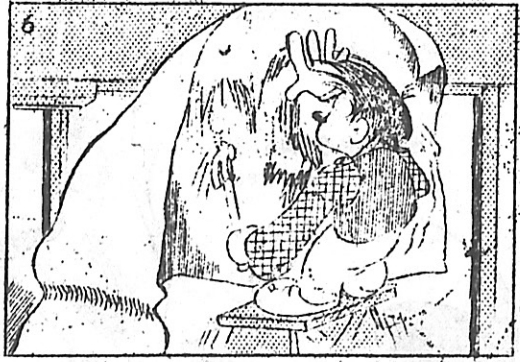
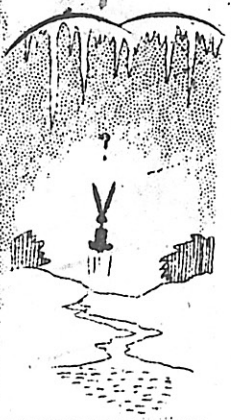
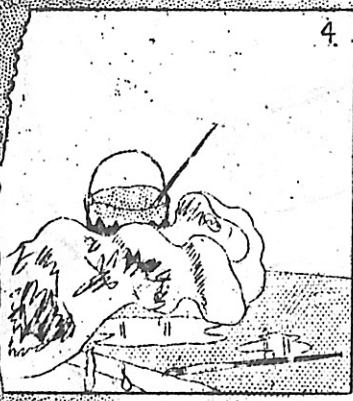
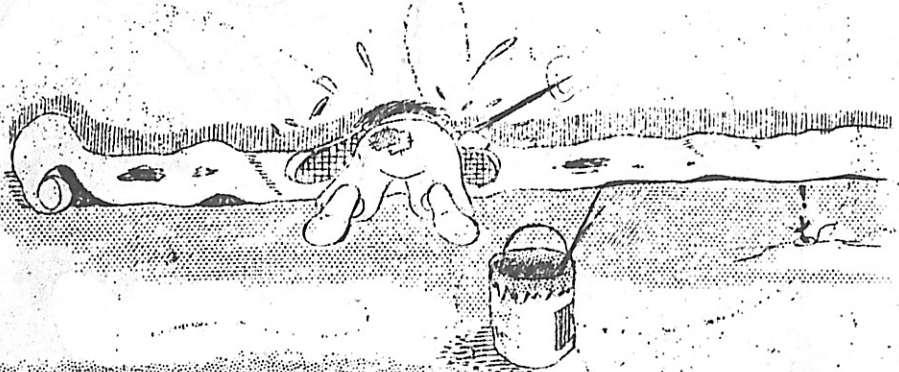
UNITED BUDDHIST CHURCH

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

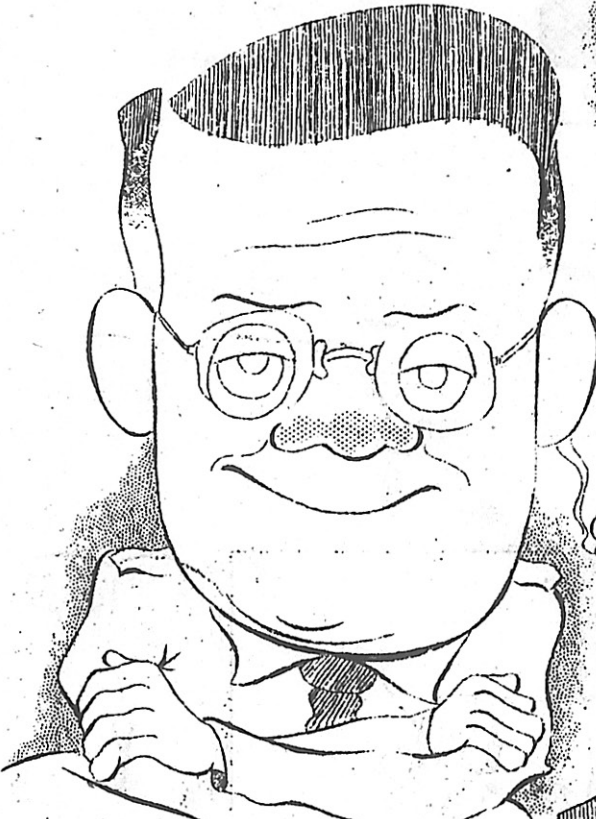


Dokie

by
eddie sato



Personalities . . .



HARRY L. STAFFORD
project director

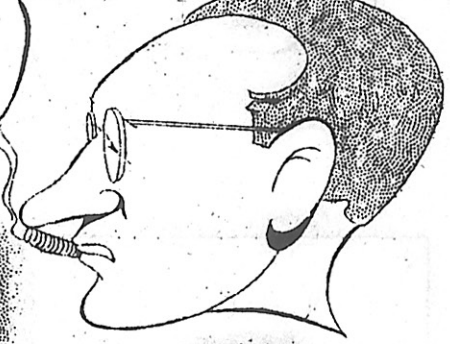
PHILIP S. WAFER
asst. project director



JOSEPH P. BACCA
senior engineer



GEORGE L. TOWNSEND
chief community services



RUSSELL SPRINKEL
senior administrative officer



Eddie 米

農業家に頭補の種

記録的收穫を持つながら

英字紙新聞の「I.W.通信」によ
り本州内インズワール郡では
過去五年に亘り農作物の記録的
收穫を負たが、その七割が郡内
に売れず、農場を荒廃し及ぶ懸念が
夥しい故に上つてゐる。之は他所の農
場に移轉したり、又軍需工場に働く
ための都會へ出て行くをみせ、この
傾向は主なる農家及び農事関係者
師等と多大の関心を併せめてゐる
と、同郡の偉人ホーリンズマン氏は
其年次報告書に述べられてゐる。イン
ズワール郡は州内でも最もよく灌溉
された郡で、現在農場は平均で達
してゐる。而して至西で農産物はピー
ホット、砂礫木根、アルファルファ、グ
リーン、スト、ピート、アサチン及び果
實となつてゐる。

去る十月の悪天候が收穫期を遅

延せしめ、これに和す、一、四、三、年の砂礫
大根の平均收穫は一、五、四、二、噸とい
う数字より、今、不足の例の好成績
となつてゐる。收穫期が遅れる、従
来、の労働力不足は本年は商人、学
校生徒、先生等の總掛り無償で
補充されたが、このよう数字の目下
人男女が提供し、労働力は充分に
役割を盡したと見られる事は想像
に難くない。

緑色スタンプが大切

社会生計部エマーソン氏の説明によ
り、同部の管理する緑色の紙收
入は現在を二分の一割と見れば、今
の収入は従つて十仙の四割に落ち、
行方不明の十一、五、五、は約二仙の額に
相当するに、幼少一人や、

を求め、一、五、五、の発行されたスタ
ンプの半許へ戻す事は、場合によっては
收穫に対し、所得税を支拂はねば
ならぬ事になつてゐる。猶ほ色スタ
ンプは去る十月一日から発行され、
が、それ以前に買ったものは、スタ
ンプの取りが手渡ししてあるが、現在
は、その約三割五分程度しか、今
までに取替へられぬものと。まだ半
許に在り取り、スリッパを保持する人
事は、三、一、一、の同事務所で至急
スタンプに換へるべきと。猶ほ色スタ
ンプは現在、第十三区と第十四区の管内
品部で充てられてゐる。

食事は自らの居住区で

本週、第十四区食糧で困つた十三
区會議の席上、期部長クラムホーカ
氏は、肉類、其他の食料品のしりぞ
けにより、今後配給が区内に居
住する人数及び年齢別分布によつて
嚴重に行はれる、従つて、海外からの
飛入客を、期部長は、各住宅
区内居住者の食料に影響を
与へるが、強調するに、従来は三、
の食事に期部長を基本として
何百人か、一、五、二、といふ食料の配
給があつた。が、之から区内の居住者
数に割増して、配給する関係上、
外米を多量に輸入するに、
加へて、各住宅に自らの区内の
人々に、食事を、方針を、
に、従つて、先づ、
自分で、食事を、
自己の居住区へ、
なつた。猶ほ、

吉村氏副支配人と作る

吉村氏副支配人と作る
吉村氏副支配人は、今回假重役会に
より、臨時に、
係員、
協定、
協定、
協定、

山守者短歌會詠草

Banka (Japanese Poetry)

阿部氏を悼む

久冬く雪を荒野に木を採ると迷ひ入りし人住還りし 新村冬村

ひとし世もつが過ぎぬ思の虫の深き感謝を神にさけむ 堀内武子

岸釣りのたで見ゆる水の面にうろ碓群を儼然に踏中 映徳太郎

霜降たく降りしききアガたきと朝餉。鐘の音てひとも 大屋輝江

たつこことせがむ知見を信ぜずしゆの歩歩に友を訪ねる 足田佳子

はしけや一柳葉をたつさへあらたに君が天東、や来りませ 糸井野菊

母上と執りし誓のふとさかて統きの見ましつと空穴に閉ず 今川久子

白雲の上往く飛行機三機三機四機かと思はれ五機六機なる 金子伸之

夜寝言ふ夫は歸りぬ音きて朝の氷をのび文のみつ、 金子竹代

男をた大口はきけ法橋の成命清ぬかに心ひしむ 池田四郎

遠近に子供守りや、辭してまじんふたの雪路歩む也 神部孝子

所作すよ京人形を觀る 精根。根をよめ一人人形今箱より

歩み出でんとす 柏木天浪

朝陽に氷柱は光りて 望月秀一

移動して水て荒野に住れど equal は父母への にあはははるりし 岸 桂子

晝を陽にと作りく道は折れぬに泥ととちりてい行きなすむ 村上静子

泥濘の夜道きしも我住むはハラの灯のやはた所 三原かつの

衣履は不自由なる白りし弄るとも 女等が衣服をたかんに着て出て立つ見水色にたまし 中村郁子

晴れし日はずに取らばかり雲山の山ひだ者くかたせせり見ゆ 仁熊登美子

琥珀を越し七女の糸を見放す木は昨見今白も垂れたるよし 野村鷹馬声

青柳の枝を堤のおのから河川をせり瀧の音あき 中川末子

慣ぬぬ東に板竹もか湯上りのまに夫の寝醒し居る 中村ます子

せれませし来主を祝き讃美ふ天使の 中川華枝

聖障誕生 馬槽に生れし君の身ふとしや律法を愛に世をかへ給ぬめ 寺沢秋二

鐵血に狂か起とすや、相つきて退去轉動と事象かりき 田中華城

李節りのる我は在らずし配給のフルに厚く雪積たり 葛川桂子

再會の日まは生くと待ち給ふ祖母に逢ふ日もあはつかにや 小田切留子

木杵也鐘に小名を吹きあてる 蕪村

大晦日さためなき世の足かた 西鶴

機人上我か名呼れ水玉初時雨芭蕉



①
 戦争のため諸君は不安定な異境に移さば、
 又、我々も一々残らず、凡ゆる点で影響を蒙る
 る。この一年の暮に際し、衷心より念願する
 所は、諸君ととり、このクリスマスが、その意義に
 適しい、楽しいものであるやうにと、いふ事である。
 特に迎えんとする来年は、民主主義に勝て、凱を
 もたらし、且又諸君の人々々に親しく好運を
 恵むやう、我々は念願してをまない。

ニ本方行政部員一同

②
 降誕祭の精神と気力の漲るこの日、第三百十壹
 兵衛衛中隊の将校、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ぐる次第である。

第三百十壹兵衛衛中隊本部
 陸軍大尉
 サイリアム・E・ドーラン



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、人類強慾即ち罪惡に起因する
 断じ得るのである。
 先きの世界戦争が、殆どの発展を始
 む英國の強慾に端を充したる如く、今
 次世界戦乱も、勝利者の強慾が敗残者
 を剝奪するに終つた、不公正極まる、
 カルサイ五條約に因を發して居ると言
 ひ得るのである。即ち怒孕みて戰を生
 むのである。
 聖書の告げる如く、依ればキリスト
 の降誕に際し、あまた天の軍勢、御
 使に如かり、神を讚美して、「いと高き
 處に偉光、神にあり。地には平和、主
 の悦び給ふ人にあり」と言つた。此處に
 大に学ぶべき点がある。即ち「地は
 平和、主の悦び給ふ人にあり」と言ふ
 句である。世界が、キリストを、「平和
 の君」と崇めて居るは、當りである。

が、人間が神の悦び給ふものとなるま
 は、其の平和が實現せぬものと思へ
 きである。
 サイロン氏は先きの世界戦争未
 國參加に就き、戦争を終結せしむるの
 戦争であると言つたが、事實は彼の言
 が、原に全然相反し、蓋し、戦争は因
 こて、戦争を終結せしめんとするは、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
 なるまでは、世界は、戦争の悲惨を
 免からず、是は出づべしと見るべきである。
 非常平時下、果敢の境邊に處かば、
 る我等、茲にキリストの降誕を祝す
 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、ま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日に
 祈り、待つ可きである。

- KEY TO SECTION
1. WRA Staff Extends Greetings
 2. Capt. Dorland Sends Best Wishes
 3. Christmas Thoughts...Y. Okajima

夏老の草は我を抱いて寝る
 聖の又討不ぬた鐘がなり
 注がさな同土か、く煙残り
 配能のソールの山に皆人が笑み
 美を生れ玉に親しめず
 思ひ出すまご心、涙をよ持ち
 舟に返事口角出る歸道
 天全少者唱に名鉄の煙行り
 上り下り音聲萬事等々
 燃えさかす薪火、集ひ配膳着
 退去(母を以身の忙し
 年頃の娘等の赤袖言母染心
 冬着も女侍色を誇り
 C.O.D見本と違ひ憤り
 子澤山階の壁に気が稚小
 ぬがみか三つはも、六の鐘
 共綴き晴をいれぬ配膳服
 母と娘の眼鏡を借る讀み
 ふん心二世は持に巨尾旗
 親人て来れ、可憐な女の伴
 曠原の月になき文、群鳥言
 霜柱木吐息自し朝の又
 我心磨けと秋空が澄み
 兵隊の子が歩く塵埃心
 立退ぬ度、妻なきる菊に小
 町まで祝き、キヤのクレス又
 当り鳴る荒野、山が理想御
 食前の感謝に赤はお文の思痴
 今年生観るに量入、ふと下

向山
 草雨
 龍子
 城南
 深層
 太郎
 丁坊
 清志
 豊山
 木魚
 美茶
 養心子
 鬼堂
 竹茶
 柳萃
 森村
 白道
 九星
 迷船
 周南
 群花
 六助
 小影
 玉免
 一沙
 白子
 か子
 藤枝
 仙楽

障翳茶目、郵便物、配達する
 市内居住者の便宜をはかる意
 味で普通郵便が、又之を足力
 ド、小包等の郵便物が配達する
 事となれば、自倒か、明く、ある
 猶最近自ら、ホ、ホ、と喜ぶ、人
 た、一、(一)ば、中、村、と、か、く、渡、辺、と、
 と、は、け、書、い、て、ある、た、一、同、名、者、が、多、数

出来、と、た、所、書、が、明、瞭、な、く、の、と
 両、方、で、迷、子、と、な、つ、て、ある、郵、便、物、が、相
 違、い、に、ある、と、し、つ、つ、と、現、在、と、共、に、出、来
 る、か、つ、て、ホ、ホ、と、喜、ぶ、た、い、と、郵、便、官
 側、は、申、語、し、て、ある、。

消遣組合の役員会
 消遣組合役員会委員会の召集に
 より同組合の各役員者会が来る
 九月(火)午後一時半から午後三時の会
 議室で開かれた。本会議は同組合の
 規約條文に關するものと終了した。
 故吉田氏葬儀は月曜日の午後
 六時(日曜日)休日を利用し夜
 八時より十一時、ホールで執り行なわれ、お
 経途、心、撒、振、舞、台、の、祭、如、他、界、し
 た、葬、式、に、吉、田、之、美、氏、の、葬、儀、
 は、来、る、廿、八、日、月、(午、後、時、)から、第、十、三、区、の
 リクリエーション・ホールで執り行なわれ、お
 通夜は同日場所、日曜日(廿七日)午
 後九時から終る。因に吉田氏は福
 身野公身で、本年五十四才の働き盛
 りであった。

電報事務に關して
 電報事務に關して、土曜日の電報会社本週
 交番に、水、任、野、崎、通、信、司、の、令、に、よ、り
 来、る、土、月、三、日、から、出、生、結、算、記、念
 日、誕、生、日、等、に、關、し、て、祝、賀、の、度、心
 算、電、報、事、務、は、取、扱、は、な、し、に、な
 すと。

開いた第四十四回
 第四十四回は、午、に、開、か、れ、最、早、十
 時、教、家、族、が、参、臨、し、て、ある、が、同、日、内、の、丁
 一、上、座、位、が、増、加、し、来、年、凡、之、の、施
 設、も、す、く、完、備、す、と、ま、は、す、。正、長
 には、Y、土、井、氏、が、任、命、さ、れ、た、。

七、山、又、氏、葬、式、(宗、葬)
 職業組合部長、七、山、又、氏、
 は、至、所、同、設、以、来、健、常、に、年、概、七、十、
 今日に至る、が、念、を、果、す、腕、が、認、か、ら
 ぬ、と、華、南、(宗、葬、す、)と、な、つ、た、。在、り
 面、で、同、日、の、祝、賀、が、増、加、し、た、。在、り
 轉、(8) 日本控回音館、廿、五、日、三、日、
 四、一、上、に、招、請、し、て、ある、。

キー(9)又之用のキー、一、四、五、音
 録、音、が、録、音、し、て、ある、。

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

