

MAGAZINE

SECTION

SEPT. 15, 1942



The Daily Tulean Dispatch

VOL. I NO. II

DUTCH

BY JAMES SAKODA

TADA LEARNS HOW FICKLE GIRLS ARE....

Yesterday Kumi had chided Tada for always treating her to a bottle of soda pop, and insisted that it should be "dutch" from now on. Tada fumbled in his worn-out wallet for a nickel, and awkwardly waited for the girl by his side to pay for her own soda pop first.

"You know," the boy remarked sagely, as one who had awakened to a disturbing truth, "you've changed a lot in the last week that I've known you."

"Do you think so?" the girl said, with a smile full of satisfaction lighting up her face. Battles of Cola in their hands, the two youths shouldered their way through a crowd of Japanese of all ages. They had made it a habit to drop in at the community store after a day's work in the administration building to quench their thirst at the soft-drink counter. They enjoyed sipping at their bottles of pop and stand talking in the motley crowd of their own race.

"When I first met you in the library a week ago, you seemed so quiet and timid."

"Oh, did I?" The tone of her voice revealed that she would rather leave the past alone.

"Yes," Tada plodded on.

"Remember when I told you about the secretarial job, and you said that you were satisfied with being a waitress in the mess-hall?"

"Did I say that?"

"She knows darn well she said that," Tada thought. He himself remembered distinctly the day he was introduced to her in the library by a friend. After the friend had left and the two were left awkwardly alone, he had to start the conversation.

"How do you like it here," he had ventured.

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose," the girl had answered, "but I liked Arboga better." A shadow of sadness flickered on her face.

"What were you doing there?"

"I was secretary to the head of the construction division. He was so friendly, and we used to have so much fun in the office." Tada had noted a glow appear on her face as she spoke, and disappear again.

"But couldn't you find a better job here?"

"Oh, I tried. I'm satisfied with my present job in the messhall," she replied, almost vehemently.

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"Just stay at home."

"Don't you go any place at all, even to church service?"

"No, I don't want to go, not alone, anyway. I've lost all interest in things like that," but she added, "I used to go out almost every evening at the Arboga Center."

"You're too good to be working in a messhall," Tada declared. "Why don't you try for a position as secretary in our office. Mr. Forth was looking for a secretary."

"Oh, what's the use, I'll never get it."

"But you've had experience and training, haven't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I have," Kumi was almost bitter. Then she looked up at Tada and asked, "Do you think I ought to apply for the job?"

That had been a week ago.

"And do you remember how you kept insisting that a mess hall job was good enough for you, and that you wouldn't be able to get the job, anyway. I bet if I hadn't taken you to the Ad building myself, you would never have gone there to ask for the secretarial job."

"Maybe not, but what difference would that have made?"

"Difference? Well, for one thing, I think you're happier now."

Kumi had to admit to herself, that she had changed. Mr. Forth had inquired about her training and learned that she had gone to business school and had been working as a secretary before evacuation. When he had asked her to start working as his secretary the next morning, who had been overwhelmed. She had been so happy, and yet so afraid that she would never be able to hold her job for long. After a week of work, she was freed from that fear.

"You've been going out more at night, too," Tada remarked. He was glad that the week before she had gone to the Sunday church service, even though with someone else, and a meeting of the Young Women's Club. He had suggested to her that they might go together to the concert of symphony records to be held that

TREAT

evening, and he was looking forward to it.

"And you've become bolder." He was now in philosophical mood, moments when deep but sad insights came to him.

"What do you mean by that?" Kuni demanded. The greuling unearthing of the past had irritated her.

"Well, the dutch treat, for instance."

"But you're getting only \$16 a month, Tada, and you can't afford to do the treating everyday."

"You should have stayed in the messhall," Tada let an unconscious thought slip half jokingly from his mind.

"I suppose you'd rather have women be the slaves of men. I'm getting \$12 to begin with now, the same as I was getting in the messhall, but I think I ought to be getting \$16 right now."

Tada could not help wondering how a girl could change her mind about such fundamental policies so readily. He could not refrain from shooting a dart into her illogical mind. How was he to know that he was invading a domain, ruled by emotion and vanity, and where logical analysis was taboo.

"But you said that you didn't care how much you received. You said that you didn't feel inferior about working in a messhall, nor what type of work you did. In fact, I thought it was a good idea if everyone were paid the same wage. And now you think that you ought to be paid more for your work!"

Blood rose to Kuni's cheeks. "Just for that," she burst out, "I'm not going out with you tonight."

Tada was taken aback at her sudden anger. He did not want to show that he felt hurt. In an at-

tempt to patch up the situation he coaxed, "Oh, come on. I'll come for you at 8:45."

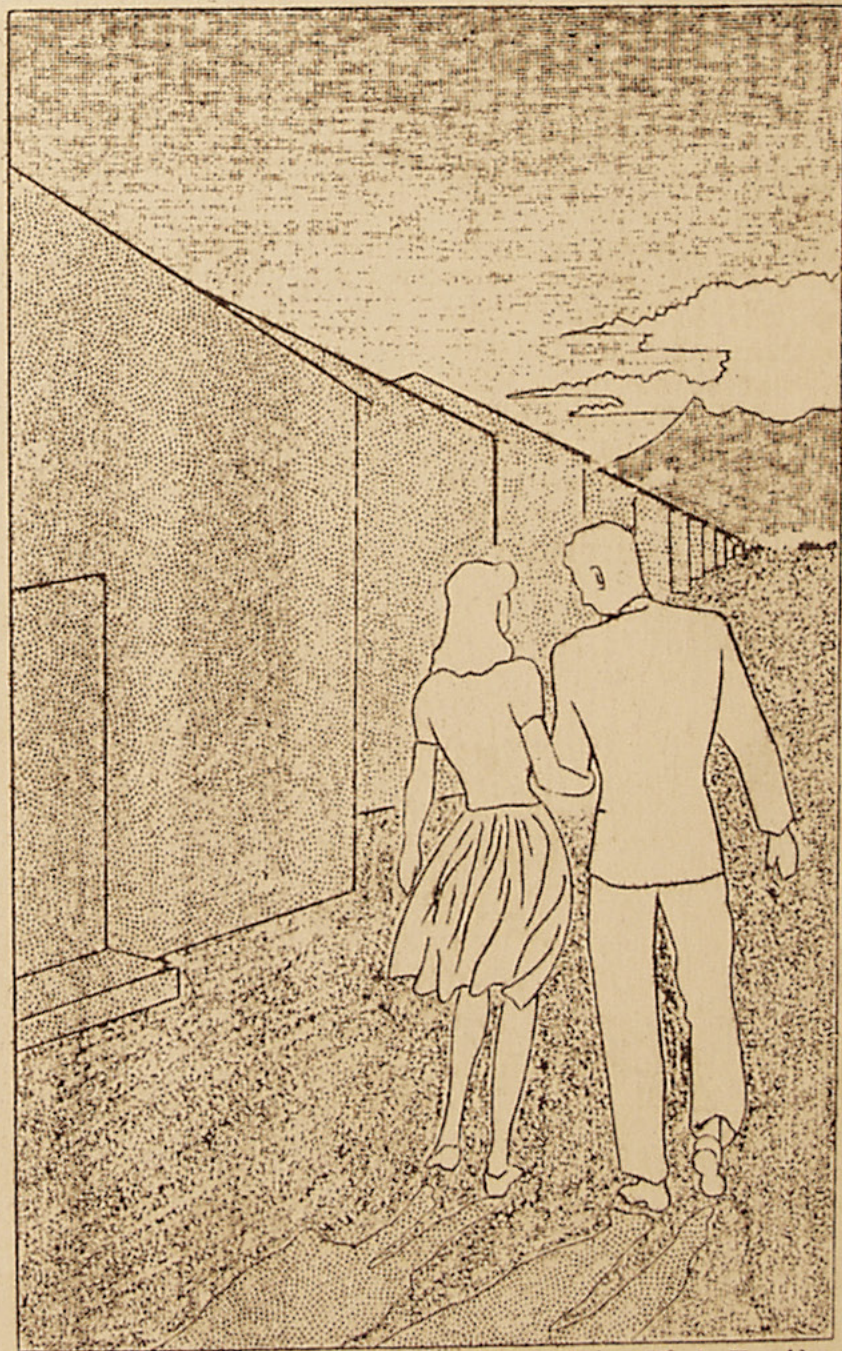
But his pleading seemed to have no effect on Kuni.

"No, she declared, "I'm not going. I mean it, too."

Just then the conversation was broken up by several young men who came up to talk with Kuni. Tada did not know what to do with himself. As if he suddenly remembered something, he pulled out his watch and saw that it was time to go. He silently took the empty pop bottle that Kuni held and uncertainly walked toward the entrance. He dropped the bottles into an empty

box at the entrance and then hesitated. Should he go back and tell her not to wait for him tonight? But momentum rushed him out of the store, and he found himself trodding homeward, dragging his worn-out shoes on the hot, dusty ground, wondering what made her blow up like that? Tada pondered. "I know she's timid and doesn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. Wonder what got into her?" he muttered. "Suppose I went after her tonight just the same, would she be her old self or her new self...."

After hurriedly gulping his food in the stuffy messhall, Tada took a shower. He dressed simply. (continued on page 10)



Illustrated by Dick Kurihara

BY

REV. SHIGEO TANABE SHOULD WE GET MARRIED HERE?

Could you advise people to get married here?" This seems to be one of the persistent questions among our young people. Of course, everyone realizes that youth in love will get married regardless of what the advice may be. But a sensible and expected reply, I suppose, would be, Yes; you must not let your manner of life here halt your matrimonial plans.

Just as anything else in life one ought to take marriage in his stride. At the time of evacuation some of you were going steady, or some of you were engaged, and if that's the case there is no reason why you should postpone your wedding indefinitely just because you are here.

For you who have not yet selected a suitable companion, this City is a happy hunting ground. And if you are searching for a mate who can contribute something more than good looks to marriage, again the crowded situation here which throws people together under a wide variety of conditions will help you. Chances here are pretty good in getting to know people as they really are. Posing becomes more difficult in

YOUNG MINISTER DISCUSSES A PERTINENT QUESTION

a Camp like this, although not impossible.

I do not wish to appear to be argumentative but one possible approach to the subject at hand might be to make a few comments on some of the questions asked. They are listed here without any regard to the order of their importance because the order varies with people.

1. "How can we pay for the wedding?" A trivial question to some but it really isn't to a poor man who wishes to get married. We might add that even before the wedding there is the ring. There ought to be a taboo on diamonds, an unwritten law against them. Where did we get the notion that it has to be a diamond?

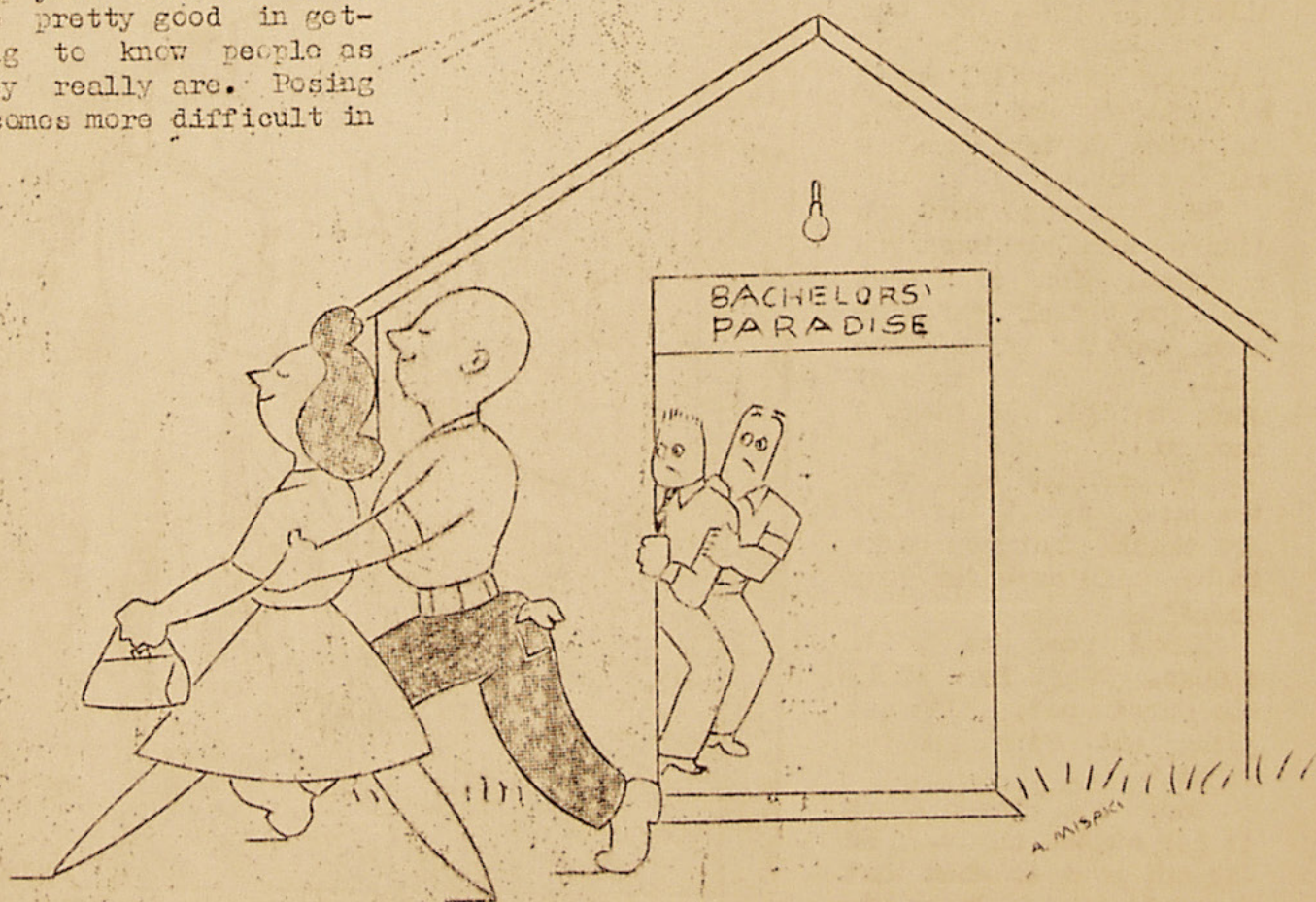
Our relocation has been a blessing in disguise, a costly blessing I must admit, for our wedding has now become a

simple, quiet affair. Let us keep it that way. Let us not return to the old convention by inviting a messhall full of people and thus making it a community affair. The bride I suppose is free to do as she pleases but as for the groom a few dollars should cover the cost of a simple but appropriate ceremony.

2. "Where can we go for the honeymoon?" An auto ride around the Project can hardly be called a honeymoon. Why not propose a honeymoon cottage somewhere a few miles from the Center where a couple could spend even a few days in quiet and leisure? Such a "trip" would be even more satisfactory than those hurried journeys which newlyweds in the past have taken to some bustling metropolitan center.

3. "Don't you think it would be difficult to begin a married life

(continued on page 10)



ETERNAL *Feminine...*



HARD WATER!

The scene was a new one from the familiar sidewalks of San Francisco, from the well-loved gardens of Los Angeles, from the farms of central California. It was a new scene of barrack-like homes and arid surroundings. It was a new scene of no luxury and less comfort.

"The change is more than purely physical. The young Nisei mother no longer plans three meals a day. She and her family eat in a mess hall, the meals planned and cooked by others. She has no backyard to tend, no private home to clean.

"Now more than ever she has work to do. Now more than ever she must feel a part of the life about her. Her life and actions are part and parcel of the greater community life, and she must be willing and anxious to share in it, that it may be closer to the ideals of beauty and truth she has always worked for in her own home."

--Ann Nisei, "Pacific Citizen"



ILLUSTRATED BY

MILDRED SASAKI



NURSERY NAP TIME

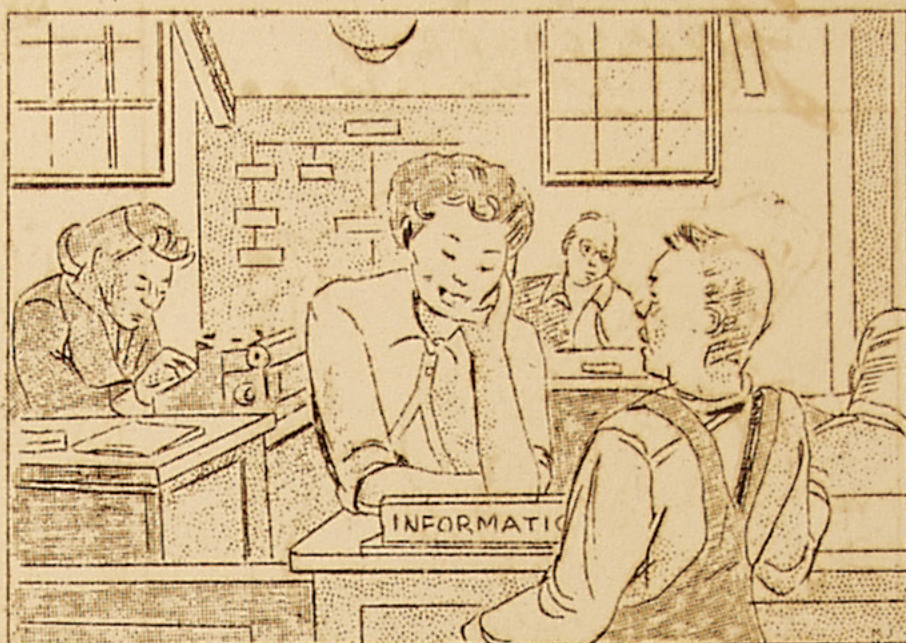
NERVE CENTER: THE ADMINISTRATION

CIVILIANS DIRECT WAR-TIME PROJECT

To operate a city larger than Klamath Falls is no small responsibility," asserts Elmer L. Shirrell, Project director. Gigantic problems of resettling 15,000 Japanese evacuees in Tule Lake is executed as humanely as possible by a handful of civilians.

The staff is augmented by a clerical pool of Japanese residents who were on federal and state civil service list prior to evacuation.

By guiding and encouraging resident initiative



"HE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW, BUT"----A flood of farmers, truck drivers, clerks, block managers, flowing into the "Ad" office is regulated by a courteous receptionist.



A touch of oriental landscape designing is suggested in the Project building's yards. Co-designed by Tohzo Nishizeki and John Tanaka, nisei landscape artists, front yard of the "Ad" building is one of the first to be graced with a lawn and a fountain pool.



"SEE THIS, MISS"----A staff of nearly 100 Japanese residents is employed at the Administration in stenographic, accounting, and in routine clerical work.

Drawings by Mas Inada

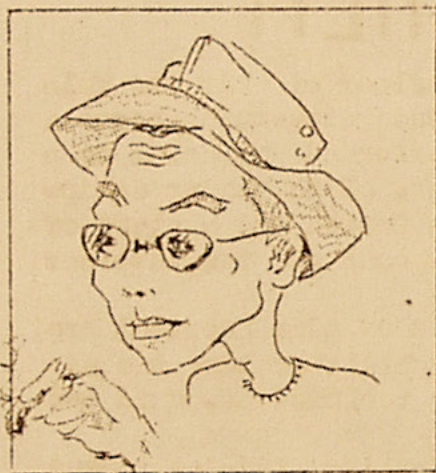
in community welfares instead of imposing severe restrictions, Shirrell and staff have won confidence among those who work with them.

Constructive program in self-government, consumers co-operative, and a free press are indicative of democratic institutions existing even under adverse circumstances.

Shirrell has been in educational activities since his graduation from U.C. in 1914. The project director served with the World War I A.E.F. as a sergeant and was in the publishing business before his appointment to W.R.A. position.



Amidst the nerve-racking rumble of mimeo-machine and the eternal clatter of typewriters, THE DISPATCH office is never without a moment of lull. Life of a reporter is a cacophony of midnight oil, too much black coffee, pretty girls, desperate rush to deadline, search for the right word and the editors' snarls.



HOWARD M. IMAZEKI



G. T. WATANABE



FRANK S. TANABE

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS CHERISHED
BY THE DAILY TULEAN DISPATCH

Just a "little cornerstone of democracy", THE TULEAN DISPATCH is a medium of accurate information of a closely knit community of more than 15,000.

THE DISPATCH is not a mere daily bulletin sheet for the Administration but a warm, human, historical document of mass migration and resettlement of 15,000 Japanese evacuees. Within bound of truth and responsibility, complete freedom of editorial expressions is exercised by the staff composed entirely of Japanese evacuees. Because this freedom of press is cherished even in war-times, THE DISPATCH is earnest in keeping its columns accurate, truthful, and impartial, and at the same time, allowing full divergent opinions of the community residents.

THE DISPATCH office, strategically located in the center of the Colony, shares Building 1608 with other community service divisions. Handicapped with inadequate printing facilities, 18,000 pages are rolled off an over-worked, obsolete mimeo-duplicator and are assembled, stapled before the ink is dry. Counted and bundled, circulation boys hurry distribution by means of motor vehicles.

Eleven staff reporters are constantly alert on their assignments and beats in order to assure a complete news coverage. On the gray dawn of August 13, three reporters were on hand to cover the huge fire at Canteen No. 3. A full page story of the \$4000 damage appeared in THE DISPATCH on the same day.

Circulation of 4500 is nothing to sniff at. Responsibility of news dissemination of the city of 15,000 weighs heavily on the shoulders of three ex-newspaper men. Father of two daughters and a son, Managing Editor Howard Imazeki is verbally aggressive but tactfully subtle. Attending college at 27, Imazeki finished School of Journalism at University of Missouri and edited the English section of the New World Sun for four years until he retired into

(Please turn page)

CORNERSTONE OF DEMOCRACY

(continued)

his father's poultry business for pecuniary reasons.

Superlative among the assembly center papers, The Pinedale Logger ranked high, both in make-up and news coverage. Logger's hard-hitting editor was G. T. Watanabe, presently co-editing THE DISPATCH. At the time of evacuation, Watanabe's toothy smiles adorned the North American Times' office in Seattle.

Exclusion order caught erudite Frank Tanabe, English major at University of Washington, deeply immersed in his devotion to books. Quiet and efficient, Tanabe gave birth to THE DISPATCH and has nursed it to its present four-page daily stature. He was affiliated with the Seattle Japanese-American Courier.

In complete charge of the magazine supplement published semi-monthly by THE DISPATCH is George Nakamura, intimately known as "Jojo". A U.C. journalism major, he was connected with the San Francisco Nichi-Bei as a feature writer. He dreams of building a home on the Berkeley hills overlooking the Golden Gate Bay after the war.



Residents are given free dental care at the base hospital by a staff of 12 Japanese dentists.

MIRACLE MEN

Squatting on the sun-baked floor of what was Tule lake, the drab - green wooden structures house a group of men who has performed miracles in a short span of four months. With meager equipments and materials, Dr. A. B. Carson and a staff of 11 Japanese physicians and surgeons and two internes attend to 4000 patients daily.

Included in other divisions of the hospital are 13 registered pharmacists, eight laboratory technicians, 12 dentists, two x-ray technicians, and two dental technicians.

Doctors, nurses, and orderlies tip-toe about their work through the early mornings with soft lights burning in the wards. Hospital drivers, boilermen and all others serve the functions of the hospital 24 hours of the day. (A complete article on the base hospital will appear in a later issue of THE DISPATCH MAGAZINE.)



"YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW, DONNIE..." Young and old await their turn in the hospital's reception room. Each patient is given a thorough individual attention. Drawings by Masao Inada

RECREATION CENTER

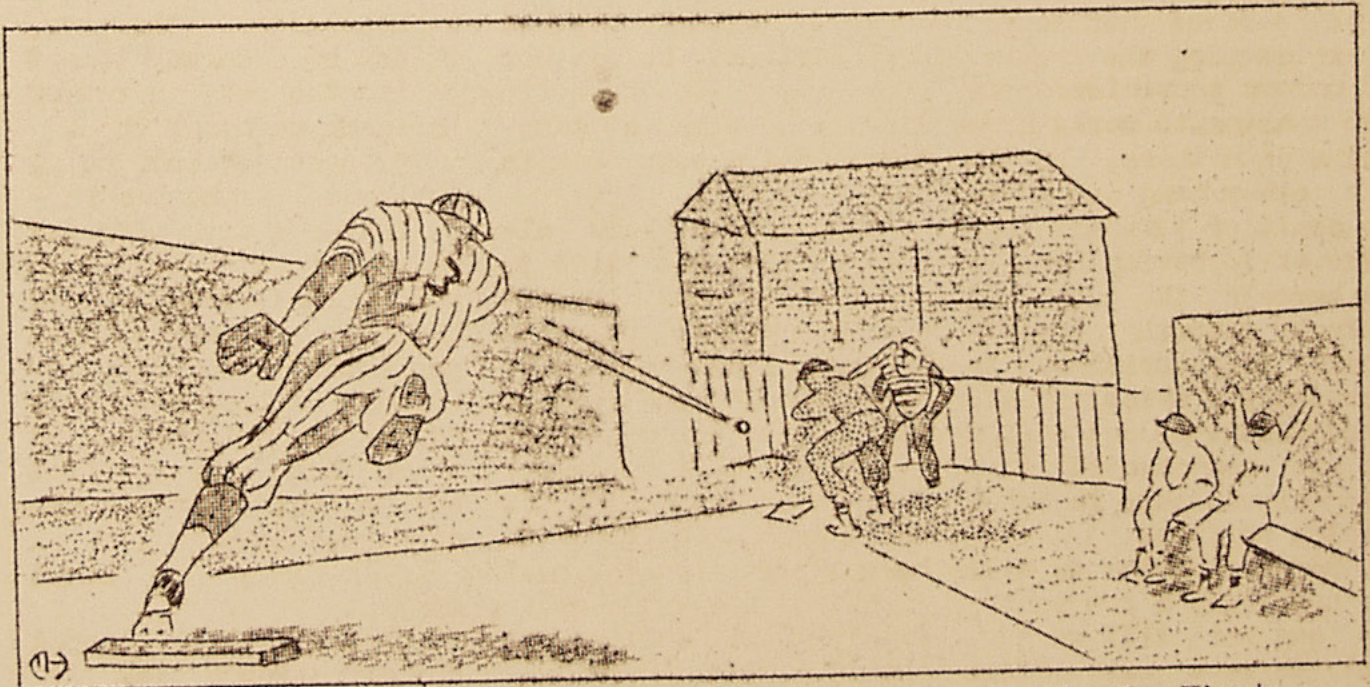
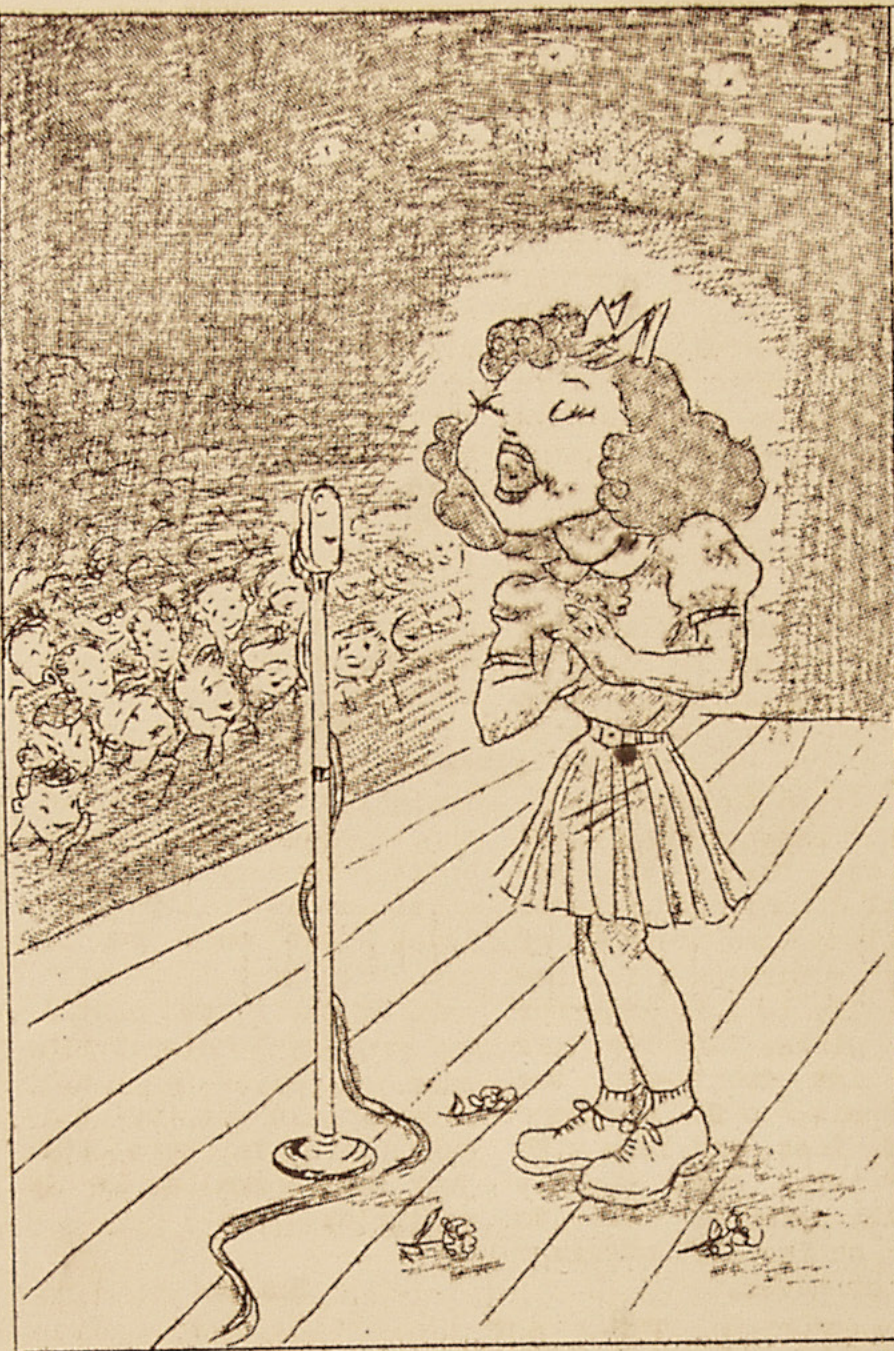
A person may be fed, housed and have an occupation but without recreational activities, whether it be clubs, entertainment or sports, he lacks one of the basic ingredients necessary for the maintenance of a high morale.

To keep the diverse groups occupied in activities that will stimulate their minds and bodies, and to conserve and extend Americanism among the colonists, are the major purposes of the Project's Recreation center.

As a morale building organization, the Recreation center, as its share of the long range community program, endeavor to develop leadership, particularly among the nisei group, provide outlets for talents and energy; make the residents community conscious; reduce and eventually remove the barriers of sectionalism that would arise from the intermingling of people from three states and their numerous sub-divisions; and above all, improve the mind, body and spirit of the colonists and prepare them for the inevitable problems of post-war life. A.T.M.

The outdoor stage, with the blue sky for the ceiling, has been improvised in the main firebreak to entertain a crowd of 10,000 every weekend. Community forums and mass meetings as well as talent programs have been conducted in the moonlight with some aid of artificial lights. With the coming of chill weather, a large auditorium will have to be built for the mess halls will accommodate only 500 each.

By Melody



Drawing by Mas Hirata

Tule Lake's baseball picture, softball and regulation hardball, takes in over 100 teams and approximately a thousand enthusiastic participants.

Utilizing some twenty softball fields and two well conditioned hardball diamonds, league games are held every night and hardball games are held all day Sunday.

SHOULD WE GET MARRIED HERE?

here?" In a way it would be but not of such nature that it would warrant postponing marriage until we get out. Married life is not easy to start anywhere. Adjustments of all sorts must be made, some of them quite difficult. There is every indication that newlyweds left to themselves will be able to make necessary adjustments in this community as elsewhere.

Of course, if young couples are compelled to live with their in-laws in these one-room apartments the situation becomes serious. Under such circumstances we should not expect young people to start out at all. Proper housing facilities should be at their disposal before marriage can be encouraged. And in reference to this matter of living separately I would urge parents to be just as understanding and sympathetic as it is possible for them to be.

4. "Isn't it rather difficult to have babies here?" It might be argued that married life does not necessarily mean children but this is dodging the issue. Free maternity service may not be a large enough inducement to have children here for there no doubt are serious handicaps. For example, the absence of modern conveniences in the apartments works hardships on mothers, but on the other hand one needs to consider the alternative of depriving himself or herself the joys of life by refusing parenthood. The enrichment to personality which parenthood brings is not easily to be compensated for from experiences in other realms of life.

Some say that we will be here only a few years; we can wait till we get out to have our babies. This will do for people with resources but for the rank and file it will be no time to be having babies. We shall be busy digging down to get a new

foothold.

5. "Wouldn't you agree that adjustments in the post-war world could be more easily made if one went out single?" Post-war social and economic adjustments will be difficult enough for anyone, Caucasian or Japanese, single or married. If race prejudice and race hatred continue to be whipped up resettlement of our people will be almost impossible. In such a world, no doubt, a single person can better shift for himself than a man with a family.

But postponement until we are fairly well resettled may mean forever spoiling the prospect of a happy married life. Especially is this true for our girls. After a girl is past twenty-two the prospect of marriage grows less and less with increasing age. So it really simmers down to the choice of marriage now or never.

(continued from page 4)

We certainly shall not be tripping out of here the day the war is over, or even two weeks after the war is over. If the W.R.A. will aid us in resettling, as we hope it will, the future for couples marrying now might not be so hopeless as it seems to them now. It might help us to remember that marriage even under ordinary "free" circumstances is an adventure of the first magnitude.

No doubt there are people here who are biologically mature but who should for one reason or another be very cautious about even "falling" in love. But such people are very few. For the sake of their own mental and emotional balance, the rank and file of youth here should strive to make life in this City just as normal as it is possible.

The End

DUTCH TREAT

(continued from page 3)

ply in clean pants, white shirt and tie and set out for Kumi's block a little earlier than necessary. He had made up his mind that it was an equal gamble whether or not she would go with him to the concert. When he reached her apartment, he saw her coming from the opposite direction with a damp towel and a soap box in her hands.

"Oh, you're here already. It's not time to go yet, is it? I just ate and washed up in a hurry. I'll be ready right away." She disappeared into her apartment.

"She's all right now," Tada observed to himself. "She rushed in order to be ready in time for me."

"Why don't you come in, Tada?" Kumi called out cheerfully.

"No, you'll want some privacy," he answered. He grinned as he kicked at a clump of half dried-out tule weeds.

"You needn't rush be-

cause we're early" he wondered what excuse she would give for changing her mind so suddenly.

Soon Kumi appeared cleanly dressed in a white blouse and dark skirt. Together they walked toward the sun, which had begun to set behind the row on row of barracks ahead of them.

"You know," Kumi said, trying to shroud her happy features with a frown, "I wasn't going out with you tonight, but I didn't have the chance to tell you so."

Tada smiled, relieved. "The inconsistency of woman not only provoked crises but provided the answers," he mused.

"I'm glad," he said simply.

"Really?" Kumi slipped her arm through his.

"Kumi...."

"Yes."

Tada hesitated a moment. "Forget what I said about 'dutch treat.'"

The End