



# TRIP

DECEMBER 1942

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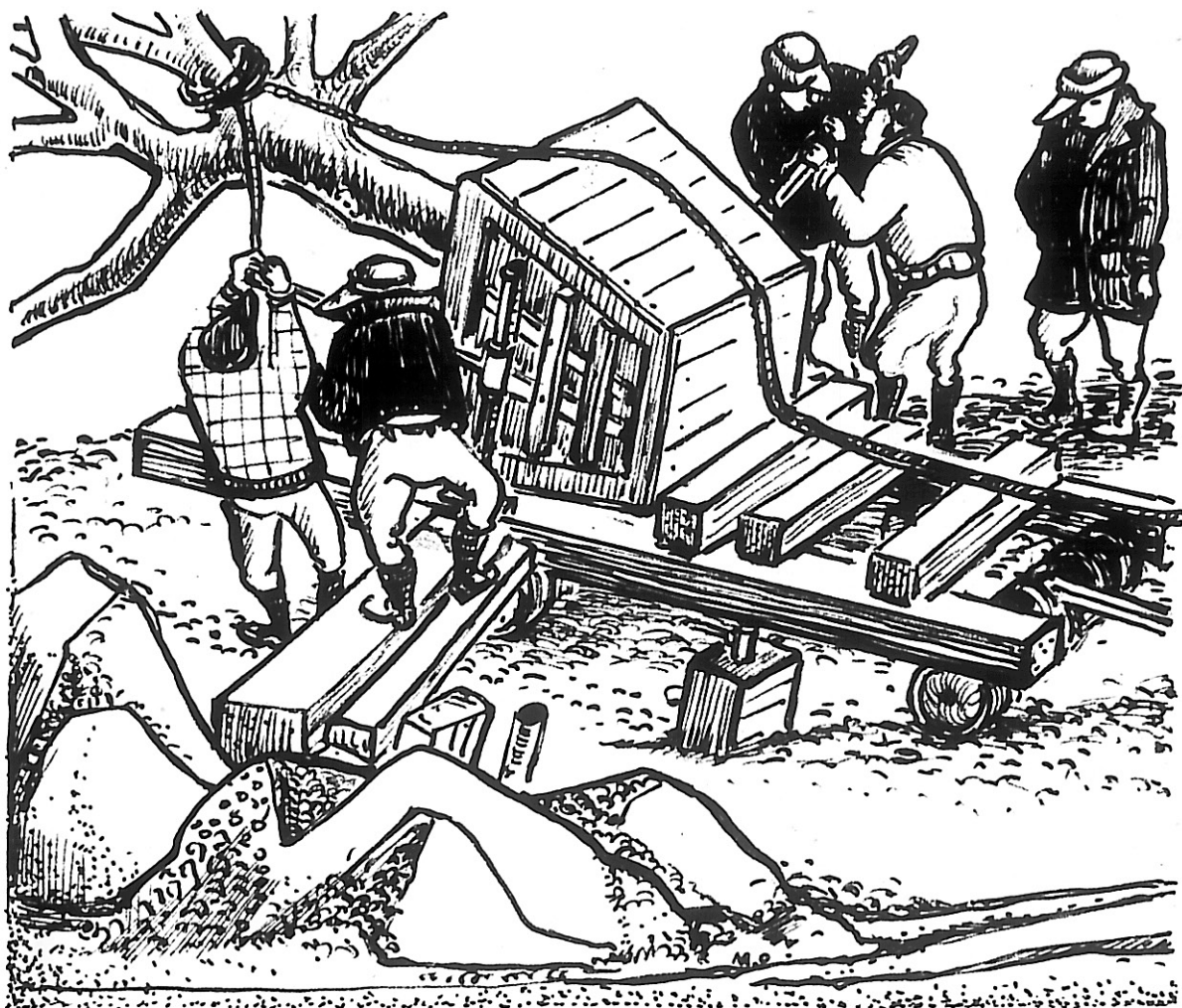
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# STATE OF THE CITY

Christmas week, 1942, finds the city of Topaz nearing the middle of its fourth month of existence as a functioning social entity. The estate to which in that period of time the Central Utah Relocation Project has attained is the focus of the present article's inquiry. However, no exhaustively detailed treatment of the subject is intended here. What is attempted is a more generalized picture of the community's current status as it is reflected in certain key aspects of Topaz life at the time of writing.

It is a truism of history that the

state of a community at any given time has meaning only in relation, among other factors, to the point of that community's beginnings. In our consideration of the Topaz of today, therefore, it will contribute to a more balanced perspective to look back briefly to the Topaz which was hardly more than a yet unnamed point on the map only a few months ago.

One of ten similar forced-growth communities into which an America at war has funneled something over 100,000 human beings, Topaz as recently as June of this year was merely one of the sites



selected by the War Relocation Authority to accommodate the evacuated Japanese and Japanese-descended population of the West Coast. As such, it bore certain generic similarities to the other relocation areas, belonging, as did the others, to the "wilderness" type of territory toward which the WRA was driven by circumstances in its selection of sites.

The Topaz to be was then merely a 17,500-acre tract of alkali land bordering Utah's Sevier Desert, only partially and not too profitably cultivated by the local landowners from whom it was purchased, and, for the rest, given over to the unluxurious encroachments of greasewood and other semi-desert vegetation. (An article elsewhere in the magazine describes the topography of the region

in which Topaz is situated.)

Upon this desert-edged tract of land, Topaz as a tangible physical thing began to materialize on July 6 of this year. On that day, the first ground was broken with the start of drilling on a well to provide water for the workmen. The first building to go up was the headquarters of the U.S. Engineers, under whose supervision the mushroom city was to spring up. From this beginning, over 800 men, representing every category of building skills, labored on a schedule which by the first week of September had resulted in sufficient completed construction to permit the project administration staff to ready its operational functions. On September 8, the military police arrived and were housed in the corner of the emerging city area allocated to them. And three days later, the arrival of the advance contingent of volunteer evacuee workers from Tanforan Assembly Center signalized the birth of Topaz as a living community.

Asked what the infant city was like, those first residents might have, with some justice, summed it up with one word--dust. For dust was the principal, the most ubiquitous, ingredient of community existence at the beginning. It pervaded and accompanied every activity from sleeping and eating and breathing on through all the multitude of other pursuits necessary to maintain and prepare the city for those yet to come. It lay on every exposed surface inside the buildings and out and it rose in clouds underfoot and overhead on every bit of exposed ground wherever construction work had loosened the hold of greasewood roots on the talcum-fine alkali earth. It obscured almost every other consideration of communal life just as, when a wind rose, it almost obscured the physical fact of the city itself.

But if in the beginning, dust was almost synonymous with the state of the city, other states have succeeded since, marked by gradual abatement of that nuisance and the rightful emergence of other aspects of community existence on which evaluations of the totality of Topaz life might be based. For the state of the city is not a static thing. It



varies from week to week, almost from day to day, with the changes in physical circumstances, with the reactions of human beings to those changes, with the interactions of all the co-existing phenomena of communal life.

If the Topaz of today is a far cry from the Topaz of the early days of September, the difference is not identifiable as the result of any single isolated germ of change, is not to be defined by any simple hypothesis of flux. The Topaz of today is the sum of all the changes, big and little, physical and non-physical, which have taken place in all the multitudinous and ramified aspects of the city's life since it rose out of the dust and the greasewood. To describe what the state of the city is at the present time, it will thus be necessary to describe its different aspects. The remainder of this article will be devoted to this descriptive function, governed by a certain necessary selectiveness in the facets of Topaz life to be treated.

The most immediately apparent features of Topaz, as of any community, are the physical ones. Into this wide category fall the whole range of those elements constituting the project's external appearance, from the total expanse

of the project itself through the nuclear city area proper down to the individual buildings and apartments. And, quite naturally, it is in these outward aspects that the evolution of Topaz as a community is most readily discernible.

To the casual eye, the larger project area--that portion of the total 17,500-acre tract beyond the square mile of habitation--is admittedly still pretty much as it was at the beginning. But even here, certain evidences of change, actual and potential, are visible. To date, over 2000 acres of this outlying land has been subjected to some form of agricultural preparation or development, 150 acres having already been planted to barley and sweet clover, another 100 acres made ready for seeding and the rest either cleared or put under the plow. Also adding their evidences of change to the scene are the fences, shelters, and other structures necessary to Topaz's two active livestock projects, which now involve some 165 head of cattle, 111 hogs, and several sows and their litters.

It is in the city proper, however, that the most marked signs of the physical development of Topaz are apparent. Construction work, so far as structures for resident habitation and use are concerned, is now virtually 100 per cent



completed, leaving only the hospital boiler house and laundry to be finished and the city's four permanent 80-foot water towers to be constructed. When work on the latter is completed at the end of January, 1943, the U.S. Engineers will end their labors here, leaving behind a city of over 600 structures meeting all the essential requirements of its residents.

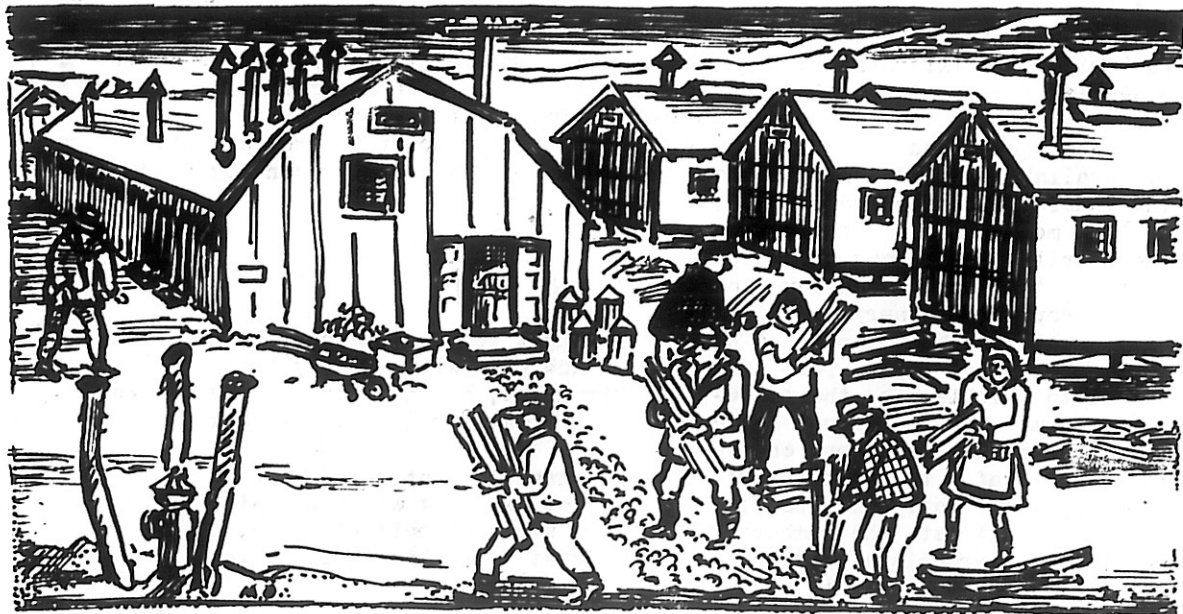
Several other construction projects, not under the U.S. Engineers but the WRA proper, will be started or, if already under way, will be completed upon final clearance of priorities on building materials. Projects in this category include high school and elementary school buildings, administration dwellings, community church, slaughter house, meat packing plant, bakery, engineers' and agriculture buildings, garage and repair shops, chicken brooders, permanent hog pens, and others.

Near completion of total construction is paralleled by the present condition of individual building units themselves. Sheetrocking of interiors is complete in all apartments and recreation halls and virtually so in the dining halls. Likewise, skirting of building foundations is nearly finished. Thus, with the exception of the laundry rooms, all Project structures are pre-

pared against the approach of midwinter, installation of stoves having been completed some time ago. (A new coal contract, recently signed by the WRA, assures the Project an adequate supply of fuel, there being on hand in the various Topaz stock piles a total of nearly 4000 tons, with an additional several hundred tons at Delta. It is expected that delivery of the remainder of the contracted 6000 tons will be completed within the next two weeks.)

The open ground between buildings is still no landscapist's dream but presents a considerably improved appearance in comparison with earlier days. Dust is no longer a problem, owing partly to the surfacing of all roads and streets and partly to the natural packing effects of winter weather, although the opposite problem of mud rears itself following any precipitation. Grading of the city's bumpy terrain has been in progress for some time and should be completed soon.

The most noticeable external additions to the city scene, however, are the trees of various kinds brought from outside areas and transplanted here. Some 4800 willow saplings now adorn the fronts of apartments and the surrounding spaces in all of Topaz's 35 occupied blocks, while a number of larger trees, including Siberian elms and Utah juni-



pers, have been placed at strategic points near the administration and hospital buildings and at the site of the proposed civic center. Shrubbery in the form of approximately 1000 tamarisks now also grace the city. Not in sufficient number yet and, owing to the season, not in a state of verdure, these trees have nevertheless improved the barren appearance of the original community and give promise of a spring with some touch of green.

Such is the general external backdrop against which the daily routine of Topaz life is now being carried on. Also part of the physical picture of the city are the various facilities by which the day-to-day needs of the residents are satisfied. These include, among other things, the hospital, dining halls, and community enterprises.

Topaz's hospital, necessarily the most elaborate of the Project facilities, is, as we have already noted, almost completed. Finish of work on its boiler house and laundry unit will permit attainment of full operating efficiency. Currently, certain wings and equipment are not being utilized pending the setting up of the central heating system. However, within the limitations imposed by incomplete construction and by the inevitable shortages of materials and equipment on priority, the range of medical services dispensed there satisfactorily fulfill practically all the essential requirements of the community from obstetrics to autopsy. Dental, pharmaceutical, and optical services are all available in addition to those coming under medicine proper.

The most imposing feature of the hospital in the way of equipment is the complete X-ray and fluoroscopic machinery installed there, which is both large and of the most modern type. The most immediate problem is the inadequate number of doctors, there being currently only four on the resident staff to meet the requirements of nearly 8000 people. In direct contrast, the number of dentists, pharmacists, and optometrists available is in excess of the normal quota for the popu-

lation. If steps now being taken to augment the medical staff are successful, the Project will be prepared against whatever health emergencies may arise in the future.

The process of feeding the city has attained a reasonably stable norm, all dining halls being in operation and under resident staffs adequate to perform the necessary work. The inevitable minor differences in the standards and types of cooking in the various kitchens constitute no outstanding problem, and there is no widespread manifestation of dissatisfaction within the Project.

However, Topaz, like the rest of the nation, has increasingly felt the effects of the proliferating rationing program and of the war-created shortages of certain staple food products not yet rationed. Meat, coffee, and sugar, under OPA control for some time, are all somewhat less plentiful or less frequent in their appearance on the table than in earlier days. Of more recent date, supplies of dairy products, though not subject to official rationing, have also diminished in their flow into the city because of increased demands for them on the outside. Milk is now more definitely restricted to consumption by children, invalids, and the aged, while oleomargarine in recent days has been substituted for butter. In general, Topaz is confronted by the same situation which all America is facing and is meeting it, like the other communities of the nation, with good grace.

With respect to the facilities catering to the more secondary needs of the

## G A I N

I sought to seed the barren earth  
And make wild beauty take  
Firm root, but how could I have known  
The waiting long would shake

Me inwardly, until I dared  
Not say what would be gain  
From such untimely planting, or  
What flower worth the pain?

--Toyo Suyemoto

community. Topaz is supplied at present, though not with complete adequacy, through the resident consumer enterprises. These include the project canteen and the recently opened dry goods store as the chief functioning units and a number of smaller service projects, namely two barber shops, two motion picture houses, and a radio repair shop. Contemplated as additions to these in the near future are several other necessary services, including shoe repairing and laundry and dry cleaning.

The chief problem associated with these enterprises, which are operated on a modified consumer cooperative basis with a paid-in resident membership capitalization of \$4794, is the inadequacy of supply to demand. Wartime priorities and shortages have limited both the range and quantity of goods that can be put on sale in the canteen and dry goods store and made the acquisition of equipment and materials necessary to the operation of the other enterprises increasingly difficult. However, despite these limitations, the volume of business transacted has been quite large, especially in the case of the two retailing units. In the month of November, for instance, the canteen grossed over \$20,000 and should do considerably better this month in view of the augmented stock and the surge of Christmas buying by residents. The dry goods store on its opening day, December 9, did approximately \$2700 worth of business.

Rounding out the picture of the physical aspects of the city are the facilities associated with such divisions of the Project as public works, transportation and supply, maintenance and operations, fire protection, property control, and warehouse. Limitations of space prevent discussion of these here. It is sufficient for our purposes to note that their adequacy or inadequacy in relation to the city's needs is generally conditioned by the limited availability of the materials or the manpower necessary to their functioning. A persistent difficulty in the transportation division, for instance, has been the lack of sufficient repair parts and equipment to offset the inevitable wear and tear on cars and trucks used by the

Project. Similarly, one of the main obstacles to optimum conditions in the operations of the maintenance division has been an insufficiency of resident manpower for certain types of work such as garbage disposal and sanitation. But, taken all in all, these and other difficulties have not engendered any outstandingly grave or continuing emergency, since they have in most instances



been sufficiently resolved through various expedients to meet the immediate requirements of the city. Physically, then, Topaz is in fair shape at the present time, existing conditions presenting no problems that the natural human capacity for adjustment cannot offset.

Turning from things to people--to what they are doing and how they are doing it--we can conveniently divide our discussion into several parts under the following heads: employment, education, self-government, activities, and prevailing social atmosphere. These categories, while not embracing every phase of resident activity, will nevertheless give a general picture of city life sufficient for our purposes.

Topaz's employment situation resolves itself into two phases--employment on the Project proper and outside employment. As of the third week of this month, some 3679 persons were working within the Project. This means that about 40 per cent of the total population (7880 on December 22) and about 77 per cent of the able-bodied residents of working age (approximately 4800) are currently employed in the various operations necessary to maintain the city. The types of work being done by the residents cover the whole range of employment classifications from manual



labor to the higher professional and technical occupations. About 70 per cent of all those employed are males. Of the 3679 workers, the largest number, 1124, are in the dining halls, and the smallest number, 5, in the Project Attorney's office. By wage classification, some 510 fall within the \$15 per month or professional and technical group, while the rest are in the \$16 category, only one person being listed at \$12. The maximum volume of resident employment expected within the Project during the next quarter of year is around 4000.

As to the outside employment situation, latest available figures reveal that something over 400 persons originally inducted into the Project are currently engaged in permanent or semi-permanent work in localities ranging from nearby Delta to points in the Eastern and Central states. Of these outside workers, nearly 300 are those who left the Project for group agricultural employment, mainly in the sugar beet fields of this and other mountain states. (At the peak of outside agricultural work, nearly 500 Topaz residents were out of the Project, but a large number have since returned.) The rest of those currently employed outside the city are in domestic service or industrial work.



On the over-all employment picture, certain general observations may be made. Residents working on the Project are, generally speaking, performing duties for which by previous training or by inclination they are most qualified. Incidence of skills in relation to total population does present some problems, as in the already mentioned instance of hospital personnel, although these are inevitable in a community like this, created by the evacuation and congregation of an arbitrarily determined group of people. Neither does employment on the Project constitute a permanent solution of the ultimate destiny of those

working, but as a means of perpetuating existing skill or of developing new ones and as a factor in maintaining morale, it does have a value which cannot be overlooked.

As to the present status of outside employment, neither the number nor the types of jobs thus far involved can be considered as indicating a solution to the problem of relocation. The agricultural work into which the majority of the residents on leave from the Project have gone is practically all of the seasonal variety and suitable only to those who expect to make this sort of labor their occupation for an indefinite period. Likewise, outside work taken by residents, can be looked upon only as a stop-gap in the majority of cases. Thus outside employment as a logical step in the permanent relocation of people here still falls short of satisfying the primary desideratum, jobs commensurate with the skills and the training possessed by many of the city's residents.

Topaz's school system forms one of the most important features of the city, involving as it does the continuance and completion of necessary education for close to 2000 children and the furtherance of the cultural needs of several thousand adults. Delayed in its inception by lack of adequate housing facilities and supplies, the system currently is functioning on a full schedule in all its several branches, which include pre-school nurseries, elementary and secondary schools, and adult education. However, shortage of instructional supplies and equipment, particularly in some of the high school grades, is still a problem, and construction of permanent school buildings, as noted earlier in the article, still awaits clearance of priority ratings on material. (All schools are at present housed in the regular barrack type buildings of unoccupied blocks and sections of blocks.) Likewise a problem is the difficulty being encountered in securing the full desirable quota of Caucasian teaching personnel. But despite these obstacles, it is expected that the educational program will be consummated according to plan.

Lowest in Topaz's educational hierarchy are the nursery centers for pre-

school age children. At present there are three of these centers in operation with a total enrollment of 182, which represents 43.2 per cent of the number of children of nursery school age in the Project. The centers are staffed entirely by resident personnel, there being at the present time 26 assistants working under two certified supervisors and following standard pre-school training practices.

The elementary school, embracing grades from kindergarten through high sixth, has a total enrollment of 675 with an average daily attendance of 644. Personnel attached to the school include seven Caucasian and 28 resident teachers and two Caucasian librarians. An additional nine or ten Caucasian teachers are currently desirable to attain the full scholastic standard in the school staff.

The high school, comprising the grades from the seventh to the twelfth inclusive, has a total enrollment of 1037 (including 20 post-graduate students), with an average daily attendance of 1005. The Caucasian staff includes four counselors and directors--on vocation, health, guidance and placement, and cadet teaching--20 teachers, and one librarian. Resident personnel is made up of 25 teachers. The curriculum of the school includes classes in agriculture, art, business training, commerce, core (a telescopic course combining English and social studies), drama, general science, home economics, industrial and vocational arts, journalism, Latin, mathematics, music, modern languages (German, French, Spanish), physics, physical education, shorthand, speech, and special English. In the high school, as in the elementary school, there is a current insufficiency of Caucasian teachers, though the lack here is not as marked, since an additional four or five will bring the staff up to the desired complement.

Less formalized than the school proper and meeting less immediately pressing scholastic requirements, the adult education program is nevertheless, in its variety and rapidly expanding scope, one of the most interesting features of the academic scene. The total present

enrollment of 3250 in its 165 different classes far exceeds the combined registration in the rest of the education system. While a number of courses are given by Caucasian instructors drawn from the high school staff and the Project administration, the adult education personnel is preponderantly resident, there being at the present time some 54 teachers and lecturers from among the evacuees. Main divisions of the program include at this time the art and music schools, flower arrangement, sewing and knitting, basic English, mathematics, evening classes, and lectures for non-English speaking residents.

Of particular interest as indicating the desire of adults, both nisei and issei, for widening their range of knowledge and abilities are the courses now being offered in the evening classes and the lectures in Japanese. Evening instruction is available in the following subjects: democracy in action, psychology, German, auto-mechanics, co-operatives, carpentry, cabinet making, radio repairing, shorthand, business English, phonetics, current events, public administration, practical electricity, and first aid. Recent lectures were based on such topics as common American laws, American history, American foreign policy and world affairs, and history of the mountain states.

While the main energies of the city's people are thus engaged by employment and education, a fair share of their attention is also directed toward matters of community government and toward leisure time pursuits and activities. In the sphere of civic politics, the event of most immediate moment is the approaching general election of a regular community council to be held on the 29th of this month in the Project's nine electoral districts. Candidates for the 33 council posts were nominated at district meetings on December 22. The legislative body named to office by the vote is to supersede the present temporary council, which has been functioning in a fact-finding and recommending capacity till now. Thus, this election, taken together with the recent ratification of a constitution by Topaz residents, will signalize the final estab-

lishment of self-government machinery in the city after almost four months of civic operations on a temporary basis. As to the state of general interest in the impending balloting, it is apparent that the familiar pattern of preponderantly older generation participation will be repeated on this occasion, as on all previous ones involving matters of community representation.

Leisure-time activities in the city, both organized and informal, are now established on a fairly wide base despite the general inadequacy of facilities and materials. Most of the recreation halls are not being utilized for their original ends, since many of them are in use for other purposes such as nursery schools, store buildings, and department offices, while the lack of equipment has kept the usefulness of others down to a minimum. A few outdoor basketball and volley ball standards have been set up and are now in use, although the major current athletic activity is in the form of touch football in open areas of the Project. A large space for an ice skating rink, staked off in the recreation area, still awaits completion.

The two movie houses, billing different pictures weekly, are perhaps the most popular focus of recreational attention, although they have no seating facilities and their projecting apparatus is of the 16 mm. variety. The recently opened library, which draws an average weekly patronage of 2500, has added a regular Wednesday evening record concert to its bookish attractions. As for organized entertainment events--dances, variety shows, and other affairs enliven the social scene at regular intervals, but lack of a large community center keeps them confined to relatively small groups. Among the organized groups through which these recreational activities are channeled are the Boy Scouts, the YWCA, and the various units of the Project community activities section. At the present time, the attention of all these and other groups and of the community in general is centered on an elaborate Christmas holiday program and pageant.

We have now covered in a general way the most important components, physical

and functional, of the community as they appear at the present time. So far, we have been treating of matters whose name and identity are either inherent in themselves or readily extracted from the figures and other information relating to them. But in dealing with the sum and synthesis of all these things, with the social atmosphere engendered by them, we are on less certain ground. For here we are involved with a less tangible aspect of the community's being, the morale of its people, the attitudes and feelings associated with their daily pursuits and routines.

To characterize the prevailing general mood of Topaz's population, we might begin by using such terms as "quietness" and "settledness." For this has always been, and still is, a "quiet" project, without any of the outbursts of violence which has sporadically cropped up in some of the other relocation areas. There have been no open clashes of politically or ideologically opposed groups, though that such division into factions exists here, as in all evacuee communities, is not to be doubted. There are on the blotter of the internal security department only a few incidents involving misdemeanor or felony, and these only in connection with individuals, not groups. Likewise, the community welfare section of the administration has been more occupied in dealing with problems of housing and physical needs, leaves and student relocation, than with cases of social maladjustment. The religious element here has always been strong in its tempering influence on all activities, and church attendance among all faiths has been large and consistent.

As for the "settledness," this is perhaps to be equated with a general attitude of acquiescence to the dictates of the present rather than with any popular misconception of the permanence of Project life. As such, this is also possibly just another manifestation of the seemingly inherent temperateness of the people's reactive mechanism. Relocation possibilities are borne about on the Topaz air but there is no great excitement, no disruption of city operations. Project employment figures still maintain an even keel, as replacements

quickly fill in any gaps left by departures to the outside. It is as if the city, confronted by the cold winter months ahead, had assumed a deliberate stability, determined to leave until spring any necessary stir about the outer world and the future.

This mood seems to emanate particularly from the older generation, since relocation to them is less shining a hope, less a source of excitement than to their offspring. There seems to be less inclination on the part of the people to shift about even within the Project itself. Applications on file for housing adjustments have fallen to a mere 65 from the several hundred which were outstanding at one time not so long ago. And, if teachers' testimony is to be accepted, even the younger element appears to be settling down to a more serious application to studies.

It would be interesting but fruitless to speculate on the question of to what causes the social climate of Topaz is specifically due--whether to the particular segment of California's Japanese population represented here, whether to the general conditions obtaining at this Project, or whether merely to the tempering effect of Utah's winter cold. At any rate, Topaz this week, its calm temporarily disrupted by a dramatic and successful search for a resident lost in the mountains, awaits Christmas with an air of quiet, expectant festivity.

Such, then, is the portrait of Topaz today. The Project is out of its swaddling clothes. Toward what physical and social maturity it is headed, it would be difficult to prophesy with any degree of certainty. Much will depend on the success or unsuccess of the relocation program currently contemplated by the WRA. A Topaz emptied of its human component would soon be reclaimed by the barrenness from which it is just beginning to emerge. Left to continue its operations, the Project will be able to exploit to the full all its known and yet undiscovered potentialities. Meanwhile, within its mile-square nucleus of life, the city nourishes the germ of its future.

--Taro Katayama



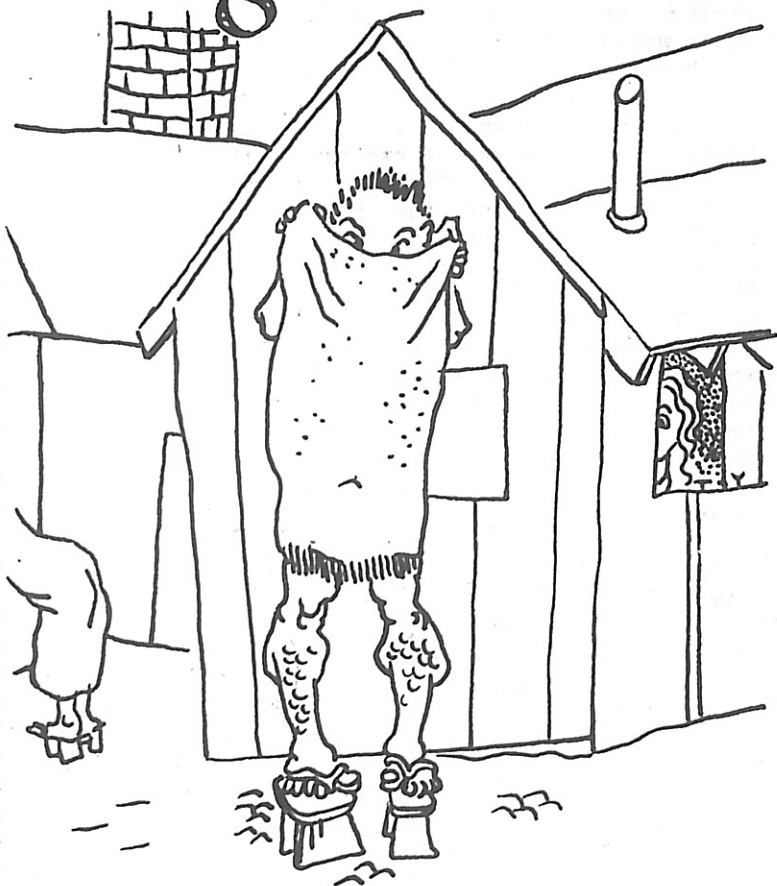


# Yule Greetings, Friends!

H.L. Mencken once wrote a book entitled "The American Language," and described in it the magnificent slang and haranguage of this garrulous nation. It was a masterpiece of scholarship unusual even for our much-read Henry, and, revised a few years ago, still remains a classic of Ameringlish philology.

The book is especially memorable in this day and age, the age of dislocation and relocation, for it devotes an entire chapter to a study of the language of the Japa-Mericans. The Japa-Mericans, as everyone knows, are the members of that quaint tribe of the West whose chief cultural attainment is a choreographic orgy known as the bon odor or "Tray Dance," performed in the streets of the tribal colony by the younger set to the tune of such colorful ballads as naniwa bushi, or "What, Warrior?"

The most significant part of this chapter in Mencken's book is the fact that it discusses neither the Japa jargon nor the Merican tongue current in the pueblos. Instead it discusses the English language, or, to put it more precisely, words appearing in the English language, as they are used in the Empire of the Rising Son. Just how this particular topic is related to the American language is somewhat of a puzzle, and the thing has caused much embarrassment to all the Sons, since the Menckenites have often invaded the tepees before the Sons were ready to rise, and in their attempt to waken them, have greet-



## THE SHAH ROOM AND THE SHAH

ed them good-naturedly, "Good-o moaningoo, Suki Yaki Son!" The situation got to be so bad that a prominent philologist of Tokyo on a tour of the pueblos was prompted to sigh in amazement and horror, "Ach, Mencken, Drinken, a Sot!"

But let us leave His Linguistic Majesty alone. By now the Tocjocrats of Tokyo have evacuated all the English words, including the precious four-letter ones, from the Empire, and the Japa-Mericans are no longer to be seen lurking in the Buchanan-Post sector of the War of Words. With the pretended, as

well as real, objects of the chapter entirely gone, we linguists may now look at our eminent Mencken with an indulgent smile and wynken, blynken, and nod at him.

What concerns us at the moment is the alingual status of Japa-Mericans in the Areas into which they were recently imported and where they are now concentrated. The term "alingual," as used here, should not be construed, of course, to mean that they are dumb or that they do not speak, even though they may be speechless under the circumstances. In fact there is a good deal of tongue locomotion going on in all the Areas. Just how they wag their tongues, and in what tongues, is a subject of profound speculation in philology and socio-psychiatry.

Dead men tell no tales. Dogs tell tales with their tails. Good dogs, however, wag them not at all when at a crucial moment, and as a result the merit of a dog is judged by the time, place, and manner of their tail-wagging. The best of them are enrolled, therefore, in the Tail-Waggers' Association together with such celebrities as Bette Davis. And, of course, the basis for judging the merit of little girls is the way in which they wag their pig-tails. When they grow up they are judged by the way in which they wag their tongues.

As stated previously the state of tongue locomotion in the newly established Areas, otherwise known as Little Nip Pons or Nip-Pounds--not that they are shelters for nipping canines--is alingual. By this scientific term we mean that the tongue as wagged in these localities has not yet been philologically catalogued. It might be said that possibly it belongs to a family of tongues composed of Kagoshimense, Hiroshimense, and Zuzuic, with a liberal dash of Englisc and Amerikanski. Similarities between Zuzuic and the language of the Zulus are purely coincidental.

A theory has been advanced by some of our leading linguists to the effect that this tongue, now so popular in the Pounds, or Areas, should be named Evacuese. In this essay the term will be used frequently for its simplicity, clarity, and alinguality.

The Evacuese language as spoken at the present time differs little from the language, or languages, of the Japa-Merican tribal colonies.

Japa-Merican speech had two characteristic syntactical styles, namely Japa-Merican and Merican-Japa. Evacuese also contains similar categories, though we have noticed a gradual disintegration of Japa-Merican and its merger with Merican Japa, an event of tremendous significance in the history of the tongue of the Nip-Pounds.

In a Merican-Japa sentence its subject is entirely omitted except when it is not needed. In this latter case "ewe" may be used to indicate the second person singular pronoun, while "mee" (which is an onomatopoeic word derived from the voice of a pussy cat) may take the place of the first person singular. This is more or less a matter of etiquette and implies that the speaker considers himself as gentle as a kitty, while calling his companion by the name of another gentle animal. That a kitty may scratch and bite does not enter into consideration. The suffix "la" (pronounced rah) indicates the plural forms, producing "ewela" and "meela" (pronounced ewe rah! mee rah! rah, rah, rah!)

Verbs never conjugate. If they do accidentally, they conjugate in any old way, without the slightest embarrassment or consideration for number, person, tense or pretense, and always end in na, ne, no or batten. This last comes from the English word "batten" which means



"to fatten" or "to prosper at another's expense"--a well known pastime among the better class of Evacuese speakers.

The following is a list of words from Merican-Japa with their English equivalent:

English	Evacuene (Merican-Japa)	Etymology	
barracks	buraku	Japanese word meaning "tribal colony."	them. They only glare at each other. This style of alingual communication is known as a "war communique" in which neither side says anything but still fights on just the same.
block	buraku	Same as above	In Japa-Merican which, as we pointed out before, is going through the process of disintegration and of merging with Merican-Japa, the construction of a sentence is much simpler. Its verbs have no tense of any kind whatsoever no matter what happens. <sup>1</sup> Some sample sentences follow:
city hall	sh-ch hole	Sh-ch means "pawn;" that is, "chessmen of lowest rank moving on file but capturing diagonally." The term is used in admiration of the P.H.P., or Philanthropic Parliament, which is the city assembly, composed of the cleverest and wisest of the rank and file of the Nip-Pons. The abbreviation should not be confused with Pearl Harbor Patriots. Hole merely means "a place."	"Show last night?" "Show, show. Jew?" "Naa, pitcherz no goo." "What pitcher?" "Don know."
co-op	kop	"Kopek" meaning "coin."	
dining hall	mes-ho, or meshi hole	Derivation ambiguous.	
fifty	hefty	A middle-aged lady.	As in the language of that Empire, the name of which is entirely unmentionable, every person is referred to as a Son--rising or sitting, it is not clear. This term, Son, is neither male, female, nor otherwise. All men over 19 are addressed as "odge son" and all women over 16 are called "obba son" except in case of married women who are called "baa son" or "baa baa"--a term of endearment for ewe. These words do not inflect, regardless of age, gender, complexion, or even telephone number.
foreman	foeman	A term of endearment.	
kitchen	ketchin	From the Japanese word "ketchin-bo" which means "the boss of a kitchen" or "a stingy person."	
shower-house	shah house	"House good enough for a Shah." Not to be confused with the onomatopoeic word "sha" which signifies the sound made by running water.	
sign, to	shine na	Derivation uncertain.	
steal, to	chock-chee na	"Choked cheek"--tongue in cheek.	
soap	sop	"To soften, or soak in liquid."	
superintendent	suppon-ten	Suppon means "turtle" and ten "jelly" in Japanese. A "jelly turtle," a term of endearment.	
tea	chee	Something to put in "cheek."	
Topaz	Toppats	"Top-hats"--another term of admiration and endearment for the leading gentry of an Area.	

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The inflection of adjectives is as follows: goo (or goody), better, more better, best, more best, most best, bestest.

<sup>1</sup>The only authorized use of the past tense is seen in the conversation: "Half ewe sin Rose dis moanin?" "Yea. I did." Sin in this case is not a noun.

The Merican-Japa syntax permits complete freedom of expression. "How do you like it here?" may be transposed to "You like it here. How do?" In many cases a sentence may be reduced to its absolute minimum. When this is done, no one asks questions. No one answers

"Notchit," derived from "notch it," is often erroneously translated as "not yet." Its true significance is found in the following conversation which has been reported by a usually reliable source:

"Hah menny days half we bin here? Half ewe figure it out?"

"Naa, Notchit,"

It is not necessary to point out that Robinson Crusoe made a calendar for himself while in exile by making notches on a piece of wood. Likewise the Robin Son Kuruso's of the various Areas spend their days making notches on a piece of two by five. Sometimes they make wooden ologs as by-products.

"Twenty" means 20. This is sometimes pronounced "twery" or "twely" or "lwely." The second syllable is entirely nasal. When the word is spelled "twenty," the n is silent. Thus:

"Hah ole ah ewe?"

"Lwely."

"Jew go tuh high schoo?"

"Yea."

The "yea" is Shakespearean.

The term "second generation" (nisel in Merican-Japa) means "first generation" in English. "First generation" (issel in Merican-Japa) means "immigrants." But the "second generation" does not necessarily mean "immigrants." This is a non-Euclidian proposition.

Kibel is not a Japa-Merican word. It means in Zuzuic "to come," quoted from the famous passage: "Yukubei ka, kibel ka, sore ga mondai," or to go or to come, that is the question.

The following was recorded at the "kop" store.

"Obba son. Bolluv hair ole chaw dye, yo! Dat won. Dis side, yo! Tan-Q. Hah much, obba son?"

"Lwely tree cen."

"Dats too much, neigh. Can chew fine som'n chee-puh?"

"Naa. Too bad, yo. Lwely tree cen chee-pest, yo. Matter key na sigh neigh?"

We have explained the term Son. Chaw dye means "dear," "darling," "honey." Neigh is a word which should be gone in-to rather thoroughly.

It is equivalent in value to the



French "nes ce pas" or the English "eh, what?" though it is used in a less precise manner. The word originated at Tanforan, Santa Anita, and other race-

tracks in which the Evacuese language was born. (Which goes to show that the language is not only sacred but also colorful, aromatic, and full of sporting spirit.) As every good horseman knows, good horses neigh when they are pleased. Neigh, therefore, is a word of rejoicing; and why not rejoice in view of the stable nativity of the language? Lexicographically speaking, the word means "eh, what?" as well as "please" and "darling."

"Matter key na sigh neigh!" is rather difficult to translate. It is an abbreviated way of saying something quite complicated. The nearest we can come to a literal translation would be: "No matter if you sigh or neigh; so long as we have the key to the jarnt you can't have what you want,"--which shows how concise and convenient the Evacuese language is. Some more passages:

"Odge son, tonight's supper pretty goo, neigh!"

"Ah goo da, neigh, oy she neigh."

In the sentence, "Obba son, baku today go to canteen and bought can soup, de shor'?" we can see a Coptic influence, probably through Zuzuic. "De shor'" stands for "sure." It might be added that the hissing sound inserted between sentences, as explained in a recent issue of Life, is practically extinct in

<sup>1</sup>Along with ritual of o and Son and the various complementary word forms, the Japanese go in for a great deal of hissing, especially when talking to superiors. 'Honorable Boss Son (hsst!) honor humble and insignificant me by drinking honorable tea (hss!) with me and no-good-wife-not-worthy-to-lock-up-to-your shoes (hsst!) in my falling-down house (hsst! hsst!)." This peculiar hss! is considered very elegant. It isn't produced like an ordinary hiss but consists of a sharply indrawn gulp of air. The sound is about the same as that made by a noisy soup eater." (sss! huh! sss! huh!) Life.



Merican-Japa and Japa-Merican, and is substituted by a click of the tongue typical of Coptism. Now and then this is supplemented by a nasal hiss of a liquid character, especially in case of young children.

Baku means "I" and has to do with the current war. Adolf Hitler, or Hit-la (singular), as he is called in Evacuese, kept on gutturally mumbling something about Baku for years, if you remember. "Deutschland musst Baku haben," he said in his Austrian dialect, which of course means "Germany needs me," for Hair Hit-la never talks about anything but himself or his own Shangri-la (singular). Baku thus came to mean "mee," first person singular.

Similarly "a pants," "a slacks," and "a panties" are commonly heard at the "kop" store, dry goods department. Surely no one buys "a trouser" or "a panty." Yet "trousers" and "panties" are, or should be, singular. Hence "a pants" and "a panties." Logic is a characteristic of the Evacuese language.

It might be mentioned here that "nani" is a word to indicate certain delicate objects such as a string from a violin when used as a garment or the House of Culture and Rest which is found in each residential block. "I left my nani in the nani," and "Your nani is showing, honey," are often heard in the various Areas. This latter example, by the way, was quoted by Shakespeare and other dignitaries of British literature, as for instance,

"It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey noni-  
no,"

and by another great poet who wrote:

"Hey nonni, nonni, nonni,  
Hotcha cha."

"Hotcha cha" of course refers to a beverage.

We have already discussed the word "neigh." This word, when used by certain belles who toil not, but who, though dumb, are exponents of sweet nothings, becomes "huh." Just how "neigh" can become "huh" is something which even Grimm would find difficult to explain. But in this age of science and progress any good horse can tell us the reason.

"Matter key na sigh, huh!" is per-

fectly good form, and such expressions as "Ewe hadjer breakfast, huh?" and "Dat's Sue, huh!" are commonly heard. From a developmental point of view the word might be considered as a form of hissing, soo and hah, which are so common in the older Merican-Japa jargon, and which are now substituted by a Coptic click.

Some pieces of literature have been translated into Japa-Merican from Kago-shimese, Zuzuic, and other dialects of Merican-Japa. One of them typifies the very sweet manner in which "huh" is used:

<u>Merican-Japa</u> (Zuzuic)	<u>Japa-Merican</u>
Neigh, neigh, I stay	Huh, huh, love me,
Chaw dye, neigh!	Darling, huh!
Neigh, neigh, I stay	Huh, huh, love me,
Chaw dye, neigh!	Darling, huh!

It is unnecessary to point out again that "chaw dye" means "darling." It has nothing to do with the color of Copenhagen chaw, for belles and wives are calling their boys and husbands in Merican-Japa: "Chaw dye, neigh, chaw dye neigh!"

Which reminds us to mention the gift-giving season now impending. It has been definitely established that the Japa-Mericans are the originators of the joyful event, which is associated with nativity in a stable, the shepherds looking up at the bright star, and all the sages in khaki pants. One of the sages gets up on his straw mattress, listens to the sounds of the belles in the next room and cries out, "Ewe-la, greetings!"

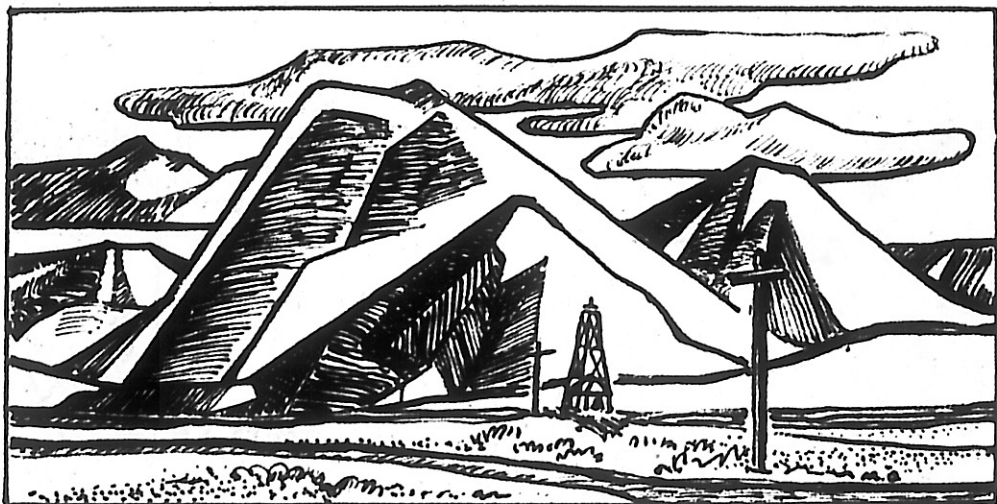
From this expression came the phrase, "Yule Greetings, Friends!"

--Globularius Schraubi, M.A.



The initials attached to GLOBULARIUS SCHRAUBI's name do not mean master of arts; they do not even mean master of asses. In fact, they signify nothing; he puts them there because he likes them.

Schraubi, incidentally, has written a large number of poems in blank verse. Naturally, these, being blank, have never been found worth printing.



# LANDMARKS OF PAHVANT VALLEY

Topaz is located on the bed of former Lake Bonneville, a lake that formed in Pleistocene times (glacial period), and at that time connected with Great Salt Lake, though now the separation is distinct.

The valley is called by either of two names; on the older maps it is called "Sevier Desert;" however, the natives call it the "Pahvant Valley," being Ute Indian words combined: "Pah" meaning water, and "vant" meaning abundance of, because, before the white men came and diverted the water of Sevier River for irrigating purposes, there was plenty of water in the stream and many "playa" lakes spread over the big flat.

The entire soil of this large valley is an alluvial deposit from and in the waters of Lake Bonneville; it is fine clay in the Topaz area. Being laid down in water accounts for the remarkable flatness of the valley, which measures 70 miles long and 50 miles wide, at the widest. There is much alkali in the soil; without cultivation, the natural product covering the soil is greasewood.

The name of the City is derived from Topaz Mountain, about nine miles north of Drum Mountains. It is not visible from the Center, but may be seen from the road near Joy. The mountain is of rhyolite; many topazes are found there;

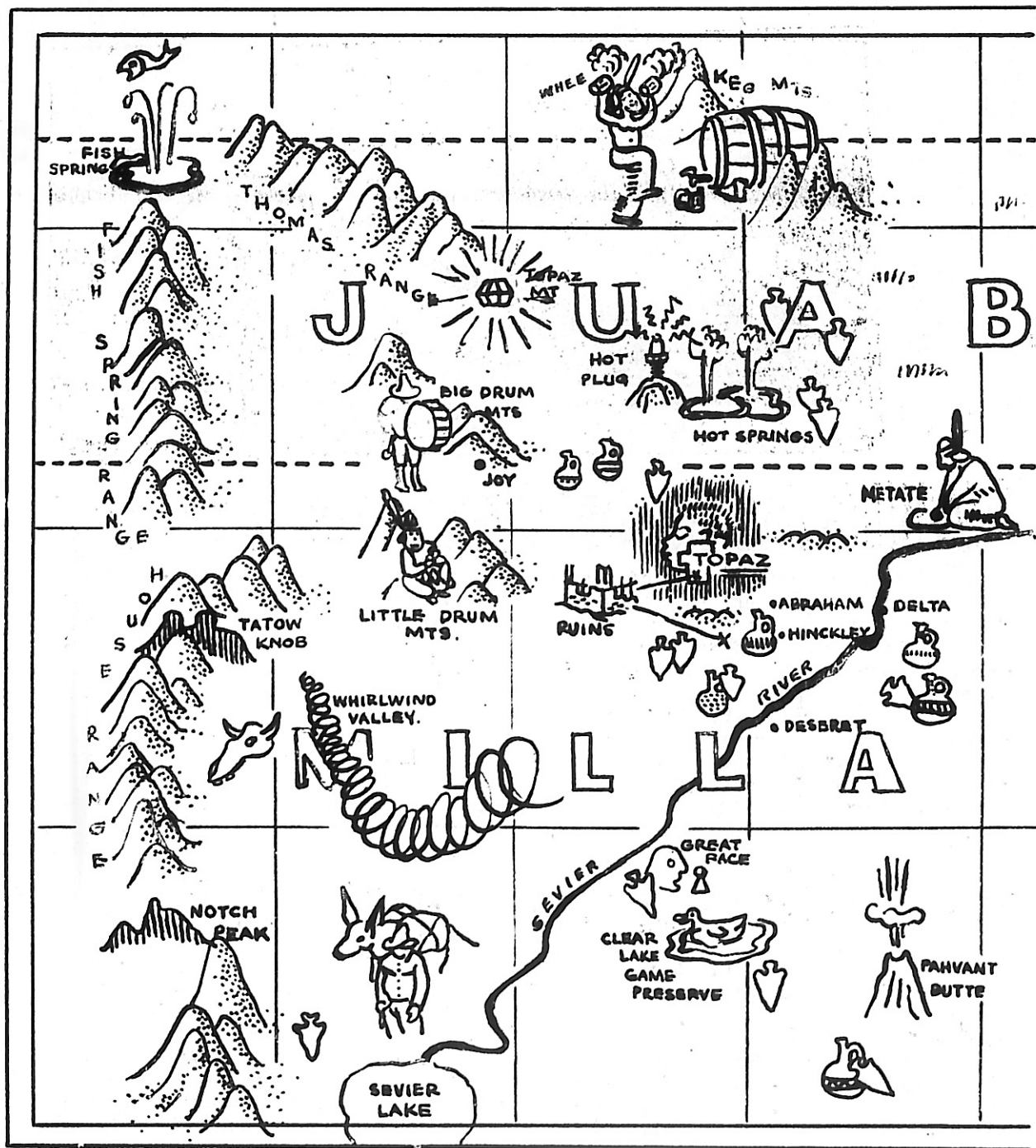
some garnet; some chalcedony; a little jasper. Some of the topazes are reddish; it is said that the red ones will fade if exposed for some time to direct sunlight. The crystals which are ordinarily found are colorless, transparent, and very pretty. A few of the rarer minerals may at times (with good luck) be found.

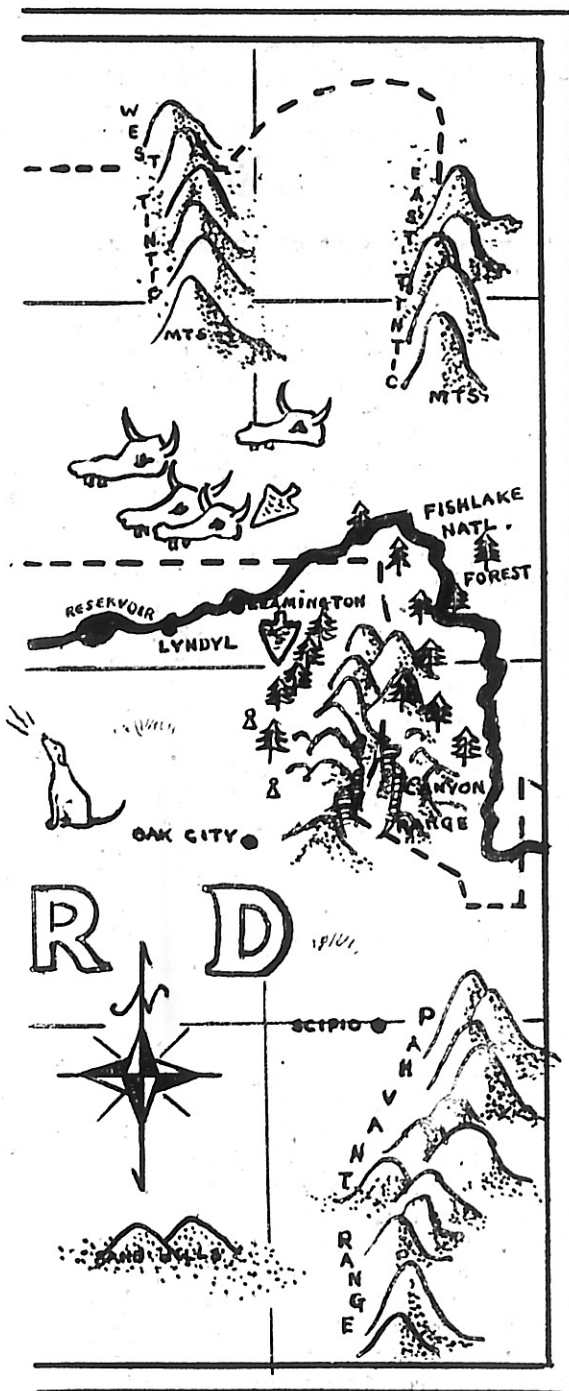
Mountains closest to the City are Drum Mountains; there are two of them, called Little and Big Drum Mountain. Usually the term is "Drum Mountains."

Drum Mountains are in the House Range. In the House Range is a double geological fault; Notch Peak, visible in clear weather to the southwest, is the highest element of this fault, nearly 4000 feet above the valley floor. The precipice side is to the west. It is a very striking natural sight, and makes a good picture. Notch Peak is limestone, with the top of Ordovician period. At its west base lies a granite formation.

This fault is still active and gives rise to movement, accompanied by noise--a phenomenon called "The Rumbling of the Mountains." On still days, no doubt in winter months, many Topaz residents will hear it. The sound resembles heavy rocks clashing, sometimes a sharp sound, and sometimes a very dull one, like hitting rocks under water.

The mountains in the distance, just a





FOSSILS



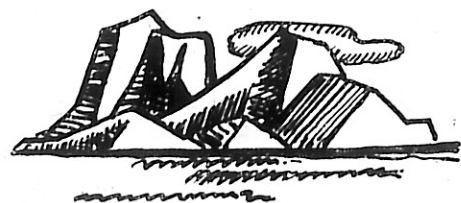
POTTERY



ARROWHEADS



PETROGLYPHS



TOIYABE NATIONAL MONUMENT  
AND  
SURROUNDING AREAS



trifle east of north, are Keg Mountain and, farther to the right, Simpson Mountains; then a little closer, the East Tintic Mountains. The low, sharp hills on the edge of the big flat are called the Granite Mountains.

To the east, beyond Oak City, rises the Canyon Range, in which is "the narrows" of the Sevier River, as it finds passageway through the hills to enter the valley. South of that, to the east of Fillmore is the Pahvant Range as it is commonly called on the maps.

Visible on a very clear day to the far south is Mount Belnap (Tushare Peak) with an elevation of 12,200 feet, one of the high mountains of Utah.

On "crater bench" about 12 miles north of the City and slightly west, someone familiar with the territory can point out "Fumerole Butte," as it is technically called, or "The Hot Plug," as it is locally known. This is a lava core, which still contains residual heat and joins the heated interior of the earth. The Hot Springs are about four miles east of Fumerole Butte. There is a slight deposit of manganese at the springs. Larger deposits of manganese at Drum Mountains are now being mined.

About 10 miles west-southwest of the City is a very large, very old crater, nearly filled with debris and wind-blown sand. The opening contains about 45 acres. But this may be difficult to find unless a guide is taken.

Flowing through the valley is the Sevier River. It used to flow into Sevier Lake; the very early maps showed that a lake about 28 miles long and 3 or 4 miles wide existed; but by use of the water of the river for irrigation, the lake has now been dry for more than a decade.

The irrigating water for the use of the valley is stored in the Sevier River at Sevier Bridge Reservoir (more often called Uba Dam); farther down the river, a diversion dam is north of Delta, and another diversion dam due west of Delta; laterals lead from each to parts of the Topaz area.

Southwest of Deseret is a lava flow, plainly showing the Provo bench marks or water table when Lake Bonneville was reduced to the Provo level. This lava flow

has a very remarkable "remnant of erosion"--a lava plug, now eroded into the form of a human profile of exceeding fidelity. It is easily accessible. Near are petroglyphs on the basalt, which may date back to as much as 1100 to 1200 years.

Eight miles due west of Fillmore are 12 craters of red lava, sharp and only slightly eroded. A large lava flow leads off from this series.

The large, sharp mountain to the southeast of Topaz is Pahvant Butte, locally called "Sugar-loaf." It was once an active volcano, and there is much lava around it, some quite interesting. The south portion of it is a cinder cone. Pahvant Butte bears upon its sides water terraces of the higher, or Bonneville level; at the bottom a dim Provo shore level is also discernible. To the west of Pahvant Butte is Clear Lake, fed by springs, now a wild life preserve owned by the state of Utah.

Pahvant Valley was the home of the aborigine Indian for many generations back. Pottery, arrowheads, and other artifacts of the occupancy of the Piute Indians may be found within the project area.

Near the town of Kanosh, which was named after an Indian chief, is the Piute Indian Reservation. Its inhabitants, a small remnant of a once larger tribe, now number about 25 persons.

--Frank Beckwith Sr.

FRANK BECKWITH, publisher of the Millard County Chronicle, has lived in Delta for almost 30 years and probably knows more about this region than any other man around. Between issues of his paper, he has roamed this territory, collecting fossils and Indian lore. The Smithsonian Institute gave a fossil *Marostoma* the name of *Beckwithia typa* in his honor. Many visitors to Delta from Topaz have seen his collection of minerals, arrowheads, and other Indian artifacts.

His articles, which he often composes on the linotype, have appeared in many national and regional publications.

# 



The Bay Region art critics say, "Mine Okubo is one of our outstanding young artists."

Her friends say reverently; "She's a character."

And she says, in a voice tinged with pride, "I'm a crackpot."

Most of the visitors to Tanfo-

ran's final art and hobby show, who saw Mine Okubo's collage, "The Pendulum," would like to know who's right. Remember "The Pendulum"? It was that red and black framed job, including in its composition a handful of dried limas, a No. 10 can, a worn shoe sole, a frazzled toothbrush, and several other items which would have been rejected by any self-respecting scrap-drive entrepreneur.

Whether it was art or not was a moot question. A few observers did the safe thing and agreed that it was a work of the first rank; but reserved for themselves the precise interpretation of the word "rank." To most, however, the collage was an enigma--just as much a puzzle as it was to the high assembly center official who stared at it for almost half an hour, presumably checking for subversive overtones. The majority of spectators found themselves speculating about the artist who had created "The Pendulum." They wondered how she got that way; they were curious to know what made her tick.

Mine Okubo began ticking on June 27, 1913, in Riverside, California. Except for a penchant for collecting pollywogs and salamanders and letting them swim in the family bathtub, her childhood was that of any normal person. She grew up in an artistic atmosphere. Her mother, an honor graduate of the Art Institute

of Tokyo, who had been sent by the Japanese government to this country as a representative to the St. Louis exposition of fine arts and crafts in 1903, instilled the love of art into her children. Of the three Okubos who later became artists--Mine, Benji, and Yoshi--Mine was the slowest to learn. "My mother used to get so mad. I did everything the hardest way--my way," she recalls.

Her predominant trait through grammar school, high school, and until her third year in college, was shyness. When she tells this to her friends now, they look at her skeptically. But she swears, "I used to be so self-conscious that I almost bawled when someone was nice to me." She began losing some of her reticence during her attendance at the University of California, where she took her M.A. degree in 1936. But the real turning point in her life, the event that signaled her complete metamorphosis from a mouse to a character, was her trip to Europe.

In 1938, Mine won the University of California's highest art honor--the Berthe Henicke Traveling Scholarship. On this grant, she bicycled and hoofed it through a dozen European nations, with only a bare forehand knowledge of their language or customs. It embarrassed her at first to have street cars in Holland jerk to a stop so that the people in them could have a better look at her; she was a cynosure wherever she went, once causing a terrific traffic jam in a Belgium town. Her first impulse was to run up the nearest unpopulated alley when the natives gawked at her, but she conquered this, and, instead of retreating, she stared right back. She made a lot of friends this way, in addition to deriving a tremendous amount of self-confidence.

By the time she reached Italy, she was prepared for anything. It was fortunate that she was. Once while she was walking along a lonely country road on her way to study some murals, an Italian

variety of wolf picked up her trail, howling, "Amore, amore!" Mine thought fast; she stepped off the road into a field and began munching grass. "Amore, amore, yourself," she shouted. The cut-rate Casanova turned around and loped away.

Mine was in Hungary when German panzers started rolling into Poland. She got to Switzerland, but everything she owned was in France. She worked on a Swiss farm until she could borrow enough money to return to the United States. When she returned to the University, she discovered that her scholarship had been renewed for another year. Some day, she intends to go back to Europe once more; she wants especially to see Paris again. Even now, when in a reminiscent mood, her conversation drifts to the Champs Elysees, the Parisian restaurants, the French people.

Almost immediately after her return she began working at the Golden Gate Fair with Diego Riviera. "I didn't exactly work with him," she explains. "Diego was up there on the scaffold, while I was near the bottom of the mural, answering dumb questions." Many spectators asked her what nationality she was. To alleviate the boredom she occasionally palmed herself off as Riviera's fifth child by a third marriage, or made up some similar story.

Mine considers Riviera one of the greatest of modern artists, with Picasso, Orozco, Leger, Miro, and Matisse. Of this group, she admires Picasso the most. Her first "one-man" show at the San Francisco Museum of Art was held in conjunction with the museum's famous Forty Years of Picasso Exhibit. Even with such overwhelming competition her paintings were not totally obscured. One critic noted, "If you visit the Picasso exhibit...you should also go through the hall with gouache paintings by Mine Okubo...Her colors are very well chosen, lively and bright, but not brilliant, and always skillfully blended..." Her second "one-man" show at the same museum ran in competition with Leger.

Among the recent honors she has won are the Anne Bremer prize at last year's San Francisco Museum of Art annual oil show, the anonymous donor award at the

same show two years ago, and first prize in the 1940 Delta Epsilon exhibit at the University of California. A complete list of her prizes would cover a couple of typewritten pages--legal size at that.

Since evacuation, Mine has made from 1500 to 2000 rough sketches. Later she intends to develop some of them into finished paintings. Her last extended creative effort was at Tanforan when she completed approximately 50 paintings in a month. For the present, however, she's relaxing so far as her personal work is concerned, waiting for a more settled feeling before tackling the brush and palette again.

Once in the mood to paint, she hates interruptions. To avoid unwelcome callers at Tanforan, she acquired a quarantine sign and nailed it to her door. It worked beautifully; potential visitors carefully by-passed her stall. Not only the residents but the Caucasian internal police, who were periodically conducting searches, were reluctant to enter. "Watcha got?" one of them asked her once apprehensively. "Hoof and mouth disease," said Mine.

Aside from books and magazines dealing with art, her reading since coming to Topaz has been limited to mail order catalogues, mystery stories, and the comics. Recently she became slightly soured on mystery novels after an unfortunate selection of a story which required nearly 150 pages to reach the first murder..."and then an elm tree fell on him." As a result, she shifted her allegiance overwhelmingly to the funnies. Her favorite character at present is that comic strip Invincible, Captain Easy, who is currently frowning on the activities of a desperado in a zoot suit. Unlike some people who try to conceal the fascination they find in the comics, Mine openly admits that she's intrigued by them. "I feel sorry for people who don't like the funnies," she asserts.

Perhaps she finds reflected in the comics the type of human beings she likes best--simple people with simple minds.

--Jim Yamada

# TWO SKETCHES

## THE TREES



"Good morning, Hashimoto, good morning," Fukushima said to his friend.

"Ah, Fukushima, what do you want?" Hashimoto said.

Fukushima rubbed his hands and stomped his feet. "It is cold. The sun is not warm enough."

Hashimoto laughed. "You are usually asleep at this time," he said. "What do you want at this early hour?"

"I came to see you and the pine trees," Fukushima said. "Do you not walk among your trees every morning?"

"Yes, you know that," said Hashimoto.

"Did you take a walk this morning? I want to walk with you among your pine trees," said Fukushima.

"No, not yet," Hashimoto said, looking curiously. "I am going to my garden now. Come on, friend."

The two walked to the rear of the house. The sun climbed higher and the garden became warm. They walked among the pine trees. They crossed many times the little stream running alongside the path. The sparrows chattered noisily overhead. The two circled the garden several times. Then they went up and down many times, crisscrossed, and finally sat down to rest on an old stone bench.

"Hashimoto, I am your old time friend," Fukushima said. "What do you see in the trees?"

Hashimoto looked sharply at his friend. "Why, I see the trees," he said a moment later.

"No, I do not mean it that way," Fu-

kushima said. "That is a common expression. I want you to tell me how you really see these pine trees."

Hashimoto laughed.

"Please. I am your friend," Fukushima said. "Please tell me your secret of happiness."

"Fukushima, there is really nothing in it. I simply see the trees. That is all."

"No, That is not all. Why, anyone could see the trees," Fukushima said.

"They could and should," Hashimoto agreed.

"I came here early to see the trees. I have walked with you among the trees, and yet I don't see anything in the trees. Why is that?" asked Fukushima.

The two friends looked silently at each other.

"Did you not say you were cold a few minutes ago?" Hashimoto said.

"Yes, I was cold," Fukushima admitted.



"Look at yourself now," Hashimoto said. "You are warm and perspiring. You are very warm."

"What of it? That is a fact," said Fukushima. "What are you talking about?"

"The difference between warmth and cold is movement," said Hashimoto. "And movement makes warmth and cold."

"Hashimoto, I do not want to hear about warmth and cold," pleaded Fukushima. "I want to share your happiness. I



want you to explain the trees you see."

"I cannot explain the trees, Fukushima," Hashimoto said. "But listen, friend. The warmth and cold I talk about is in the trees."

Fukushima shook his head. "You are not my friend. You do not want to tell me your secret."

Hashimoto shook his head. "You are my friend, and the secret you mention is the most exposed of all."

Fukushima looked coldly at Hashimoto. "If you do not tell me your secret we shall be friends no more. You know what happened to me. A year ago I was fairly rich. I owned stock and properties. And then fate overtook me and I lost all. I am a defeated man but I want to fight on, and I come to you."

Hashimoto nodded. "Let us try again. You were cold when you came here, but when you walked about the garden you became warm and experienced warmth. Do you see, Fukushima? You would not have known warmth if you did not walk?"

"But the trees... People tell me you have your trees, and that is why you are happy," Fukushima said.

Hashimoto shook his head sadly. His eyes roamed about the garden.

"Why are you so happy?" asked Fuku-

shima.

"I am not always happy," cried Hashimoto. "I am cold and warm too."

"Our age is unkind to man," Fukushima said bitterly. "And you do not help a friend."

"I have tried my best, Fukushima," Hashimoto said.

"Some day you will see me join our friend Makino. I will join him at the crazy hospital in Stockton. He reads many books like you but he went crazy," Fukushima said.

The two men looked at each other silently.

"Hashimoto, when I leave here today I shall never see you again. Please, tell me," begged Fukushima.

Hashimoto looked up eagerly. "All right, listen. You were cold when you came here, but when you walked about..."

"I do not want to hear any more!" cried Fukushima, leaping furiously to his feet. "If you cannot tell me about the trees do not talk!"

"Fukushima," cried Hashimoto. "Fukushima!"

He stood by the old stone bench and watched his friend go out the gate and into the highway.

--Toshio Mori

# TOPAZ STATION



Topaz, the boom city with the fastest growing population in the state of Utah, is a young one. The city of 10,000 inhabitants, mushrooming overnight, waivered its birth on September 11, 1942. Inside of the mile square area the lives of the Japanese begin to roll. They are here to continue living, a station... a stopping-off place on the way to progress as good Americans for a better America. Doctors, lawyers, domestic workers, gardeners, farmers, schoolboys,

artists, florists, clerks, housewives, and all, are here. Nothing is missing here, people of America, nothing of importance. The people of the earth, no matter who they be or what color they adorn, sing, laugh, cry, and dream. One day they will be gone from this earth, and another group will take its place. They are here on earth to live out its days in the most pleasant way possible, and Topaz people are no different.

Topaz, the city of glimmering lights in the darkness between the mountains, begins to awaken. The cold and the dark greyness of dawn in the east becomes a clarion call to the new and young Americans; this is the junction where one

must take stock of himself; this is where he has the opportunity to pause in the station of life and study how far he has gone. This, too, is the home front of America. Topaz, America--not another Lil' Tokio. Topaz is here to stay, there will be no changes on the map. Before the Japanese came there was Topaz, and there always will be a place called Topaz. Topaz, the distributor of progress. This is the home front of a new day. Aged Japanese people, living twenty to fifty years in America, cannot erase their years in America. They have hope in the American way of life, they know no ease but by their participation in the struggle on the American frontiers. They seek pleasures of life, they enjoy music, songs, drama, liberty, glamor, and ham and eggs. More than ever, the young Americans of Japanese ancestry see the world of movies, ice cream, milkshakes, Broadway, Buicks, Saturday Evening Post, electric refrigerators, and hot dogs. This is their life, not the life under the shadow of a dictator.

This is the place where the plowings are done every season so that new life crops up regularly. New crops of improvement overrunning the mistakes of judgement and the variable weather, this is where the mistakes of life are the lessons of profit, and not the food for the firing squad.

Topaz is the city of many brothers, sisters, and parents whose sons are in the U.S. Army. The city where the people follow the progress of their soldier-sons. A tiny metropolis where the third generation Americans pick up the song, "America, the Beautiful." The city where the small table radios and portables receive William Winter, Charlie McCarthy, NBC Symphony, Benny Goodman, and Bob Hope. The community of laughter, sorrow, loneliness, and spirit. And Topaz is where

little eyes and hands reach out for the education of better living. These tiny heads seek an outlet to the broad spaces of life on the American soil. These little feet churn in play, with the innocence and honesty of young children and rightful nations. These little bundles of energy grasp for something in warmth, strength, wisdom, and unity.

--Toshio Mori

TOSHIO MORI's stories and sketches have appeared in many magazines, including The Coast, Common Ground, and Writers' Forum. His first book, a collection of short stories, was accepted by Caxton Printers in August, 1941; however, its publication date has been postponed to a more opportune time. Caxton Printers, incidentally, is the publishing organization which first issued the works of Vardis Fisher.

A protege and good friend of William Saroyan, Mori often visited and dined with the famous writer before evacuation.

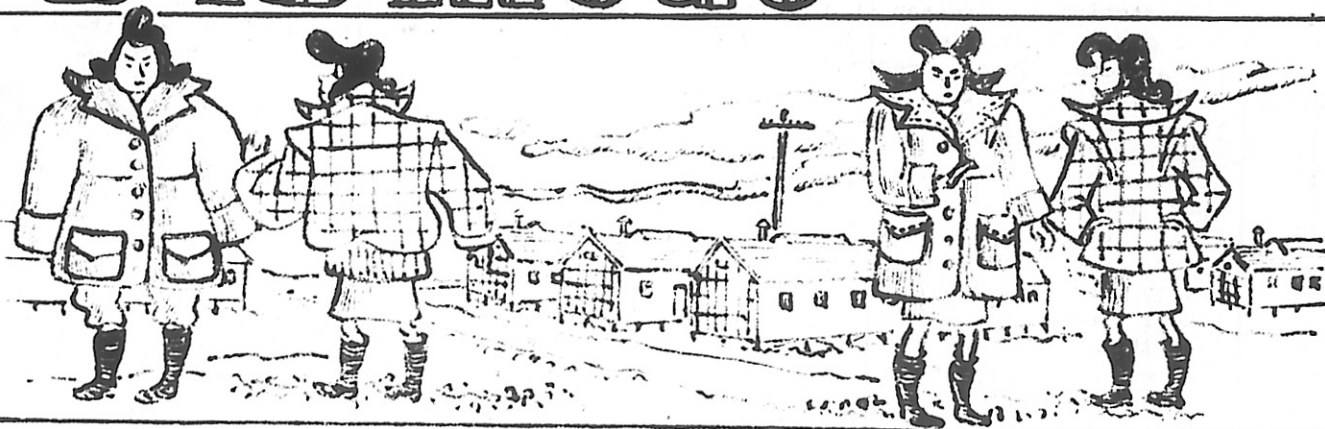
## NIGHTMARE

Sleeping, he saw familiar sunlit skies  
Darken with sudden argosies that made  
A screaming hell of all the plain below;  
And on the red horizon's rim he saw  
The foe approaching, wave on ominous wave,  
Like giant ants converging on some prey  
That lies too weak to fend the creeping doom.  
But while his friends stayed on, grim-faced, to fight  
The futile fight, to slay and, slaying, die,  
Himself he saw in solitary flight,  
Gaining a trembling refuge in the hills.

And there in lonely safety crouched, earth-hid,  
He watched his comrades march, as men have marched  
In every age, to do the ghastly work  
Not willed by them or those they fiercely fought.  
From havening hill he watched while slaughter grew  
Below him on the plain, and thought himself  
The wiser man for having fled a field  
So bare of hope--and on this thought awoke  
To know a sick self-loathing in his soul.

--Taro Katayama

# an' na mmo dle



The burning question with women has always been this business of looking well. From Eve, who had trouble with the hang of her fig-leaves, to us, we've had lots of things influencing the clothes we wore, but the thing which kept us going was the fact that we were always sure that we looked good in whatever we wore. Or something like that anyway, because patriotism or no patriotism, how otherwise could you have put women in those ghastly short skirts and tight-fitting cloches of the last war? In this war, we are going in for short skirts and minute hats, but aren't we convinced that we look a million times better than the women of the last war in spite of the WPB?

Here in camp, becomingness has other factors beside the WPB influencing it. With us, it's not a question of how far we can spread the skimpy materials and limited colors allotted to us, but how we can eliminate bulk and still be warm and smart.

There are all sorts of things we can do even within the limits of government issued and mail-order clothing so we needn't look like poor Jankee with his basic clothing nor like Joe Nisei in Joe's clothes. The navy blue pea-jackets are size 38 and the red and black plaid lumber-jackets are 42 or 44, and our average size is 34. We are threatened with horrible punishment if we deface government property. Well, Taffy in Terry and the Pirates did something to her

uniform to make it fit when she became an army nurse didn't she? We know of one girl, who wears a 32, in a 42 lumber-jacket which fits her. She had removed the elastic waist band, taken huge tucks in the shoulders to square them (and to take up sleeve-length), extended the tucks into pleats front and back.

The same thing can be done to those pea-jackets. To add color and individuality to the navy blue, try making the tucks in saddle stitching with colored cotton rug yarns. Then you can make yourself a matching hood and mittens and you'll look colorful and chic.

We learned a trick about keeping warm from one of the old-time Utah residents. As underclothing beneath your slacks, wear the lowers of your pajamas. If you want to be lazy about these things and your uppers are good-looking enough, think of all the time you'll save when you get up in the morning, if all you have to do is to put on your slacks over your pajamas. Seriously though, if you have any doubts about the practicality of long red woollens, try the pajamas--they don't itch.

If your feet are cold, you can pull out the inner sole and put in a piece of wool cloth or blanket which has been cut to the shape of your shoe, replace the insole and your feet will be much warmer. Use either glue or rubber cement to hold the soles in place.

Now is the time to wear whatever colors you can get or you've always had a

yen to blossom out in. America stopped following Europe in clothing styles and started to set her own trends when the war started. We ought to be able to start a relocation trend among ourselves.

To those of us who have been believing that "the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach," life in camp has been offering all sorts of complications. Living the life that we do, how on earth can we ever convince the man of the hour that we are practical and not entirely lacking in the household arts? Well, now that we are more or less settled we can venture into serious entertainment which will show you at your best.

First of all, you need a corner with a work table so that you can have an electric plate and cooking utensils handy. If priorities have caught up with you and you have no electric plate, there's always the neighbors and you might as well start exploiting the good-neighbor deal. With an electric plate, a saucepan, a kettle or a coffee pot, you are all set to start planning for the big evening.

You might work up to it gradually by having little snacks when he comes to see you in the evenings. Toast and jam with tea, or Ritz crackers with peanut butter and honey, or cookies and chocolate are good simple ideas. You can get ready prepared Nestle's or Red and White choc malt preparation. To both of them you just add milk or hot water. If you haven't a percolator or a coffee pot or drip pot, but have some coffee, you can make it mess hall style by making a cloth bag and putting coffee in, tying the top and boiling it for about 15 minutes in a pan of water.

Then some Sunday night you can have him over for supper. Here's a menu which is impressive and easy. It doesn't need a chef's hand and yet is guaranteed to make you look like one.

Cream of Mushroom Soup  
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches  
Pickles Coffee  
Jello with Fruit Cookies

Start preparations by making the jello in the morning. Use lemon, orange, or lime jello and one small can of fruit

cocktail. Heat the juice and add enough hot water to make one cup of liquid. Dissolve the jello. Add the juice of two oranges with enough water to make another cup of liquid. When firm, whip with a fork and add the fruit.



When supper time rolls around, use either canned cream of mushroom soup or dehydrated stuff. Klein in Los Angeles makes a wonderful dried concoction which can be heated with canned milk.

You can get either the assorted or the bread and butter pickles in jars.

For the sandwiches, you'll have to inveigle your dining hall into giving you a loaf of bread. If you're good at this inveigling business, you might get a hunk of cheese, too, but if you are backward about it, you can use a jar of Kraft's Olde English Cheese or Blue Moon spread. Cream the cheese with a little butter and milk (swiped from the soup)--a little mustard does wonders--and then spread a slice of bread with the mixture. Place another slice on top, cut in half and toast slowly. This can be done on your trusty coal burner if you can persuade someone to twist around some wires to make a toaster.

Make coffee, or if rationing has done you dirt, serve tea. Don't serve chocolate because he might decide that he is bringing out the maternal in you if you give him so much milk, and after all that isn't quite the point you're trying to make.

The rest is up to you. This is a chance to show your man that nothing gets you down; you can whip things up out of nothing and still look beautiful seated at a charmingly set bridge table lighted with candles. It might be best to insure success by bribing papa, mama, and the little ones to go to the movies or visiting grandma and grandpa in the next block.

--Marii Kyogoku



# DIGRESSIONS



We have been in a mild quandary the last few days. With the war's second Christmas near at hand, we find ourselves a little disquieted at its sudden appearance on the pathway of our consciousness. Frankly, we don't quite know how to greet the approaching holiday. It is as if an unexpected guest were at the front gate, and both ourselves and the house wholly unprepared to receive him. Just what sort of mien, physical and spiritual, ought we to put on? None of the formulas of salutation which sufficed us in the past seem quite apropos.

For one thing, we are divorced for the first time in our life from most of the familiar external concomitants of the season--the shopping and the crowds, the street corner Santa Clauses, the neon blandishments of holiday commercial art, the red, green and tinsel fluorescence of Yuletide decoration in public and private places and the general feeling of anticipation and festivity boozily welling up in society's collective breast. Knock out these props, and you have practically destroyed the foundation on which most of our Christmastime responses of twenty-odd years' standing

have been built.

Even our remembered reactions to that first Noel after Pearl Harbor, though in themselves decidedly a departure from normality, offer no behavior pattern suitable to our current need. At that time, the personal and collective calamity of December 7 had left us in a state of mind and spirit which combined anger, awareness of a seemingly irremediable hurt and premonitions of still other woes to come. As for greeting the annual holiday, to mouth its traditional merriness would be, we felt, a painful mockery both of our plight and of our actual feelings. But such was the force of habit, we decided that cards of some sort at least, if not any gifts, ought to be sent out to mark the season and its impingement on our consciousness.

We found nothing on the market very appropriate to our mood of the time, and so we resolutely set about designing and printing our own cards from a linoleum block. The finished product, as we remember it, involved a row of bristling bayonets and grim, helmeted soldier faces placed in melodramatic juxtaposition to a quite conventionally serene Star of Bethlehem. We topped the thing off with a printed suggestion, in equally melodramatic vein, that assurance of future Merry Christmases was among the war aims. Tradition and our own lacerated feelings were thus both served--and, we felt, with just the proper heroic effect.

Well, that was last year. And last year's gesture to the Christmas spirit strikes us now as being a little too theatrical to serve this season's need. You can thin out quite a fund of original hurt and anger and grief over a space of twelve months. And the year just past has not been without its little personal ameliorations and consolations. We still don't think "merry" is precisely applicable to a wartime Yule, but we don't feel, either, that a combination of bayonets and starlight and a

pointed interpolation to the Atlantic Charter is needed to express the idea. Which brings us right back to the point with which we began these divagations--that we don't quite know how to salute the holiday now at our threshold.

All we know is that we haven't sent, and don't intend to send, any cards this year. Only a few notes to close friends on the outside. Our shopping, if one can call it that, has been extremely meager, casual and vicarious--courtesy the Sears Roebuck and Company. We haven't any tree to trim, and we aren't hanging up any stockings. Nor are we conscious of any special seasonal augmentation of our normal flow of good will toward our fellow men, for whom we have always entertained pretty tolerant and hospitable feelings anyway. And so, apparently, we aren't going to meet Christmas, 1942, in any particular manner. We'll just open the door and let it in.

But if we are short on ingredients for fashioning any positive Yuletide demeanor for ourself, we can be glad for certain things and hope for some others. We are glad that small children here will know a Noel as unimpaired and traditional as toys and nuts and candies can make it. We are glad that some among them will undoubtedly arrive here at their first delighted awareness of a hitherto unrealized utility in a stocking hung by the chimney on a certain night of the year. And we are glad that the music of carols will be heard across the Topaz night. As for hopes, we hope there is snow Christmas Eve; and if we can't have snow, we hope for a clear, crisp night, with all the western stars hard and bright overhead. Carols will sound nice in either setting.



A lengthy treatise might be written on the tyranny of modern conveniences. We don't intend to write one here, but we thought we might contribute a suggestion or two to point the way for anyone so minded. The immediate cause of our putting down these few observations is the recent sudden and complete defection of our radio. Where but lately

it had faithfully poured forth its daily spate of indiscriminate sound, it now sits mute and soulless, an inanimate thing of no earthly utility. Frank, the radio man, tells us that all it needs is a couple of new tubes to be restored to usefulness. But with a war going on, his pronouncement is simply a sentence of death. Science gives and priorities take away.

The lesson is plain to us. Man, who glories in the belief that he is progressively freeing himself by his ingenuity from the limitations of his original untrammelled state, is only delivering himself to a more inexorable bondage--the bondage of utter dependence on his own inventions. In the languor of his trust in the machine, he allows all his primitive capacity for satisfying his needs barehanded to atrophy into feeble ineffectualness. But let that machine break down, that flow of mechanical largess cease, and he is left to the scant mercies of faculties gone flabby, of addictions suddenly denied access to accustomed opiates.

We had become so unreservedly conditioned to the easy beguilements of our radio, that its present silence is a positive affliction, like palsy or the shingles.

Or take the case of the flush toilet. Let its energizing element stop flowing, its arteries run dry, and man is in a moment stripped of all that sense of security which his purblind faith in its workings has built up in him. For all its gleaming porcelain perfection, it is infinitely less utilitarian than the most primitive backwoods outhouse.

We won't bother to adduce other examples of the vulnerability to which man becomes heir in the very act of trying to fashion invulnerability for himself. Its catalogue is the whole list of his more ingenious inventions. In any case, we think we've made our point sufficiently clear.

And for ourself, we aren't going to be quite so unreservedly enamored of technological perfection as we used to be. At least not while our radio continues to confront us with its soundless, ivory plastic inebecility.

--Taro Katayama

# FA L D E E R O L



By now radio listeners in Topaz ought to be pretty familiar with the Voice of Birth Certificate, Inc. Several times each day, this transcribed Demosthenes mounts the turntable and broadcasts over the stations of the Inter-Mountain Network.

His point appears to be that no one can be a real American without a birth certificate: "Of course, you say you're a 100% American...but can you prove it?" By an amazing coincidence, Birth Certificate, Inc. is in a position to furnish that proof for, of course, the usual slight service fee. Put one buck on the line, and BCI will swing into action, getting documentation of U.S. birth for the customers. This, the Voice assures us, is an open sesame to jobs in the "shipyards, airplane factories, and other vital war industries."

It was a great relief to hear him. Our faith in the efficacy of birth certificates--which hasn't been burning with anything like a bright, gem-like flame since evacuation--is again renewed. For one-sixteenth of our monthly earnings we can get the real thing--definite assurance that we are, so the Voice says, "real Americans, born in the United States." It's obvious that the certificate we've been lugging around so trustingly until now came from the wrong company.



The imminent appearance of the Topaz high school newspaper reminds us of that bright era when we were putting out a student journal. Those were the "days of

wine and roses" when the world was ready to turn half-flips at our bidding.

Though our harangues were usually directed at laxness in elections (Vote Today, Students!), apple-polishing (Wine-sap Simonizing: Its Dangers) and rowdiness (Students! Don't Disgrace Our Banner)--we occasionally elevated our editorial guns and shot at the stars with, for example, a dissertation on the brevity of man's existence on earth (this was after reading Thomas Wolfe) or an outline for world peace. When ideas were hard to come by, we could always resuscitate an old mummy labeled "School Spirit."

Looking back on it now, we realize that what we wrote then was corn, but it was rich, beautiful corn, written with such driving sincerity that it almost reached the dignity of tripe.



On these cold, crisp winter nights, when we're almost ready to concede that life in the desert has its points, the smell of the sewerage swamp drifts into the City and snuggles up to us.

Probably it was some magnanimous engineer's concept of a good deed to locate the outfall area a mile west of the residential district because, as some of our friends have suggested, he wanted to convey a sense of nostalgia to former residents of the East Bay.

Undoubtedly the idea is a beautiful one--a touching gesture: but we, who have always scrupulously avoided passing on the leeward of sugar refineries, cannot fully appreciate it.

Maybe a good foghorn supplementing the odor and blowing every few minutes from the southwest corner of Topaz would create the proper nostalgic mood. Did anybody remember to bring a good foghorn?