

TULLEAN DISPATCH



Magazine

VOL I NO 5 DECEMBER

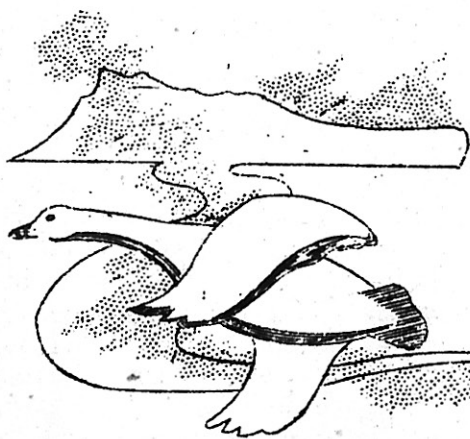
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2
WHEN

Peace



Now as never before, the life or death of our nation is in the hands of the people. The democratic way of life stands at crisis; the Four Freedoms, which we have pledged to a tortured world, face a test of arms against the most murderous enemies mankind has ever known.

Throughout our nation, the will to victory has made of us a people with a single purpose. We know that the very life of our nation demands the total mobilization of all our men and women, their energies, their courage, their spirits, and their sacrifices. Our future is filled with dark hours. The dark hours filled with joy and sorrow, yet somehow the joy and sorrow of today seems lost, for when peace dawns, our sorrows, deep or light, will be clean and wholesome. Our minds clouded with odd thoughts are always on the alert. Day in day out, we are constantly in contact with the occurrences in the far east. Can we once again be the true, loyal, peace lov-

ILLUSTRATED BY DIC KURIHARA

DAWNS

by
Mitsy Oto

ing, citizens of this nation? When peace dawns, there is no doubt each and everyone will be the kind of human being we are being taught every day in spite of the darkness which has fallen upon us.

In quoting one of our heroes of yesterday; "United we stand, divided we fall," we find it true in every phase of life. For somehow, when peace dawns, there will be one great family united in peace, living the life we so dearly deserve.

Women in defense industry shall once again tend to their loved ones. Care and companionship, which were taken away in order that we may have lasting, people's peace, founded on a genuine equality of all nations.

The torch of liberty is still hold high and burns fiercely over America. For the gift of the people of France, prostrated by the aggressor, the Statue of Liberty, now more than ever, stands forth as a beacon of hope in a world of fear. To each and every one of us, it has given the privilege and the duty of keeping freedom's light aflame.

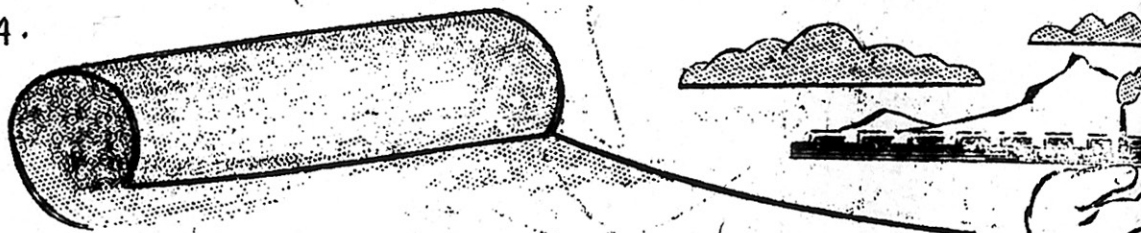
Dawn is defined as "to begin, to appear, to expand, to develop or to give promise".

(Continued on Page 14)

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE DISPATCH announces the winning contestants of the recent essay contest sponsored by the recreation center. In the post-high school age group, Yoshimi Shibata, University of California graduate, merited the first prize, a giant Modern Library book. Former Sacramento high school student Mitsy Oto was the recipient of the top award in the high school age group.

Judges were Paul Fleming, community service supervisor; John D. Cook, information chief; and Howard Imazer, editor of THE DISPATCH. Essays were judged on the basis of the theme, originality, grammar, method of development, and clarity of expression.



With the vanishing clouds of evacuation, we find ourselves isolated in this Colony of seething humans. Emotional upsets coupled with the lowering of morale, have made difficult the smooth operation of this community. This is our Colony and we can make this into a modern Shangri-la of life and happiness by developing a sound mental attitude.

First, we must consider the practical aspects of living. Our birth means that we have been selected as a player in the greatest game ever devised; the game of living. To be a successful player in this game, we must turn drudgery into fun - decide to enjoy the things we have to do, and we will win by playing to our utmost capacity in our present position into a better position as they arise.

Many of us are dissatisfied with life in this Colony, but let us not be dismayed. The ambition which fired many great men did not come to them ready made. They learned that by being dissatisfied. We can never desire anything better unless we are dissatisfied with what we have. But here is the big difference between the great man and the weakling. The

weakling sits idly, groans and whines about his troubles; the great man sets about to change things.

We are all thinking about the future, but future goals should be incentives to do the immediate job well. Our life is somewhat like mountain climbing. We cannot get to the top merely by gazing at the peak and stumbling ahead without any consideration of the immediate terrain. The things we must watch are the immediate problems; how to get over this rock, how to cross that stream, and how to keep from falling off this ledge. Our life here is just some of those important steps.

The only reason anyone works is to get something. As children, we must see the reward that we expect from our efforts and see it clearly if it is to motivate us to make those efforts. As we grow older, we learn to work for longer periods and for goals which are more and more remote. We must make our work in camp count for the life we live today. We will never live over again. What appears to be a misfortune may be an opportunity to do the things we



have always wanted to do, but have not found time to do in the ordinary run of affairs.

Opportunities are constantly knocking and the number that comes to us is not so important as the number we grasp when they come near. We in this Colony may be looking at a distant goal after the war, but we are apt to become so far sighted that we cannot see the opportunities close at hand. We cannot hope to go through life in here and expect opportunity to come along with a big stick and club us over the head.

We are pioneering an immense project; the first of its kind in American history. The success depends greatly upon the use of our brains. We must consider our mind as a factory as well as a warehouse. Facts should not enter the mind for storage only; it should enter the mind as a raw material and be turned into a useful product. It is important that our thinking be positive and constructive not complaining and destructive.

We can now realize that the success of this Colony is greatly depended upon our mental attitude. This is not a concentration camp.

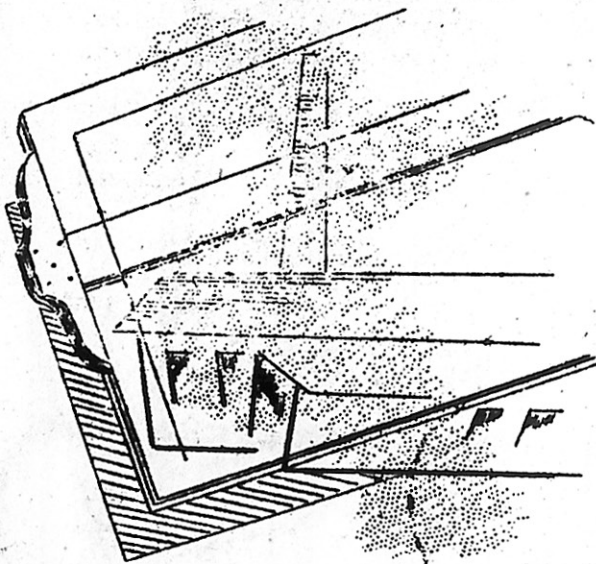
This Is Our Colony

By
YOSHIMI
SHIBATA



DRAWING BY
JAMES MATSUO

6. It is a relocation center where many opportunities possible in civil life are given to us. The authority's greatest concern is for our present well-being and a normal post-war resettlement. Our present circumstance is a rare experience unparalleled in American History, placing the will of man to an acid test. It is a challenge; then let us accept this challenge by taking advantage of every facility afforded to us by the W.R.A. Let us make this Colony a growing concern with life and happiness, to prove now and forever, that we are worthy of being loyal Americans. Thus proving in action that our proclamation of being good Americans is sincere.



WHAT'S IN A NAME---

It happened in Southern California. Before the outbreak of the war, an alien of German descent applied at a draft board in an attempt to enlist in the U.S. Army. After the board had investigated his case, it rejected him.

After December 7th, and the subsequent war between the Reich and our country, he tried again—undaunted by his first failure to qualify. Again his case was reviewed. Again he was unconditionally rejected.

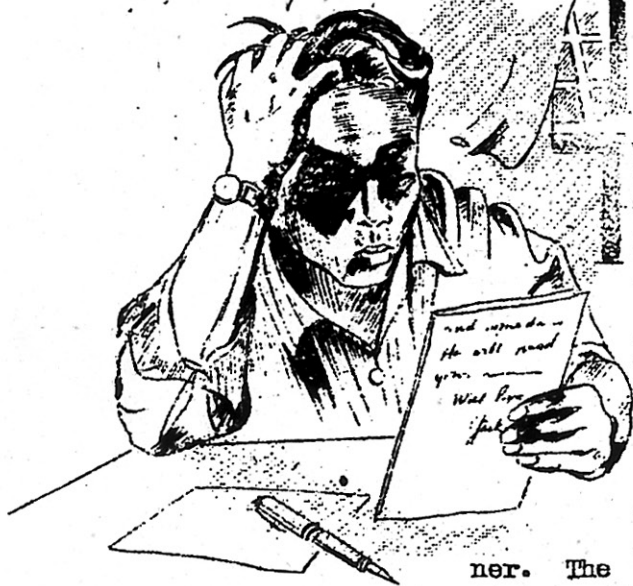
His name? Sumero was Hitler. Any relation? Only a first nephew of the Berlin madman, Mr. Schicklogrubler.

MISSED THE BOAT---

Now that the theater issue has been shoved back into the dim, dark past, several interesting aspects have been uncovered.

As everyone already knows, the vote was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 against the construction of the movie house. Unluckily, majority of the "no" votes cast came from the issai sector. I, for one, wonder if the "no's" would

(Cont. on Page 14)



I'll Always Remember..

by jobo nakamura

Curtains stir at the open windows and a clock ticks softly in the corner. The room is hushed in stillness for it is well near midnight. The room has been quiet for a week; ever since Nancy had gone. Under a dim electric light, a young man sitting at a card table, looks intently at a letter he is writing, and occasionally moves his eyes to a window.

It had rained last night. A big round moon limply hangs high in the somber blue sky, drenched and green. The moon illuminates the dusk which is the dark rows of barracks and the abandoned baseball field.

The man looks slightly under thirty. His square-jawed face is tanned and leamed to hardness, however, his eyes give away only to softness. Running his hand through his hair, he lays his pen down and rereads his letter.

Nancy, (he had written), do you remember how we first met? It was at the Sophomore Hop back in 1930 when Ted Kato took you to the annual ball.

Ted, I remember, was a classmate of mine. His hair was curly and he wrote beautiful poems about sunsets and ocean breezes. All the girls in the neighborhood liked him.

I stood in the dark corner of the gym watching you and Ted slide in and out of the square of yellow light coming through the

8. window. You wore a green dress that draped to the ankles. The moon was in your hair. Do you remember?

Music drowned to a gradual moan and came to a stop. Ted brought you arm in arm to the corner where I was standing.

"Oh, Nancy," said he. "I want you to meet a friend of mine. This is Jack Okita. We're both taking algebra together with Miss Johnson." You smiled.

I swallowed a lump in my throat so that some articulate words could form on my lips. "How d'you do?" I said simply.

"It's too bad Jack can't dance a step. He's helping with the general arrangement committee tonight." With these words Ted took you by the hand and melted into the crowd.

I stood there grinning; but the grin came hard.

MY sister told me that you were a daughter of a wealthy import salesman who did a great deal of traveling between Los Angeles and San Francisco. I was only a hotel janitor's son.

"Boy," my sister whistled. "Her father is sure a tough egg to crack. Don't let him catch you visiting Nancy unarmed!"

Aware of your father's disapproving and austere eyes, I found myself constantly at your home chatting about the silly, young conceptions of life we held in our hearts. Your mother was a soft-spoken woman and always kept quietly in the background.

You would walk with me to the corner and say; "Good night, Jack. Do be careful going home in the dark."

"Shucks, nobody can hurt me. So long, Nancy." I throw my head in the night air and whistled all the way home.

In spite of the difference in our social background, you were not tainted with an arrogance carried by your father.

When Junior Preen rolled by, good-looking Ted Kate asked you to



it, but you told him that you were going with me; an awkward son of a hotel janitor.

After having my mother press my only threadworn back suit, I dressed hurriedly to take you to the Prom. You were waiting for me in the parlor and came to the door to greet me.

"Hello, Jack," you smiled.

You stood in the semi-darkness of the porch with only the dim light hanging overhead. You were wearing a beautiful long gown of apricot-color with silver sequins. I caught my breath in search for something appropriate to say—but words failed me.

After the dance, the fellows took their dates home in their fathers' automobiles. I wanted to call a taxi-cab but you said you'd rather walk. We trod home in the hush of a clear, cold night. Stars peeked through the tall branches of elms creaking in the autumn air. Do you remember?

The night air was cold and I knew it was chilly with only a small wrap over your frail evening gown. I hated to let you go in fear that our evening together would only dissolve into a trivial memory of a past date.

But you said you would always remember.

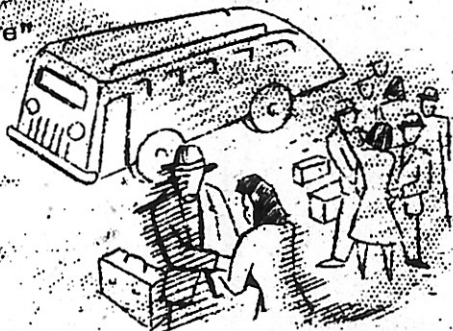
Five years later we were
(Cont. on Page 20)



ILLUSTRATED BY MAS INADA

TO A BEET FIELD WORKER

When you went away with a final "goodbye"
 I tried to be so brave, dear,
 Tried to laugh though I longed to cry,
 Tried to lighten a heavy heart, nigh
 Bursting with grief and fear --



Grief of parting, fear of what the future might hold—
 Though you stepped forth with spirits undaunted,
 Your small share of victory to mold.
 From this vantage point I see a thousand-fold
 Of hardships you'll face as a man of a race unwanted.

But, ordeal by fire in medieval days
 Proved a man's guilt or his worth.
 This is the test; by untangling this maize
 Of prejudice and hatred—war's natural craze,
 You'll prove our staunch loyalty to the land of birth.

So, now, you're gone; my heart goes with you.
 And nightly I do pray, that Democracy shall win.
 Not only the world, but those Americans few
 Who yet don't understand that you're an American, too.
 American in heart, American in soul, Japanese only in skin.



By
Iku Wada

TULE LAKE

OF Yesterday

Insignificant as the barren hills of Tule Lake region may seem, it was here that one of the last and most stubborn conflicts in American frontier history was fought.

Thus in the book, "Captain Jack, Modoc Renegade," Doris Palmer Paine has vividly written of the struggle for nearby lands of Tule Lake Project.

As is revealed in this book, it was in 1852 when a group of 65 settlers reached their promised land in this valley. They pitched their camp near the shores of Tule Lake under the watchful and hostile eyes of the Lost River tribe, known as the Modocs, who were concealed behind sagebrushes.

On that chill September evening after darkness had fallen, the quietness was shattered with war cries and the whir of poison arrows as the Modocs swarmed the pioneers. As the onslaught continued, dead bodies reddened the ground. Looting, burning of wagons, and a celebration climaxed the massacre.

Meanwhile, a few emigrants who had escaped death made their way to Yreka, California, which is 70 miles away. The story of the

(Continued on Page 15)

BY

TOM SETO



ILLUSTRATED
BY
DICK KURIHARA



BUT--HELP ME

Help me to forget
 How kind he is--
 How strong of will and mind he is--
 How courteous and considerate he is.
 Help me to forget
 His twinkling eyes,
 His smile so manly yet so sweet
 And, too, the parting of his hair.
 How can I forget these and many more.
 Never, no, never can I forget
 But--help me.

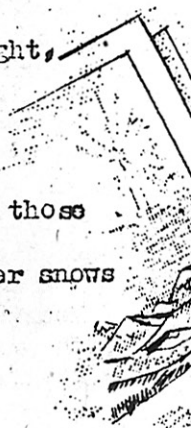
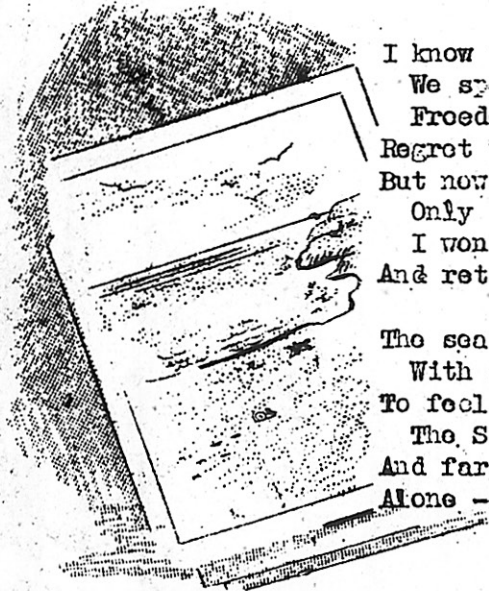
by Charlotte Date

SILENCE OVER MANZANAR

I know that when I see how well the days
 We spent together, having thought
 Freedom, I shall be happy, I shall not
 Regret this life adorned with lovely lays.
 But now the destiny divides our ways:
 Only in silence, with its hazards fraught,
 I wonder at horizon for a thought
 And reticent I stand on shore and gaze.

The seas are calm before me as they lie
 With sunset flush of gold, but who are those
 To feel this beauty so forlorn as I?
 The Sierra's peaks are white with summer snows
 And far away I see the evening star.
 Alone --- and silence over Manzanar.

--K.Y.B.



Sweet faced girl with legs so tan,
 How come you ain't got no man?
 Is it cause your teeth're crooked
 Or an I boin' just mistooked?

Is it 'cause you squint your eyes?
 Well, so do a lot of guys!
 Is it cause you bite your nails?
 Or is it cause you relish snails?

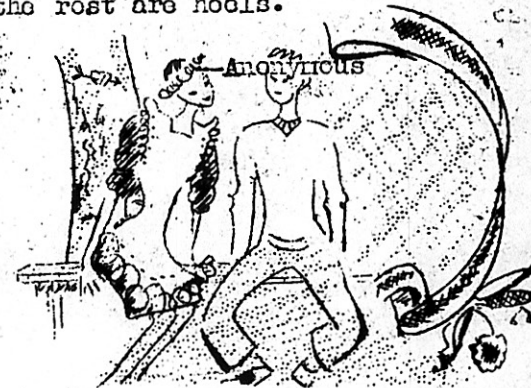
Is it cause you chew gum loudly,
 Or is it cause you jive so badly?
 Could be 'tis your penchant for
 Those girly-girly pinafornos.

What e'er it is, don't cry, my dear;
 You don't know, but love is near.
 A guy won't see your faults, my dove,
 When it's a case of — sigh, sigh — love.

So smack your gum with vim and vigor.
 Don't even have to watch your figure.

Just be sure,
 To make him feel,
 That he's swell—
 And the rest are heels.

the
 m
 Odes



WHEN *Peace* DAWNS

(Cont. From Page 3)

Peace is defined as the freedom from civil disturbances.

When combined, it is the promise of freedom from civil disturbances. No one knows when or where, but sooner or later, we shall have these two words combined not only in words but in action by the people.

Fascism, traitors, native appeasers of every variety, racial discrimination, all the things war brings upon us shall be exposed and stamped out where there is American life and democracy.

The heroes of yesterday are not forgotten, but the heroes of today and tomorrow are more important. The heroes whether educated in our schools under the highest professional standard of teachers, educated not only

CORN *of* **the COB**

have been so overwhelming if the issei group of the colony knew that an offer had come from the Shochiku Co., former film distributors of Los Angeles area, to show Japanese talking pictures regularly should the theater go up. 'S a fact.

I wouldn't be surprised if the building were about to be completed on the now empty lot next to the fire station; had they known of the pros-

how to earn their living or how to serve in war, were taught how to exercise the democratic freedoms with responsibility. When peace dawns, may our heroes, yesterday's today's and tomorrow's rest in peace in a nation where the sun will rise and set with its ray gleaming proudly as our nation's glory, the red, white and blue.

Again when peace dawns, the quotation from the famous Gettysburg address will be true in a nation where freedom, justice, peace and happiness will always linger.

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

FINIS

spects.

Another angle is this. In purchasing articles as much as 90% of your purchase price go to the wholesale firms outside of the project. After 5 or 6 months of operation, when the cost of the building and equipments have been paid off, at least 50% or half of your admission receipts will go back to the people. This certainly is a lot better than squandering vast sum on luxuries.

THE END

TULE LAKE OF Yesterday

(Continued from Page 11)

gruesome tragedy was told and public indignation suddenly rose. A way to seek revenge and exterminate the Indians was sought.

A few days later a group of 40 headed by Ben Wright, under the pretense of seeking a peace talk, went into conference with the Modocs. They brought food with them and arranged for a feast. It was during the feast the settlers reeked revenge on the Red Skins. They slaughtered 40 warriors in the midst of the party.

Like calm after a rainstorm, a lull followed with both parties seeking peace. Meanwhile, more pioneers sifted into nearby lands and population in this region increased.

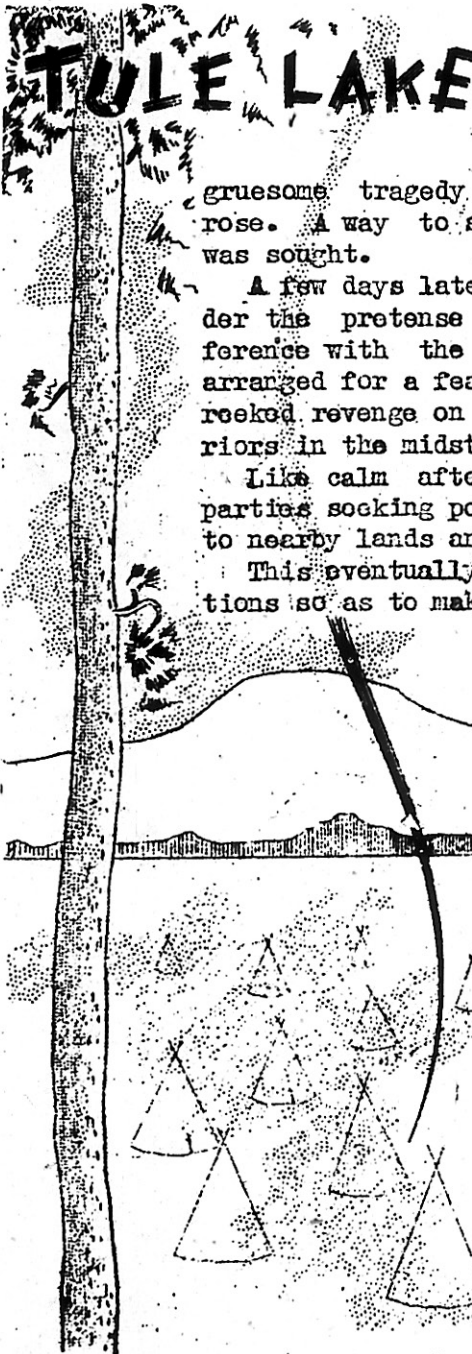
This eventually led to placing the Indians in reservations so as to make more land available for the white men.

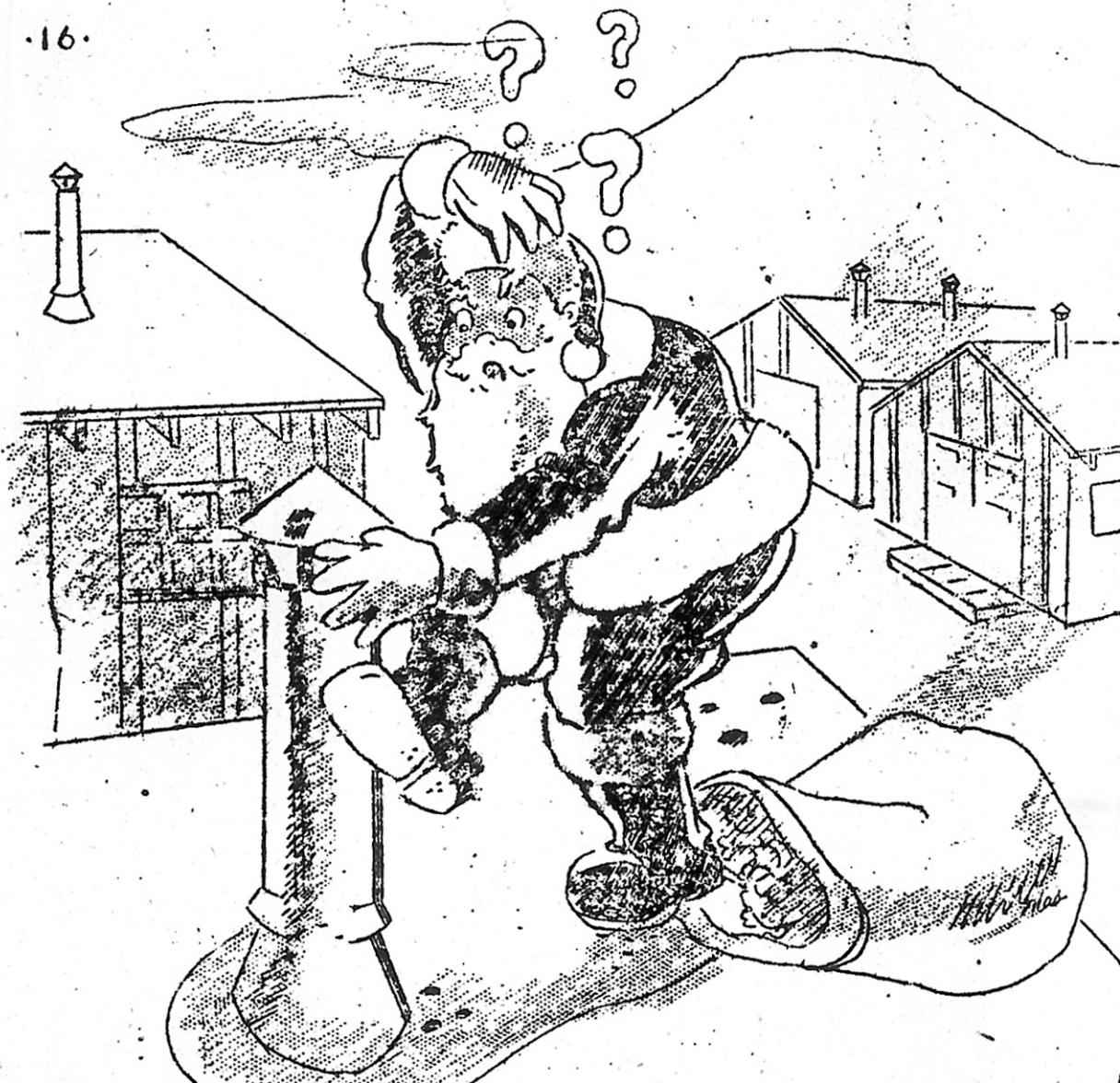
Orders came for the Modocs to be placed in the Klamath reservation. With resentment and humiliation, the Indians gave up the land which they had looked upon as their own, bowing before the governmental decree.

And there, dissatisfied, Captain Jack disregarding regulations, slipped out of the reservation with 50 other families and made their way back to Lost river. For five years the Modocs remained on their home ground. Threats and negotiations were made and they begrudgingly returned to the reservation.

Within a short time, discontented and miserably unhappy, they escaped again to their Lost river village. Efforts were then made by Army officers to bring Captain Jack and his band back, either peacefully or with force. The failure of this order started the Modoc war.

In the initial battle, the Modocs re-





SANTA COMES TO TULE LAKE

LOOKING BACK

Upon looking back into the month of November, it is noted that many activities have taken place and that a sharp change of weather took place. Unforgettable are the dust storm of the 14th, and the blackout which followed and, too, the steady downfall of snow.

Highlight of the past month was the gay Harvest Festival which saw hundreds of pounds of hamburger disappear (as did our small change.). Right on the heels of the Festival came the colorful Cafe International Cabaret sponsored by the Tulean Dance Studio and the Recreation Department. After a tour of 16 nights the Cabaret officially closed with two charity performances.

Marked progress was made by the JACL with the formation of an united project unit and the sending of two representatives, Ted Nakamura and Walter Tsukamoto, to the emergency meeting of the JACL body hold in Salt Lake City.

Through this meeting it is hoped that the status of the Japanese-Americans will be clarified. Let us bear in mind that the JACL can function only through our whole-hearted support.

The foundation for Tule Lake's governmental set-up was established with

WITH
Eugene
Okada





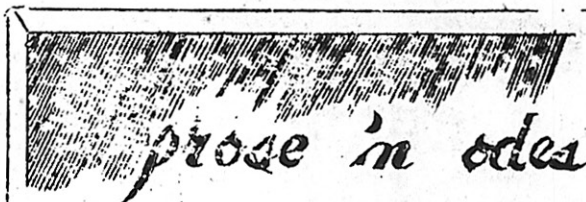
the passage of the proposed charter on the 16th. Although few of the blocks voted solid "no" the consistent "yeas" of the majority of the blocks pulled it through by a slim margin of 441 votes of the total of 6619.

In response to the call for volunteers to save farm crops many work corps put in a day's work on the farm. Among those who answered the call were the block managers, recreation department, co-op staff, Dispatchers, and others.

Because of the many instances of gambling, a "showdown" was called on the gamblers. After a brief trial the verdict of "not guilty" was reached, but warning was issued against all forms of gambling by the wardens.

High school marked the close of its first quarter after many developments. The school was named Tri-state High and the colors blue and gold and golden eagle was chosen as the color and emblem respectively. Open house was had and closer relation with the parents was established.

Among other miscellaneous news items were: the enlistment of possible candidates for the military language school at Camp Savage, Minnesota; return of scores of beet workers from the fields of Oregon, Montana, Idaho; registration for college courses; the many Thanksgiving dances; ending of the football season and the start of basketball; Americanization of the young Buddhists and the formation of the SCA by the Christian group; debut of the 11 piece Starduster's orchestra.



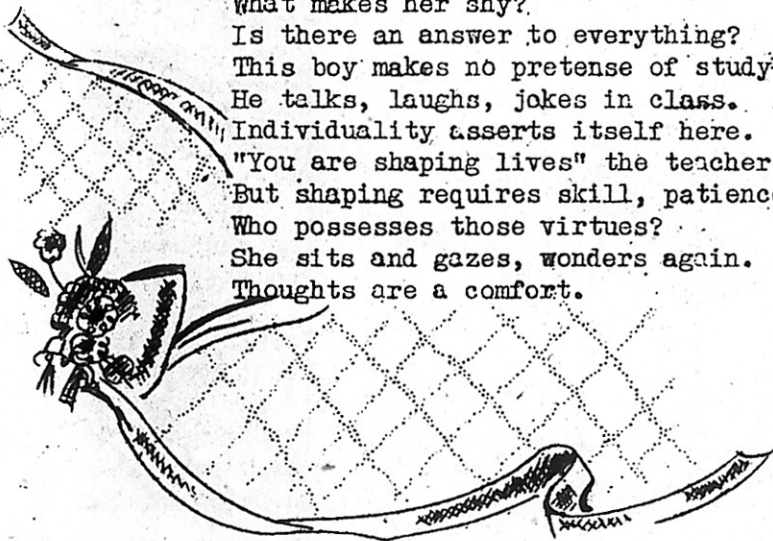
A TEACHER THINKS

She sits and gazes unseeingly at the sunlight;
Her thoughts are running in wide circles.
Each thought makes a splash, then eddies away
into nothingness--
So all sense leaves, emptying the heart.
She thinks, but what are thoughts?
Reveries, memories, reflections call, call them
what you wish--
To have a thought is merely enough.
That boy who writes so industriously
Of what is he really thinking?
He makes the gestures, gets a grade
But what are his real thoughts?
That shy girl who looks at the boys--
What makes her shy?
Is there an answer to everything?
This boy makes no pretense of study
He talks, laughs, jokes in class.
Individuality asserts itself here.
"You are shaping lives" the teacher is told.
But shaping requires skill, patience and love--
Who possesses those virtues?
She sits and gazes, wonders again.
Thoughts are a comfort.



M.T.

ILLUSTRATED BY MELODY



(Cont. from Page 9)

married in San Francisco without your father's consent. The man worked himself into such an intense rage that blood rushed to his face. "You needn't show your face around this house if you marry that young, irresponsible Okita boy," he said with furious peremptoriness.

"You're too young," your father said. "You know nothing of life." He kept insisting that we could not live on love alone, with economic insecurity shadowing us day by day. My shortcomings were always the subject of his displeasure. His sarcasm grew sharper and more pointed. I was about to give up.

With a haunting sense of foreboding, we decided to make a go of it. Deprivation and denials of those days are not easily forgotten. We found ourselves without friends in our home. These meals a day were an uncertainty, but we found each other.

We migrat-

ed from one farm to another, picking grapes in the hot, sun-baked vineyards of Lodi, and ended up sloshing in the mud of a delta asparagus ranch. Quality of employment matter little. We took any job that came along. I begged for your forgiveness tearing you away from a home of comfort to a life of continuous drudgery. "As if that matters," you said. Those words I cannot forget Nancy.

It was three long years before we accumulated enough capital to set up a store of our own in the Nihon-yachi, squeezing every penny we earned, depriving ourselves of comfort and luxury.

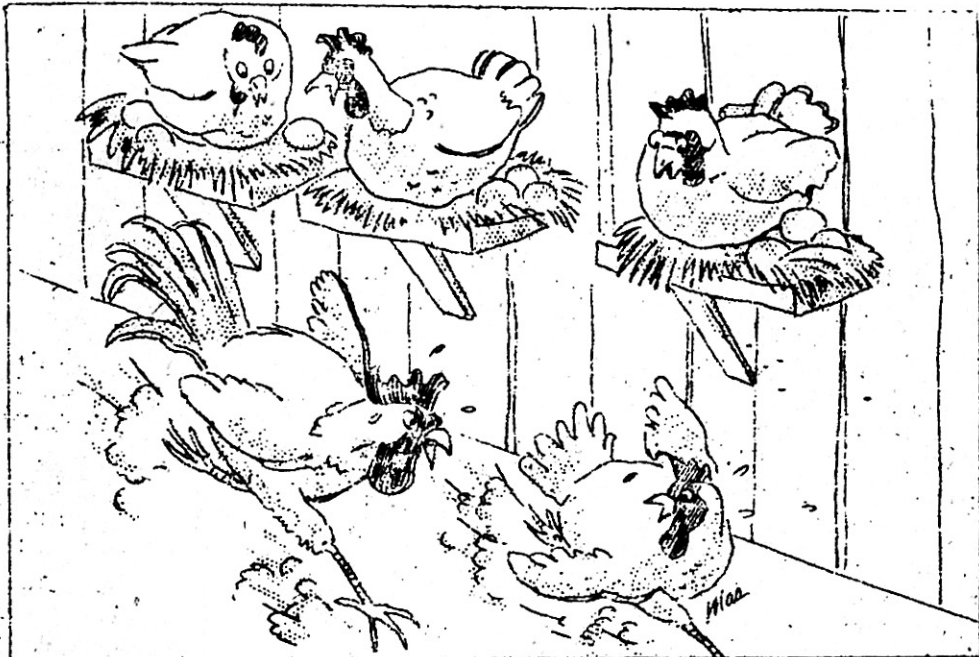
Your father who admonished that "the Okita boy will come to no good" must have swallowed a lot of pride when he de-

cid-ed to invest a considerable sum of money in our little store.

"It's for my daughter," he snapped.

Nancy, I would not care to relive those three years of tramping about the streets and country roads.





"HE THINKS HE'S ANOTHER HENRY KAISER!!"

seeking work with all their accompanying disappointments and tears.

You wore rags day in and day out when you deserved nothing but the best. The sight of you thus anguished me and a sense of woe and shame drew me perilously toward desperation. The knowledge that you suffered so quietly whelmed the mind to intolerable torture.

All this has left an indelible impression on me. I am writing this letter to you in the base hospital hoping that it might give you added courage in giving birth to our first child.

I want him to be strong when he grows up, strong in body and mind and will. Strong for the future which is horribly blacked out. He will need the strength you can give him.

Yes, Nancy, he will need the strength to sustain him in the outside world—a world that will be for him full of hatred, intolerance and sorrow. He will need us, Nancy, but most of all, my dear, he will need your splendid fortitude.

With love,
Jack

THE END

(Cont. From Page 15)

pulsed the Army and killed 18 while doing so. Their own losses were negligible. The renegades then encamped in the stronghold of the lava beds.

Within a month after the inaugural battle, 400 armed men under General Wheaton began to close in on Captain Jack's band of warriors in the stronghold. Confident and eager, they launched their invasion, but they were literally fighting against an invisible foe. Their defeat was demoralizing.

Dissension in the Army arose. General Gillen replaced General Wheaton under orders from Washington D. C., while soldiers deserted the ranks. A peace talk was the result. As the negotiations continued without success after repeated efforts, the Indians became discon-

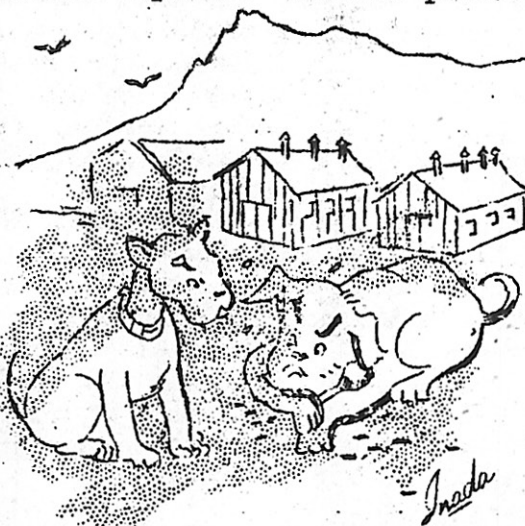
tented. In a trap scheme, the Modocs gripped the nation.

A few days later approximately 1000 troops moved forward across the lava field massed to attack their stubborn enemy. Grim and determined, the soldiers marched forward in an attempt to exterminate their foe. The battle continued for days and a fierce band of 50 braves forced the Army to retreat.

Finally the Modocs were deprived of their water supply from the lake, but aside from that very little progress was made by their opponent because of their position in the open.

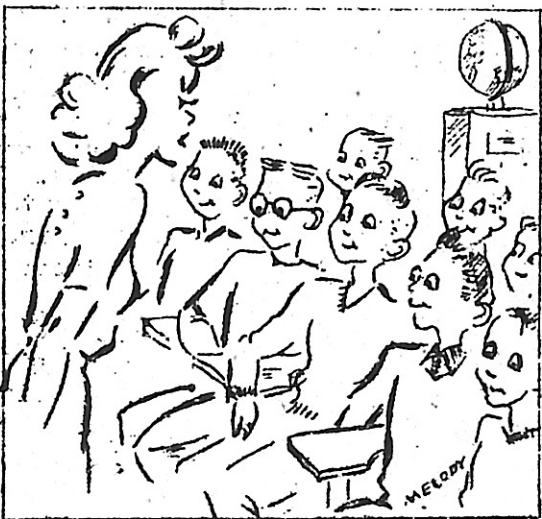
Lack of supplies and ammunition caused the Modocs finally to vacate the stronghold in favor of the Black Ledge.

On the hills of the Black Ledge, hostilities were renewed. The Modocs killed hundreds in that



"WOTTA DUMP! NO TREES!!"

encounter and withdrew, leaving a bloody slaughter behind. Pack mules, officers and a special detachment of soldiers were needed to carry off the wounded and dead. A communique sent to Washington disclosed the "Black Ledge Massacre" to be one of the most disastrous Army defeats on record.



"Black Ledge Massacre" to be one of the most disastrous Army defeats on record.

Still unable to track the Indians, the invaders sought rest on the side of the hill. The rest period came to an abrupt end as the Modocs led in horses to stampede the encampment. In the fighting that followed, the Army forced Captain Jack and his band to retreat for the first time.

This eventually led to a quarrel between Captain Jack and one of his men. An enemy attack momentarily curtailed the argument, but the quarrel caused the Modocs to split into two groups. Tired and overwhelmed, those who had betrayed Captain Jack surrendered. Captain Jack weak and fatigued

did likewise. Thus, after successfully defying the Army for six months the Modocs finally met defeat. Later, after a court trial, Captain Jack and three followers were sentenced to be hung upon an order from President U.S.

Grant. Seventeen others had succumbed to bullets during the war, while the remaining survivors were shipped to a reservation in Oklahoma.

So it was the Modoc war came to an end; but historians acclaim that during those battles, more American soldiers were killed than in the Spanish American War.

To this day the lava beds are practically in the same condition as they were in that year 1872. They are located southwest of the project and they were set aside as a national monument in 1925. The Black Ledge is situated directly across the main entrance to the City and is a favorite hiking ground of the Colonists.

THE END

The potent ideas that our artists slip into our magazine have been a never-ending source of amazement. "Noteworthy was the fine integration of body type and art work," wrote the Pacific Citizen.

More than once, attempts have been made by the school art department to "shanghai" our staff artists. Their nefarious designs have been foiled. It is a rare privilege to boast a staff of accomplished artists whose collective talents are yet to be surpassed by any other center publication. Directed by Dick Kurikura, the staff works as a single unit incorporating their ideas. Their products are self-selling.

Gala holiday edition of the magazine will be out by Christmas. Requisition for colored paper and inks has been made, and will be used generously in the next deluxe issue if they ever come in. In the meanwhile, we are in the fervent and perennial search for materials.

This magazine is a free lance outfit. Anyone may contribute by submitting short stories, poems, cartoons, jokes, satire pieces, impressionistic sketches, or what have you?

Many have a hunch they can write but are often too timid to try. We will attempt to criticize your efforts and will publish your best. Send up a trial balloon. See us at THE DISPATCH office at Building 1608.

—YE OLD EDITOR



Incidentally...