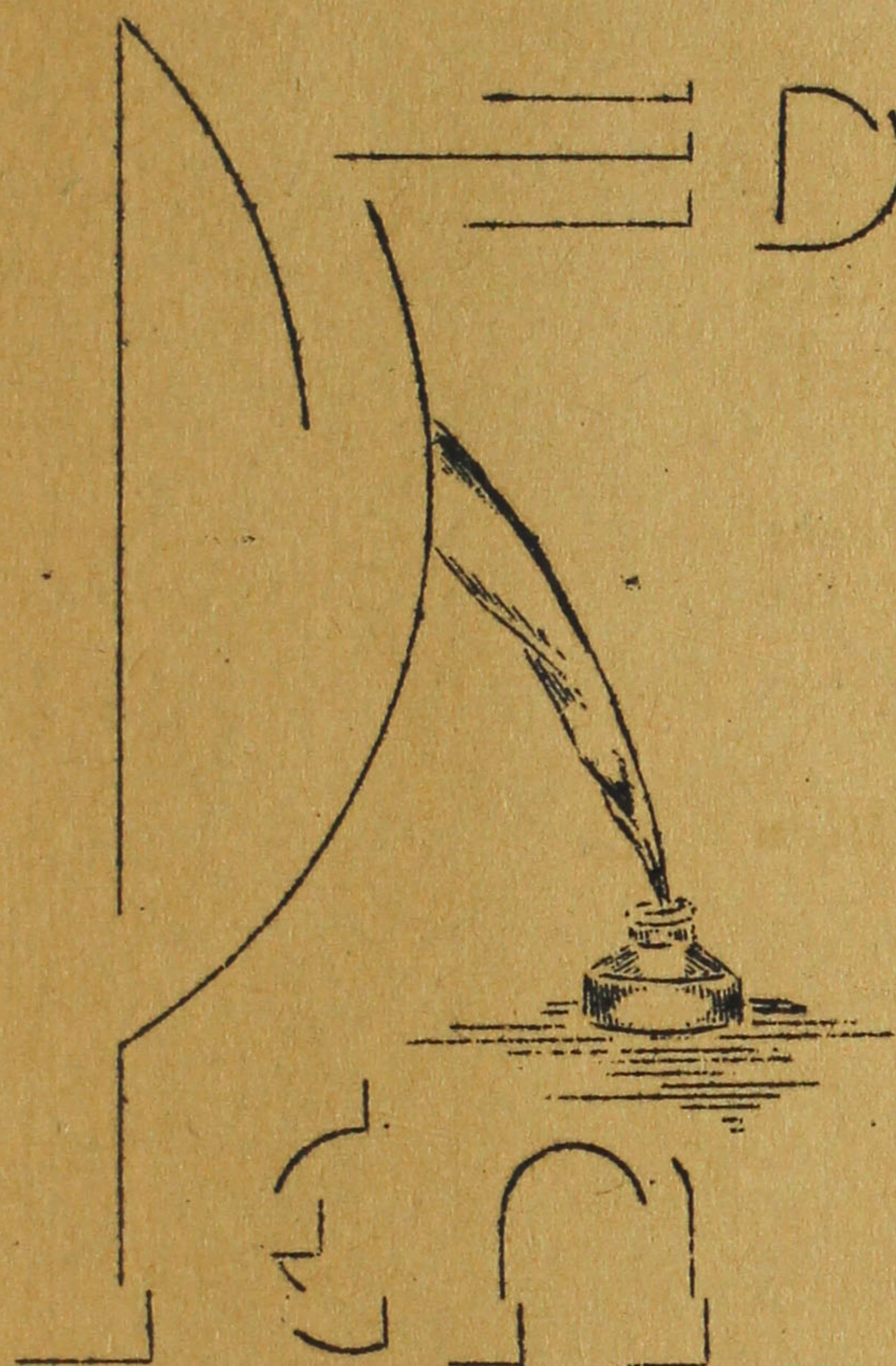


PEN

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We, the members of the Pen Club of Hunt High School organized for the purpose of developing the creative ability of the students and publishing an annual magazine consisting of outstanding contributions presented by all or any students enrolled in the school do hereby resolve to carry on the activities of this club as tolerantly and efficiently as is expected of us.

DECEMBER



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** The number following the writer's name
denotes the grade classification of the
student.

*** SPECIAL EDITOR OF PEN.Kiyo Ueda

FOR TOMORROW

Across the farthest side of the room was a long counter, old and worn, but as clean as soap water and scrubbing could make it. Three or four small but equally well-scrubbed tables, a dozen rickety chairs, a worn radio and a fairly new nickelodeon constituted the entire furnishing of the rather small but neat soda fountain. No, not quite, for there was Pete. Short, white-haired Pete with his sad, gray-eyes was as much a fixture of the place as the counter itself. This was "Pete's Place", where one could linger all day over a cup of coffee or soft drink. "Coke, please." "Ice cream soda for me."

Young voices intermingled with Pete's firmer and older voice, "Wa-al, youngsters, a coke and a ice-cream soda is it?"

If some proud proprietors before Pete had at one time or another given the place another fancier name, it had long since been forgotten.

No one knew very much about Pete. He had come to this town alone in the summer of '38. It was generally known that he was a widower whose young son was away at school somewhere in the East.

by itsuko teraji

His lonely eyes would often rest fondly on a group of laughing high-school boys hurrying to and from school or crowding around the nickelodeon in the evenings; and one could well imagine that in those moments his thoughts were far away.

"Hey, fellows, have you heard Dick's going into the Army?" "Yeah?" "Is that right?" And then hot-headed statements would begin flying thick and fast around the counter at Pete's place--about the war, about induction, about Japan, and about Germany.

Pete rarely entered into these conversations. Once he announced happily, "My son is coming home soon," and his eyes were no longer lonely or sad. One of the boys at the counter asked curiously, "Does your son look like you?" "Wa-al, youngster, Young Pete is like his mother," he answered quietly. "His mother was a great woman." Pete's eyes were softly moist.

Sundays were always peaceful. A group of high-school students

were flopped in the chairs or draped over the tables sipping their soft drinks. Someone was beating time to "Coming in on A Wing and a Prayer" that the nickelodeon was giving out. Pete was methodically wiping the counter-top. A tall, blond boy with a letterman's sweater slung over his shoulder was hunched over the counter. "You haven't seen your son for a long time have you?"

"Wa-al, yes, it's a long time.five years."

"Five years!!" whistled the boy, "Gosh...I bet---"

Abruptly Pete straightened. Without a word he rushed by. Curious eyes looked up to see a short, slim boy standing hesitantly in the doorway, and saw Pete extending his hands and his heart toward him. The boy was as dark as Pete was fair. His features were unmistakably Oriental. An appalling silence fell over the room. "But he can't be--" a high voice broke out. Then suddenly everyone was talking too loud. But not before a bitter shadow had fallen across the young face.

What happened after that was inevitable. News travels fast in a small, Middle-Western town, and

before long everyone knew that Pete's wife, now long since dead, had been a Japanese. Prejudice was quick to form. No longer were long and loud discussions tossed around freely at "Pete's Place". A few of the students still dropped in regularly, perhaps remembering the painful disillusioned look on the young Oriental face and refusing to accept the narrow views of the town. But there were many evenings that Pete stood alone behind the deserted counter.

Then suddenly "Pete's Place" was again crowded as before. Once again students glocked its counter. The smell of food, and the humdrum of voices drifted out through the doorway. "Wa-al, youngster, what will it be?" An old, familiar voice mingled with young voices.

On the wall behind the counter was hung a picture of a dark-haired boy in uniform. Gone were all traces of bitterness from the young smiling face. Young Pete was a soldier now, an American soldier, fighting that America and its ideals might be preserved fighting that such prejudice as he had known might be made less for the Young Pete's of tomorrow.

IN OUR CORE ROOM by

If I had my very own seat,
I'd try my best to keep it neat,
The teacher moves me around so much,
That there isn't a seat that I don't touch.

~~..... I talk too much.~~

jim
akagi

by johnny okamoto

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO ME

Daily over the air-waves, I listen to the progress of the war raging in hectic Europe, Asia, and other parts of the country and think how fortunate I am to be living in America. Although we are behind fences, it's not too bad when we stop to think of all the people who are suffering in other parts of the country. I am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry and I like countless other Nisei, pledge my loyalty to the United States without reservation, quite contrary to some people's beliefs. It seems to me, with what little experience I have, that that fact and statement will never get me anywhere, but I am proud. Proud because

my parents have handed me the Code of Bushido, which includes this standard of conduct, "You must be loyal to your Master: even though it means turning against your own blood." Of this heritage, I am proud; proud of this race that could give me such a standard of conduct to guide my life as a loyal American citizen. For I deem the United States my Master.

America means so much to me that I am ready to defend it. After all, who wouldn't be, for to America we owe all that we can ever hope to be. When I ask myself: "What does Americanism mean to me?" it hits me hard. Perhaps because I have come to love the American Way of Living, in

comparison with that of hectic Europe, and Asia, but perhaps more so because it had become a part of me.

Many times I have heard people say: "You've got to hand it to Hitler though!" Don't you think they are the type of people who are giving way to Hitler's idealism and devaluating Americanism? Those people are dangerous to America. They are not firm or strong, but insecure, and they're the ones we should dispose of.

All the joys of life can be found in the American Way of Life. In the summer (before the war) many of us go to camps; others work. The Boy Scouts of America are glad that their organization has not

WHAT AMERICANISM
MEANS TO ME
(continued from
preceding page)

by RAIN
ruby tashima

and never will be stretched and changed into a National Youth Movement connected with the army and under government control such has been undertaken in many European countries under dictatorship. We can enjoy social contacts; participate in many hours of sports, see movies, and do numerous other things that are not allowed in other countries.

So to me, there is no way like the American way because: I can express my opinions openly; I can read, see, and hear what I choose; I can vote for what and whom I please; and because neither my life or property can be forfeited without due process of the law.

Therefore, I have no other loyalty but to the only "ism" I know---AMERICANISM.

Huge drops of rain splatter on the soft clay-like soil of Minidoka. The heavily laden clouds in the dreary sky seem forever to bear wet fruit. The round lighter colored object behind that thick cloud is the sun, feebly trying to spread its rays on darkened Minidoka. The black tar roofs of the barracks glisten as the rain strikes with increasing force.

Sprawling diagonally on my cot I look through the window which is a solid rivulet of running water and dimly perceive a hunched figure struggling against the force of the downpour. It must have been urgent business indeed to take him outside today, I muse.

The delicate imported trees outside my window are cowering against the impact of the rain, shyly covering their bareness with a thin covering of dainty leaves. Yesterday's coquettish spring flowers are today trodden down by the pitiless rain. The sweet peas which so gallantly looked up to the sun are now a sodden mass of colors, mixed with the dull paint of the earth and trampled by the severity of the rain.

The canal with its over-flowing banks goes gurgling on, happy with the thought that at last its capacity is being filled. The whole stream goes rushing with no thoughts as to its destination. It must be peaceful to have no worries of the future. Glide on peaceful stream, and may happiness be your end!

I meditate upon the thoughts of the day, the worries and the responsibilities and wish for a happy bright and sunny tomorrow.

this business of WAR

by calvin ninomiya

John Doe is an American. He was born in a small mid-western agricultural town two decades after the turn of the current century. Today he is fighting at Attu or North Africa with thousands of other John Does. No, he never intended to be mixed up in this hideous business of war, but when the cry of "war" did come to our peaceful shores, he was one of the first to enlist. He, and many other John Does like him will never return from the battlefields. They will have paid the supreme sacrifice in the service of their nation. But surely, they must be fighting for some ideal, some ideal that is truly worth dying for. You might ask John Doe and an answer somewhat similar to this might be heard in answer. . .

"I was only eight years old when my father died on Flanders Field in France during the last war. He died to preserve something for me and my brothers. I hate this business of war, but America has been good to all of us in these intervening years. I want to perpetuate that goodness once more. I'm willing to do it even though it may cost my very life.

I can still see the farmers, earnestly plowing their fields, the follas I knew sitting quietly in church on Sundays, the golden moon as it silently and beautifully shone during mid-summer, my mother as the early evening sun shone flush in her face and made her so exquisitely beautiful..... that's what I'm fighting for. No, I don't want any of this pre-war normalcy....I want something that is vital and alive and progressive. I want a world that basks in goodness and peace. I'm just one in a multitude, but that is the fervent hope of all of us. I know; I've talked to them about it."

What about it Americans? Does that express your sentiments too? Is it not in the fundamental sense, a hope for a peaceful tomorrow? Yes.....sure, war is created to throw off tyrannical rulers and brings forth for tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow a firmer and finer day.

BROKEN HEART

by miyo nagatani

You swore you didn't love the guy,
(But you had your fingers crossed!)
Now you shed a tear and sigh,
Oh, I'll love you—but Lost!

Exactly one
ago, the evacuation
of all persons of
Japanese ancestry be-
gan. This event
was so sudden, we
were taken aback.
We children of
Japanese ancestry

with an American cit-
izenship, stayed home
and helped in the
packing.

One by one, the
families evacuated
with tears in their
eyes. I felt, it
was

It was four days
after we arrived in
Camp Harmony Center
that we received buc-
kets of rainfall and
the streets became
rivers of mud. We
splashed through the
puddles to form in
line for dinner.
Even if the food was
not so appetizing as
at home, we were sat-
isfied.

Everyday, we saw
the barbed wire fence
and the M.P.s stand-
ing tediously in the
rain.

We gradually be-
came accustomed to
the camp and every-
body wanted to touch
the outside ground.

6 We asked the guards

WE ARE RELOCATED

by satoru ichikawa

if we could walk out-
side for awhile.
They had different
opinions about us,
for some hesitated
and gave us a cold
stare while others
good naturedly let us
walk outside.

As the rush set-
tled we became deeply
engaged for the first
time with the reason
for our evacuation.
We thought of the
wonderful days before
the crisis. We
thought of the white
friends we left be-
hind in school and
wondered if we could
see them again.

We had stayed in
the camp for three
months when a notice
was posted on the
bulletin board. We
were to be relocated
to another assembly.
Rumors and false be-
liefs were passed
through the camp.

Every single day
seemed to drag, until

one day, orders were
given to our camp for
immediate packing.
It was another false
alarm. We felt
sore.

At last, not
too soon, the day
came for changing
camps. We were all
excited and couldn't
speak nor hear. We
packed our belongings
and stepped into the
waiting bus. The
camp grew smaller and
smaller and at last
was lost to view.

After a day and a
half in the train, we
reached our destina-
tion, "Spurs". We
hurriedly left the
train with hopes
rising which were
soon smothered in the
dust storm.

We finally reached
this relocation with
welcoming voices from
everywhere.

After eating sup-
per, we felt tired
from the eventful day
and had barely enough
strength to make beds
and close our eyes.

Now, it is about
one year since the
day of evacuation and
we think of all the
hardships we lived
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

DESIGN III by roy suzuki

She thought, when night had finally ended day,
"Dear Lord, tonight I am too tired to pray,"
And wearily she closed her eyes in sleep,
Slipping far into the shadowed deep.

Up in heaven the dear Lord heard and smiled,
"Today she soothed a little crying child.
During her minute of leisure, she stopped
To help Mrs. Miyagawa mop,
Her house was orderly, her garden tended,
Her children fed, their clothes clean and mended,
Her husband home from work found happiness
And quiet peace in her deep gentleness."

The dear Lord smiled again, "Too tired to pray?" Her hands have offered prayers of love all day!"

CONFESSIO NS

by elsie sata

I turn on the radio. Soft music floats through the air. Then a voice from the darkness breathes tenderly. "I'm not much to look at——"

Brother, with a voice like that you don't need anything else. My heart does double flip-flops and commences to beat the riveter's record for speed. His person to person call on my heart never misses. The fact that every other female within hearing distance of his voice feels the same way doesn't bother him.

Before, I had no use for men. To me, they were merely creatures needed for biological purposes. Then he came into my life. Somehow, he managed to reach into my inner being, bringing out all the fiery hidden passion locked up in my soul.

As for his looks ger! that guy's almost perfect. He's cute but not too good-looking, with a lonesome look that brings out the maternal instinct in me. And his crooked grin! Mmmmmmmmm-----

All week---I can't eat, sleep or study waiting for Saturday night to roll around, so we can be together again. While he croons sweet nothings, the world disappears into the mist, leaving us alone in Paradise. That Frank Sinatra---he's cool!

INDEPENDENT by anna kurata

Today is July fourth and Independence Day
The historical day when our forefathers
With staunch hearts and unflinching eyes,
Declared themselves forever independent
From the reins and whips of mother England.
Today is the great and joyous day
When in a document bound to live forever,
The pioneers of America,
The men who founded and made America
Set down in writing certain inalienable rights.
And then with a determination, never to be forgotten
Signed their names, aware of the fact that their signatures
Could bring doom to their loved ones
Should their attempt for freedom fail.
These rights for which men so gloriously died were
LIFE, LIBERTY and the PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.
Five words which spell out the meaning of America
Five words so dear to every man, woman and child
Ever to set foot on American soil.
Now in these times of confusion and uncertainty
Let us not be swept away
By false, undemocratic ideals
By selfish, ignorant people.
Instead, let us, the American youths of today,
The men and women of tomorrow,
Strive vigorously for that day
When these three fundamental principles
Will be in affect all over the world.
Let us work towards a better America.
And a better world, a world forever free
From that ugly demon war!!!

THE CANAL by jane yamashita

The canal is a beautiful place. One bend is smooth and serene.
The quiet flow of water gives me a sense of tranquility. Farther down,
the rapids roar. The continuous, rolling motion weaves a hypnotic
spell. Along the shore, can be found many tiny flowers. Each blossom
is so small and yet so perfect. Everywhere there is beauty.

the army

by wataru ishibashi

The sturdy men were marching from the Pacific coast to battle their foes.

The front line was on the mountain peaks. The men on the front line were ragged and torn, but still fought steadily on and on.

The men backing the front line were not ragged and torn, but waited the chance to show their strength.

The young men in the back lines were still training to be stronger men.

The army marched into cities and towns, but why should the people fear these men? After all they were only trees.

SMOKE

by
teruko
kobayashi

Smoke from chimney high above
I wonder where you go
I've often watched and wondered
How far and high you rove.

If you could only tell me
The thing I wish to know
I would not watch and wonder
How far and high you go.

On Writing Poems

by miyo nagatani

I settle myself to write a poem--
A masterpiece, no less!
I'll write an ode to a rubber bone
Or a China vase, I guess.
I had an idea a minute ago--
Now where on earth did it fly?
I guess I've lost it--and oh
"Did I write this poem?" I sigh.

by eugene uyeki

a challenge

Many people say that the W. R. A.'s policy of relocating us to all parts of the country, thereby solving the so-called Japanese problem, is ideological, that is impractical, and that it is hopeless. They further state that since the government evacuated us here, they should take care of us. I'll grant you that the government has a moral obligation to help us financially, but that obligation ends when they have helped us and provided the means whereby we can assume our duties as American citizens. We don't want to be parasites all our lives, do we?

If we don't start now, the situation may remain the same, but probably it will turn for the worse. There is bound to be much more bitterness after the war.

The destiny of future generations to come depends upon us. We are the framework. If we fail in our task, then the future generations are lost. What we do here now to alleviate our conditions will have much to do with the final dispersion of Nisei and Issei into American life.

Many of you know that Mr. Minoru Yasui is waging a battle in court not only for the defense of Japanese-Americans but for all other minorities. I should like

to quote a few sentences from his letter of December 5, 1943 to our Core class----

"...the future of the Nisei lies in the United States of America. Our destiny is bound with America. We have been indoctrinated in the principles and doctrines of America. That is the story here of any American, for it is uncontroversial that all Americans are of foreign extraction. We undoubtedly must become a part of America. In order to become assimilated into the American life, Nisei Americans must spread throughout the United States and avoid congregating in compact communities which would be subject to distrust, hatred and ignorance on the part of the American public. There lies a duty of the Nisei Americans to go out in order to acquaint the American people of the worth and quality of the individual—not as a Nisei, but as an American.

Take this quotation to your hearts not merely as words of a man fighting for a most highly and dearly cherished possession, his American citizenship, but as a challenge to your perseverance and ability in carrying out this relocation program to the highest

There was a quotation in the newspapers of a prominent man advocating evacuation which said, "Once a Jap, always a Jap."

But have we been anything but Americans? Were we not brought up indoctrinated in the principles of democracy and fair play? Haven't we suffered with General Washington at Valley Forge, and thrilled to the words of Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg? Doesn't our future lie in the United States? Yes it does!

We have suffered a lot, and we may be down, but we are not out! Let's show the public that we can come out of this awful mess greater Americans than before!

There are stories of mob violence, but in most cases they are exaggerated. But, of what are we afraid? This isn't the first we have been faced with racial restrictions, economic discrimination, and insulting remarks. We're used to that.

Let us therefore, dedicate ourselves to the task of going out into the United States, and proving to the public that we are just as good Americans as they are. Will you accept this challenge.

WE ARE RELOCATED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

without ever giving out.

Can we still stand against thousands of other hardships?

Who knows.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD

by ruby tashima

She's cute--she's sweet, at times--and she's cunning most of the time. She's clever for all her 13 months of age and frequently surpasses in intelligence a child of three or even four.

She's about so-o-o high, and chubbily healthy with rosy cheeks and shiny round eyes. She sees everything, hears and understands a great many things, but um-um... She can't say a great deal. Her present vocabulary consists of about ten words. The most over used words in her vocabulary are: "bow-wow" (English translation--a four legged creature resembling a dog), "chi-chi" (anything with feathers), "too" (translation--any moving vehicle), and "caw" (translation--playing cards). She has a knack for card playing, which drives the poor father into a frenzy for fear of any future gambling activities, come twenty or so years.

She and her parents are here on a visit from another project. Before their arrival Grandfather and Grandmother Neighbor led a very quiet life, but from the night of their arrival, great scuffling and scampering noises always issue from that room. No, we don't mind....it gives the
(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

NEIGH (continued)

room a lived-in-appearance and being-lived-in noises.

We, in our family adore her and goodness knows, we spoil her entirely too much. But what can we do? Ever since her arrival even dad has been acting young and spry. My mother? Well, she's been laughing more and the sad circles under her tired eyes have almost disappeared.

When the dinner gong rings she joyfully jumps up and down and runs for her coat and her kerchief, which is a part of the eating ritual. Her mother brings her own little silver spoon and cup. As she eats and gazes around, she resembles a general looking over his band of soldiers. There is always a smile for her and the delighted smiler always gets one back. There are a few people whom she distinctly recoils against. I've often wondered if a small child can feel or sense any hidden inner danger than an adult can have no inkling of. A guilty person must feel foolish indeed to be seen through by a child. As my mother says. "For the truth, ask a child."

They are going back soon and I dread the day. Her presence is a sunny day; her departure, dark clouds. Must we go back to the dreary, sluggish days of half-living after she leaves? Now when "so little means so much", I appreciate the presence of the little child---our neighbor's

COURAGE

by teruko nakouchi

It was a warm night in May and the stars were twinkling out in the sky. The lights were lighted in all the houses along the street. In the house at the corner of the street a mother was sitting reading a book. The house was very peaceful until a sound broke the silence. It was the door bell ringing. Expecting a visitor, she went to the door. To her surprise, there was a boy with a telegram for her. Not knowing who would send her a telegram she opened it. It was from the war department; this is what it said: "We are very sorry and proud at the same time, to inform you that your son died as a hero while in action."

She stood there with tears dimming her eyes, but she remembered something her son had said to her, which gave her courage. They were those simple words, "Carry on, Mother".

WITH FROWN

AND FERULE

by miyo nagatani

She stuck to books and black cards
And led discussions of the war lords
She reprimanded tardy boys
And "sh-sh-ed" the mounting noise.
She hasn't married yet---
(Don't teachers ever get?)

TULEREMIA

by paul to saya

Jim was fed up with meat ration-
ing,
So off he went a rabbit trapping.
He used a diamond carrot for bait
And waited for the quadruped's
fate.

Soon a rabbit on its daily lap
Got its paw swung in the trap
BUT JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

He choked the frantic, furry
frame,
And its body open slit,
He touched the winding organ
brown

Which was a spotted carlike cara-
van.

Filled with a minute lethal beasts
Without Jim's notice in the least
FOR JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

These little beasts are nasty
fellows.

And they are everybody's foe.
Traveling through skin like a
fungi scab

Sailing in luxury in one's blood.
Settling upon the fresh victim
To roar its microcosmic clan
FOR JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

These little beasts a multiply-
ing start
Increase to the billion mark
Because he is a parasite.

Won't give Jim a chance to fight.
Now what good is it to live
If you harbor a fugitive.
FOR JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

Jim begins to feel a bit dull,
And more and more, and more and,
more,

Soon he doesn't try to rise,
But has a doctor come to advice
Into his microscope the doctor
squints
And what he sees is hard to cure
FOR JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

A fifty-fifty break by chance.
But what an ugly circumstance
To have a paining inner strife
Pronounced as Death against Jim's
life.

With death a possibility to expect
As lightning it is known to ef-
fect

FOR JIM DIDN'T KNOW RABBITS HAD
TULEREMIA.

This nasty germ is a bacillus
That brings with it a loss of
fuse

For it causes untold ailments
By cheating vicious settlements,
On unwitting man or animal
And promotes a plaguing toll.
THAT WAS TULEREMIA, AS JIM FOUND
OUT!

MY DREAM OF TOMORROW

by
lillian
andow

As I look behind me, the dark and dreary clouds are floating out of sight; but before me, I see a clear blue sky....I see my dream of tomorrow.....

The mad schemes of destruction have ceased and all is once again peaceful and quiet. Only the rustling of the leaves can be heard as the wind gently sways the trees back and forth. Looking up, the sky seems brighter now with its gorgeous colors of warm, loving gaiety. It is utterly amazing how Mother Nature could paint anything so beautiful.

I see in my dream of tomorrow...children playing with dolls, planes, and kites....skipping, swinging, carefree children with big smiles across their faces. Also, I see people once again laughing, singing, and working together. A world in which

people are not deprived the privilege of saying and doing the things that they are so much to do. A world in which free people of all color, race, and creed are bounded together as one unified nation.....

Last, but certainly not the least, I see our flag of freedom waving vigorously in the warm summer breeze....The nation rises up from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, to salute and pledge reverently from the bottom of their hearts. Under the stars and stripes, the slaves are free, the poor are fed, and the weary are sheltered and protected from harm...."long may it wave for the land of the free and the home of the brave....."

This is my dream of tomorrow.. ..May it become a blessed reality.....

I AM A SOLDIER

by frank tanaka

I see the innocent die for the guilty; I see the suffering that may be stopped, but I must go on and on to fight for our country. I see men stumble, and when they try to pick themselves up, they find that their legs are missing. There are soldiers squirming and screaming all along the muddy battlefield. I feel like killing those poor sole survivors, but I couldn't do it. I am a soldier, and I must carry on.

A VETERAN'S DREAM

by esther mizukami

He lay there dreaming in the cool summer breeze,
Neath the shade of weeping willow trees,
He dreams of golden days of yore
When once he fought in a raging war.
His thoughts stray to when over in France the cannon balls flew
Shattering overhead skies of blue.
If only then we had been wise
We would have known of the treacherous lies,
Lies the enemy told to make the war end
Only to battle against us again.
Now when peace and justice again shall rule
May God have mercy on 3 great fools
Fools who started this hated war
Fools who will start wars no more.

JUNE NIGHT

by miyo nagatani

The moon beams down
From a velvet, star-studded sky.
Sweet is the air, heavy
With the smell of sage.
The stars wink brightly:
"Won't you come up to play?"
The lights of the town blink back.
A lone bird cries out in the night.
While down by the canal, the frogs
Send forth their nightly symphony
Under the stars.
A warm breeze whispers through the sage:
"All's well--for it's a beautiful, calm June night."

DONALD DREAMPUSS

by haruko kumasaka

"Has it come? Has it come yet?"

Amy yelled excitedly as she ran into Rose on the steps of her ninth grade core class, practically upsetting her dearest bosom pal.

"What's come? Oh, that. No, not yet, but I'm still waiting."

"Gee, how long is it going to take? It's been three weeks already."

"I know, but with the war and stuff, mail takes time, and besides I'll bet he gets lots of requests for pictures, you know."

"That's true. You heard him this morning, didn't you? I didn't even go to breakfast so I wouldn't miss him."

"Oh, wasn't he WONDERFUL? Oooh, I just love his style of singing."

"I've just decided I'm going to switch Swak Foonatra to number six on my list of favorite singers."

"How come, I thought he was number two man."

"Yes, but after dear Donnie sang my favorite song, he's not only number one, but two, three, four and five."

"Dear Donnie!! Dear Donnie!! Heavens, Dearie, Donnie Dreampuuss doesn't even know you exist, and you call him dear Donnie, Whew."

16 "Well, maybe he'll personally

autograph the picture himself and then we'll practically know him."

"Well,"

"I can just imagine what he looks like. Tall, manly, wavy hair, beautiful blue eyes, dimples just like I want him to look!!!!

"We'll see when we get his picture. I hope he's as wonderful as I think he is. Tall, of course; good physique; wavy of curly blond hair, or any other color, long's it's wavy or curly; 185 pounds or more, or less, six feet or more, well, at least five feet ten inches; pretty eyes, preferably blue; and a happy smile, and looks like Bob Stack, and I'm satisfied."

"Gosh, I hope he lives up to that. If he looks like his voice well then, Woo, Woo!!"

A WEEK FLITS BY

"Rose, do you see what I see on my desk."

"It's an envelope! Do you suppose.....?"

"From Mr. Donald Dreampuuss, New York, New York!!!! Don't crowd me." Don't crowd me."

"Oh, lucky day. Good thing I came to eat in your Mess Hall today. Open it quick, here I stand with bated breath, and there you stand so calm, oh, Amy, hurry a

"Oh, stop your drooling, non-ey. I'll get it open in a second, there!!!!!"

"Ooh, Amy, some water please."

"Ooooooh, Rosie, same here."

"Ooooooooooh, sob, sob, sob, sob, he-he-he's practically bald and he wears glasses, sob, sob, sob. Here's his biography...oh!"

NAME: Donald Dreamuss, radio singer.

HEIGHT: 5' 8½"

WEIGHT: 125 pounds (sob, sob)

EYES: Brown

HAIR: Brown (humph)

"Hair, it says hair! They mean no hair!!!!"

"How dare he?!? How dare he stay on the air and tread on our hearts?"

"Oh, he's too funny looking so I'll bet the movies wouldn't take him so he's on the radio."

"Lordy, to think we waited one month to find out what he looks like!! One month wasted!!! Sob, sob."

THE NEXT A.M.

"And now, Donald Dreamuss, the idol of the airlines."

CLICK

"Humph, the idol of the airlines. He doesn't know the half of it. To think, I've practically wasted all my life on Mr. Donald "Drip" Dreamuss, the idol of the airlines." (Deep think-

HANDS

by

mary ogasawara

They have never displayed daintily pointed, coral fingertips. They are not white and smooth, my mother's hands. My mother's hands are capable hands. The skin on them is brown and wrinkled. The fingernails are cut close and smooth. In the earlier time those hands closed protectingly over the small, helpless fingers of toddlers taking their first steps. Tenderly they bandaged cut fingers and scratched knees. They gave out spankings to her irresponsible off-springs. In the sick room, tender fingers comforted the patient. Though roughened by hard labor, her hand felt cool and soft to the hot and fevered forehead.

Kindness and love abound in their finger-tips. Strength and character are in the square palms. They are the active hands of a mother.
ing)

"Mr. Drip, I'm gonna sacrifice you for Swank Foonatra, my number one mandfrom now on; without no sobs attached. He got looks, a voice, and class. Now that's a singer with a voice!"

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