



Julean Dispatch

**MAGAZINE
SECTION..**



VOL. I NO. 7

FEBRUARY

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Published monthly by The Daily Tulean Dispatch. W.R.A., Newell, California. Office of Publication, Building 1608. George J. Nakamura, Magazine Editor; Dick Kurihara, Art Editor; Masao Inada, James Matsuo, Yukio Ozaki, Art Staff. John D. Cook, Publication Advisor. All manuscripts should be typewritten and doublespaced and must be accompanied with name and address of the author.

Snow Blossom



The petals of the snow
Are falling yet from high,
And lit by clouded sky
Reveal in their glow,
As if some one can know
In circles as they fly
And whirl before our eye
To garish things below.

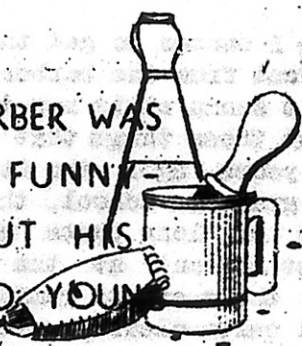
I think the spring is now
Beyond this flowery haze,
For blossoms blowing there;
And oh, when bare trees wear
The snow on twig and bough,
Spring will be on our ways.

• KEN YASUDA



by Arthur T. Morimitsu

THE NEW BARBER WAS
SHORT AND FUNNY-
LOOKING BUT HIS
WIFE WAS SO YOUNG
AND PRETTY



I was about fourteen when the new barber moved into the neighborhood. My friend, Masuo Oda, and I stood in front of my house and watched the moving men across the street as they unloaded the furniture. Two barber chairs were among the load so we had a good idea of the newcomer's occupation, especially since the truck was being unloaded in front of the vacant barber shop.

Masuo was the first to see our new neighbors.

"Hey, Tosh," he whispered, "look, that must be the new barber and his wife."

I followed his gaze and saw a stocky Japanese man walking toward the barber shop. A slender young woman walked alongside him. She was wearing high-heel shoes and we could hear the click-click as she walked beside her husband—we took it for granted that the two were married for they laughed and acted like newlyweds we had seen in movies.

"Say, that wife looks taller than her husband," Masuo said after a moment.

"That's right," I replied. "Gee, what made her marry a man shorter than her?" We thought it was wrong for a husband to be shorter than the wife, especially when the girl was as attractive as this barber's wife.

The Barber's wife

4. "That man looks kinda old to be her husband," Masuo said after a critical look at the couple. "I think his wife's not more than four or five years older than us."

"Golly," I said, "that's right. She does look kinda young."

We kept quiet after that and watched the people across the street. All the time, though, I was thinking how wrong it was for a young pretty girl like that to be married to a short man much older than herself. In our home mother cut the children's hair, but from now on I decided that I would go to the barber. Boy, I thought, I would let the barber's wife cut my hair. That would be swell.

"Say, Tosh," Masuo suddenly spoke. "I'm gonna get my next haircut from the new barber."

"Yeah?" I said quite startled. I wondered if Masuo had guessed my thoughts. "Well, that's funny," I said aloud. "I was thinking about that myself. I'm old enough now to go to the barber so I know my Ma will let me go."

"Maybe we can both go at the same time," Masuo said enthusiastically. "You can let the barber cut your hair and I'll let his wife cut mine."

"Yeah," I said, but not so enthusiastically. Masuo was my best friend, but just the

same I wanted to get the first haircut from the barber's wife.

It seems silly now to think about those things that happened years ago: the first day at grammar school, the first pair of long pants and the first haircut at the barber, but these events remain in my mind quite clearly, even now.

When I first told my mother that now that I was going to Junior High School I wanted to get my hair cut by the barber she laughed at first, then looked sad after I had told her all my friends went to barbers and that even Masuo got his haircut from the barber. This last was not exactly right since Masuo had said he was going to the barber the next time. My mother seemed reluctant, but I did not know then that it wasn't because of the barber's fee, but because it meant the breaking of another tie between herself and the children. She took great pride in cutting our hair. My brothers and I got the so-called soup-bowl haircuts while my sisters got the Dutch girl haircut. My arguments must have worked for my mother finally told me that I could go to the barber. That was one of the happiest moments of my life.

From then on every morning after I got up I would go to the mirror and look at my hair.



I used to hate getting my hair cut, especially the after-effect where the stray hair would go down my back and torment me all day; but now it seemed as if my hair would never grow. I was afraid, too, that Masuo would go to the barber before I would. He admitted that he was watching his hair grow, but his mother had cut his hair very short so I was confident that I would go to the barber first.

About a week later I went

to my mother and spoke to her:

"Mama," I said, "I think my hair is pretty long now."

My mother looked up from her knitting and took a glance at my head. "Oh, it's not so long yet," she said, "but if you want one, I'll cut it for you this afternoon."

"No," I said hastily, "you don't have to cut my hair. You remember you said I could go to the barber from now on?"

My mother smiled faintly.

(Continued on Page 24)

In The STILL Of The Night

A WARM
POIGNANT
STORY FOR
THOSE WHO
BELIEVE IN
SPIRITS ..

by Frank S. Zanabe

He always dropped around after supper. Though he seldom had much to say, he sat around and listened. He was a good listener, laughing when the occasion called for laughter, inserting exclamations of incredulity when that was needed to spur the conversation, or just nodding in assent when the talk was strictly a line.

He came in last night and sat down by the fire. The conversation was awfully slow, what with the rain pouring in all its wrath and the wind playing irritatingly on the window and chimney.

Then, almost to himself, he asked, "Do you believe in spirits?" He answered before anyone could grasp the out-of-the-ordinary question and answer.

"It's funny. I've read stories and heard tales of spirits and of ghostly things and I've always wondered about it. It's funny. I won-

der what it is? There must be some sort of explanation to all that."

It wasn't exactly the first time, but there hadn't been too many times he attracted our attention with conversation that was promising that we perked up expectantly.

It was Christmas eve," he began, "I got home about eleven and hopped into bed. I read a little and soon wearied of that and tried to sleep. I couldn't. I tossed and tossed around. I couldn't explain the restlessness.

"After some time, I suppose I fell into a doze. Anyway, it must have been about three when I woke with a start. The moon was shining fully on my face. It's a funny feeling. What are those superstitions about sleeping with moonlight on your face? But no matter!" It was as though he was talking to himself.

"I got up and moved my bed out of the moonlight. I tried to get back to sleep when I thought I heard someone trying to enter the room. Sure enough the door opened slowly and someone huddled in a shawl came in and walked straight towards my bed. She took off her shawl and, believe me, she was the prettiest thing I've ever seen." He paused a bit, reflecting.

"Her eyes were jet black .7. but a fire seemed to be burning deep down, a fire of tenderness and warmth. Her skin was a startling white and her mouth a lovely bow of red. She smiled and her lips curled at the corners and her eyes twinkled. I can't remember what I was thinking or did, but she bent down and kissed me then sat down on my bed and ran her hands across my forehead.

"Her hands were like silk, smooth and cool. Then all of a sudden something happened to me. The restlessness ceased and I felt a complete relaxation of every muscle and fiber within me.

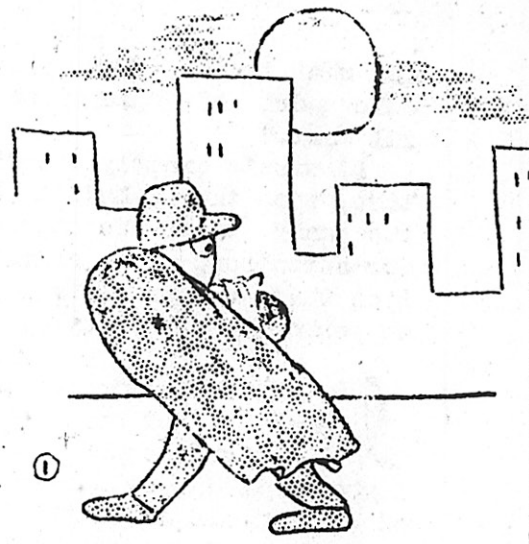
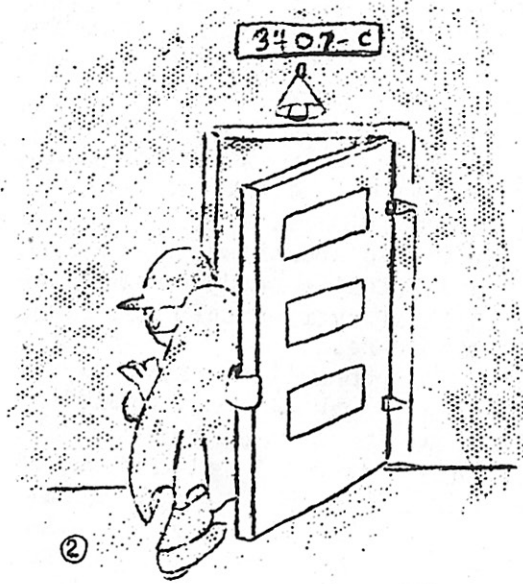
"I guess I must have fallen asleep 'cause when I opened my eyes it was light out. She wasn't there, I didn't expect her to be. I wondered about it all day Christmas. I meant to tell you guys about it but I thought you'd laugh so I kept quiet."

He stood up and turned his back to the stove for warmth. No one ventured a comment; for what could we say? It was obvious that he believed implicitly in what he had told us.

"But that wasn't all.

"On Christmas night it happened again. I couldn't sleep. I tried everything from turning over my pillow to courting

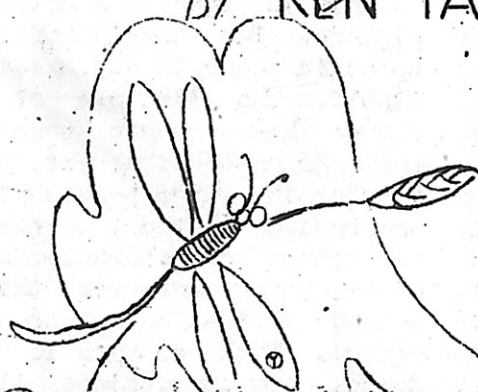
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)



-Jobe

HAIKU and Paintings

BY KEN YASUDA



Painting is easy to appreciate, even for those who are illiterate—a picture, whether a scene or a portrait, can be enjoyed just by looking at it. No special knowledge is required here; at a glance one can feel all that is there. This is called "intuition". Thus any work of colors is to be esteemed, prized, and valued through this act of immediate perception of beauty without conscious reasoning. Not only with painting but it also applies to other forms of art.

The same holds true of haiku. Enjoyment that we receive from haiku comes intuitively, rather than by logical reasoning. For instance, in a haiku:

A crow is perching
On the leafless branch alone,
Autumn evening.

We feel intrinsically that the air is clear; the skies hang gently above the horizon like a cobalt mirror. There against its tranquil background of the blue turning almost into deep purple, we can see the tall tree standing, distinct and still, above the gathering gloom of the autumn twilight, and a black crow perching alone on one of the withered branches. A loneliness is there and a mystic power which holds us close with an acute feeling akin to a melancholy sadness:

(PLEASE TURN TO NEXT PAGE)

10.

- (1) a crow
- (2) the leafless branch
- (3) and autumn evening

have the same feeling and we are moved by and impressed with this common emotion existing among them; and through them, alone and only, can we feel that emotion by a sense of intuition.

Here we want no adjective to blur our impression, for the picture speaks for itself. We seek no metaphor or simile to make the matter clear, but let the objects do their part. If the picture is beautiful so that he who looks must admire, how superfluous and intrusive it would sound if the author exclaims, "Oh, how beautiful it is—etc." If sad, we do not want him to tell us so but we demand him to make it sad, then our own appreciation will supply the necessary adjectives.

Indeed, the simple treatment of this kind, whether of a picture or of a haiku is always the most difficult of all. It demands more of the true and mature artist like the above poet, no less than Basho himself.

Underneath the eaves
Large hydrangea's clustered
 disks
Overbrim the leaves.

Here we see the hydrangea growing with the large disks of clustered flowers by the

house. "Overbrim the leaves" the poet puts it to say figuratively how the flowers bloom among and above the deep green enameled leaves. It has bright light; it gives the impression of a rich oil painting drawn with the dynamic strokes of the masterful hand. Fallen, the peony:

One beside another pile
Petals two or three.

This is equally a colorful picture. The beauty of the splendid peony is expressed in itself. The richness of the flower has a magic touch to keep our attention; yet, here viewing its large petals piled one beside another, we feel a new charm so characteristic of the peony; moreover, the opening rhythm heightens its effect. With a dynamic cadence, how appropriate it is to begin by saying, "Fallen,—". By the verb, "pile", its movement is held with a sense of weight exquisitely enough to give the living impression of the petals that pile one beside the other, rather than that lie one above the other, further vivified with definite image of the number of the petals "two or three" in the concluding lines, giving the concrete impression to the reader.

Crimson dragonfly,
As it lights, sways together
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



Looking Back

COLONISTS SHIVER AS
COLD AND JUVENILE
DELINQUENCY SET IN

BY GEORGE NAKAMURA

"FOR THE HECK OF IT"

Pretty white snow flakes fluttered down on Tulo Lake's cold ground as children eagerly dashed out with mouths opened, drinking in the clear cold air. For many tots from the "southern valleys" it was their first snow.

But all was not well in the Colony. Smooth-organized ring of adolescent boys crept into mess halls and pilfered foods under cover of darkness. "For the heck of it" they swiped foods, magazines, shirts and shoes off the canteen counters. Sporadic instances of shop-lifting were noted on warden's boat reports as many as five cases within a week.

School authorities grew worried. Said high school counselor Glenn Walter, "In counselling students, I notice that a large percentage come from rural areas in Washington and Oregon, and when they fall in with companions from large cities, the student develop into delinquents..."

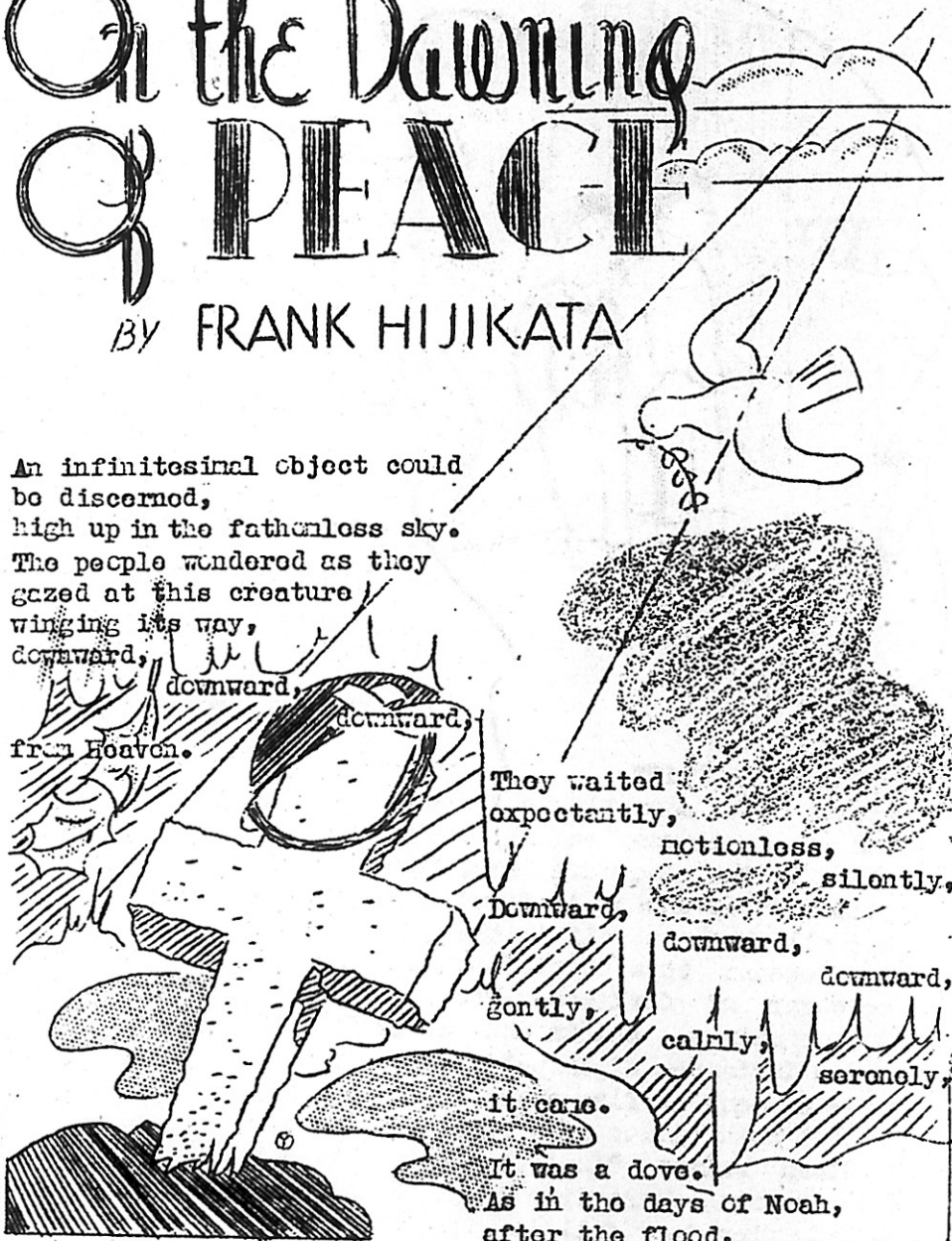
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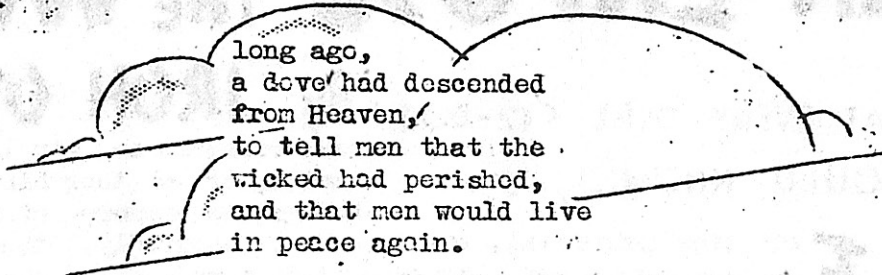
On the Dawning of PEACE

BY FRANK HIJIKATA

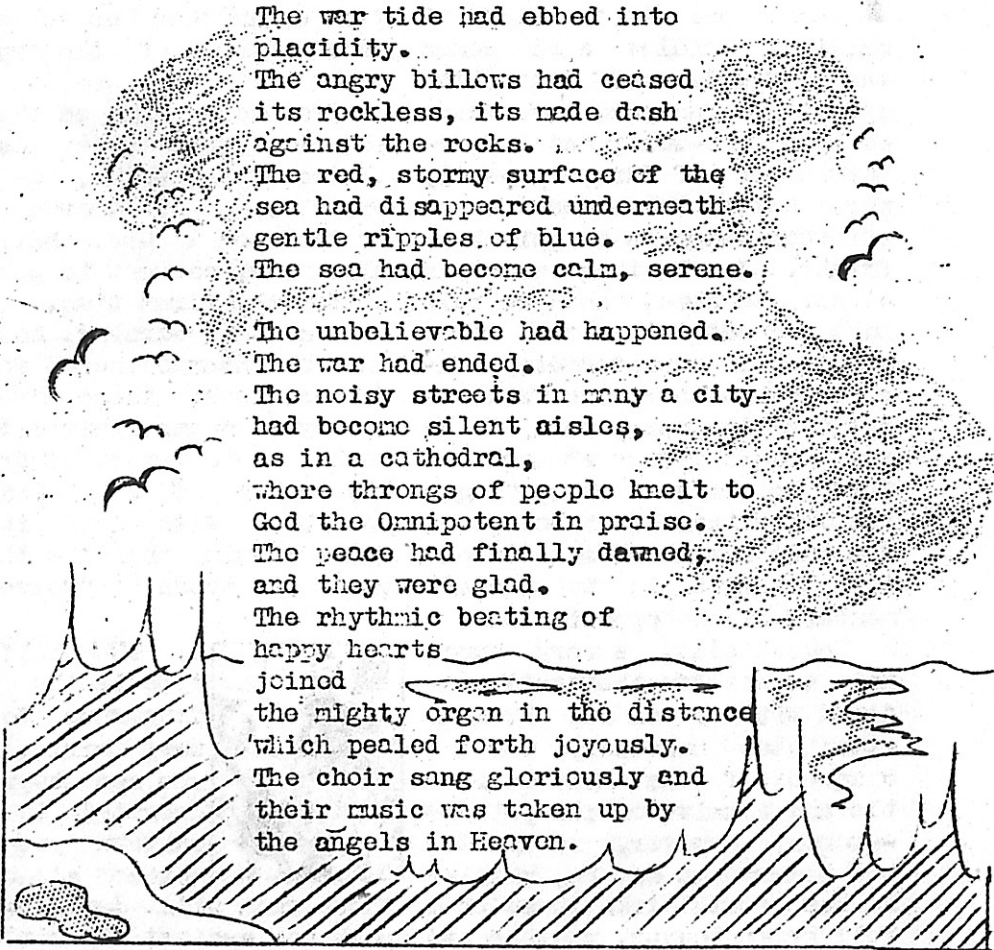
An infinitesimal object could
 be discerned,
 high up in the fathomless sky.
 The people wondered as they
 gazed at this creature
 winging its way,
 downward,
 downward,
 downward,
 from Heaven.

They waited
 expectantly,
 motionless,
 silently,
 downward,
 downward,
 downward,
 gently,
 calmly,
 serenely,
 it came.
 It was a dove.
 As in the days of Noah,
 after the flood,





long ago,
a dove had descended
from Heaven,
to tell men that the
wicked had perished,
and that men would live
in peace again.



The war tide had ebbed into
placidity.
The angry billows had ceased
its rockless, its mad dash
against the rocks.
The red, stormy surface of the
sea had disappeared underneath
gentle ripples of blue.
The sea had become calm, serene.

The unbelievable had happened.
The war had ended.
The noisy streets in many a city
had become silent aisles,
as in a cathedral,
where throngs of people knelt to
God the Omnipotent in praise.
The peace had finally dawned,
and they were glad.
The rhythmic beating of
happy hearts
joined
the mighty organ in the distance
which pealed forth joyously.
The choir sang gloriously and
their music was taken up by
the angels in Heaven.

AN EXPOSE OF THE WOLF

OR
WHAT EVERY GIRL (12-60)
SHOULD KNOW

By IROH OTOKO

From time immemorial, wolves have played an important part in the story of mankind. Romulus and Remus the co-founders of Rome (Italy), it is rumored, were reared by a she-wolf; and in certain parts of Europe ghostly were wolves have caused superstitious peasants to quiver in fright. To bring matters closer to home, here in Tule Lake a careful research has resulted in an astounding discovery that there are numerous "wolves" in our midst. To be sure, these "wolves" are not furry beasts with sharp fangs, but are rather human beings of the male sex whose sole intention in life is to ensnare members of the opposite sex.

Undoubtedly, every human male is not too abundantly endowed with mental and physical attributes necessary for the conquest of that most desirable and elusive of all prizes—woman; however, no matter how homely one may be, whether he has teeth like those of a full grown beaver, whether his

ears resemble an airplane detector, or whether his breath brings one memory of an open sewer, assuredly, there can not be a male alive who at one time or another has not coveted a member of the opposite sex.

Proceeding thus on the presumption that every male is desirous of a woman, the seven basic types of amorous males or "wolves" to use, their popular name, can now be published for the first time.

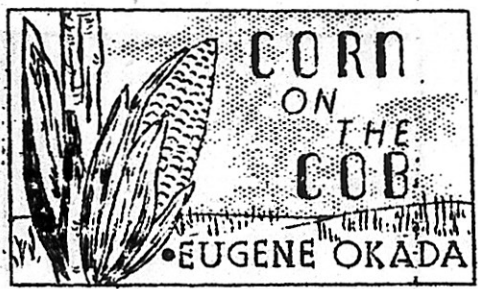
A note of warning, however, must be inserted here for our fair readers; these "wolves" are by no means limited to the seven basic types. There are any number of combinations possible. With this in mind the following then are the seven basic types of "wolves":



I. INNOCENT: This type is the most dangerous to unwary girls. When you see boys congregated in the canteen you will notice at once those who will deliberately push up against the girls at-

tempting to walk up the narrow aisle. These crude tactics are obvious and the girls (those who dislike such tactics) are on the guard immediately. But for the naive girl, the male who stands aloof, seemingly oblivious of others, will disarm a girl's suspicion with his very air of simplicity and leave her an easy prey for him. Even when the girl drops her bundle (deliberately, of course, and the other males are recklessly shouldering each other aside to pick up the article, type I will ignore the commotion.

The guard against type I is to avoid all shy males. At least, the other "wolves" are obvious to even the most thick-headed girl.



With Toko Fujii gone, yours truly will try his damndest to keep up with the corn. Who's the father of all jokes? Ans. --pop corn. Yeah, I thought so too when I first heard it. And that corn about why they have a fence around the commentary. You haven't heard that one? Well, they have a fence because people are "dying to get in" there. Enough?

Were you ever let in on the Pinodale grapevine about the California boys? Californians were said to hide in the shade of the barracks at nights with gunny sacks, ready to pounce on any female species who dared venture out for a stroll after dusk. Tsk, tsk. And it's a true fact that parents residing in "Alaska" kept their daughters from crossing the bridge after supper time for the first two weeks! Can you beat that?

California boys in general had a reputation that's not much to rave about. But now they command a better respect, at least some—or don't they?

THE END

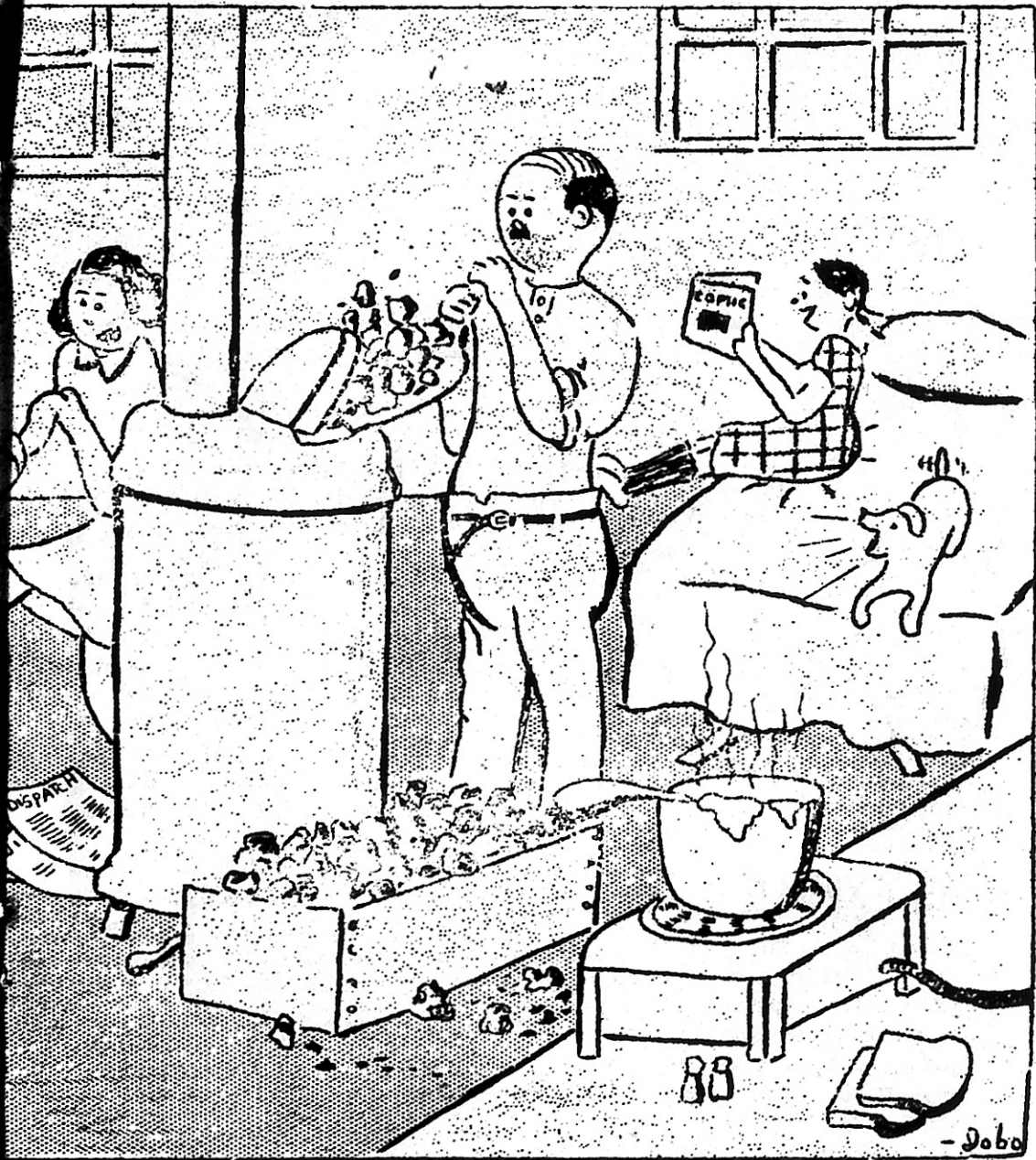


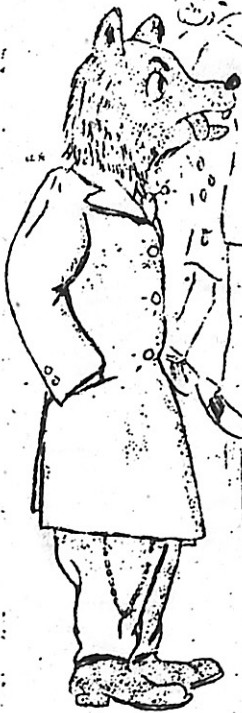
II. FATHERLY: This type will approach a girl by pretending an interest solely paternal. He will take keen interest in the particular, the boys; but it is only to see who will be his most dangerous rival. Once he determines this rival, he will by actions or words insidiously undermine the girl's mind against the rival. He will, however, consolidate his own position by paternal words of wisdom, ges-

(Continued on Page 18)



HOME SWEET





him as being doubly dangerous. His usual tactics are to encourage his intended victim to unburden her woes to him, especially when the subject of the woe is another male. He will naturally sympathize with the girl and will be patient while developing his snare,

AN EXPOSE OF THE WOLF

tures and a few judicious pats or tws placed in the most appropriate places.
 This type usually middle-aged, though not necessarily so, will have the patience that other impetuous types do not possess, thereby marking



III. POETIC or MIS-UNDERSTOOD: This one has a very subtle approach. He usually recites poetry at a moment's notice, most consistently so when he is alone with a girl that he fancies. He will
 (Continued on Page 20)

LOOKING BACK

•19•

Not until six bewildered boys stood before a judge in the Alturas juvenile court did parents become aware of what was happening to their children.

Community leaders groped for underlying causes and possible solutions. All were ready to agree that the fault did not lie basically with the adolescents.

Inclement weather has been harsh on the kids. They sought recreation indoors and denied at every turn. Recreation halls were already used for schoolrooms, libraries and offices. Families in cramped apartments shooed them out to play in the bare, concrete-floored laundry rooms.

No place to go, high school students congregated noisily in the canteens. Smoking, gambling and class "cutting" became commonplace. Openly shoplifters gloated and compared their latest exploits. It was smart to be immoral.

One-time sociology instructor at College of Pacific, Harold Jacoby of the Internal Security declared:

- "A delinquent has a mental attitude and does not worry about intentions.

- "The child who is unable to gain recognition by good scholastic work will find some other way of gaining attention.

- "Give people more things to do instead of entertaining them. If you do things for people they lose the power to do it themselves.

- "Despite the opinions of some people, law breakers should not be exhibited before the community as an example."

General feeling of disrespect of the wardens' force prevailed. But Special Agent Hiroyoshi Tsuda of Internal Security shook his head, "Wardens' hands are tied," said he. "It's not our job to strong-arm the kids and punish them. It is a problem of trained psychologists and social workers to diagnose and rehabilitate delinquents."

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE?

Planning Board suggested detention homes, curfew and stringent ordinances, but many frowned on such means. Young Reverend "Shig" Tanabe proposed a "Boys' Town".

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

AN EXPOSE OF THE WOLF

CONT. FROM PAGE 18

pretend that nobody understands him, thereby arousing his intended quarry's and that her mission in life is to serve as the symbol of all desires expressed by man. Type III is not so dangerous because he will be so attracted to his own self that he will, in most likelihood, fail to follow up his advantage.

Guard: Don't pay attention to him and he will be disgusted and leave.



IV. BROTHERLY: Here is one that bears watching. His technique is somewhat patterned after the FATHERLY type in that he will worm into the girl's confidence. He will be the girl's confidant, though advice and will act lonely and abused by others. He will exchange secrets, desires and problems with the girl until he has completely won her confidence (his secrets, of course, are fictitious and are made up to suit the occasion). A scuffle or two is often accompanied by brotherly caresses. Any alarm raised by his overlapping of amorous boundary are usually allayed by a

brotherly remark or two.

Guard: Call him: "Brother Wolf" and he will understand.



V. HE-MAN: This is the type usually with the least amount of intelligence, patience or imagination. He has a peculiar advantage in that woman has a certain amount of inherent weakness in her armor, possibly a heritage of her stone age ancestor who preferred to be clubbed into submission rather than accompany her mate willingly, like, for example, a cow bought at an auction. Type V depends more on his virility; rather than his mental superiority or cunning; his approach, therefore, is open to disastrous counterattacks, especially, if the quarry is superior mentally.

Guard: If the girl has the mental superiority the problem is solved; otherwise, she is sunk.



VI. LOVER: This one, usually physically attractive and with a glib tongue and a smooth manner, is potent on his unwary victims. He is capable of sweeping one off

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

Johnny

UNCLE

by HAIMA AKASHI



Johnny thought of the good old days. What fun he used to have with his uncle. They roamed the white streets, exhilarating in sunlight, beautiful at night. They had fun at the movies, the parties, the concerts, the picnics and oh, the wonderful fishing trips! Johnny's world was like the green field and the endless blue sky.

Johnny was always proud of his uncle for he stood for all that was decent, honest and clean. Johnny loved his uncle for he was kind and understanding.

Johnny was a young boy with brown eyes and black hair. His age was hard to tell. Sometimes he was only ten and sometimes he was twenty. But that did not make any difference.

He was always the same Johnny with his uncle. Johnny and his uncle were different in the colors of their skin but that did not matter either, not in this country.

Johnny thought he could never live without his uncle but once he had to. He went abroad to study. He stayed away three years, and he thought these were the hardest years of his youth. Johnny missed his uncle as he never imagined he would. Every time he saw the flag, unfurled against a foreign sky, Johnny felt something hot in his eyes.

Then Johnny came back to all that he knew he would ever care for. Johnny was happy. Johnny appreciated his uncle as never before and he loved every little thing that surrounded them. Johnny thought

his world was perfect.

But no one's world is ever perfect too long. Something happened that struck like a blow to Johnny's world and his uncle's. The peacefulness was gone, the lightheartedness was gone. But Johnny thought, as long as he and his uncle could face the blow together that was the most important thing. He tried to think of different things that he could do to help him.

But sometimes his uncle did not receive what he offered. Sometimes his uncle did not even seem to want his assistance. Johnny was sad for he saw a gap that gradually grew between them. He tried desperately to check it but it was of no avail.

Johnny and his uncle drifted apart. Of course, they saw each other everyday because Johnny's uncle was his guardian no matter what happened; but things were not the same again.

People began to talk about them. Some said that Johnny's uncle was going to disinherit him. Some said that Johnny could not continue to live with his uncle and some said the thing that hurt Johnny the most--that Johnny's uncle did not trust him any more.

The worst thing was that some of the things people said became true and Johnny saw his

world come tumbling down before his eyes. Johnny could no longer roam the streets as freely as before. He couldn't go out at nights to enjoy the neon lights that never ceased to fascinate him. Then, quite suddenly, he could no longer live with his uncle in the house that was always his home. He had to go away--go away from everything that he loved.

But Johnny missed his uncle. He packed up when his uncle told him to. He boarded the train and said good-bye when his uncle took him to the station. When the train started moving, he looked at his uncle's face until it faded into the distance; but he could not read it. Was there kindness or cruelty; was there understanding or intolerance? Johnny did not know. Johnny could not think. For the first time he was pained beyond words to mind his own uncle and he couldn't even cry.

Johnny had to learn how to live without his uncle again but this time in a different way. He did not know when he would be allowed to go back again. He did not even know whether he would be welcomed in his own home again or not.

Johnny had to live in a barrack, eat in a mess hall. He went to school where there weren't any desks. He worked for 16 dollars a month.

Johnny received a letter from his uncle, one day. It said, "If you want to show your loyalty, go out to the beet fields and help harvest the crops".

Johnny went. He strained his back. He could hardly move his ten fingers at the end of the day. He had to exert all his energy and all his will power to get up in the morning until he got used to the hard manual labor, for Johnny was never a farmer before.

He came back when the contract was over. He came back with a thinner face. When people asked him how the free world was, he just smiled and said nothing.

Johnny received another letter from his uncle. This time it said, "If you want to show your loyalty, join the army. You can read and write Japanese. Your country needs you now!"

Johnny enlisted. But some of his friends did not because they did not want to leave their old parents behind who had lost faith in the security of life. They said they could not die yet and let their families face the world alone after all this was over. They said they had to live to fight another battle after this one—the battle with society, the

battle to win their place again in the world, the true battle for liberty and democracy.

Johnny did not blame them. He sighed. Pity the souls whose loyalty is stifled and then pierced with the unjust sword of suspicion.

Thoughts kept pounding in Johnny's head. Words kept ringing in his ears. "If you want to show your loyalty— If you want to show your loyalty—" Johnny resented it. Loyalty shouldn't be forced upon. Loyalty shouldn't be judged by deeds or words alone! Things which Johnny thought sacred were being tossed around with mere words. Johnny was half-angry.

Johnny was walking on the gravel road beside the central fire-break. He did not know how long he had been walking and thinking. Suddenly he looked up and saw the Star Spangled Banner waving against the sky which was unusually blue. He couldn't check the tears that streamed down his cheeks, not the same kind of tears he experienced in a foreign land but something mingled with pain, deep down in his heart. He uttered a whimpering, appealing cry—for he missed him just the same.

"Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam!"

THE END

The Barber's Wife

CONT. FROM PAGE 5

"That's right, I forgot about that." Then quietly she added: "You can go then."

I was so excited I dashed out of the house and then had to come sheepishly back for the money.

The barber and his wife were both busy on customers when I walked into the shop. It was a breathtaking moment for me. I knew how the shop looked. Masuo and I knew the interior of the barber shop almost as well as we knew our own rooms. Through the big plate-glass window one could see the two barber chairs, a long bench alongside the wall, and attached to the walls on both sides of the shop, the large wide mirrors. A row of pomade jars and hair tonic bottles stood on the shelves above the washbowl, and two calendars decorated the wall facing the street.

The barber looked up from his customer and smiled faintly as he saw me. I was so embarrassed that I slumped down on the bench and picked up the first magazine that I could find. I felt even more confused when I saw that the magazine was printed in Japanese and did not have a single picture in it.

After the first shivery moments had passed, I took a stealthy glance at the barber's wife. She was smiling to herself as she strapped a razor. This was the first good look I had of her and she looked even more attractive than I had thought she was. She had her dark hair fixed like Clara Bow, the movie actress, and even though her high cheekbones made her eyes slant a little, she looked prettier than any other Japanese girl I knew.

A short hissing noise came from the doorway. I looked toward it and saw Masuo standing outside. He was grinning, and gesticulating with his hands in an imitation of a barber. I nodded my head proudly and Masuo's face clearly showed his envy. I beckoned him to come in, but he shook his head in a reluctant manner and finally with a wave of his hand, walked away.

When I first entered the shop I had my mind made up to have the barber's wife cut my hair, but as she carefully wiped the customer's face with a towel and finally took the apron from his neck, I began to wish that I hadn't come. I pretended to be absorbed in a picture magazine as the customer got up from the chair and started to put on his coat.

"All right, you're next,"

the barber's wife said, so I locked up. She was smiling at me and I almost bolted from the shop, but instead I mumbled:

"I think I'll wait for him," and nodded toward the barber.

The girl smiled, and humming under her breath, began clearing the little shelf at her side. Afterward, she got out a bag, sat down on the bench near me, and began knitting. I spent an uncomfortable minute or two and almost felt the perspiration oozing from my forehead as I waited. Fortunately for me, the barber finished his customer soon after and I got on the chair.

I used to think that all barbers talked a lot but this one did not talk much. He just asked me how I liked to have my hair cut and after I told him he began clipping with the electric clipper that made cold shivers run down my back. It was a strange, delightful experience to have the cool buzzing machine slide up and down my head. Later the barber used the scissors and he reminded me of an artist, the way he scrutinized my head from all angles with a clip here and a clip there. He even looked at my head in the mirror -- probably to get the right perspective. While the barber was cutting my hair, I looked at his profile in the

mirror and it made me wonder even more why a pretty girl like his wife would marry a short, funny-looking man like him. His nose was small and turned-up, with a scrubby mustache like Charlie Chaplin's below it, and he almost looked cross-eyed as he concentrated on what he was doing.

I began to wish that his wife wouldn't sit in front of me. I imagined that she was staring at me and I began to perspire so much the barber asked me if it was too warm in the shop.

I said no, but the barber took a towel and wiped my forehead. That made me perspire even more. I took a quick glance at the girl once or twice, but each time she was busy knitting and humming under her breath.

After a brisk massage of my scalp with a tonic that made my head tingle, the barber carefully parted my hair on the side, flicked a stray hair off my cheek and took the apron from my neck.

I gave him the money and without even looking at myself in the mirror I hurried out of the shop.

Masuo was waiting for me when I reached home, reeking of tonic, but proud of my first trip to the barber.

"Say, Tosh," he said enviously, "why didn't you let his

26. wife cut your hair? I saw the barber cutting it."

"Oh, I couldn't help that," I said. "The barber finished first, so naturally I just let him cut my hair." I hoped Masuo wouldn't know that I was lying as I didn't want him to know that I was afraid to let the girl cut my hair.

"Well, when I go she's going to cut my hair," Masuo said boastfully. "Boy!" he sighed. "She sure is a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Yeh," I said. "And the funny thing about it, her husband is a homely guy. Why didn't she pick a better looking man?"

Masuo and I went to the barber from then on, but each time the barber cut our hair. Masuo wouldn't admit, and I wouldn't admit it, but we were afraid to let the barber's wife cut our hair. We found out that her name was Florence and we thought it was just the name to fit her looks. There were plenty of girls going to Junior High School, but none could compare with Florence in our estimation. Masuo and I wanted to show Florence that we were different from other boys so whenever we thought she was watching we would put on our skates and chase each other up and down the block until my father or mother would come out and tell us not to make so much noise.

That summer, Masuo and I decided to go to the country to work on a friend's ranch. We stayed there nearly three months and when we came back to town we were brown like Karakas so that we staggered around, showing off our tan to our pale-faced and envious friends. Our hair was long and shaggy, although we usually came to town about once a month for a haircut. The last two times that we came, we didn't see Florence in the shop. But we didn't mind that, in fact, we felt more at home and we found out that the barber wasn't such a bad fellow. He seemed to like boys, and he joked with us while he cut our hair.

The barber was shaving a customer when Masuo and I entered the shop, so we sat on the bench and watched him. The barber seemed to be in a jovial mood and he hummed to himself. I was wondering where Florence was when suddenly we heard a strange cry from the back of the shop where the barber and his wife lived. Masuo and I looked at each other in wonderment. The cry was familiar. I had heard it often enough at our home when Kenji, my youngest brother, was a baby.

Before Masuo or I could say anything, Florence walked
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

In The STILL of The Night

sheep, but to no avail. Then along about three I was awakened again by the moonlight streaming into the room. I kind of expected her and watched and again she quietly slipped into the room. Again she kissed me, ran her fingers over my forehead and just as the night before I felt a complete relaxation of my muscles.

"I tried to keep my eyes open to stay awake a little longer, but try as I did, I couldn't. When I finally awoke, it was daylight again.

That was Christmas night. All the next day I waited for night. I could hardly wait to see her again, to see her mouth curved at the corners when she smiled, to feel her hands on my forehead. This time I vowed I'd speak to her. You see I hadn't the two nights before.

Night finally came. I read a little and thought a lot about my nightly fairy visitor. Somehow, though, it was just like the nights before, I grew awfully sleepy, so damn sleepy that soon I didn't care whether I stayed up to see or not. Yet in spite of it, I couldn't

sleep. I just tossed around restlessly. 27.

"Then again I dozed those few minutes before she came. I was awakened again by the moonlight flooding my room. Again I heard the door open and saw her come in. She sat by my bed staring at me. It was almost frightening the look she gave me that night.

"I sat up in bed and reached for her." He closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over his forehead.

"I--I reached for her, but she wasn't there. That is she was there before my eyes, but I couldn't touch her. My arms just clutched empty air.

"I lay back puzzled and just stared. Scared? Sure, but curious, too. Soon I gathered enough courage to sit up again and asked, 'Aren't you going to kiss me tonight?' She just shook her head and smiled. 'Aren't you going to soothe my restlessness?' And again she just shook her head and smiled. I lay back not knowing what else to say or do.

"I heard her rustle and locked up just as she disappeared through the door. I shouted, 'Wait!', but she went without even looking back. I jumped out of bed and looked out but saw nothing but the moonlight flooding through the doorway."

(Continued on Page 29)



CONT. FROM PAGE 26

into the shop from the back. She carried a small bundle wrapped in a blanket, and we knew right away what she was carrying. She smiled at us as we stared at her in a dumb-founded manner. The barber tried not to appear proud, but he couldn't help grinning as he looked at his wife and baby.

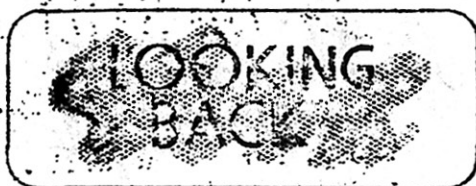
An hour later, Masuo and I stared at the barber shop from my house, but we didn't say anything for quite a while. Masuo was the first to speak:

"What a red face that baby had," he said in a disgusted voice. "I'll bet it's going to look just like the barber when it grows up."

"Yeh," I said in an equally disgusted voice. "What a funny-looking baby. His wife's gonna get funny-looking, too. You just watch and see. She'll get fat and sloppy like all the others."

Masuo and I still go to the barber shop, but now we go just for the haircut.

THE END



(Cont. From Page 19)

Necessity of recreational accommodations for children and youths seemed the most likely and immediate step to take. Congenial Harry Mayeda, "Roc" chief, was quick to see this.

Although hampered with meager fund, equipment and facilities, Mayeda had worked feverishly during the hub-bub of summer activities to overcome the handicap with the leadership of his staff. Music, dance, sports, art and handicrafts had enraptured hundreds of eager students.

When cold weather rolled in, activities were moved indoor and Mayeda was ready. His menu was rich, varied and plentiful: classic concerts, little theater productions, handicraft exhibits, musical comedies and movies.

These, apparently, weren't enough. More leisure hours and bored youngsters needed to be occupied.

DECENTRALIZATION OF "ROC"

To entertain 15,000, "Roc" resorted to stuffy, inadequate mess halls which accommodated at the most 300, crowding them

In The STILL Of The Night

He sat down in his chair again. Still no one said anything. He put his hands across his eyes, rubbed them a bit and continued.

"The next day, that was yesterday, I got a letter. It said, 'Sally was hurt Christmas eve. She was on her way to send you a Christmas message, when she slipped at the intersection. The driver maintains he didn't see her until it was too late. The icy streets never helped. Sally had the message all written. It was clutched firmly in her

fist when we took her to the hospital. It may not be too late to pass it on to you. It said,--'Merry Christmas, dearest. A kiss for you tonight, tomorrow, always--' The letter was signed by Sally's sister.

"There was no letter today. Tomorrow, I'm sure there will be one with black borders. I'm certain about it. More certain than I've been about anything in my whole life."

He got up again and lit a cigarette. After a few puffs he simply said, "Sally was my fiancee. We were to have been married as soon as her transfer here was affected.

THE END

"to the rafters." Private parties and dances in mess halls flourished but were strictly private.

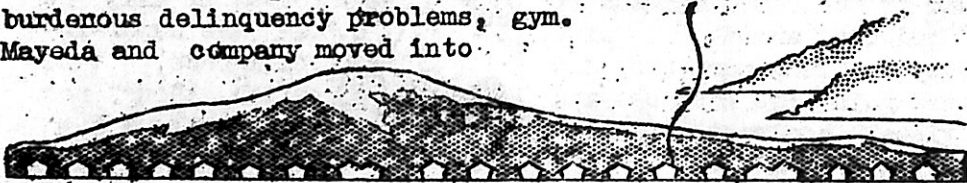
Cinema-goers, once again, saw their favorite movie stars in the over-worked mess halls 300 at a time. Ironically enough, the issei, who largely voted down the theater building project, clamored and fought for movie tickets.

Sensing the inadequacy of the "Rec" to cope with the burdensome delinquency problems, Mayeda and company moved into

high gear. To work effectively with what little to work with, he decentralized his set-up by establishing ward headquarters, dissolving the "Rec" center into an equipment room for the wards.

"Rec" hoped it would "take the recreational activities within the close reach of the potential participants."

"Meanwhile, the Colony impatiently awaits the erection of the proposed auditorium and gym.



HAIR

and Painting

With a blade of rye.

If we make this haiku a painting, a simple and delightful picture on rich silk as we find in some old oriental scrolls, the delicacy of this mode of expression is beyond the touch of the masterful brush; especially, that instance when the dragonfly comes to rest and sways in unison with the slender blade of rye by its own weight. Also the feeling that comes from the harmonious motion of the objects can not be made visual or tangible to our senses, nor is it possible to suggest it adequately and delicately as this haiku expressed in a poetic rhythm with a mood particular to itself.

In the twilight gloom

Of the redwood and the pine
Tall wisterias bloom.

There is a twilight touch of the scenic beauty; the lovely wisteria hangs its clusters against the background of the semi-darkness of the redwood and the pine, whereby the rich purple of the flowers gain its softness and its visual contrast. It re-

Cont. On Page 31

AN EXPOSE OF THE WOLF CONT. FROM PAGE 20

her feet—a blitz-krieger in effect. His smooth tactics in addition to his physical enhancement has been schooled and tried in that best of all training grounds—Cupid's warfare. There aren't very many women immune to type VI. However, his chief weakness is that he will in time be surfeited with his excesses and numerous conquests; and self-satisfaction which inevitably creeps up on this type is usually followed by a deterioration of his chief weapon—physical attractiveness.

Guard: Give in to him and let him be super-sated. You can then be a martyr for all womankind—though it is questionable as to the way the other women will respond to your sacrifice.



VII. COLD, MERCENARY: This type is the most dangerous of all. He has the super-intelligence, the polish, though not necessarily the physical attractiveness; yet

his path of conquest is strewn with more devastated, love-for-saken women than all other six combined. He is utterly without scruples in his plan of conquest and once his goal is set his victim rarely escapes. His chief weapon is his suave mannerisms, his apparent disdain for all womankind. He has the patience and though physically he may be a veritable nightmare, he has the cunning to play on the sympathetic nature of the woman he desires, the way an expert rodsman will toy with the wary trout. The most dangerous feature of type VII is that he is not interested primarily in the physical beauty of the victim by rather in the pecuniary wealth she possesses. His gallant approach on a woman not gifted with beauty, therefore, will be overwhelmingly to his advantage. Is there a woman alive who does not fancy herself a prize worthy of any man?

Guard: None.

In conclusion, if through this sensational expose, the sacred threshold of womanhood may have been preserved for posterity, then the prime purpose of this manual has been accomplished.

•THE END•

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

minds us of the rich coloring of some exotic painting.

Thus haiku has something in common with painting. "Comparing it with painting", says Professor A. Miyamori, "the haiku is like a sketch or the outline of a sketch—the haiku is the title of a picture, nay a suggestion for one". How true his statement seems, but a moment's consideration of the haikus already mentioned, especially the first one by Basho, it will suffice to state that the picture painted, however brief in itself, has more than a sketch or the title of a picture.

Let us suppose, for instance, we receive a radiogram, saying: "ILL, COME HOME", these three words contains more meaning than the words themselves convey and any picture that one may draw! This radiogramatic expression, which we use in everyday business life for another purpose is nevertheless one of the prominent characteristics of haiku, because pregnancy and suggestiveness, brevity, and ellipsis are the soul and life of a haiku.

* * * * *

"HAIKU AND PAINTING" by Ken Yasuda will be included in the March issue of the Dispatch magazine.

ART. T. MORIMITSU....

Now-you-see-him-now
-you-don't-man of the
Recreation staff. Be-
gan his literary career
scrawling love notes
on neighborhood fences.
Immediately prior to
evacuation, he was a
state employe and
spend his leisure time
oil painting, playing
Beethoven's, and dream-
ing of a great nisei
novel.

"The Barber's Wife" is being reprinted with the author's permission from "Matrix", a literary magazine published in Philadelphia.

His brother George who is in the armed forces has had few articles printed in the current issues of Common Ground.

FRANK S. TANABE or "SHIN"....

University of Washington J.S.C. Basketball games. Waltzes Myriad of English compositions. Alaskan adventures. Salmons. Salmons. Salmons. An Eskimo girl. Two weeks at Puyallup. Stench of bachelors' quarter. Tule Lake. Launches Vol. 1 No. 1, The Dispatch. Went to pick apples but wound up cutting beets at Payette. City Editor, The Dispatch. Packs up to join folks at Minidoka.

IROH OTOKO....

The classic treatise of "Human Wolves" is no hallucination but an intensive research of Professor Iroh Otoko, anthropologist at University of Shirankotowanai. Prof. Otoko gathered his material largely in Tule Lake which he considers a happy-hunting-ground for all male animals.

Some "wolves" stalk in packs at the relocation center, but the professor noted that the species who work singly seemed the most effective.

