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George "Jobo" J. Nakamura

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

"Did I say that?"

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

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

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

"What were you doing there?"

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

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

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

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"Just stay at home."

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

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

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

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

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

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

That had been a week ago.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do you mean by that?" Euni demanded. The growing unrest of the past had irritated her.

"Well, the Dutch treat, for instance."

"But you're getting only $1.60 a month, Euni, and you can't afford to do the treating everyday."

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

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

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

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

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

Tada was taken aback at her sudden anger. He did not want to show that he felt hurt. In an at-tempt to patch up the situation he said, "Oh, come on, I'll call for you at 6:15."

But his pleading seemed to have no effect on Euni.

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

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

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

For you who have not yet selected a suitable companion, this City is a happy hunting ground. And if you are searching for a mate who can contribute something more than good looks to marriage, again the crowded situation here which throws people together under a wide variety of conditions will help you. Chances here are pretty good in getting to know people as they really are. Dating becomes more difficult in a simple, quiet affair. Let us keep it that way. Let us not return to the old convention by inviting a Roseland full of people and thus making it a community affair. The bride I suppose is free to do as she pleases but as for the groom a few dollars should cover the cost of a simple but appropriate ceremony.

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

2. "Don't you think it would be difficult to begin a married life (continued on page 10)
The scene was a new one from the familiar sidewalks of San Francisco, from the well-loved gardens of Los Angeles, from the farms of central California. It was a new scene of barrack-like homes and arid surroundings. It was a new scene of no luxury and less comfort.

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

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

—Ann Nisei, "Pacific Citizen"
A touch of oriental landscape design is suggested in the Project building's yard. Co-designed by Tohzo Nishizeki and John Tanaka, noted landscape artists, front yard of the "A" building is one of the first to be graced with a lawn and a fountain pool.

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

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

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

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

By guiding and encouraging resident initiative in community welfare instead of imposing severe restrictions, Shirrell and staff have won confidence among those who work with them.

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

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

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"SEE THIS, MISS"—A staff of nearly 100 Japanese residents is employed at the Administration in stenographic, accounting, and in routine clerical work.
Amidst the nerve-racking rattle of typewriter and the eternal clatter of
typewriters, THE DISPATCH office is never without a moment of lull. Life of a
reporter is a cacophony of midnight oil, too much black coffee, pretty girls,
desperate rush to deadline, search for the right word and the editors' snarls.

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS CHERISHED
BY THE DAILY TULEAN DISPATCH

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

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

THE DISPATCH office, strategically located in the
donor of the Colony, above Building 1688 with other
community service divisions. Handicapped with
inadequate printing facilities, 18,000 pages are
rolled off an over-worked, obsolete mimeo-duplicator and are assembled, stapled before the ink is dry. Countered bundled, circulation boys hurry distribution by means of major vehicles.

Eleven staff reporters are constantly alert on
their assignments and beats in order to assure a complete news coverage. On the gray dawn of August 13, three reporters were on hand to cover the huge fire at Canteen No. 2. A full page story of the
$4,000 damage appeared in THE DISPATCH on the same day.

Circulation of 4,500 is nothing to sniff at. Responsi
bility of news dissemination of the city of 15,000 weighs heavily on the shoulders of three newspaper men. Father of two daughters and a son, Managing Editor Howard Imazaki is verbally aggressive but tactfully subtle. Attending college at 27, Imazaki finished School of Journalism at University of Missouri and edited the English section of the New World Sun for four years until he retired into

(Please turn page)
MIRACLE MEN

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

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

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

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

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOT, DONNIE..." Young and old await their turn in the hospital's reception room. Each patient is given a thorough individual attention.

Drawings by Hasao Inada
Tula Lake's baseball picture, softball and regulation hardball, takes in over 100 teams and approximately a thousand enthusiastic participants. Utilizing some twenty softball fields and two well-conditioned hardball diamonds, league games are held every night and hardball games all day Sunday.

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

By Melody

RECREATION CENTER

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

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

As a morale building organization, the Recreation center, as its share of the long range community program, endeavor to develop leadership, particularly among the Nisei group, provide outlets for talents and energy, make the residents community conscious; reduce and eventually remove the barriers of sectionalism that would arise from the intermingling of people from three states and their numerous subdivisions; and above all, improve the mind, body and spirit of the colonists and prepare them for the inevitable problems of post-war life.
6. "Didn't you agree that adjustments in the post-war world would be more easily made if one went out singly?"

Post-war social and economic adjustments will be difficult enough for anyone, Caucasian or Japanese, single or married. If such prejudice and race hatred continue to be whipped up, resettlement of people will be almost impossible. In such a world, no doubt, a single person can better shift for himself than a man with a family.

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

DUTCH TREAT

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

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

"She's all right now," Tada observed to himself. "She rushed in order to be ready in time for me." "Why don't you come in, Tada?" Kurd called out cheerfully.

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

"You needn't rush be-