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The Daily Tulean Dispatch: Magazine Section, November 1942

George "Jobo" J. Nakamura

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

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

It's a psychologist's job to deal with temperament artists and writers. It's a painful attempt to whip up a column amidst the noise wreaking, cacophonous rattling of typewriters and the roar of mimeo-machines.

We undertook a distasteful task of folding and stapling this de-luxe edition through a bewildement of five days and nights. With proper tools deficient, each staple was crudely bent down with a spoon. The result is a fairly attractive rag but an undesirable development of receding hair, black hoops-under-the-eyes, a precocious relation with our girl friends, and a bad case of jitters.

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

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

-- YE OLD EDITOR

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How fair this closing season seems to dress,
Adorned with mist, all sounds, and colors gay.
Here every sight unites music to the eye:
O, beauty of the mellow loveliness!

Stream, Wood, Say!
All show the charms upon the leaves away.
There is a fullness of the harvest-sag,
And sweetest tones among the swinging tree,
Yet to a pool of lotus dreams in noon
A yellow birch-leaf softly drifts along,
And heart responds to farewell-songs of prose.

Yes, this is autumn; it is lovely now!
With music and the rustle of the corn,
But there in rustle of each living thing
Upon the day of Earth and on her brow
As once we found in spring.
All Autumn is a maiden-nun, solemn!
A loveliness is more; and cares, a call—
Hence of though sweet memories of the year,
And we can all admire speaking to our ear;
Yet she is still the loveliest of all
That youth and beauty in nature’s bower.

--- E.B.Y. ---
"You're wanted, for questioning," the coroner said, "for murder, you know."
The words exploded in Charles' ear.

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

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

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

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

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

The sky was a heaved blue blue, xiste in the vine hung its limb of yellowing leaves that swayed softly in the morning breeze. The dry clouds drifted listlessly from hill to hill. All this promised a lovely day for Charles.

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

"Don't be late coming home, Charles," he heard her remind him once again. But if you knew Charles well enough, such a request meant very little—especially when he went on a hike.

Charles assured himself that it wouldn't be like last year's hike. It'll be more eventful, he thought to himself.

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

Like most autumn skies, it could never be depended upon. The clouds gathered fast and heavily over his head. What a frightful day this turned out to be. The darkness had already begun to fall, emphasizing the strangeness and remoteness of the scene. The tall grass that swayed so beautifully in the breeze now took a sinister look. The rustlings reminded him of a demon creeping up on him. His spirit shrank inwardly like a leaf the frost can shrivel in a single night. A heavy gust of wind continued to whip between the hills, and the thunder roared with full vengeance. A downpour was evident. The moment eyed him beseechingly, only to remind him, "why didn't you started home earlier, you crazy fool."

The rain, which seemed to increase with each step, pattered on his straw hat, as he made a desperate attempt to follow the road home. He felt the pressure of solitude. Alone—all alone on a hill, on a night like this. While Charles couldn't make it out. Suppose his eyes were deceiving him. But in a not far distance, a speck... (Continued on Page 28)
Sloop is dead," I announced. Not a single tongue in the Silver Platter stopped wagging. A skinny, rangy tossed, black-hair red, gray-green-eyed, thin-nosed, floss-wide-armed, was a big nose, cily skinned, hot-browed, mostly proportioned, paunchy, dago bit-hair ear. A pulpy blonde rolling and ripp- ing in shirt, loose, pink colored flesh, screwed in amusement as she watched the proceedings with malicious interest. Johnnie, the joint’s mixer, a small, flat chested, poker faced, cigar chewing individual, glanced at the trio and smirked a little; he blew a sour, stagnant, breath on a wine glass, and began polishing the saliva fogged surface. The juke-box played: Yankee Doodle.

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

Johnnie asked over and poked his big chin at the paper. “You know this guy?” he asked. “Ain’t he a Jap?”

“Sure! A darn nice Jay!” I hollered. “You want to hear?”

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

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

I met Sloop when we were both working on the WP. How don’t jump to any prejudiced conclusion that we were the typical lazy louts who usually leaned on their shovels. We worked harder than any five men. Sloop worked up a gallon of sweat during his eight hours’ work. He said very little, only “Thanks”, when the waterboy came along; or he would say: “Hello”, if someone addressed him first. Many of the shovel leanners were curious when Sloop first entered the service of catering to the government. They tried to intrigue him into pulling around and gambling beer; they tried to ooke him into their social of poker or craps, but the fat guy never nodded an accep-

times. Soon, the guy ignored him and decided that he was just a goddam queer or something.

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

“Paint?” I questioned. “Paint sexy look- ing, naked women—or chicken coops?” I laugh- ed, thinking it very funny.

“Perhaps...but I paint documentary ef- forts, anything that shows human emotions,” he said.

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

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

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

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

Fargo Bronson, York Jarsey and other mugs shouted for nothing. So, I turned on my heel and headed for the gang.

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

About an hour before lunch things started breaking. Joe Manick was told to turn in his time. Joe said: "To hell with you." The foreman got hot and started to cuss old Joe. Well, that Perlovich was kind of drunk; he picked up his shovel and bar swinging, flattening, tough guy, that ever got together. I must have been crazy when I found myself in the middle of the battle swinging my fists in the direction of the mugs.

Three of us against a nut. I looked through narrowed eyes and watched. Sloop swinging and laying the-foes out like a guy who knew plenty about protecting himself. I admired that guy, and for a moment I forgot I was being lambasted. That was a mistake.

I felt a weight on the back of my head that felt like a crowbar. I must have fallen on my puck, because I never knew what happened until a voice boomed close to my ear: "Easy now, easy, you're hurt." I tried to open my left eye, but it was closed tighter than a clam.

(Continued on Page 28)

There are many theories as to the origin of flower arrangement. People of all countries and of all ages have always loved plants and flowers.

If we take flower arrangement in its broad sense, that is of just planting plants and flowers in any container, we find that the custom goes back thousands of years when the western world was still asleep. There are records which show that it was practiced in China more than three thousand years ago; it was known in India about two thousand five hundred years ago during the life of Shakyamuni Buddha, and, in Japan during the so-called mythical era before the country was ever founded.

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

It is said that the floral art of Japan originated during the reign of Prince Shotoku, about one thousand three hundred years ago, in Kyoto, Japan. Prince Shotoku was a great benefactor of arts and religion and, since China was experiencing a cultural renaissance under the Sui Emperor at this time, the diplomat was Sonmu Ono (sometimes referred to as Sohiko or Ono no Hosokawa).
Imoko, who was a cousin of Prince Shotoku. Among the cultural arts and crafts he brought back to his country was the custom of offering plants and flowers at Buddhist temples. Prince Shotoku immediately adopted this idea and introduced into Japan a definite form of arranging flowers for the same purpose.

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

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

There are two types of flower arrangement which is called "seika" is always placed in a formal setting—in the alcove or "tokonoma" with a hanging scroll in the background. "Seika" is so arranged that it should be looked at only from the front and never from the sides or back. This "soka" is strictly a line arrangement because through the use of lines we get the motion and feeling of the arrangement, and the stability and unity of the composition. It has a definite idealized form into which all kinds of plants and flowers are more or less molded. In a good arrangement of "seika", we can see the mood of nature, the season of the year and the personality of the creator in perfect harmony with his work, and in its often subdued colors there is to be found aesthetic enjoyment. The Japanese people say "Beautiful "seika" can only be created when the creator's soul is beautiful," and with this philosophy or religion in mind, as some believe it to be, they try to beautify their inner self while practicing this art. This may seem rather odd to our Occidental minds, but it is important that we keep this point in mind to better understand the art.

In the modern or the informal arrangement, the fundamental form is an irregular triangle and the very basic principles are the same as in all arts. Natural lines and lines are closely observed and through the artist's medium of living lines and living colors a unified and harmonious picture is created. Flower arrangement has that certain 'tranquility' Goethe calls the ideal of beauty. It has been loved and will be loved through the ages.
Tule Lake Project's co-operative organization completed after months of preparatory work is ready to take over the active management of the community enterprise.

In accord with the WRA policy of establishing a co-operative in all the projects, a small group of co-operative minded people launched an intensive educational program, not only to train leaders but to educate the public on the need for such organization within the Project. The long period of preparatory work was climaxed by a general election in which the people officially launched the co-operative by electing officers for the new organization.

It is before this body that the various proposals from the people renaming the management of the community enterprise is discussed and voted upon. Thus, we see that the people who becomes members of the co-operative control the stores, upon which they are dependent for goods and services. In a sense, they are the owners.

One may ask what difference does it make whether the community enterprise is operated by a co-operative or not. The co-operative is set up for the sole purpose of supplying goods or services to its members as reasonably as possible consistent with good business practice. By organizing a co-op, we become members of a national co-operative organization whose aim is to supply goods and services to its member co-op at as reasonable a price as possible. The co-op reaches into every phase of business enterprise, producing, manufacturing and retailing, all organized and operated with the dominant idea of service rather than profits for all its members. In such set-up, competition is entirely eliminated; price is thereby reduced.

Concentrated volume purchase is possible because all projects have co-operative enterprises. When stores in Manzanar, Poston, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Arkansas, Idaho and Tule Lake are all served by a central co-operative wholesaler and producer direct, the saving affected is tremendous. Without the co-operative there is no democratic method of controlling the profits which are made on the money spent for ice creams, pops, pastries, clothings and other articles.

According to the co-op principles, those who have contributed toward the creation of such profits should be given an opportunity... (Please turn to Page 23)
Twilight Emissary

A quarter to sunset it was last night,
I sauntered to our inner sanctum;
Harbouring malice, embittered thoughts,
Indignant in confined duration.

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

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

Twilight's somptuous alone, scarlet vespera
In a crescendo of motley choan
Adorned of golden silver strands,
Sprinkled with melted ember tufts.

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

By Tom Sakiyama
Those dear and golden rule
days of 'readin', ritin',
and 'arithmetic' which started
for some 3,500 school
children have been in full
swing for a month and a half,
five days a week, eight hours
a day for 12 months of the
year. Only when the bumper
harvest from the farm made an
appeal for emergency harvesting
did the schools take time
out and come to the rescue,
and then only for a breathing
spell. After trainloads of
produce had been shipped off
did the army of students re-
turn to the job of "learnin'
the three R's."

Although the task of har-
vesting vegetables was a
tremendous one, when the
pupils returned to school a
still bigger job faced them.

For attending school without
books, without desks and black-
boards, with noise and confu-
sion which comes from class-
rooms without walls is like
attending a western movie
thriller without cowboys, cat-
tle-rustlers, and gunplay. The
advanced Typing III class is
the extreme case: it has no
typewriters, not one. Undaun-
ted, the class is studying hy-
phenation, principal parts of
letters, word study, and tabu-
lation. The 57 girls and one
boy in the class are together
in the hope that typewriters
will arrive soon.

Informality and companion-
ship between teachers and
pupils is one of the great-
est assets of which the school
can justly boast. Consequently
humor and goodwill prevail.

One day when the teacher asked
what gifts the Indians brought
to the Puritans, "CORNSI" was
the perip reply from a young-
ster. Such humor mingled in
the daily dozen of school les-
sons makes joy out of the
standard drudgery of school
studies. "I'm enjoying teach-
ing more than I have any other
year," said a teacher, and
her assistant added, "The good
behavior of the students amaz-
es me."

In the informal setting of
scattered chairs and long-
tables, classes are con-
ducted with the day's lesson
scrawled out on wrapping paper
and tacked upon the 2 x 4 wall
supports. Over the plaster-
board wall into the POD (Prob-
lems of Democracy) class
drifts the singing of the Es-
panol class hailing with "AY,
AY, AY, CAN'T Y NO LILO:
PARKEN CANTANDO SE ALIBORN,
CEIL10 LINDO, DOS CORAZONES."

Outside the classroom a
little chap squats in the
shade of the tar-paper
barrack munching a jam sand-
wich. One door away a lad
sitting in the back of the
room disproves the long stand-
ing and established axiom that
"teachers have eyes in the
back of their heads" by devour-
ing a morsel of cake during
recitation period.

Although the school has no
official name, no school
colors, and it blasts a
one sheet weekly chronicle,
things are being whipped into
shape. After all, Rome wasn't
built in one day.
Section brings to you readers a brief resume of happenings over the previous few weeks. In so doing it is hoped to have the magazine serve as a well balanced reference in the future.

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

The month of September witnessed a highly controversial issue of broadcasting. With the Council going on record as favoring the broadcasting by an overwhelming 43 to 3 vote, the issue was, nevertheless, voted down. Because of the apparent lack on the part of the nisei of his responsibilities, both as United States citizen and Tule Lake resident, a rally was held under the joint sponsorship of the U.C. Club and the Community Forum on October 4. That the nisei woefully lack in responsibility was evidenced by the more fraction that attended as compared to the huge crowd at the ball game.

Looking back on the history of our farm, much development is noted. Starting out with few staple crops, the farm now is harvesting many diversified crops. With a bumper crop ready for harvest, 600 high school students left their books to aid in the harvesting in early October. Poultry and hog farming, too, were undertaken in a big way with the arrival of 3400 chicks and 600 hogs.
Marvel that a people so persecuted, so humiliated, have borne themselves with so much pride and decent humor—" So says Mr. Jennings, of the Jewish people in "Margin for Error," a play written by Clare Booth. I often wonder if the same line could be spoken by someone of our people of Japanese blood in America.

The acid test of the personality and the strength of character of our people is here today in these times of a great world upheaval. We could always turn back to the days of evacuation and sense the surging tide of emotions as it overwhelmed us with bitterness and frustration. Those were the days when our sense of perspective and our faith in American Democracy were completely darkened by the feeling of persecution and humiliation. We smiled as we tucked away the Bible and a couple of "non-dangerous" books in our suitcases to get ready for the "Fray," but those were the smiles of a ghost. We wept as children romped around with joyful excitement as though they were going on a picnic, not mindful of the fact that their parents were leaving everything to meet the military demands. We wept also when the children began whimpering about "going back home."

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

It will continue to be difficult to live for most of us. For, life in itself is a continuous struggle for survival. He is the strong man who can walk with steady steps through the quagmire of racial discrimination, criticism, hatred, and persecution.

I am proud of the blood that is sustaining me, be it Type O, Japanese, Mongolian or call it whatever you will.

It is this blood that has created so much joy in my nature, my feeling, my thinking. With this blood I eat, I drink, I smell, I touch, I feel, and I think. With this blood, too, I procreate and perceive the future and God. When these red corpuscles stop swimming in my veins, I shall no longer be able to enjoy living; I would be dead cold.

With this blood, then, I aim to create my destiny while I live. I pray that the blood of my people in America will never lose its ounce of humility, humanity and virility. The acid test of this blood is here as we live in a world community torn with human conflicts.

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

If the members should decide to use the total profits of the store for the benefit of the community—build another store, a theater, or even a shop—such a plan can be done by voting on such a proposal.

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

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

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

The co-operative association joins other co-operative associations to form a national society. Through each affiliation profits are redistributed to consumers or entirely eliminated. Every attempt is made to lower the cost to the consumer.
Throughout the night and tree hours of the morning, the Tule Lake's fire department maintains vigil with two men on guard shifts with block coffee. The speed in which the platoon rallies into action is something to behold, no less breath-taking. As the truck rounds the path in the general direction of the fire, it slows down upon approaching the hydrant. In smooth coordination with the release of the accelerator, the hydrant men leap to the ground with cat-like agility. Folded hose unravels with lightning-like rapidity. 30 feet from the fire, the engine rams to a stop and the crack crew swings into action. The assistant driver has primed the booster pumps, while the hose-breaker man swiftly unhooks lengths of hose. Ear-splitting "Open Hydrants..." sends the pumps whirring in powerful unison and the hose ripples into rigidity. The first fire department of the Colony was organized in May, with five men under the first fire chief, John Brawner making up the fire-fighting aggregation. One engine, manned by the 24 hour-7 days a week crew, maintained effective vigil throughout the sprouting community. Rapid was the development of the department since those early days. The present department with its trained personnel constitutes a body comparable with any force in a community of 15,000 residents, regional officers indicated in recent visits to the Colony. Nine platoons, each composed of nine men, are dispatched three to a station. The three stations are strategically located in the Colony. Assistant evacuation fire chiefs work in close coordination with Fire Chief Ernest Eheads and Assistant Fire Protection Officer William Von-der-vort. Each station is divided into three shifts, with the shifts operating on corresponding days. Eight men are on constant duty, 24 hours a day, with the ninth man on leave. All are assigned to specific duties, from hose-breaking to the driving job. All know their work thoroughly and with daily drills, their skill becomes more evident. The department boasts three regular Army auxiliary fire trucks with standard equipment, including booster-pumps and other apparatus of approved design. They are all kept in top running condition. Backing the fire department with a vigorous program of fire prevention are 27 members of the fire prevention group. They pound their beats daily, observing various conditions leading to fire hazards and make recommendations as to adequate precautionary measures. An extensive branch of the group is the city wide volunteer fire fighters. The fire prevention officer, operating in a certain block, helps establish volunteer squads, trains them and makes certain that the block is properly equipped with vital apparatus to be used in the dire emergency of FIRE.
CONT. FROM PAGE 10...

I stared straight into the eyes of a cop. "I thought I was across the river," I muttered.

From where I was lying, the whole place looked like a battlefield. A couple of mugs lay flat on their backs, with bare bellies—frog-like, white, gleaming in the sun. Joe Mo—

Sloop was staring at his bandaged, bleeding fingers, as he brought them up slowly to examine them. He said: "I certainly do. Mick, come have dinner with me."

So I tagged along. He asked: what have you been doing? I said: working in the shipyards. At Lindy's, there was a crowd of people all dressed elegantly and saying to Sloop: "Makino, that new mural of yours is tops! Can I get autographs?"

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

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

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

So I tagged along. He asked: what have you been doing? I said: working in the shipyards. At Lindy's, there was a crowd of people all dressed elegantly and saying to Sloop: "Makino, that new mural of yours is tops! Can I get autographs?"

Beautiful gals bounced up to Sloop and slouched all over him saying: "Oh, Slop! that was a lovely exhibit... I fell out of place and started shuffling for the door. Slop noticed and caught me. He said: "Mick... allow me... a few dry friends."

So I chimed with a couple of nifty chicks until I grogged myself under the table. God, but I was happy.

For a week of nights I knocked around with fat guy: got drunk, danced, played cards, and fooled around with the simply-braced. What class, I was moving fast. But fat guy never got hot. The guy shed them all like ticks do water. Again I say, what a man! An artist he was... a maker of pictures. The town raved about Slop and his mural exhibition: A LOB... A NOB... UNAPRIZED. It was something—wonderful with lots of exhuberance and stuff—but not sure that he was after. Always fighting for a cause; justice for the ordinary guy. All kinds of people try to knock him off his groove, but to no avail. Money, wench; politics; and... well...nothing pleased the lens wolf. Jeez! I don't know...

Well, one day Slop says: "Sorry to terminate this enjoyable pastime... I'm off to Paris."
I knew better than to say anything, so I muttered: "Thanks, for everything, Sloop." He left. I left. I kept trying to figure this fat guy out. I got nothing but a headache.

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

"Go to sleep. Go to sleep," said the routine voice of an old man. Strange how his aunt's voice followed him. Or was it her voice? He did not know, he could not lose. He was too tired to think. Good enough.

(The End)

(Continued from Page 7)

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

Somehow he forced his weary legs among the rain soaked weeds, shifting his eyes in the darkness that had enveloped him. Suddenly a dark, meek, squawky parrot latched before his ears. Lifting his feet loaded with mud, he stumbled in, hoping against hope that he would not provoke an intruder, on a night like this.

Scary and tired, he groped in the darkness, and there he found a wooden bed. He laid down and closed his eyes. "Go to sleep. Go to sleep," said the routine voice of an old man. Strange how his aunt's voice followed him. Or was it her voice? He did not know, he could not lose. He was too tired to think. Good enough.

The rays of the early dawn illuminated in with a sick feeling light softly creasing into the shack. There was still a muffled glandular within. The weather clearing, the going home would be easier, he thought to himself. If unfortunate it was too bad for him that he found shelter last night.

"You were very kind to shelter me last night," he said gratefully, "Bill, look!" gratefully a leer cl. Suddenly the coroner explained.

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

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

THE END
THE STEPPING STONE

By Eugene Oikata

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

Evacuees in Tanforan will all be relocated to Delta, Utah. Located in the once noted San Bruno race track, the Tanforan center was made up of evacuees from San Francisco and the Bay area, 8000 in all. It is not surprising to see such a wealth of material in the Tanforan Totalizer when we look at their staff line-up.

Included in the staff were Taro Katayama, Charles Kibauchi, Robert Tenda, and Lillian Ota. Situated in the Stockton Fair grounds, Stockton center was comprised of Stockton-steady evacuees. Population of 4500 are now being transferred to Phoenix, Arizona with the exception of a few that are bound for Gila River, Arizona.

Under toothy Barry Saiki, one-time editor of the Berkeley Review, and winsome Patty Kuroyanagi, editor of Lodi High's paper, the L. Jojakim has been posted highly among the center newspapers. Outstanding was their cute cartoon, Pancho, created by George Shimamoto.

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

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

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

Santa Anita Pacemaker's staff included Editor Eddie Shiraishi, Paul Yokota, Sun Manochi, and wedded to Joe Oyoma, also an essay winner in Common Ground.

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RILEY O'SOGA was christened Eiroshi Sugaso at birth. Tall, lanky, ever-smiling, and bow-legged, O'Soga is a native of Los Angeles. He excels in impressionistic sketches, but his heart belongs to a camera. "Look" magazine has used his snaps and he has worked with renowned photographers like Connell, Dorsey, and Adams. Former hobby — taking candid pictures at night clubs.

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

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

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

KEN YASUDA ... U. of Washington literature major. A kiboi haiku artist prominently listed on "The 100 New in American Poetry" ('35-'41).

Incidentally...