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WHEN Peace

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

Throughout our nation, the will to victory has made us a people with a single purpose. We know that the very life of our nation demands a total mobilization of all our men and women, their energies, their courage, their spirits, and their sacrifices. Our future is filled with dark hours.

The dark hours filled with joy and sorrow, yet somehow the joy and sorrow of today seems lost, for when peace dawns, our sorrows, deep or light, will be clean and wholesome. Our minds clouded with dread thoughts are constantly in contact with the occurrences in the far east. Can we once again be the true, loyal, peace loving citizens of this nation?

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

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

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

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

Dawn is defined as "to begin, to appear, to expand, to develop or to give promise." (Continued on Page 14)
With the vanishing clouds of evacuation, we find ourselves isolated in this Colony of seething humans. Emotional upsets coupled with the lowering of morale have made difficult the smooth operation of this community. This is our Colony and we can make this into a modern Shangri-la of life and happiness by developing a sound mental attitude.

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

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

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

The only reason anyone works is to get something. As children, we must see the reward that we expect from our efforts and see it clearly. It is not to motivate us to make those efforts. As we grow older, we learn to work for longer periods and for goals which are more and more remote. We must make our work in camp count the life we live today. We never live over again. What between the pears to be a misfortune may be thought of as an opportunity to do the things we have always wanted to do, but have not found time to do in the ordinary run of affairs.

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

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

We can now realize that the success of this Colony is greatly depended upon our mental attitude. This is not a concentration camp.
It is a relocation center where many opportunities available in civil life are given to us. The authority's greatest counsel is for our present well-being and a normal post-war resettlement. Our present circumstance is a rare experience unparalleled in American History, placing the will of man to an evil test. It is a challenge; then let us accept the challenge by taking advantage of every facility offered to us by the W.P.A. Let us make this Galaxy a growing concern with life and happiness, so we can move on forever, that we are worthy of being loyal Americans. The people in motion that our realization of being good Americans is sincere.

All Always Remember...

by jobo tahamura

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

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

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

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

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

I stood in the dark corner of the gym watching you and Ted slide in and out of the square of yellow light coming through the
window. You were a green dress that draped to the ankles. The moon was in your hair. Do you remember?

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

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

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

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

I stood there grinning; but the grin came hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Junior Prom rolled by, word-looking Ted Okita asked you to it, but you told him that you were going with me; an awkward son of a hotel janitor.

After having me put your only threat worm back suit, I dressed hurriedly to take you to the Prom. You were waiting for me in the parlor and came to the door to greet me.

"Hello, Jack," you smiled.

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

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

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

But you said you would always remember.

Five years later we wore (cont. on Page 20)
TULE LAKE OF YESTERDAY

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile, a few emigrants who had escaped death made their way to Yreka, California, which is 70 miles away. The story of the (Continued on Page 15)
Help me to forget
How kind he is—
How strong of will and mind he is—
How courteous and considerate he is.
Help me to forget
His twinkling eyes,
His smile so merry yet so sweet
And, too, the parting of his hair.
How can I forget these and many more?
Never, no, never can I forget
But—help me.

by Charlotte Lake

SILENCE OVER MOUNTAIN

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

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

—K.Y.B.

FORMULA FOR A MIS-LINGED MAID

Sweat faced girl with legs so tan,
How can you ain’t got no man?
Is it cause your teeth’re crooked
Or en I bain’ just mistooked?

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

Is it cause you chew gun loudly,
Or is it cause you fume so badly?
Could be ’tis your penchant for
Those girly-girly pinafores.

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

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

Just be sure,
To make him feel,
That he’s swell—
And the rest are looks.
Peace is defined as the freedom from civil disturbances. When combined, it is the promise of freedom from civil disturbances. No one knows when or where, but sooner or later, we shall have these two words combined not only in words but in action by the people. Fascism, traitors, native appeasers of every variety, racial discrimination, all the things war brings upon us shall be exposed and stamped out where there is American life and democracy.

The heroes of yesterday are not forgotten; but the heroes of today and tomorrow are more important. The heroes whether educated in our schools under the highest professional standard of teachers, educated not only to earn their living or how to serve in war, were taught how to exercise the democratic freedoms with responsibility. When peace dawns, may our heroes, yesterday's today's and tomorrow's rest in peace in a nation where the sun will rise and set with its rays glowing proudly as our nation's glory, the red, white and blue.

Fascism. The Godless have been so overwhelming if the latter group of the colony knew that an offer had come from the Shooshun Co., former film distributors of Los Angeles area, to show Japanese talking pictures regularly should the theater go up. 'A Fare' I wouldn't be surprised if the building were about to be completed on the now empty lot next to the fire station; had they known of the poss-
Upon looking back into the month of November, it is noted that many activities have taken place and that a sharp change of weather took place. Unforgettable are the dust storm of the 14th, and the blackout which followed, and too, the steady down-fall of snow.

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

Marked progress was made by the JACL with the formation of an united project unit and the sending of two representatives, Ted Nakamura and Walter Tanakamo, to the emergency meeting of the JACL body held in Salt Lake City. Through this meeting it is hoped that the status of the Japanese-Americans will be clarified. Let us bear in mind that the JACL can function only through our whole-hearted support.

The foundation for Tule Lake's governmental set-up was established with
the passage of the proposed charter on the 16th. Although few of the blocks voted solid "no" the consistent "yeas" of the majority of the blocks pulled it through by a slim margin of 441 votes of the total of 6619.

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

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

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

Among other miscellaneous news items were: the enlistment of possible candidates for the military language school at Camp Savage, Minnesota; return of scores of best workers from the fields of Oregon, Montana, Idaho; registration for college courses; the many Thanksgiving dances; ending of the football season and the start of basketball; Americanization of the young Buddhists and the formation of the SCA by the Christian group; debut of the 11 piece Stardust's orchestra.
married in San Francisco without your father's consent. The man worked himself into such an intense rage that blood rushed to his face. "You needn't show your face around this house if you marry that young, irresponsible Okita boy," he said with furious peremptoriness.

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

With a haunting sense of foreboding, we decided to make a go of it. I was also appointed to take care of the farm, picking grapes in the hot sunbaked vineyards of Lodi, and ended up sloshing in the mud of a delta asparagus ranch. Quality of employment mattered little. We took any job that came along. I begged for forgiveness, tearing you away from a home of comfort to a life of continuous drudgery. "As if that matters," you said. These words I cannot forget, Nancy.

It was three long years before we accumulated enough capital to set up a store of our own in the Nihon-machi, squeezing every penny we earned, depriving ourselves of comfort and luxury. Your father who admonished that "the Okita boy will come to no good" must have swallowed a lot of pride when he decided to invest a considerable sum of money in our little store.

"It's for my daughter," he snapped. Nancy, you would not care to relive those three years of tramping about the streets and country roads, seeking work with all their accompanying disappointments and tears.

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

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

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

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

With love,
Jack
THE END
puljsfefi 'the Army and killed 18 while doing so. Their own losses were negligible. The renegades then encamped in the stronghold of the lava beds.

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

Discipline in the Army a gone General Gillon replaced General Meigs. He ordered Washington's troops to carry off the wounded and dead. A communique sent to Washington disclosed the "Black Ledge Massacre" to be one of the most disastrous Army defeats on record.

Still unable to track the Indians, the invaders sought rest on the side of the hill. The rest period came to an abrupt end as the Modocs led in the Army to storm the stronghold in favor of the Black Lodge. On the hills of the Black Lodge, hostilities were resumed. The Modocs killed hundreds in that encounter and withdrew, leaving a bloody slaughter behind. A few days later approximately 1000 troops moved forward across the lava field massed to attack their stubborn enemy. Grim and determined, the soldiers marched forward in an attempt to exterminate their foes. The battle continued four days, and a fierce band of 50 braves forced the army to retreat.

Finally the Modocs were deprived of their water supply from the lake, but each from the "very little progress was made by their opponent because of their position in the open. Lack of supplies and ammunition caused the Modocs finally to evacuate the stronghold in favor of the Black Lodge. On the hills of the Black Lodge, hostilities were resumed. The Modocs killed hundreds in that encounter and withdrew, leaving a bloody slaughter behind. A few days later approximately 1000 troops moved forward across the lava field massed to attack their stubborn enemy. Grim and determined, the soldiers marched forward in an attempt to exterminate their foes. The battle continued four days, and a fierce band of 50 braves forced the army to retreat. Finally the Modocs were deprived of their water supply from the lake, but each from the "very little progress was made by their opponent because of their position in the open. Lack of supplies and ammunition caused the Modocs finally to evacuate the stronghold in favor of the Black Lodge.

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

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

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

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

Many have a hunch they can write but are often too timid to try. We will attempt to criticize your efforts and will publish your best. Send up a trial balloon. See us at The Dispatch office at Building 1603.

Incidentally...