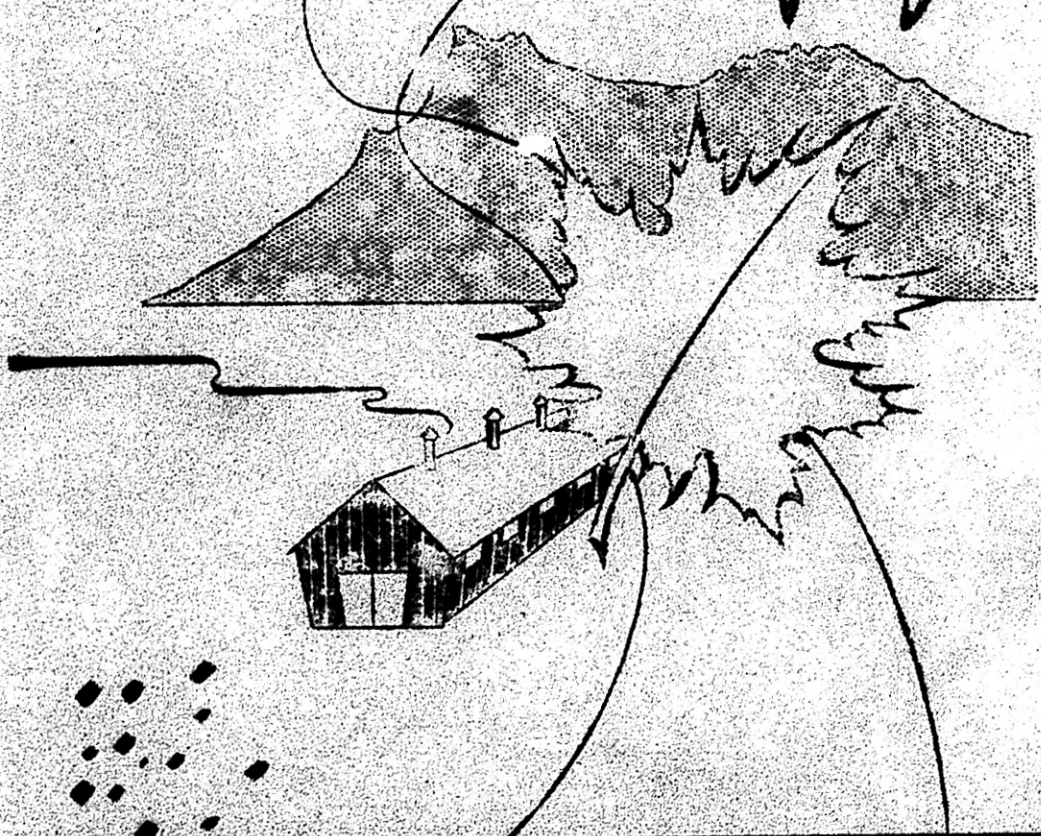


TULEAN DISPATCH *Magazine*



MARCH VOL. 1 NO. 8

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COVER BY DICK KURIHARA

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Along the Firebreak

SEE YOU AT THE CHURCH

This fellow we know never went to a church, at least, not to any of the churches here.

At any rate, one beautiful Sunday morning he felt the air so clean and peaceful, he casually decided to drop in a church in the next block. Finding the front door jammed with people, he slipped in through the side door and found himself a seat in the front row.

Our friends, much to his distress found his neighbors in their Sunday bests. He examined his miserable attire in chagrin.

The long drone of the minister's sermon was over and the congregation silently arose. Oddly enough his row turned around and faced the congregation and started singing. For lova Pete! He was in a choir!

After the service, the minister came up to him and asked if he would like to sing in the choir again.

The last we heard of him,

he was going to church regularly.

YOUNG BUT OLD IN MIND

A pretty girl, 15, thin but not awkward in adolescence strolled by with several unattractive, fat-calved, slightly bowed, stringy haired female companions.

Laughing and chatting madly, they swerved in and out brushed against each other, but the pretty girl did not laugh or chatter promiscuously. Cengling boys and handsome youths boldly appraised her physical vibrance and whistled askance as she "ice-berged" by. Her companions giggled, cast quick long longing glances at the boys, nudged each other, giggled and chattered on. Rising prominently above the babble of her companions, she exulted a melancholy smile of innocence Lana Turner would have rightfully envied.

And with an emotive nonchalance of a world jaded sophisticate, Sam Goldwyn would have cried for, she whispered

to the winds, "I'm so weary of this camp...I want to go places and do things so badly."

R.O.

PRIVACY

I give up! All I want is a little privacy," he moaned. "What a dump! A guy and gal can't—without 15,000 people butting in." He walked up and down the barrack apartment and gambling dumbly stated with finality, "I ask you.. where can you find privacy?"

First, just as he settled down for a comfortable evening alone with his girl, just as he was warring up to kiss her, there was a rapid fire knock-knock on the door.

"Yes," the girl asked as she opened the door, "what is it that you wish?"

"Turn on your light!" the warden commanded.

A few minutes later, the room had become appreciably cold...the innards of the pet-bellied coal burner revealed smoldering ashes. The coal-box was empty. He walked out into the cold night and returned with a bucket of coal. As he chucked the fuel into the open mouth, the stove belched a screen of black smoke; his face was covered with soot. Cursing to himself, he again walked into the

night. He returned clean, but the events ruffled his growing indignity and impatience. Once again, he maneuvered himself into the caresses of his sweetheart; now, he thought, everything would turn out to be smooth sailing. Words of devotion slowly emanated from his lips...then, knock-knock. He jumped with surprise. "What now?" he muttered.

The door swung open, and an old man excitedly shouted, "Your chimney is red hot! Fire is licking the air!"

Within five minutes, the fiery stove was under control; the hyper-cautious neighbor obligingly left the apartment. No sooner were they seated when a rapid knock-knock again invaded the room. This time, a friend of the family wanted to know if anyone was at home.

"No, ojisan, father and mother went out;" she answered. From then on, it seemed as though everyone wanted to know who's who, what's what, and if the two were enjoying themselves. Neighbors came to borrow this and that. Nervous, exhausted, disgusted, he wondered when things would quiet down. Fifteen minutes later, little sister entered. She said, "It's my bedtime."

"Again I ask you," he shouted, "where can a guy find privacy?"

R.O.

4. LOST AND FOUND.

Everyone was busily engaged in gorging down the none too savory foodstuffs on the mess tables. Waitresses ran up and down the aisle serving tea and milk or replenishing the quickly emptied plates.

"Your attention please," the block manager's voice boomed out. A hush prevailed upon the mess as all eyes turned towards him.

"In the washroom," said the manager, "was found a false tooth. Will the owner please come and claim it." A burst of laughter broke out as everyone pictured his difficulty in eating without his palates. Perhaps he has a spare. Anyway it did happen here. --E.O.

Dispatch Magazine solicits contributions of short sketches and anecdotes to the "Along the Firebreak" column to be featured every month. Length of contributions should not exceed 275 words.

"SENNIN-BARI"

Perhaps you have seen her at the flower-making groups, at the sewing groups, at the English classes; wherever women gather. Bowing, she presents a band of materi-

al to another woman, who bowing in turn, takes the cloth, makes a quick stitch, and returns it to her. She goes to someone else, and the same thing happens again. She is the maker of the "Belt of the Thousand Stitches"; the "Sennin-Bari"; her son is going to the war. It may be a plain band of white cloth, or it may have a design of a tiger for valor, but upon it are a thousand dots, each to be covered with a stitch by a different hand, the thread being kept continuous from stitch to stitch until the belt is finished. It is the tradition that the soldier who wears the "Sennin-Bari" beneath his uniform will be protected from the bullets and the swords of the enemy.

Once seeing the mother of a friend who had gone into the army, we asked if we might make a stitch for him. She laughed, and told us that only the stitches made by women have the power to protect. We were sorry that we could not make the stitch, but it made us think of the truth of the tradition, for it is not the man who thinks of his safety as he goes to war, but the women he leaves behind who pray for his safe return. Let those nisei girls who are asked to sew a stitch remember

this prayer and this wish as the belt is taken from person to person to be finished; and let those nisei boys who may receive the strange-looking white belt, be it at Camp Savage in Minnesota, Camp Robinson in Arkansas, Camp McCoy in Wisconsin, in Texas, in the Carolinas, in Africa or Australia, let him remember that it is the work of a thousand hands wishing for his safety, and that with this belt, he represents the thoughts of a thousand hearts back home.S.K.

LITTLE THEATRE

Make-up, footlights, cold cream, potato chips...costumes, laughter, wisecracks. Night after night, performance after performance. Different audiences—attentive, appreciative, indifferent, wisecracking, rowdy.

Two weeks before the performance—script, reading, memorizing, rehearsals, rehearsals, rehearsals.....Two weeks before rehearsal—reading plays and plays and plays, finally choosing three, mostly comedies, sometimes drama, tragedy, phantasy. Tryouts, casting.

Shouting, screaming, laughing, crying, slapping, "Grrr, how angry I am! I hate you!"....Love and kisses, ecstasy,

thrilling heartbeat, "Darling, I love you." A respectable minister saying, "You fool! Shut up!"

"All the world's a stage, and the men and women merely actors.." Actors in the audience—"I guess he told you!".. "Don't let us down yet, old man."....A fur coat—a whistle.

Stage props, setting, make-up, prompting, costume designing.

End of two weeks, last performance..Whew! At last! That a relief! Oh Yeah! Rehearsals for next month begin almost immediately.

Poor Mrs. Murayama—"This is the way to fall." "Run around excitedly; get on your knees, like this." "A swing on the left should be delivered this way." "This is the technique of embracing and kissing a girl." Boys, here's your chance to learn. There will be some plays in which eating scenes will occur, also. There is no age or size limit. All kinds of people are needed—little children, grandmothers...poa poles, fat-sos. So, if you're interested in learning the art of a perfect kiss, how to grow old gracefully, the way to connect a right, if you're hungry, the Little Theater beckons you.K.T.

cause of my classification as I-A, the board stunned me beyond pain; the reason: "Sorry, no more Japanese."

I tried to enlist in the United States Navy, but the answer was "no". I pleaded with the Army recruiting officer on the 17th floor of the Federal Building, but to no avail.

Events occurred swiftly and within a few weeks, I found myself with thousands of other Japanese-Americans pounding the dust in an internment camp. What the hell, I thought. My vision of America became more and more shortsighted; I was resigned to fate.

Then, one day, I received several letters, two I especially remember: one was from a Negro-American stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri; the other came from a German-American soldier in training at Camp Crowder, Missouri. The contents of the two letters and the feel were peculiarly different. The Negro felt remorse and regret; the German felt sympathy and reason for being in the armed service.

The conflicting thoughts of love and duty, scorn and indifference for this country started me thinking. I began to think of America in terms of little things, of all that

this nation means to me: America which tenaciously clings to a bit of the old, revels in a bit of the new, and professes great faith in the future; it is an everchanging panorama, a nation of the variety that constitutes the spice of life.

I slowly realized that America was not infallible; that our country was a complex culture of all peoples and their own individual fears and loves. Indulgences in personal grievances and pity fast became an appalling waste of energy. I know the constituents that pattern our way of life included me because I feel, act, and talk U.S.A.

To think of America. Of its teeming, yearning, colorful, cosmopolitan masses; blond, brunette, titian, and black-haired people; the white, red, black, and yellow skinned people. I see names: from Shute, Robeson, Bos Passos, Kaiser, Goldberg, La Guardia, Fields, Bok, MacArthur, Chang, Sullivan, Yama-moto, to Jones. I see the country-side and a simple farmhouse, the city and a gigantic skyscraper, the broad river and a steaming showboat, the lofty mountain and a rushing stream, the national park and a pleasure resort, the



flower garden and a cozy home.

I hear colloquial and provincial peculiarities of tongue. A Texan and his herd, a New Yorker and his night club, a Georgian and his julip, a Californian and his movie, an Oklahoman and his dusty plains, a New Englander and his tea. I hear voices of discord and harmony. An Italian fisherman sings and Joe DiMaggio snacks a baseball, an Irish policeman whistles and George M. Cohen composes, a Negro bootblack taps rhythm and Marian Anderson sings spirituals, a Chinese laundryman laughs and James Wong Howe shoots movies, a German machinist guzzles beer and Wendell Willkie grates, a Japanese farmer sighs and Mike Masaoka fights and char-

pions, a Jewish merchant chants and Eddie Cantor cracks jokes, a Russian rakes music and Alexander P. de Seversky designs airplanes, a French chef exclaims and Charles Boyer emotes, a Slavic laborer grins and Louis Adamic writes America.

I hear symphonies under the stars, the exuberance of voices at football games, the roar of youth and vigor in college rallies, of carefree jazz and jitterbugging, the uninhibited individualism of kids at play, the expressive femininity of beauties personified, the organ grinder and his noisy monkey, the circus and jesting clowns, and the clear exuberant laughter of all who live.

I taste food that is America. Coney Island red-hots, pork-chops, pic-a-la-mode, Boston baked beans, hot corn pone and rich honey, chow-moin and chop suey, tortilla and chili-beans, hot biscuits and cold melting butter, hamburgers and Coca-Cola, goulash, macaroni and cheese, barbecued ribs and baked yams, suki-yaki and Irish stew, popcorn and southern coffee, and breakfast ham and eggs.

I smell homebaked pastries, sizzling cornmeal ontrouched fresh water trout, pungent fresh fruits, a Thanksgiving turkey roast, crisp frying

bacon, and sour-~~tree~~-~~will~~ pickles.

The odors of familiar things: of old clothes, family albums, different homes of friends, fragrant perfumes, of the one you love, a newly born baby, salt water spray, moist ethereal fog, tobacco that is tobacco, the belch of automobile exhausts, the hot heat of industries, of cheap whiskeys, of domestic wines, and the overwhelming essence that is home.

I feel the benevolence, the protection, the indifference, and the beauty that is America. The towering structures that extend mighty sinews to heaven, the long expanses of bridge that are manifest by idealists, the aqueducts that swallow and spew forth thousands of gallons of water per hour, the power of white gold that sing along the lines, the eye deceiving perpetual movement of automobiles, the countless acres of farm, the smoke covered atmosphere of men and machinery, the cluster of peoples in free worship, the rampant evangelist, free speech, the loud-mouthed politician, free press, a million opinions, free and creative activities, the sublime to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)



ILLUSTRATED BY MAS INADA

10. It was one night in a gloomy darkness that he remembered that kiss. That dear moment never escaped him, for it came when he felt the world at its worst. It was the gentle kiss upon his cold quivering lips that shot a wave of infinite happiness through his body, wave on wave; the protecting warmth of the woman who stood next to him.

How vivid and yet elusive a memory can be! Even though he was but a child then, he recalled what a fool a child can be at times. But once again the vast wheat fields of the lonely island took shape--and the wild wind and the rain of that night echoed mockingly; as if from a remote grave, never to be touched.

The island itself was curiously lonely, for the inhabitants were few and far apart. In a remote part of California it was, and this island possessed a very interesting aspect as many observed. These things were only an obscure background to his memory, as he fleetingly spanned the years. There were other things that left a sharper mark with him, among them, especially a memory of a peculiar spirit of the skies and graves, stirring inwardly his soul and imagination.

"Peter you have such an a-

What Peter BROWN

by frances okamoto



Makes

cute imagination," his mother often chided. But his adventurous mind it seemed was not without influence, for on this island also lived an old man who interested himself in making frequent visits to Peter's wheat farm. He had a strange incalculable way about him, often fascinating, and for his peculiarities which also included a growth at the side of his nose, one either held utter dislike of him or loved him.

Uncle Major, that's what Peter called him, had a way of unfolding tales, and it was often, that he came strutting carelessly to his house on his guitar some lilting air. His voice, when he sang, was like a resounding echo of some decades removed, but the sight of him made Peter run to him, the nostalgic strains filling loudly the air of the early spring. At a moment like this the parched, wrinkled face would flash with merriment; but as he grew to know him, Peter detected an unusual restlessness about him, a distinguishing feature. At this point a look of curiosity

seized him.

The singular way in which Uncle Major's were colored by phantasy were convincingly persuasive, and ridiculous as it may have appeared, no one ever attempted to rationalize his wild imaginations nor to make a jest of them. As a result, he held Peter spellbound and the words he uttered lingered in his mind.

One day, laying his wrinkled hands over Peter's head with a gesture of finality, he glanced at him and spoke urgently.

"Peter," he said staring out across the wide wheat fields, "I have a strange pronouncement that I will be going away and never come back."

"Going away?" Peter asked.

"Yes, very far," he added simply.

From a distant came the startling cry of a vulture that glided slowly over them, the naked head exposed hungrily in the air. The screeching was persistent and hostilely mocking. At this Peter abandoned himself with excited curiosity.

"What can that ugly thing be!" Peter cried.

"That's a vulture. He comes to eat people like me. I am an old man. The years behind me will never come back. Even yesterday already belongs to

the past and tomorrow--tomorrow is so uncertain it may never come."

"You talk so sad," Peter said childishly, "and just where are you going?" His eye still focused on the vulture, the wail echoing hideously in the wheat fields. With sudden passion of a dying man, he said cursing, "Oh death and damnation you're but a child! Already that bird is here after me, and here you are asking me where I am going. I'm going to join the dead."

"You mean the graves?" Peter wide-eyed asked incredulously.

"The graves it shall be. The going will be difficult," he whispered hoarsely. "But," he added with a sudden thought, "it won't be there long; I shall be a ghost and return at night."

"A ghost! You a ghost, Uncle Major?" Peter cried astonished.

"Exactly! Ghost I shall be."

"But, Uncle Major, when you're dead it's impossible for you to come back. When you're dead you'll be buried deep in the ground like Sadie Jackson, and the coffin will be covered with dirt. I heard prayers read over her grave. You know, to keep the soul quiet, and maybe a chance to

be delivered to heaven."

"I don't trust the power of prayers. So I shall always remain as I am, a restless soul even in death. And under the cold covers of my grave, I would wish for the outer world; and then I would escape from my grave and be out some lonely rainy nights. You shall see."

"Oh gosh, do ghosts have wings?" Peter asked perplexed.

"No, but ghosts float in the air as lightly imagined wings, legless to be sure."

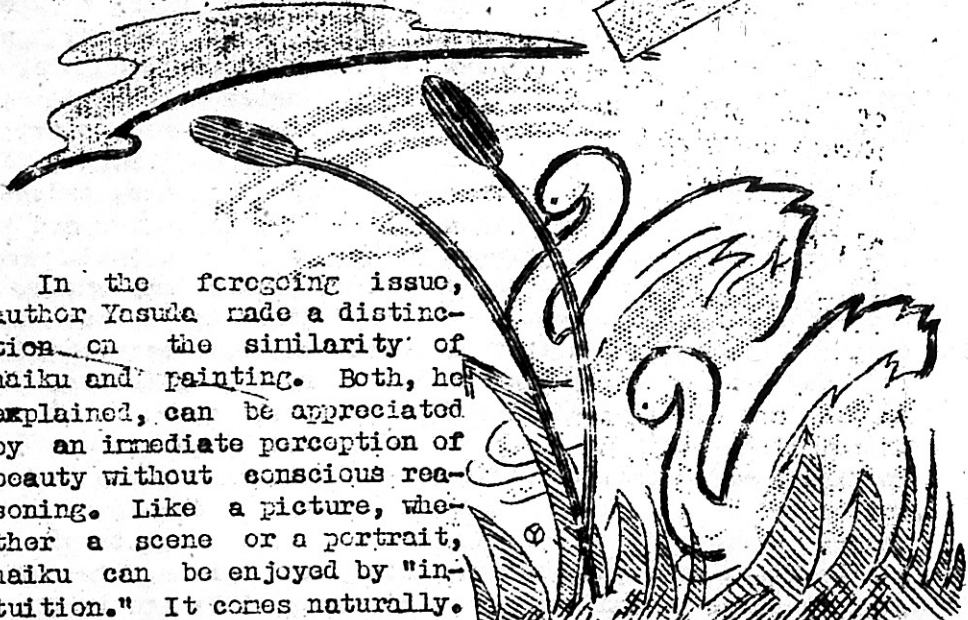
Peter listened. The woods and the river were never strange to him but a ghostly sky, it could never be!

"Peter, Peter! Come here quickly. You better hurry and after the milk. Mother'll worry if it gets too late," shouted Peter's mother from the house. With this the old man left, taking this as his cue to leave. This was a final farewell. The vulture, true to its omen darkly forewarned a foretaste of ill things to come. Uncle Major left for that undiscovered bourne from which no traveler is thought to return. His death saddened Peter for spring and summer would return again--the birds would sing their intermittent songs, but never Uncle Major who sang his

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HAIKU and Painting

BY KEN YASUDA



In the foregoing issue, author Yasuda made a distinction on the similarity of haiku and painting. Both, he explained, can be appreciated by an immediate perception of beauty without conscious reasoning. Like a picture, whether a scene or a portrait, haiku can be enjoyed by "intuition." It comes naturally. "Haiku is like a sketch -- the haiku is the title of a picture, nay a suggestion for one."

Yasuda's series on "Haiku and Painting" is concluded with Part II of this issue.

Now we are ready to compare haiku and painting more critically by analyzing the parts. Let us take another example of haiku:

White swans, one or two,
Draw near pushing the water

14. For the food I threw.

Suppose a painter sees the above haiku, he will draw one or two swans facing the food, and a few curved lines in front of the birds denoting the waves or ripples in such a way to give the impression of swans approaching.

Thus painting makes us visualize the moment of action or movement by presenting a certain desirable form and appropriate position of the objects in space; on the other hand, haiku gives that spacial form by stating the movement of the object with such a phrase as "pushing the water". Consequently, it may be said that painting is always spacial, and haiku, temporal. This is the fundamental difference between them as far as their mode of expression is concerned, yet analyzing haiku further one may soon discover that it is the art of "line and form" as painting, because in which we find a more distinct realization of space, time, distance, direction, dimension, atmospheres, and perspective, etc. in scene or landscape.

This world of haiku or "haiku world" consists of seventeen syllables all told, as restricted in scope as the few square inches of silk or paper. In addition, haiku is three-dimensioned, as painting.

Now you may ask: How can one paint a picture, like painting, with a few words of seventeen syllables all told: How can one describe and denote the space, time, distance, dimension, perspective, etc., which we find in every paintings? These and many other similar questions may be asked.

To answer these questions, one may suggest that the verb gives us those elements of perspective; also that words like spring, summer, noon, evening, vesper, aurora, and many others indicate time; words such as far, near, suggest distance; right, left, beginning, middle, end, etc., denote the direction and position of the object. Beside these, poetry may employ many other imaginable methods to give the perspective elements as we find in painting.

But it seems that there will not be adequate space to crowd all the words as above suggested to denote or hint at least those elements in question and gives its effects clear and definite in the haiku world.

It seems also impossible to add the third dimension to the haiku world which we hope to create with beautiful words. Yet, as long as haiku is the

true picture of what we see in nature as a painter does, the artist must give these elements of perspective, no matter how small and microscopic the world of haiku may be. So the question, "How shall I accomplish this end?" would be difficult to answer. However, a moment reflection on the art of painting would give us some hint with which we may conceive a clear concept of the haiku world, because there can be no art of any sort without composition, whether done consciously or unconsciously.

The artist reduces all the things in nature to a two-dimensional world on silk or paper, but he places the objects in their positions exactly as they are: he uses the true phenomena of nature and sees the trees nearby taller than the trees far away with Kou Hsi's concept of "three dimensions" in painting. Hou Hsi said precisely: "clear distinct figures should not be short; fine and definite ones not too tall; mild and dreamy one not too large. These are the laws of three dimensions". So let us suppose Hokusai, the famous painter, draws a picture of Buson's famous haiku:

O, the rain in spring!

An umbrella and rain-coat

Pass by conversing.

No doubt, he will draw a

simple picture with a few subtle strokes in which we will see the two persons, one with an umbrella and the other with a rain-coat, and also a few dozen lines slanting down from above, indicating the rain. The rain is above the umbrella and rain-coat. These several objects must be kept in the painting as they are, otherwise the picture will lose its perspective. This is also true in haiku, and they must be kept in this order: Observe carefully:

O, the rain in spring!

An umbrella and rain-coat

Pass by conversing.

We see the rain above the umbrella and rain-coat. This composition in haiku has the same importance as the plan of design in painting. What I mean by "composition" here refers to that act of organizing things together within a limited space of only seventeen syllables all told, in order to create one new thing as the painting.

Another example may be drawn from the haiku already used to illustrate the same:

White swans, one or two,

Draw near pushing the water
For the food I threw.

Here a poet placed the swans at the far end as if the painter draws them there; the

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Tule In Rhyme

BY iku wada

There nestles among surrounding hills upon a high plateau
 A village, quite unique, built not so long ago.
 It's a relocation center, plumb full of Japanese
 The Tule Lake Project, Newell, Calif., if you please.
 A federal project under Civilian Control, the W.R.A.
 It's one of ten such centers scatter over the U.S.A.

Barracks and barracks, row upon row, block after block
 On the outside of tar paper, the inside of white sheet rock.
 Twenty-four buildings in a block, sixty-three blocks in all
 Each block with an ironing room, a laundry, a recreation hall.
 A manager's office, three lavatories, and, of course, the "mess"
 Which leaves about eighteen buildings for apartments, I guess.

There's a base hospital with expert doctors on hand
 And nurses and orderlies, and the dentists are grand.
 The five canteens serve practically all our needs
 From food to clothing--to toys, hardware and urn seeds
 A news stand, too, the electrical shop, and the cobblers, to be sure.
 Barbers for the gentlemen; a beauty shop for milady's coiffure.

A library at 1708 serves those who like to wander
 In and out among the books, to read them and to ponder.
 There are schools and classes for the young and old
 Education, learning, knowledge, "to have and to hold."
 The "Ad" building, the post-office, there are more, I confess
 I've left out a great many, can't include them with finesse.

A few more details of our city I would like you to know
 Our population is, at present, near 15,000, statistics show.
 The weather? Wind, rain, and snow, and bright noon-day sun
 And icy frost and misty nights when day is done.
 It's barren and it's rocky here but there's beauty, too, you'll agree,
 Beauty in the snow-clad hills, in the clouds, so free
 There's beauty in the geese's flight, in their dismal cry
 And in the brilliant sunset against a graying sky.

The miniature gardens are lovely, exquisite the hand-made vases
 Paper flowers, sea-shell trinkets, the delicate laces--
 All show love of beauty and use of hours well-spent.
 Which brings us to our leisure time, our "rec" department.
 If I were to list their activities, this rhyme would go on and on
 Suffice it to say, we work, we play, eat, sleep, shed tears, have fun.

Project director Coverley and his hard-working administrative crew
 Have given of their energy, ability, their fairest point of view
 And made Newell a self-governing community
 With a charter, a council, a central unity.
 So let's give credit where credit is due
 Hats off to Mr. Coverley, his aides, and you and you and you.

Rambblings

Everything seems to be in a turbulent state of affairs. Worry, worry, worry. Accusations... misunderstandings... hard feelings... headaches. Let's forget our cares and dwell on the lighter side.

Klankety Klang! Klankety Klang! "Ah, dinner time."

"No, that's not our mess. Must be the next block. Ours is two shorts and a long." And so it goes each meal time.

Listening to these various rings of mess bells makes a very interesting past time. That you do listen for the mess bell there is no doubt. But perhaps you've never noticed the manner in which it has been rung. Easily distinguishable is that "tan-ta-ta-ta-tan-ta" conga ring. Not only is it easy to distinguish, but it is musical and non-irritating as well. However the most popular call seems to be the triple ring. "Klang, klang, klang, (pause and repeat-

ed)."

Then there's that one long and two short mess call. Those with the triangular bars are able to ring theirs in a unique way by hitting the inner side with a circular motion causing a rapid "klankety klankety" ring.

Among other types of bell ringing are the steady and monotonous single or double beats and the various long-short combinations.

Upon studying the kind of bells being used, one runs across all sorts of improvised mess chimes. Simplest of all types is, of course, pots and pans. These have a good resonance and is easily heard, but the pan takes an awful beating in more ways than one.

Most widely used are the metal bars in its crudest form—long, flat, round, short, tubular, circular, triangular, etc. Used also are pipings but it can't be heard.

It's noon. Let's eat!



EUGENE
OKADA

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

It's the little things that count
It's the little things we love.
Millions of little things amount
To sizes of mountains above.

It's the little things in life
That makes one enjoy it fully.
Big things soon disappear with strife
'Though may it not be willfully.

No need for extravagance
When we want to have fun.
With common acts given a chance
Reel enjoyment it'd have won.

Big things happen and come rarely,
And sometimes to a selected few;
But the little things usually
Are available to all of you.

Those who know the little things
And make the most of them.
Fortunate are they when fate brings
Big things for them to stem.

W. A. G. J. White

What Makes Peter



gay songs, sometimes meditative and sweet.

That was in the spring and now the season slid into uncertain weather. Each evening Peter passed his time performing his dutiful errand to the barn. The cows had to be milked.

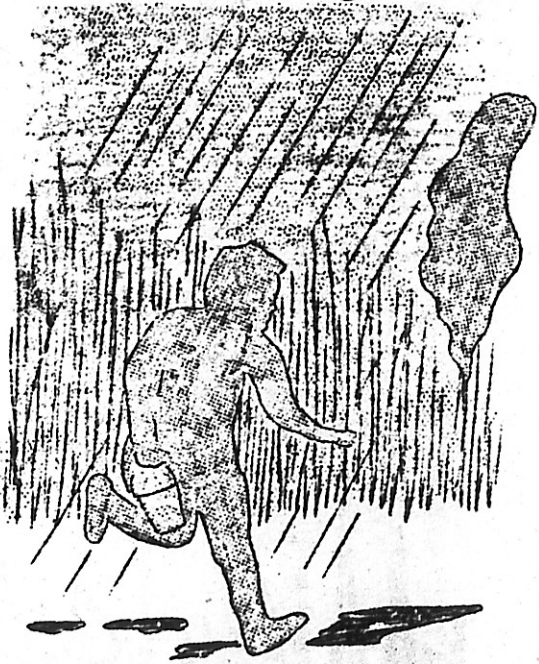
One day as usual, when the wheat was towering, he left for the barn with two empty milk pails in his hands. Dusk ushered in the chill evening; the wind slapping him as he scrambled his way through the wheat. Hanging oppressively low in the heavens were the clouds. Suddenly he became aware of a fitful bee buzzing low before him, and it alighted gently on one of his eye lids and, without warning, stung him.

"You confounded infernal thing." Peter yelled swinging the pails in the air. The bee left with a buzz, the sting taking effect.

On returning despair seized him. With no shelter over him,

a gust of rain broke loose over his head and continued, making his footing slippery. Added to the darkness, the one swollen eye hindered his vision.

The moment submerged him into helplessness, when a voice like a shrilling echo broke suddenly upon the night in one wild and long continued sound. Startled, he looked over the shadows of the rustling wheat around him, lost in the darkness, when something engaged his startled attention. Drifting towards him was a white feathery weight that



floated nearer and nearer in the rain. When he first beheld this apparition, for he could scarcely regard it as less, his wonder and his terror were extreme. He gazed fixedly at the legless creature, stupefied and aghast! A sick feeling stole over him, and he felt the blood run suddenly cold through his heart.

"A ghost!" he cried in horror. "It's the ghost of Uncle Major! Alas—he's made good his threats!"

Peter sought refuge in vain. He felt his legs giving away under him, the milk pails hanging loaded at his sides dragging him to the muddy ground. Quietly he made an effort to exercise his reason, and it occurred to him that perhaps it might be only a hoax or even only an hallucination.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! It could never be a ghost!" And with that he came to his feet again. As the mournful echo of the train whistle died in the dark, the pale spectral and ominous appearance remained fastened upon his mind. All efforts to pry such thoughts away proved fruitless for out of the short interval came the cry again in the patter and the rustling of the night. Now his spirit fell even more for when he looked again the legless form rested stationary

and remained until he began to move again. The object stirred in the folds of a raiment like vapour and billowed and fluttered in the gusty wind against the desolate sky.

With every ounce of effort he began to run wildly, hoping against hope he would gain distance away from it. As his head bobbed up and down over the tips of the wheat, the form took bolder aspect and followed him nearer and nearer. Then with a mad scream, he yelled, blindly abandoning himself to the mercy of it. Now as it came closer to him in the dark, the object took definite shape, and the sounds were not wholly a figment of his imagination.

As his mother embraced him and kissed him comfortingly, giving him shelter with her umbrella, he could scarcely refrain from shedding happy tears.

"Mother!" he gasped, "You and your calling had me fooled!"

Together they walked home, the white umbrella bobbing up and down in the air, and her huge white bonnet ruffles fluttered in the wind over the wheat.

Somewhere Peter felt Uncle Major writhing and grinning in his grave out in the rain.

THE END

Looking Back

It was January 31. Last day of January. With a complacent yawn, Colonist "Yamada" tore the month of January off the calendar. "Ho hum, another month". He shoveled more coal into the stove and returned to his wood carving.

Meanwhile, at the Tulean Dispatch office, Editor Howard Imazaki cleared the press for the "news of the year". Office stenos and ink-stained mimeo-operators stood by for a significant bulletin to be released from the War Department affecting the future of each and every nisei in the centers.

The Dispatch, however, was a little too late to "scope" the radio news-commentators

who had duly informed Colonist "Yamada" who dropped his wood-carving and dashed off to tell Colonist "Kato".

A little late but with exuberance, The Dispatch carried a full page spread, with streaming banner headline, "Nisei May Now Enlist In The Army". Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, announced a program to enable all loyal Japanese-Americans to participate in the country's war effort--through employment in war production as well as military service. "Loyalty to country," declared Stimson, "is a voice that must be heard, and I am glad that I am now able to give active proof that this basic American belief is not a

Roosevelt Approves Combat Team

The formation of nisei combat team has been given the full endorsement of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"No loyal citizen of the United States should be denied the democratic right to exercise the responsibilities of his citizenship, regardless of his ancestry," read the president's letter to Secretary H. Stimson.

"The principle on which this country was founded and by which it has always been governed is that Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart; Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry. A good American is one who is loyal to this country and to our creed of liberty and democracy."

Tulean Dispatch, Feb. 9, 1943

casualty of war."

The plan called for an all-nisei combat unit. Said the secretary of war, "No effort will be spared in developing it into an efficient, well-rounded, hard-hitting unit." Why nisei were to form their own combat unit was explained by the army representatives visiting the Project. The idea is not segregation, they stated. "If your strength were diffused through the Army, relatively little account would be taken of your action. You would be important only as manpower—nothing more. But united, and working together, you would become a symbol of something greater, you would become a symbol of something greater than your individual selves, and the effect would be felt both in U.S. and abroad."

"All other Americans would long remember what you had done for the country, and you would be a living reproach to those who have been prejudiced against you because of your Japanese blood."

CITY

"You and your members will be given privileges of living in one of our block mess halls and do toilet in block shower rooms," wrote the council to the Senate sub-committee in

Washington who charged that the evacuee in WRA centers are being "coddled" and "pampered."

SCHOOLS

From Feb. 9, all schools class sessions for 14 days to allow teachers to assist in the gigantic task of registering 8,000 evacuee for mass clearance as ordered by the War department.

CO-OP

Total membership of the Tule Lake Co-operative enterprise has increased to 6,120 as the result of the second membership campaign held in February.

Fumi Sakamoto, research director, announced an establishment of a circulating library of best-selling non-fiction and novels.

Council asked the Co-op to contribute a portion of the enterprise profits for badly-needed recreational equipment for young people and to create an emergency fund for medical purposes.

LIBRARY

City Library magazine stack is no longer a dilapidated file of dog-eared, back-copy periodicals of months and years back. Public-spirited Writers' club donated a sum of 50 dollars to the library for

24. purpose of subscribing to popular magazine.

RUMOR

Tough leathery meat served at the messes led the rumor that Colonists were fed horse meat. M.C. Cooke, chief of supply, squelched the rumor saying that "best quality of fresh cow meat which is procured through the quartermaster corps" were served to the Colonists.

SOCIAL WELFARE

Dorothy Montgomery of the social welfare dept. announced the public assistance grant of \$1307.65 to impoverished families.

A college scholarship fund committee under Jean McKay discussed means of raising money to help deserving students to go to college.

HOSPITAL

Dr. A.B. Carson was replaced by Dr. Reece M. Pedicord Jan. 20 as chief medical officer of the Base Hospital. Dr. Pedicord is a veteran of the last war and both of his sons are in the Army, one in the air corps and other in the signal corps.

First twins to be born in the Project are Ronald and Donald Shimono on Jan. 14.

A profit of \$300 collected at the New Years raffle was turned over to the hospital and the recreation dept.

COLONISTS

HIROSHI SUGASAWARA, or "Riley O'Suga", onetime nisei photo ace connected with the Dorsey's (Look magazine contributor), had a pictorial contribution in the famed "U.S. Camera 1943." U.S. Camera is an annual magazine containing pictorial shots of the year edited in New York.

TARÔ TSUKAHARA, army sergeant, arrived in the Project to recruit nisei volunteers for the nisei combat unit. Tsukahara was a printer for the San Francisco Nichi-Bei.

GEORGE EGUSA appeared on the Western Farm and Home Hour of the NBC back in 1938. A few weeks ago, after waiting seven years, Egusa received a certificate for the 4-H Honor Roll from the radio network "in recognition of outstanding participation on the Western Farm and Home Hour."

ELEANOR HAKAGAWA left for Chicago to work for the famous Resonwald Foundation.

HIROSHI KANEKO was named president of C.I.F. and EUGENE OKADA was elected chairman of Tule Lake Y.B.A. to replace Noboru Honda.

HAIRY and SCINING



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ripples are expressed figuratively by a phrase, "pushing the water", and the position of the birds is indicated by the verb "draw" and the adverb "near". This is further pointed out and relations made clear and distinct by placing the food in the third line as it should be in painting.

Haiku is the true scene reduced into a two-dimensional world in print like painting, but the natural order and position of the objects are kept unaltered i.e., the words order in haiku, so that as soon as the time element is introduced by the movement of our eyes along the lines and the time we require to read the words, the haiku world becomes a three dimensional world; therefore, at an instance when we read haiku, every object which is reduced into print begins to rise and we see clearly the trees in their own heights; the mountains; the lakes and all that may be found in the haiku world, take

their own position in natural order. Thus, things in haiku become alive once more before the reader.

According to this concept of three dimension in haiku, I classify haiku into three groups: vertical one and horizontal one and a combination of both. The haiku of Buson belongs to the first class and the Swais's to the second class. Another example of the second class may be given here:

'On the bench, I wait'

For the second gust to come
Through the garden gate.
We see the bench at the one end and the gate at the other, between which there is not a thing but the wind can pass freely.

In the moon, half-hid
With the silhouettes of
leaves
Tuits the katydid.

This haiku seems to be vertical since we see the moon above everything else; but the moon is not at its zenith because it is then impossible to have the vivid silhouettes. Therefore, we must consider that the moon, in this case, is at the far end. For this reason, this haiku world is horizontal. The position of the moon, in this horizontal haiku world, indicates the time distinctly: it is the rising moon: it can be assumed,

26. However, that the moon is in such a position as to give the best effect of the silhouettes which gives us the vortical aspect of haiku world. Consequently, we may classify this haiku in the third group.

It is natural, however, that in every haiku we find the vertical and horizontal elements, but one is more dominant than the other, in general. In this case the latter is more dominant than the former.

Observing the perspective in this haiku, we notice that the poet puts the "leaves" as close to the insect as possible, indicating that some of the leaves are before and some behind the katydid. This is further indicated by the word, half-hid, and also by the plural number of silhouettes. Suppose we change the natural order of the things i.e., the word order in the following manner:

From the leaves, half-hid

In the silhouettes of moon,
Trits the katydid.

We have:

1. leaves
2. silhouettes moon
3. katydid

in this jumbled order, which is not natural, therefore, when we add the third dimension to this picture by reading the haiku, the horizontal

and vortical haiku world cannot be created intrinsically, except by synthesis; but this mental process decreases the aesthetic pleasure proportionally to the effort that is to be required to place the objects in their natural position and order. Consequently, at a moment when we read the above haiku each thing in the haiku world cannot gain its assumed position, nor become alive immediately before the reader. Therefore, in order to make haiku a pure art, this order must maintain a natural position of the objects which is no less than the order that I call "haiku movement". Haiku movement thus becomes one of the most important elements of haiku, beside "seventeen syllables", and "reference to the seasons". Haiku is three dimensional, and everything is alive in the haiku world of only seventeen syllables all told.

Haiku is a true embodiment of truism and impressionism-like painting. Haiku poets, however, shows us as we have already seen the objects that excite the emotion; he does not express a feeling aroused by them, but let the objects excite us by exhibiting or presenting, rather than describing, the concrete individual things, because they are

only those that have power upon our feelings.

Because, description, however detailed and vivid, does not make us see anything to be impressive in the true sense of the word, but exhibition in what particulars the spiritual power of the things or scenes resides, gives us that value of "significance" from the imaginative influence of the whole. For this reason, moreover, the haiku poet does not describe all he sees but he renders in a few epithets what he feels, so that imagination will fill those space with all details in which the emotional value of the images resides, and which are to be the permanent possession of our memory; consequently, the images in our memory are nothing but those that come from objects directly: for every object in nature has its natural expression which intrinsically stamps a certain impression on our sensitive mind. Indeed, in this impression, the haiku poet tries to render directly and in a manner most appropriate the things before us just as they are, without any coloring from his mind. When we see such a poem, how true is it that "the meanest flower can give thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears."

THE END

NISEI America ·27·

ridiculous, the love of life, of simple things: a blade of grass swaying in the breeze, the melody of birds, of softly falling snow, of walking arm in arm through the park, the evident spirit of fair play, and the exhilarating omnipresent sense of humor.

And I feel the scorn and the desire that is America. For the countless who point at me and hiss, "You dirty Jap," bitterness, contempt, and loneliness grips my soul; and I am hoisted into the saddle of prejudices and find myself riding the plains of frustration.

What am I doing in an internment camp? Why must I be separated and confined within a barb-wired enclosure? Why must I be shunned and shackled—I, who was born, weaned, educated, played, worked, fought, and lived with and for America? What have I done? But with a smile, Caucasian friends, now in uniform say, "I am your friend. I wish you could join us, pal; you're one of us." The horror in my heart is melted away and I smile through tears and know.

THE END

KU WADA.....is Mrs. James Wada from Los Angeles. A mother of a six-year-old son, Jimmy, she says she likes to write when she has time. Working at the nursery and taking care of Jimmy is a full-time job. Japanese-American Mirror of Los Angeles regularly carried her woman's column, "Lavender and Laces."



FRANK HIJIKATA.....who wrote "On The Dawning of Peace" for us in the previous issue, is, at present, stricken with laryngitis and has been ordered not to use his vocal cord above a whisper. A former Sacramento boy, we find Frank a good Christian and an idealist at heart.

SACHIKO HIGASHI.....specializes in writing poems by the dozen in her spare time. Her ability to draw rapid portrait and figure sketches is included among her many talents. Jitterbugging is another. After finishing her training at Healds business college, she was employed with the state of California immediately prior to evacuation.

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