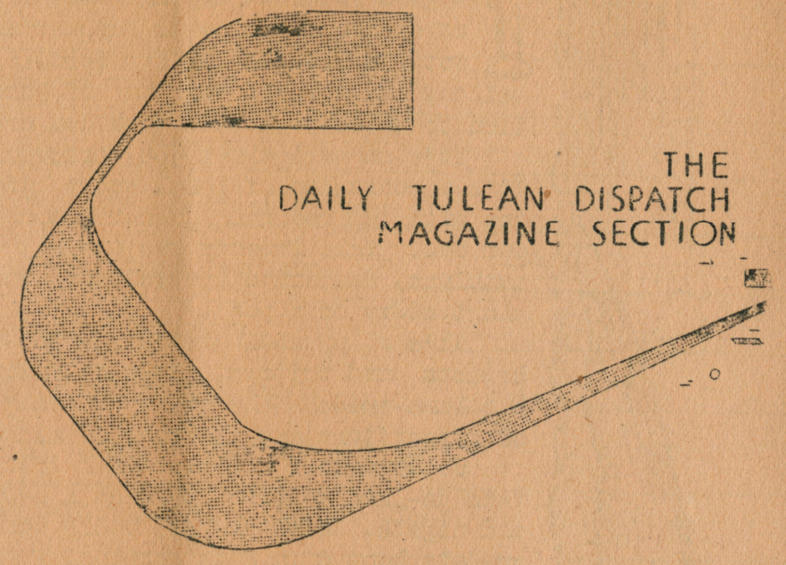
TULEAN DISPATCH

Magazine SECTION



VOL. 1 NO. 4

NOVEMBER



THE
DAILY TULEAN DISPATCH
MAGAZINE SECTION



Foreword

It goes without saying that the smart new format in which the magazine is appearing for the first time is not the product of our fertile ingenuity but an imitation; an improved version of Pacemaker's souvenir edition to which we should give due credits.

It's an unthankful job, producing a mag twice a month. It's a confusion of long, weary nights at the mimeo-machine with ink smeared on our faces and clean shirts while our best girl friends run out with someone else. It's a ruthless, desperate pursuit of someone who can write a short story or a poem.

It's a pyschologist's job to deal with temperamental artists and writers. It's a vainful attempt to whip up a column amidst the nerve wracking, cacophonous rattling of typewriters and the roar of mimeo-machines.

We undertook a distasteful task of folding and stapling this de-luxe edition through a bewilderment of five days and nights. With proper tools deficient, each staple was crudely bent down with a spoon.

The result is a fairly attractive mag but an undesirable development of receding hair, black bags-under-the-eyes, a precarious relation with our girl friends, and a bad case of jitters.

It is a dubious pleasure to sit back, gloat and drool over the pages of our little "brain child." A delight that comes to "queers" like us who experiment with new techniques to make a better magazine.

Already we have embarked upon an ambitious preparation for a gala, super-duper, colossal Christmas edition with the conventional gay red and green trimmings. It's unnerving.

— YE OLD EDITOR

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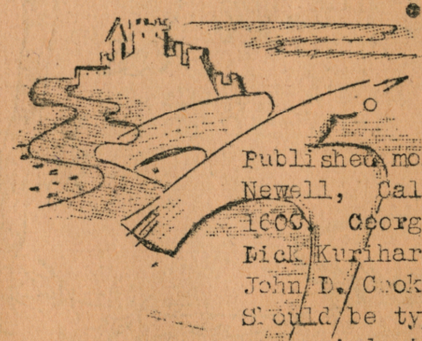

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Autumn

How fair this closing season seems to dress,
Adorned with mist, all sounds, and colors gay.
Here every sight makes music to the eye:
O, beauty of the mellow loveliness!
O Stream, O Wood, O Sky!
All shows the charms upon the leaves asway.
There is a fullness of the harvest-song
And sweetest tones among the swinging trees,
Yet to a pool of lotus dreamt in peace
A yellow birch-leaf softly drifts along,
And heart responds to farewell-cries of geese.

Yes, this is autumn; it is lovely now!
With music and the rustle of the corn,
But where is rapture of each living thing
Upon the lap of Earth and on her brow
As once we found in spring?
Ah, Autumn is a maiden-nun forlorn!
A loneliness is hers; and ours, a call—
Here is enough sweet sadness of the year,
And awe-full silence speaking to our ear;
Yet she is still the loveliest of all
That youth and beauty on the summer's bier.

—K.B.Y.

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS

By Frances Okamoto

Highgate, it seems, is a small country town where the old order never changes. Aunt Jane decided she could never live it down, after some lightning spread of gossip had informed the townsfolk that her nephew was involved in an all-night prowl on the same night that the murder took place.

Aunt Jane knew she would never live it down when she saw the young coroner through the open window, puffing on his pipe as he sat comfortably in the office of the morgue talking to one of the town's gossip mongers.

"Yup," he said, "that's her now—that's the boy's aunt. The poor kid was scared to death; but when I seen him running down the hill like that I was sure he was the murderer."

"Say, what's the hurry? Rather strange for a fellow to be running in this neck of the woods so early in the morning. Get in the car!" That's what I said and I said it gruffly, too. Charles obeyed. He looked scared to death. At length the poor kid said, "Going my way?"

"No," said Bill. Bill was driving the hearse. "No, you're going our way. Sit here between us."

o o o

Charles saw the two men looking at him from the corner of their eyes.

"You're wanted for questioning," the coroner said, "for murder, you know."

The words exploded in Charles' ear.

Now, if you had ever seen Charles, you would probably have known that he lived a very placid existence. You might even have guessed too, that he puttered around his flower garden and that he was a great lover of beauty--a peaceful, contented, and harmless soul as ever lived.

Each year it was his custom to hike in the hills when the leaves turned in the autumn sun and the same old river would faithfully receive the reflection of the seasonal changes of the sky. Along about this time Charles would feel an irresistible desire to go and loiter on a hillside or sit on the sandbanks sparkling in the sun until the luminous stars specked over his head. By closing his eyes, he could almost feel the freedom that the country brought him; it was something subtly felt--like changing miracle before his eyes.

Aunt Jane asked, when he visited her in the country for a long spell, "Charles, are you contemplating another hike this year?" How well she knew his nature.

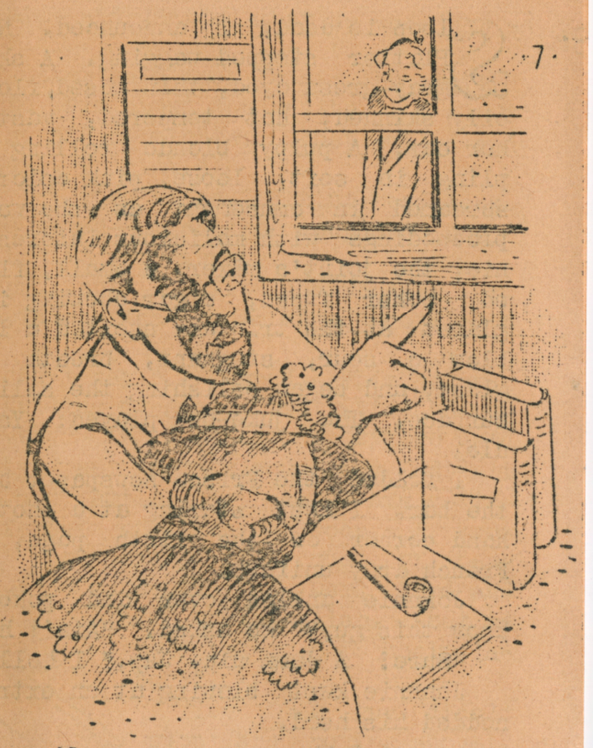
Charles nodded affirmatively, rather miserably, knowing the anxiety it would cause her if he went. Yet deep inside of him he felt relieved that the news of his hike came about in this gentle manner. Charles could not afford to begrudge his aunt's deep interest in his affairs, but somehow he felt a climax had to come to this unenchanted leisure of his everyday life.

Then it had happened on a day that seemed to have held a secret happiness. Aunt Jane had gotten up quite early and she prepared him a good size lunch to take on the hike, which had inevitably come.

The once heavenly blue wisteria vine hung its limb of yellowing leaves which swayed softly in the morning breeze. The foamy clouds drifted flirtingly from hill to hill. All this promised a lovely day for Charles.

By now, Charles covered some distance away from his aunt's home. He paused and turned his head to wave his hand again to Aunt Jane, who had already commenced to rake her front yard.

"Don't be late coming home, Charles," he heard her remind him once again. But if you knew Charles well enough, such a request meant very little--especially when he went on a hike. Charles assured himself that it wouldn't be like last year's hike. It'll be more eventful, he thought to himself.



Soon he was climbing the hill, miles away from home. He gazed at the few houses that dotted the ever winding streams. The trees where nature left its strokes of vivid colors glowed with all their glory. Somehow all this held peace for him--here up on the hill. No, Aunt Jane was wrong; she could never care Charles of his strange passion of the country, which seemed never to escape him.

Like most autumn skies, it could never be depended upon. The clouds gathered fast and heavily over his head. What a frightful day this turned out to be. The darkness had already begun to fall, emphasizing the strangeness and remoteness of the scene. The tall grass that swayed so beautifully in the breeze now took a sinister look. The rustlings reminded him of a demon creeping up on him. His spirit shrank inwardly like a leaf the frost can shrivel in a single night.

A heavy gust of wind continued to whip between the hills, and the thunder roared with full vehemence. A downpour was evident. The moment eyed him beseechingly, only to remind him, "why didn't you started home earlier, you crazy fool."

The rain, which seemed to increase with each step, pattered on his straw hat, as he made a desperate attempt to follow the road home. He felt the pressure of solitude. Alone--all alone on a hill, on a night like this.

For a while Charles couldn't make it out. Suppose his eyes were deceiving him. But in a not far distance, a speck

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Sloop's FAT GUY

By Riley

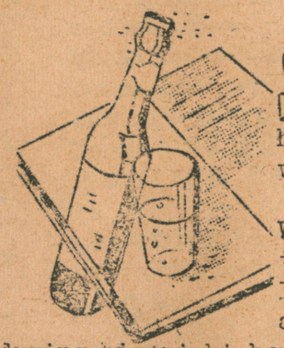
Sloop is dead," I announced. Not a single tongue in the Silver Platter stopped wagging. A skinny, rangy torsoed, black-haired, gray-green eyed, thin nosed, floss vilely cursed when a big nosed, oily skinned, hot tempered, vastly proportioned, paunchy, dago bit her ear. A pulpy blonde rolling and rippling in soft, loose, pink colored flesh, screamed in amusement as she watched the proceedings with malicious interest. Johnnie, the joint's mixer, a small, flat chested, poker faced, cigar chewing individual glared at the trio and snorted a little; he blew a sour, stagnant, breath on a wine glass, and began polishing the saliva fogged surface. The juke-box played: Yankee Doodle.

I folded the Frisco newspaper and laid it gently on a dry spot on the bar. I kept staring at a photograph, hidden in an obscure left-hand corner of the fifth page, the photograph of a man wearing a French army uniform.

Johnnie ankled over and poked his big chin at the paper. "You know this guy?" he asked. "Ain't he a Jap?"

"Sure! A damn nice Jap," I hollered. "You want to hear?"

Johnnie kept blowing at an extra dirty spot on the wine glass and nodded his head.



Sloop Sanji Nakano was his name. He was a big figure, heavy of waist, deep chested, and slow of foot. A black, shaggy mat of hair crowned his head; the eyes were deep brown, and they always kind of smiled.

I met Sloop when we were both working on the WPA. Now don't jump to any prejudiced conclusion that we were the typical lazy louts who usually leaned on their shovels. We worked harder than any five men. Sloop worked up a gallon of sweat during his eight hours' work. He said very little, only "thanks", when the waterboy came along; or he would say: "hello", if someone addressed him first. Many of the shovel leaners were curious when Sloop first entered the service of catering to the government. They tried to intrigue him into palling around and guzzling beer; they tried to coax him into their social of poker or craps, but the fat guy never nodded an acceptance. Soon, the gang ignored him and decided that he was just a goddam queer or something.

I liked that fat silent man. I never said much to him, but smiled when I did talk. I just talked to him about the weather and stuff and what he did at nights. Sloop smiled and said: "Well, I paint."

"Paint?" I questioned. "Paint sexy looking, naked women--or chicken coops?" I laughed, thinking it very funny.

"Perhaps...but I paint documentary efforts, anything that shows human emotions," he said.

"You don't say," I gasped. This guy was actually getting my goat. What kind of mug was he anyway? If I asked him anymore he'd probably just mutter something I didn't get and smile. So I asked him a different question: "Sloop, I know you ain't like most of these mugs and you work hard and talk white collar. What're you doing on this chain labor?"

The fat guy didn't stop his moving shovel, but said: "I must earn my daily bread."

Exactly at quitting time we all quit. Not a guy could be seen with his tool. No army could have executed a more precise movement. Even as the foreman yelled his head off...we all scrambled out of the ditch. I carefully dusted off my overalls and fumbled into my coat. I lit a half-burned Camel I had saved in my breast pocket since lunch time and looked a-

Nakano GUY



O'Suga...

round to spot Sloop.

For a fat guy, he sure could ease out of places in a hurry. I didn't have a chance to say: come along; let's put a couple of beers in the right place. When I did spot the guy, he was just boarding the yellow bus line headed for uptown. I cursed him for leaving without saying something.



Barge Brennan, York Larco and other mugs shouted for me to hurry. So, I turned on my heel and headed for the gang.

A couple of days later there was trouble brewing in our layout. The foreman was canning too many of us because he said we didn't work hard. I was mad. What did that foreman have on us? I didn't care but I was always game for a fight. A job on this dirt wagon meant nothing to me. Some of the guys said: "Let's go on a strike and make the government pay us anyway."

About an hour before lunch things started breaking. Joe Manick was told to turn in his time. Joe said: "To hell with you." The foreman got hot and started to cuss old Joe. Well, that Bolshevik was kind of drunk; he picked up his shovel and was just about to lay one on the foreman's brain when Sloop popped up and grabbed the Russian's arm with a twist that I don't know about; he made the guy drop the shovel and Joe hollered murder.

It wasn't long before Menick's pals were around and started gangingup on Sloop. They didn't like him in the first place so they were glad to have the chance to drop him. The foreman and the fat guy were up against a couple of dozen shovel and bar swinging, fistflying, tough eggs that ever got together. I must have been crazy when I found myself in the middle of the battle swinging my fists in the direction of the mugs.

Three of us against a mob. I looked through narrowed eyes and watched Sloop swinging and laying the foes out like a guy who knew plenty about protecting himself. I admired that guy, and for a moment I forgot I was being lambasted. That was a mistake! I felt a weight on the back of my head that felt like a crowbar. I must have fallen on my puss, because I never knew what happened until a voice boomed close to my ear: "Easy now, easy, you're hurt."

I tried to open my left eye, but it didn't budge; the thing was closed tighter than a clam.

(Continued on Page 26)

Flower ARRANGEMENT

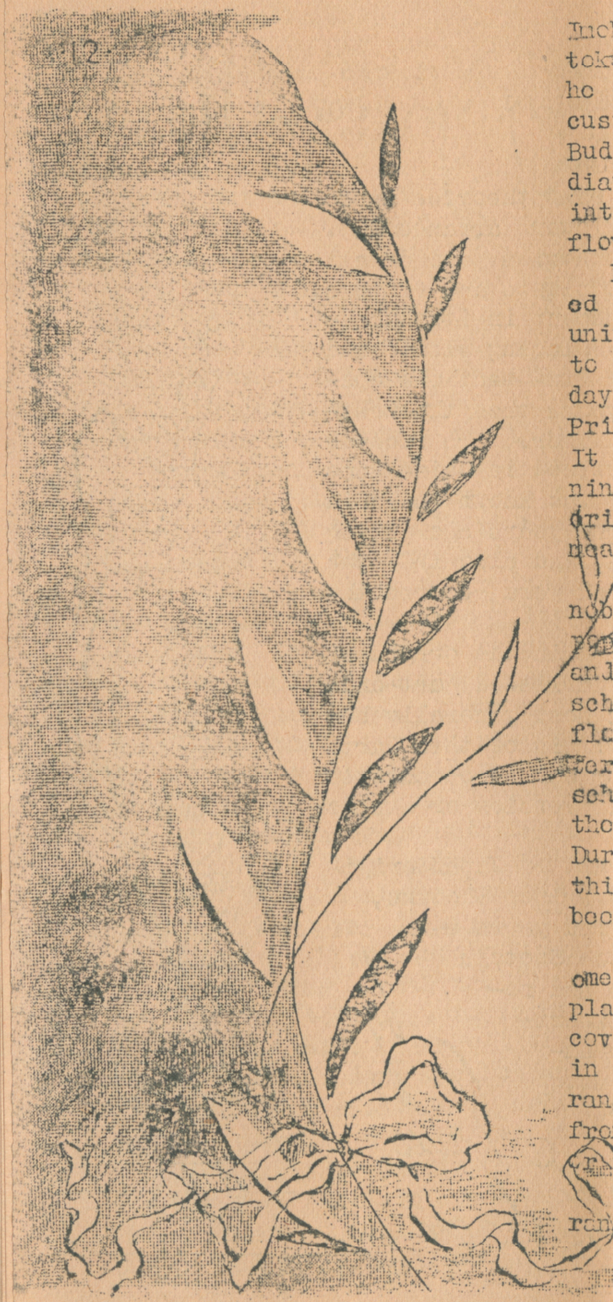


There are many theories as to the origin of flower arrangement. People of all countries and of all ages have always loved plants and flowers. If we take flower arrangement in its broad-sense, that is of just placing plants and flowers in any container, we find that the custom goes back thousands of years when the western world was still asleep. There are records which show that it was practiced in China some three thousand years ago; it was known in India about two thousand five hundred years ago during the life of Shyakamuni Buddha, and also in Japan during the so-called mythical era before the country was ever founded.

We are primarily interested in the origin of flower arrangement as an established art and, therefore, shall relate what is most generally believed in Japan to be its origin of this art. There are, however, no historical documents to verify the authenticity of this version or its details.

It is said that the floral art of Japan originated during the regencey of Prince Shotoku, about one thousand three hundred years ago, in Kyoto, Japan. Prince Shotoku was a great benefactor of arts and religion and since China was experiencing a cultural renaissance under the Sui Emperor at this time, he sent the first Japanese emissary to China study the diplomat was Senmu Ono (sometimes referred to as Ono no Sohiko or Ono no

by Irae Hosokawa



Incko), who was a cousin of Prince Shotoku. Among the cultural arts and crafts he brought back to his country was the custom of offering plants and flowers at Buddhist temples. Prince Shotoku immediately adopted this idea and introduced into Japan a definite form of arranging flowers for the same purpose.

He taught this form which was supposed to depict the beauty and truth of the universe to Sohmu Ono and instructed him to arrange flowers and offer them every day to Buddha in a little temple which Prince Shotoku had built beside a pond. It is said that this was the very beginning of the Ikenobo School, and also the origin of the name itself, for Ikenobo means "a temple by the Pond."

Since the days of Sonmu Ono, the Ikenobo School has flourished and has been popular to this day for its naturalness and simple beauty. It is the mother school of numerous other schools of flower arrangement which sprang up later. The present head master of this school is Senkei Ono, who is said to be the forty-third descendant of Sonmu Ono. During the forty-three generations of this school, great improvements have been made in form style, and other phases.

There are two types of flower arrangement which is called "seika" is always placed in a formal setting--in the alcove or "tokonoma" with a hanging scroll in the background. "Seika" is so arranged that it should be looked at only from the front and never from the sides or the back.

This "seka" is strictly a line arrangement because through the use of

of lines we get the motion and feeling of the arrangement, and the stability and unity of the composition. It has a definite idealised form into which all kinds of plants and flowers are more or less molded. In a good arrangement of "seika", we can see the mood of nature, the season of the year and the personality of the creator in perfect harmony with his work, and in its often subdued colors there is to be found great aesthetic enjoyment. The Japanese people say "Beautiful 'seikas' can only be created when the creator's soul is beautiful," and with this philosophy or religion in mind, as some believe it to be, they try to beautify their inner self while practicing this art. This may seem rather odd to our Occidental minds, but it is important that we keep this point in mind to better understand the art.

In the modern or the informal arrangement the fundamental philosophy is the same as that of the "seika" arrangements, but there is the feeling of informality and elasticity about it. It has freedom of form, freedom of composition and freedom of environment; that is, it is not tied down with rules and conventions as much as the "seika" and it may be placed in other places besides the "tokonoma." It has become the medium of expressive flower arrangement and great progress has been made in that field in recent years. The modern arrangement, which is often more colorful than the "seika" style, includes the "moribana", an arrangement in a shallow, wide receptacle and the "nageire" an arrangement in a tall, narrow receptacle. These became more popular after the western civilization entered Japan and flower arrangement, which is so closely woven into the lives of the people, was forced to adapt itself to the new, Occidental environments, the quicker pace of life and the brighter spirit of the age.

In both the formal and the informal arrangements, the fundamental form is an irregular triangle and the very basic principles are the same as in all arts. Natural laws and lines are closely observed and through the artist's medium of living lines and living colors a unified and harmonious picture is created. Flower arrangement has that certain 'tranquility' Goethe calls the ideal of beauty. It has been loved and will be loved through the ages.

WHY CO-OP?

Tule Lake Project's co-operative organization completed after months of preparatory work is ready to take over the active management of the community enterprise.

In accord with the WRA policy of establishing a co-operative in all the projects, a small group of co-operative minded people launched an intensive educational program, not only to train leaders but to educate the public on the need for such organization within the Project.

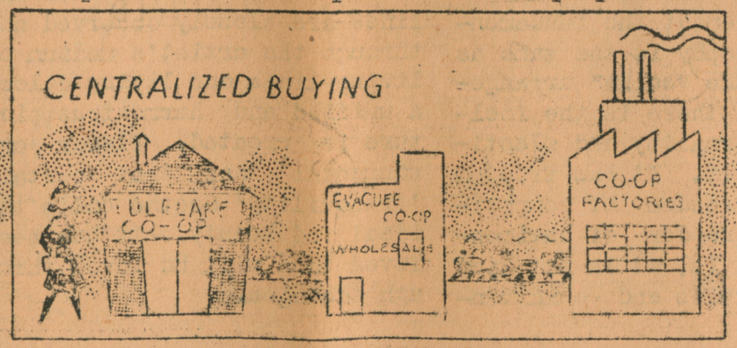
The long period of preparatory work was climaxed by a general election in which the people officially launched the co-operative by electing officers for the new organization.

It is before this body that the various proposals from the people regarding the management of the community enterprise is discussed and voted upon.

Thus, we see that the people who becomes members of the co-operative control the stores, upon which they are dependent for goods and services. In a sense, they are the owners.

One may ask what difference does it make whether the community enterprise is operated by a co-operative or not.

The co-operative is set up for the sole purpose of supplying



goods or services to its members as reasonably as possible consistent with good business practice. By organizing a co-op, we become members of a national co-operative organization whose aim is to supply goods and services to its member co-op at as reasonable a price as possible. The co-op reaches into every phases of business enterprise, producing, manufacturing and retailing, all organized and operated with the dominant idea of service rather than profits for all its members. In such set-up, competition is entirely eliminated; price is thereby reduced.

Concentrated volume purchase is possible because all projects have co-operative enterprises. When stores in Manzanar, Poston, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Arkansas, Idaho and Tule Lake are all served by a central co-operative wholesaler and producer direct, the saving affected is tremendous.

Without the co-operative there is no democratic method of controlling the profits which are made on the money spent for ice creams, pops, pastries, clothings and other articles.

According to the co-op principles, those who have contributed toward the creation of such profits should be given an opportuni-

(Please turn to Page 23)



by TSUYOSHI NAKAMURA

Twilight Emissary

A quarter to sunset it was last night,
I sauntered to our intern fense;
Harbouring malice, embittered thoughts,
Indignant in confined durance.

A pensive mood, ebullience in rein
I watched twilight's poignant emissary,
Heaven's golden chalice, an omnious caprice
Rendering even to callous communals.



By Tom Sakuyama



A mystic prelude, a hidden breeze
Of sound caravan for souls to heed:
Banishing shrieks from dungeoned hell,
Conveying sibilant chorals, ethereal solace.

Twilight's sumptous close, scarlet vespers
In a crescendo of motley sheen
Adorned of golden silver strands,
Sprinkled with molted ember tufts.

Empyrean emissary of kindred calm
Inspired into my soul, a stimulus
To partake the primal curse, reminiscence
Tormento of languishing hearts.

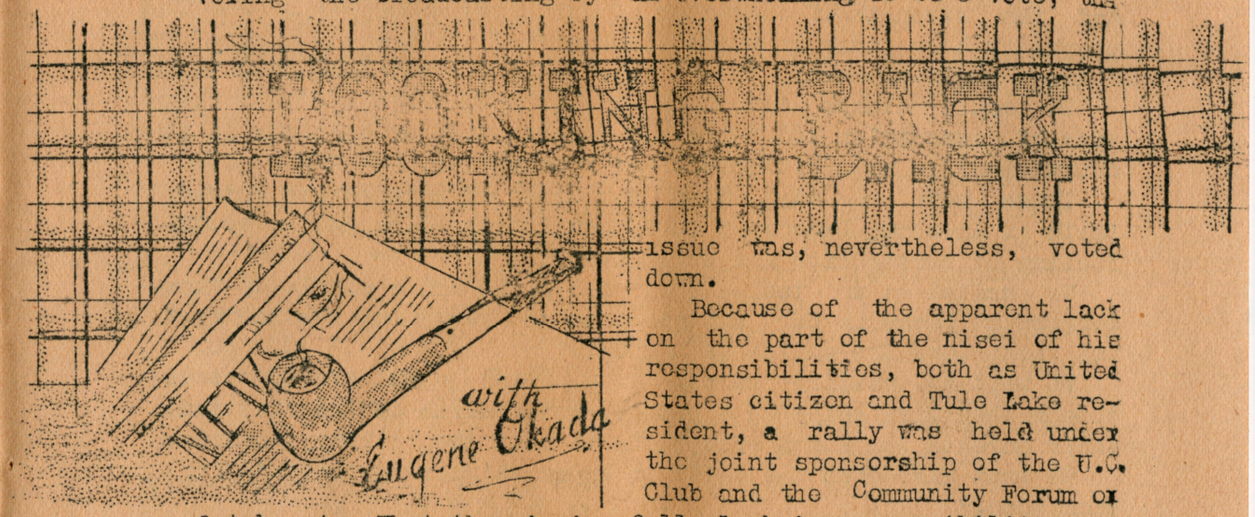
"MAS IS DIGGING UNDER
THE BARRACK AGAIN, MAMA"



Commencing with this issue, the TULEAN DISPATCH's Magazine Section brings to you readers a brief resume of happenings of the previous few weeks. In so doing it is hoped to have the magazine serve as a well balanced reference in the future.

With reports that the House had passed a measure disfranchising nisei citizens running rampant during the latter part of September, telegrams were sent out to authoritative sources and the reports were proved false. Furthermore, assurance was received from the W.R.A. that it will "recognize and defend the citizenship rights of those evacuees born in the United States."

The month of September witnessed a highly controversial issue of broadcasting. With the Council going on record as favoring the broadcasting by an overwhelming 48 to 3 vote, the issue was, nevertheless, voted down.



Because of the apparent lack on the part of the nisei of his responsibilities, both as United States citizen and Tule Lake resident, a rally was held under the joint sponsorship of the U.C. Club and the Community Forum on October 4. That the nisei woefully lack in responsibility was evidenced by the mere fraction that attended as compared to the huge crowd at the ball game.

Looking back on the history of our farm, much development is noted. Starting out with few staple crops, the farm now is harvesting many diversified crops. With a bumper crop ready for harvest, 600 high school students left their books to aid in the harvesting in early October. Poultry and hog farming, too, were undertaken in a big way with the arrival of 3400 chicks and 600 hogs.

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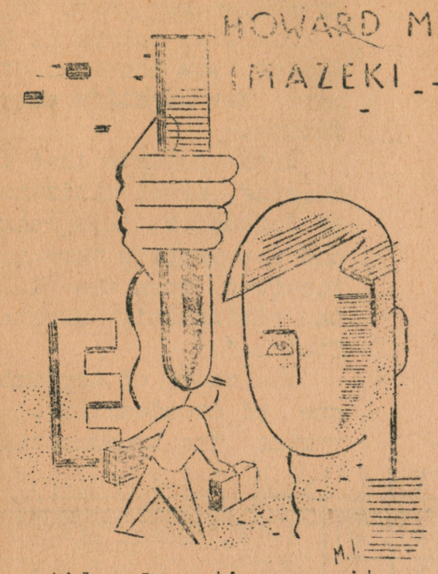
MY BLOOD



I marvel that a people so persecuted, so humiliated, have borne themselves with so much pride and decency and humor-----" So says Dr. Jennings of the Jewish people in "Margin for Error" a play written by Clare Booth.

I often wonder if the same line could be spoken by someone of our people of Japanese blood in America.

The acid test of the personality and the strength of character of our people is here today in these times of a great world upheaval.

We could always turn back to the days of evacuation and sense the surging tide of emotions as it overwhelmed us with bitterness and frustration.

Those were the days when our sense of perspective and our faith in American Democracy were completely darkened by the feeling of persectuion and humiliation.

We smiled as we tucked away the Bible and a couple of "non-dangerous" books in our suitcases to get ready for the "E Day," but those were the smiles of a ghost.

We wept as children romped around with joyful excitement as though they were going on a picnic, not mindful of the fact that their parents were losing everything to meet the military demands.

We wept also when the children began whimpering about "going back home."

The past has been difficult for all of us. It has been like a bad dream. We can live in the past and wallow in the pool of bitterness and frustration. But that is the sign of mental abnormality. He who enjoys that is a weakling.

It will continue to be difficult to live for most of us. For, life in itself is a continuous struggle for survival.

He is the strong man who can walk with steady steps through the quagmire of racial discrimination, criticism, hatred, and persecution.

I am proud of the blood that is sustaining me, b e it Type 2, Japanese, Mongoloid or call it whatever you will.

It is this blood that has created me what I am: my color my feature, my feeling, and my thinking. With this blood I eat, I hear, I smell, I touch, I feel, and I think. With this blood, too, I procreate and perceive the future and God. When these redcorpuscles stop swimming in my veins, I shall no longer be able to enjoy living; I would be dead cold.

With this blood, then, I aim to create my destiny while I live. I pray that the blood of my people in America will never lose an ounce of humility, humanity and virility.

The acid test of this blood is here as we live in a world community torn with human conflicts.

WHY CO-OP?

(Cont. from Page 15)

ty to decide on a democratic basis how such profits are to be used. Since the members only have one vote, every one has equal right. The power of management is placed in the hands of officers elected by the memberships.

The net earnings can be used collectively for the benefit of the community as a whole or returned to the consumer as a patronage refund according to the amount of his purchase. The profit is considered as an overcharge and paid back to the consumer.

But if the members should decide to use the total profits of the store for the benefit of the community--build another store, a theater, or even a chop suey house--it can be done by voting on such proposal.

On the other hand, the profits may be returned as patronage refund.

Suppose at the end of the year your total purchase amounted to $600. A 3% dividend, say, on $600 amounts to $18.00. This is returned to the consumer.

The purpose of the co-operative is to furnish goods and service at cost, whether it be by reducing the price over the counter or by returning savings at the end of the year.

The co-operative association joins other co-operative associations to form a national society. Through each affiliation profits are redistributed to consumers or entirely eliminated. Every attempt is made to lower the cost to the consumer.

THE END

OUR FIRE FIGHTERS

Throughout the night and wee hours of the morning, the Tule Lake's fire department maintains vigil with two men on guard shifts with black coffee. The speed in which the platoon rallys into action is something to behold, no less breath-taking. As the truck roars down the path in the general direction of the fire, it slows down upon approaching the hydrant. In smooth coordination with the release of the accelerator, the hydrant men leap to the ground with cat-like agility. Folded hose unravels with lightning-like rapidity.

30 feet from the fire, the engine rans to a stop and the crack crew swings into action. The assistant driver has primed the booster pumps, while the hose-breaker man swiftly unhooks lengths of hose. Barking of "Open Hydrants!" sends the pumps whirring in powerful unison and the hose ripples into rigidity. The hose-men are seen dashing into the smoky inferno with the feeder-man playing out hose in animated coordination. Signals called and execution of duty in precisionized tempo leaves the bystander in thrilling admiration of the fire fighters in action.

The disastrous fire at Canteen No. 3 on the early dawn of Aug. 13 brought out all platoons to the front line within minutes notice. Off-duty men were plentiful on the scene and Chief Rhoads, stripped to his shirt battled the flames with a writhing hose in his seasoned grasp. The amazing speed with which the men worked accounted for the saving of a large percentage of the building and contents. High commendations were voiced by regional and project officials, as well as from the Colonists, for this job "well done".

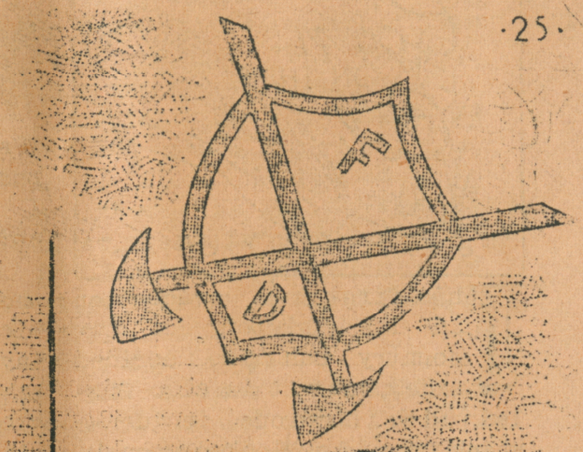
By Bryan Moyeda

The first fire department of the Colony was organized in May, with five men under the first fire chief, John Bauman making up the fire-fighting aggregation. One engine, manned by the 24 hour-7 days a week crew, maintained effective vigil throughout the sprouting community. Rapid, was the development of the department since those early days. The present department with its trained personnel constitutes a body comparable with any force in a community of 15,000 residents, regional officers indicated in recent visits to the Colony.

Nine platoons, each composed of nine men, are dispatched three to a station. The three stations are strategically located in the Colony.

Assistant evacuee fire chiefs work in close coordination with Fire Chief Ernest Rhoads and Assistant Fire Protection Officer William Vandervort. Each station is divided into three shifts, with the shifts operating on corresponding days. Eight men are on constant duty, 24 hours a day, with the nineth member on leave. All are assigned to specific duties, from hose-breaking to the driving job. All know their work thoroughly and with daily drills, their skill becomes more evident.

The department boasts three regular Army auxiliary fire trucks with standard equipment,



including booster-pumps and other apparatus of approved design. They are all kept in top [illegible] dept. mechanics.

Backing the fire department with a vigorous program of fire prevention, are 27 members of the fire prevention group. They pound their beats daily, observing various conditions leading to fire hazards and make recommendations as to adequate precautionary measures.

An extensive branch of the group is the city wide volunteer fire fighters. The fire-prevention officer, operating in a certain block, helps establish volunteer squads, trains them and makes certain that the block is properly equipped with vital apparatus to be used in the dire emergency of FIRE!



This first mass evacuation in the history of our country has its serious side, but it is also filled with humorous incidents which may be looked upon in the later years with a laugh.

Some time ago at the Santa Anita assembly center, home of the illustrious Pacemaker up until a few days ago, two teen aged lads were stopped by the military guards, apparently on their way out of the enclosure. This happened at night.

Upon being questioned by the sentry, they answered "We were just going down to the Arcadia Theatre to see the new movie".

Later investigation proved that these boys were making trips down to the show house twice a week to view the latest Hollywood productions. Wartimeemargencies and Federal exclusion orders did not keep these American kids from their lifelong habit of frequenting moving pictures. Just like "damn Yankees", aren't they?

Sloop Nakano

CONT. FROM PAGE 10..

I stared straight into the puss of a copper. "I thought I was across the river," I muttered.

From where I was lying, the whole place looked like a battlefield. A couple of mugs lay flat on their backs, with bare bellies--frog like,white, gleaming in the sun. Joe Menick sat on the ground crying; cops were running all over the place with billys. I saw Sloop. What a mess he was. He was standing there in the middle like a giant, or a general, or something, with his clothes practically torn off. His eyes were puffed and swelling; his lips were a gelatinous mass, slashed and red as beet juice; his chest was covered with cuts, dirt, sweat, and blood...a sticky mess. Sloop was staring at his mashed, bleeding feelers, as he brought them up slowly to examine with care the broken knuckles and ripped flesh. The fat guy looked in my direction and smiled. I passed out. When I saw the bloom of day again, I was lying in a hospital.

It was ten days since the ruckus, and I wandered back to see the gang. The foreman was back on his job,sassy as ever; most of the guys were new. I didn't see Sloop,so I asked the boss: "Where's Sloop Nakano?"

The foreman said: "He got fixed up in a couple of days and quit."

I knew it was useless to ask where he went. I just kept my mouth shut and walked away.

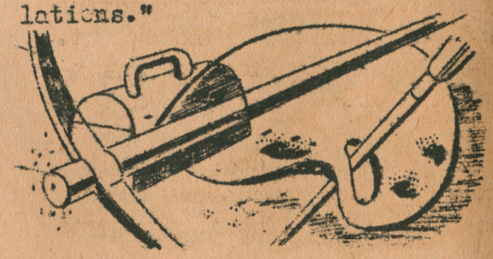
For a few years, I never saw that guy. Then, one cold-winter night, I bumped into Sloop in front of the Lincoln Hotel in New York.

"Well, well," I chattered, "do you remember me...Sloop?"

The fat guy stopped, smiled, stretched out his maulers and said: "I certainly do... Mick. Come have dinner with me."

So I tagged along. He asked: what have you been doing? I said: working in the shipyards.

At Lindy's, there was a crowd of people all dressed elegantly and saying to Sloop: "Nakano, that new mural of yours is tops! Congratulations."



Beautiful gals bounced up to Sloop and slouched all over him saying: "Oh! Sanji... that was a lovely exhibit."

I felt out of place and started shuffling for the door. Sloop noticed and caught me. He said: "Mick... allow me...a few of my friends." So I chinned with a couple of nifty chicks until I grogged myself under the table. God, but I was happy.

For a week of nights I knocked around with fat guy: wined, dined, danced, played and fooled around with the shapely broads. What class! I was moving fast. But fat guy never got hot. The guy shed them all like ducks do water. Again I say, what a man! An artist he was...a maker of pictures. The town raved about Sloop and his mural exhibition: ALONE...AND UNAFRAID. It was something about a guy with lots of ambition and stuff--but not sure what he was after. Always fighting for a cause: justice for the ordinary guy. All kinds of people try to knock this champ out of his groove, but to no avail. Money, wenches, politics, and...and... well...nothing phased the lone wolf. Jeez! I don't know...

Well, one day Sloop says: "Sorry to terminate this enjoyable pastime...I'm off to Paris."

I knew better than to say anything, so I muttered: "Thanks, for everything, Sloop." He left. I left. I kept trying to figure this fat guy out. I got nothing but a headache.

Two years later, I beat it back to Frisco and went to work in the Vallejo yards. Then--December 7th, Pearl Harbor. What a day! Those goddam Japs wanted war; we gave it to them--right in the gut.

You--filthy fool..." the pulpy blonde slurred. I quit gabbing and stared into the mirror. The skinny broad was smiling at me. She palmed her thigh. I got up and walked to the hustler.

Johnnie picked up the news and started to read:
SANJI NAKANO, volunteer soldier...San Francisco, American-born Japanese artist...killed in the Battle of France...comrades tell of his valiant sacrifice...small contingent of brave French troops fought... outnumbered by enemy forces... cited for valor...

"Johnnie, two Bourbons and water..." I shouted.

THE END

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS

(Continued from Page 7)

of light blinked at him insistently. An unheard of courage seized him at this moment.

"I shall find shelter there for the night," he decided, his body drenched by rain. But at the back of his mind in such a matter there was always the thought of Aunt Jane. She might not approve, she would surely be apprehensive. But what could he do?

Somehow he forced his weary legs among the rain soaked weeds, shifting his eyes in the darkness that had enveloped him. Suddenly a dark, meek, tumbling shack loomed before him. Charles couldn't understand. Surely he saw a speck of light within only a few minutes before. This was uncanny, puzzling, Charles paused. Yet, if you knew Charles well enough, at a time like this you would positively have known that this was not a pause for a thanksgiving but a strange magnetic pause--a pause that prompted him turn and run.

But the temptation to turn the door knob of this lonely shack proved greater. He was tired and wet. He turned the knob mechanically. The door creaked with age, and the lonely patter of rain echoed in his ears. Lifting his feet loaded with mud, he stumbled in, hoping against hope that he would not prove an intruder, on a night like this.

Weary and tired, he groped in the darkness, and there he found a wooden bed. He laid down and closed his eyes.

"Go to sleep. Go to sleep," said the routined voice of an old woman. Strange how his aunt's voice followed him. Or was it her voice? He did not know, he cared less. He was too tired to think. Soon he fell fast asleep.

The rays of the early dawn ushered in with a slow feeble light softly creeping into the shack. There was still a sombre gloominess within. The weather clearing, the going home would be easier, he reflected to himself. How fortunate it was for him that he found shelter last night.

"You were very kind to shelter me last night," he said gratefully aloud. Suddenly Charles' heart stopped beating. If he had anything else to say, surely the words eluded him now. There before him something caught his amazed attention. He stared for a moment, hardly realizing that the eyes he met were not those of a human but of an old squawky parrot. Yes, he remembered the speck of light that blinked at him, and the raspy voice that had said, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep". The reality of it all was too much for him. Charles hurriedly shoved back his hair and bolted for the door. At that moment a coroner's car drove up and stopped directly in front of him. He heard the driver say to the coroner "This must be the place where the murdered man's body was put last night."

Charles backed into the room mechanically. He hid behind a great rocking chair. He could hear himself breathe. He could even hear his heart thump as the two men entered through the door.

"What a devil of a place this is," he heard the coroner say.

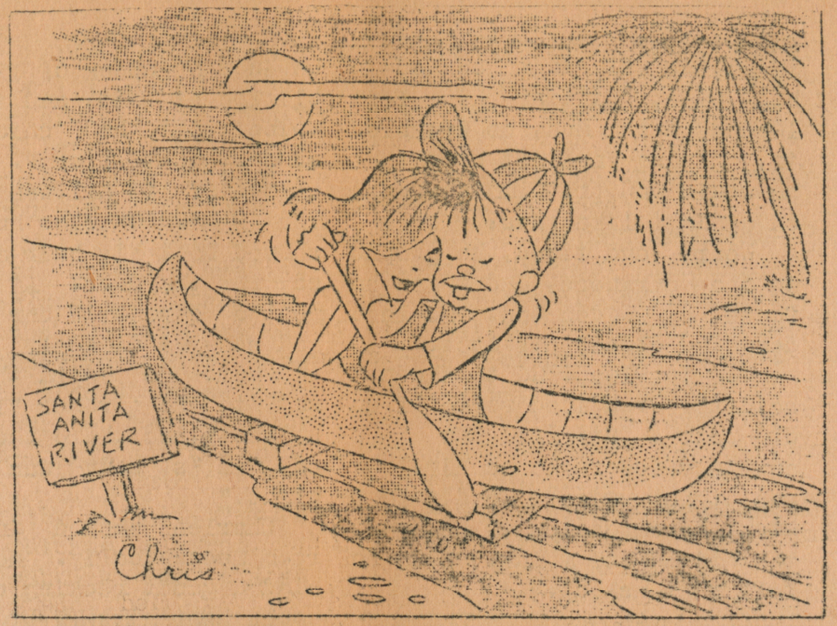
"Well, if it hadn't been for the rain we would have had to get the body last night. That wouldn't have been so good."

"Great scott, Bill, look!" the coroner explained.

"Just another stiff," the driver said perfunctorily. "Oh, I see! Well, I'll be blowed! What do you make of it?"

"I don't know, Bill. I can't understand the mud on the bed. Do you suppose the corpse had company last night!"

THE END



LI'L NEEBO AND FRIEND. Irresistibly cute antics of Santa Anita Pacemaker's Li'l Neebo won the enduring affection of 18,770 Arcadians who have been dispersed to various WRA centers. Chris Ishii, the cartoonist, was formerly with Disney studio.

THE STEPPING STONE...

BY EUGENE OKADA

A process which has been going on now for many months will soon be over with the clearance of Fresno, Tanforan, Stockton, and Santa Anita assembly centers. These are the last of the many centers which are but a mere stepping stone towards final resettlement.

Evacuees in Tanforan will all be relocated to Delta, Utah. Located in the once ritzy San Bruno race track, the Tanforan center was made up of evacuees from San Francisco and the Bay area, 8000 in all.

It is not surprising to see such a wealth of material in the Tanforan Totalizer when we look at their staff line-up. Included in the staff were Taro Katayama, Charles Kikuchi, Robert Tsuda, and Lillian Ota.

Situated in the Stockton Fair grounds, Stockton center was composed of Stockton-Lodi evacuees. Population of 4500 are now being transferred to Rohwer, Arizona with the exception of a few that are bound for Gila River, Arizona.

Under toothy Barry Saiki, one time editor of the Berkeley Bussei, and winsome Patty Okura, ex-editor of Lodi High's paper, the El Joaquin has been rated highly among the center newspapers. Outstanding was their cute cartoon, Pancho, created by George Akimoto.

Fresno center, made up largely of Central Californians, underwent the most suspense, being the last center to be notified of their movement. Jerome, Arkansas, said to be the best project, will be the new home of the Fresnans.

Having the longest life among the center papers, Fresno's Grapevine was still being published when we went to press. Edited by Ayako Noguchi, former correspondent of the Nichi-Bei and Rafu Shimpo, the Grapevine will culminate its career with an 80 page souvenir, Vignette.

By the end of October, 18,770 from San Francisco and Southern California area which made up the population once fabulous Santa Anita's famed race track where many a film stars used to covert, will have been relocated far and wide to the projects of Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, and Wyoming.

Santa Anita Pacemaker's staff included Editor Eddie Shimano, Paul Yokota, cum laude grad of journalism at U.C.C., Asami Kawachi, L.A.C.C. an essay winner in Common Ground and wedded to Joe Oyama, also on the staff.

LOOKING BACK

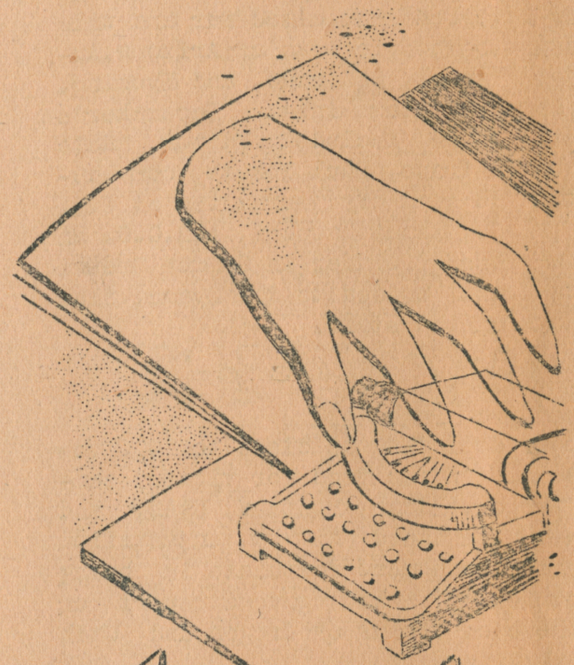
(Continued from Page 21)

Tule Lake's population began depleting as close to 1000 volunteers left this project to aid in the food for victory campaign in the beet fields of Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and N. Dakota. Many of them have been hard hit by unjustified discrimination while others have been more fortunate in being well received. Sunio Miyamoto and M. Taketa gave a report on the actual conditions in the beet fields of Oregon and Utah after an observation trip.

In the field of religion much progress was seen. The young Christians held a successful two day conclave featuring a well balanced spiritual program climaxed by a banquet attended by 500 persons. Embarking on an Americanization program, the young Buddhists are now making vast changes in their evening services.

RILEY O'SUGA was christened Hiroshi Sugasawara at birth. Tall, lanky, ever-smiling, and bow-legged, O'Suga is a native of Los Angeles. He excels in impressionistic sketches but his heart belongs to a camera. "Look" magazine has used his snaps and he has worked with renown photographers like Conell, Dorsey, and Adams. Former hobby — Taking candid pictures at night clubs.

FRANCES OKAMOTO wrote "On a Night Like This" in the hospital bed where she is recuperating from a prolonged illness. An erstwhile woman editor of the Walerga Wasp, her chief hobbies beside knitting is writing.

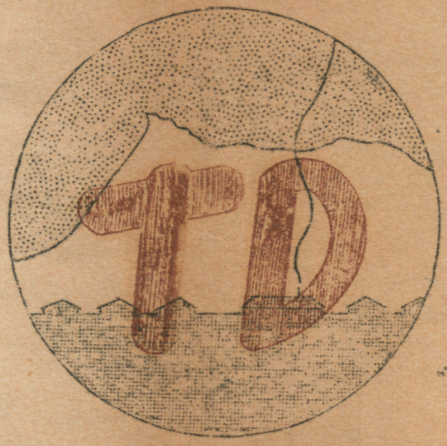


TOM SAKIYAMA is a block councilman, a chief mess steward, ex-U.C. student, and a prolific poet. His ambition as a writer is undetered by the stack of rejection slips he files away. Good-natured Sakiyama claims he's an idealist. He dreams of the future.

GRACE TAEKO HOSOKAWA — demure, domestic, delightful. A civil service clerk prior to evacuation, she teaches flower arrangement in the Recreation department at Building 3008.

KEN YASUDA ... U. of Washington literature major. A kibei haiku artist prominently listed on "Who's Who in American Poetry" ('39-'41).

Incidentally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