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Published monthly by The Daily Tulean Dispatch, W.R.A. Nisei Hall, California. Office of Publication, Building 1662, George J. Makamura, Magazine Editor; Dick Kurihara, Art Editor; Keune Inada, James Matsumo, Martha Higuchii, Art Staff, John D. Cook, Publication Advisor. All manuscripts should be typewritten and double-spaced and must be accompanied with name and address of the author.
AN EDITORIAL

In the hours of human misery and distress we have to bow the glory of the coming new days.

We can sincerely say, A Happy New Year to you all, not in a festive mood, but in the spirit of a happy little boy to live as we are.

Globalism is the shining little word of the future. Not totalitarianism. The paramount idea involved in globalism is the right of human beings, such as you and me, to live as we are.

Globalism means justice, freedom, and brotherhood, not only in America, but throughout the world regardless of race, creed or flag.

In a global world there is no place for greed and prejudices. Only humble man with open hearts and strong minds may live.

Internationalism is a dead word now. It smacks too much of silk-hats and morning coats. Socialism will lose its meaning, because of its naturalistic political implication.

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It is this kind of world we are building, this kind of world we are going to live in the future when peace dawns.

Are you prepared?

We are ready.

Howard M. Imazeki

GREETINGS

IT happened on a dreary shadowless winter afternoon when Julie and I were quietly speeding along a smooth stretch of black and white goalless highway. Indifferent to the surrounding scenery, I absently hummed a tranquil melody of dream-castles, love, and sorrow.

"Stop this car!" Julie commanded.

Startled, I swallowed my daydreams and subconsciously obeyed her curt demand; the fast moving convertible jerked to an abrupt stop.

Swiftly, Julie jumped out, bunched the door shut, peered through the open arch of the door window, and smiling coquetishly casually remarked: "Let's go for a long walk through this gorgeous country-side.

"What?" I questioned in bewildered wonder. "Gorgeous? Julie—this flat, tired looking land of..."
"Oh, come along," Julie prompted as she impetuously turned about-face and walked away. Left without an alternative, I slammed the door shut, abandoned the automobile, and hastened after Julie.

"Hello," she smiled mischievously, "I've been waiting for you."

"What the devil, Julie!" I fumed breathless and angry. "Why all this sudden ambition to trudge over this God-forsaken range?"

"Can't you feel the pounding heat of life in this gently rolling yellow-brown-black earth?" Julie retorted with a laugh on her lips. "Look, look at the wispy white thin clouds hugging the horizon—tinted against the dull gray masses riding high and that gash of blue sky streaked pale and void of richness."

"Clouds, Lord, Julie!" I exclaimed. "What are you talking about? All I see is a dead pallor in the sky, in the air, and all around us. It's storm weather...besides, the wind is rising."

"Wind?" she questioned in sham innocence. I glanced at her and frowned. But Julie didn't see me; instead, she kept staring ahead—defiant of mounting winds gathering fury in its nameless drive over the vastness. Her black hair swung around her shapely head—whipped, lashed, and strained to pull away from their moorings; individual strands undulated in a maddening pattern of its own design. Ivory and ebony; her white ears in deep contrast against the tumultuous bank of shiny-hair; her eyes assumed that ambiguous abyss of a woman out of the world; her slender nostrils dilated and quivered with drunkenスタッフ of wind. Her lusty red lips were but a line of lifeless purple. Her white thin neck, so fragile, remained curvacious and proud against the dull gray masses incessantly surging; her delicate ivory and ebony against the gray propped with one upon a fence-rail and the other on the pen—upon a fence-rail and the other on the pen."

"What is it?" I asked softly. Julie remained silent, but her dark eyes were focused on a distant object filled with awe. For the first time, I noticed that we had trespassed across a hog farm. Partially hidden behind a rounded shank of hill, grousing, snorting, and crunching, fat indolent hog, small insignificant broods, and countless black-birds and sea-gulls hurried, pecked, and trampled the rolling turf. It wasn't the swine, the birds, or the pen itself that apparently attracted Julie's attention.

And then, by God, I noticed. For a freezing second or two, my tightly clenched mouth opened with fear. Motionless on the opposite side of the long pen, obscured by bales of hay, was a man in black. What is unusual about that, you ask? Nothing, except—I've never seen a living scarecrow... a thing black shadow against the gray sky propped with one foot upon a fence-rail and the other on the pen—(Please turn to pg.59)
REMEMBRANCE OF CHRISTMAS

I first heard of Christmas trees as a school-aged boy sitting in a classroom in western Japan. The mustached teacher was telling us about the three trees on a hill-top; how the tallest tree was cut down and made into a mast for a ship that sailed the seven seas; of how the medium-sized tree was cut down and made into a roof-tree of a house.

The smallest tree thought itself useless in the world until one winter day, a wood cutter saw its beauty and carried it down into the valley for a Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree that I had visualized upon hearing that story was simply a tree, a tree with broad glossy leaves, something like the tall camellia tree in our yard, with one glowing blue star at the camellia top.

I did not dream that soon I was to see a real Christmas tree—but that summer we boarded a train in the provincial capital of Yamaguchi to travel across the world to America.

Sighting land for the first time at the Straits of Juan de Fuca, we felt that we were entering a different land indeed, for covering the hills on either side of the channel were dark trees, the like of which we had not seen before. These trees were tall and straight, each pointing to the sky, so that the outline of the hill was like a jagged saw-tooth. All the forests that we had seen in Japan had been pine, with rounded rolling tops. Though I did not know it then, it was these towering firs that was to furnish the Christmas trees for us in real life.

Our first Christmas tree was nailed to a table in the dining hall of a Japanese corporation that had started a project of clearing land in the White River Valley for a new venture of growing and shipping vegetables in ice cars to the East. The tree, obtained from the hill directly above the camp, stood bare of ornaments; so on Christmas eve, father hitched up his team and took us to a country store to buy Christmas things. There he bought us half-a-dozen trimmings: two glass balls, a string of glass beads, two star-shaped rosettes of gold and blue colored glass, and a box of red, green, and white candles. The resulting tree was a monumental success.

If it is true that a dying person reviews his life in the instant before he dies, I knew that this Christmas tree will flash by at the head of the procession of childhood memories. And those first ornaments are still in existence, somewhat tarnished and chipped, but still hung on the most
prominent branch every Christmas.

As the years passed, we bought many new things for the tree. First came candle holders so that we would not have to put pins through the branches. Tinfoil ribbons began to be used as icicles. Electric lights replaced candles; now forms of glass balls and stars were added. But strangely enough, somehow the trees did not grow more beautiful year by year. Rather, they seemed to grow more and more difficult to decorate, while the vision of the first tree remained tantalizingly clear and beautiful.

We were careful to select the best trees to be found in the hills above the valley. They grew best in a grove of young trees, spaced just enough to be slender, yet with enough room to be bushy, and searching every Christmas, we knew every grove in the woods for miles around. Yet in spite of the pains to find the right trees, the beauty of the first tree eluded us, and as time passed, we began to believe that perhaps the memory was but an illusion after all.

But one year we found that the truly beautiful tree was not a mirage, but a reality. It took hard times (Please turn to Page 26)

Never that Star shall set!
Its steadfast light and pure,
Down any desert of our day,
Shines on, serene and sure.

Never that song shall cease;
For all may hear who will,
Across the deep of darkest night,
Angels above the hill.

Never that Love shall fail;
That Love that traveled down
To make a song, a light, a peace
Within a hillydome town,
Whatever dreams we lose,
What ever joys we miss,
Christmas is ours forevermore —
Now God be thanked for this!

Harumi Mary Sakai

Six Old Bachelors

by Miyoko Takagi

The old bachelors next door are quiet tonight. As I sit here writing, I can hear one of them cough occasionally, but there is no other apparent sign that they are home. But I knew that they are there because I went past their door just five minutes ago, on my way to the block manager's office, and glanced into their open door, mostly out of curiosity. All four men were sitting around the table, smoking and saying nothing. The absence of the usual playing cards in their hands was conspicuous.

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as many different personalities. It was always a source of amazement to me that they got along so well. None of them knew the others before coming to camp, but the exigency of housing had thrown them together. Before the wallboard was put up their loud voices were raised in friendly argument or in laughter, and their blasting radio used to irritate me greatly, especially when it was late, and I had to be up early the next morning to go to work. And that was another thing. Only one of the six men did any work. I often wondered what the others used for money—for their cigarettes, magazines, and fruit. Maybe, and this was pure speculation, they were all retired businessmen with steady incomes from wise investments. But I rather doubted that.

Each of the men was a character. The absence of the usual playing cards in their hands was conspicuous.

There used to be six bachelors in that room. Six men with or. Because they were so distinct.
Six Old Bachelors

in their personalities, I nick-named them to tag them in my mind. There was Pecoyle, who greatly resembled the spinach eater. He always wore a white sailor hat, smoked a pipe, and walked with that characteristic Pecoyle stride. Then there was the Phantom, so called because he looked "a shadow of his former self", and because it seemed a puff of wind would blow him to extinction. He ate at the special diet kitchen because his meals consisted largely of roughage foods and milk. The Phantom was perhaps the most educated man in the group, always lost in contemplation of some deep thought or absorbed in reading a philosophical treatise.

The third bachelor was Casanova, and aptly named I thought. Although he resembled that romantic figure not at all, he had an eye for feminine beauty and grace that would do justice to a screen lover. Casanova was always unkempt, unshaven, and regarded by the others as "slightly off". I remember seeing him one hot summer day, sitting outside with a neighbor girl while she was writing a letter. He put his hand on her knee, and gave it a squeeze, with a knowing smile. She smiled in return, but it was a different kind of smile, brushed his hand off, and moved her bench. I got a sickening feeling in my stomach, and had to go into the house to lie down.

Snoop was the fourth bachelor. He had heart trouble, and was always complaining of strange pains in the region of that organ. Snoop never let the neighbors do anything, without insisting in his unwanted advice. Everything anyone else did was all wrong, and his way was best. It got so everyone called him "Tojo" or the "Dictator". You know his type.

Stooge was named thus because he was always doing things for other people who were too lazy to do their own work. He is nursemaid to the children in the block, carrying meals to invalids or performing menial tasks. He is kind-hearted and generous, and the stablist man of the lot.

Joe was the last of the six bachelors, and I called him Joe—a short for "Old Black Joe". He was dark-skinned, but almost handsome, and the only occupant of that room who worked for a living. His job was at the meat hall, but in his off hours he sometimes made attempts at mopping the floor of his quarters or washing his piled up laundry.

There are only four bachelors left now. Snoop died in the hospital three weeks ago. He was lying on a bench in the hot sun one afternoon when he rolled over in a faint. We called an ambulance, and he regained consciousness after being treated at the hospital. The other man gone is the Phantom. Two FBI agents came today and took him away. That's why the men are quiet tonight. I overheard one of them talking to my father after the Phantom was taken. He was saying something about not being able to trust the other men now, and that bad luck always strikes three times.

"NO USE, MAC; IT'S MEATLESS TUESDAY!"
Still drenched with a multi-colored array of red, green, blue, and brown ink, the holiday edition finally makes its inglorious bow. With the “daily” in rehearsal preparation for its own New Year “super-duper,” the staff got into each other’s hair, but hook or crook this 40-page affair has been made possible. We’re due for a long, long well-deserved rest.

SHUJI CIBURA...U.W. chemistry major, youth Christian leader, poet, and photography artist. He works on the Project as a clinical lab technician at the Base Hospital. He thinks the rocks and crags around Tule Lake among the most beautiful in the world. His post-war ambition is to come back to the county with a big 8 x 10 camera and photograph those rocks with the blessing of the F.B.I.

MIYOKO SAKAI...was born in a place called Wapato; where tomatoes and potatoes are the chief farm products. She is an English major from the University of Washington and instructs English classes in the Project high school.

KARTIKAMIRI...attended California School of Fine Arts and Hamaltung School of Design, San Francisco. Prior to evacuation, she was employed at the swank Ranshoff’s in downtown Frisco. Co-ordinates clothing designing project in the Adult Education department.

YUKIO CIAKI...a brilliant lad from Seattle, Washington, who finished Broadway high school as a valedictorian. He edited the English Section of the North American Times of Seattle immediately after G.T. Watanabe. He is at present confined at the Base Hospital.
Looking Back
by Eugene Okaida

In this, the special Christmas edition of THE DISPATCH magazine section, we take you back to May when the first contingents of evacuees arrived to the Post near the vicinity of Mochida, California. Then, the Northwestemans, followed by evacuees from Hakoaru, Aruga, and Pinelake assembly centers respectively.

Through ill-founded rumors and misconceptions, sensationalism was evident, just as in virtually all other relocation projects. Soon it was realized, however, that there were a few "bad apples", as in all groups, no matter from where.

Among the workers that will long live in the minds of evacuees are the men at the site, the vast evacuation camp, long registration forms, first glimpse of our homes for the duration, the rush for the lumber piles, standing in lines on many occasions, fear or not being paid, and the prevalence of many wild rumors.

As time advanced, the civic organization was established

ONE ACT COMEDY
by T. Nakamura

CAST: Father, mother, Mary Tan, and a Caucasian lady.

SCENE: Living room piled with duffle bags, suit cases and packing boxes. Fervent preparation is being made for packing prior to evacuation the next day.

As the scene opens father and daughter are in the room packing. Tom is wandering around the room with a paper in hand, picking his way around a bed, a half-opened suitcases.

MOTHER—For goodness sake, stop talking and help with the packing. (Cont'd to Pge. 18)
You wince in hellish agony; you wobble on the same,
Your teeth are next to cracking as you crunch to ease the pain.
You lift a limb and fiery darts go twisting through the flesh.
A roar resounds and crashes deep within your brainy mesh.

Your bloated face is swollen into numbing, rotting lumps.
Lances, icy, pierce your bones as thudding muscle humps.
You stare through tortured, veiny eyes of bloody, gory red.
The bleak world swims and burns into a million stars unending.
You shake your bulging head in vain, your cry from aching lung!
A rasping moan is all that staggers past your swollen tongue.
You take a step...you stagger...and you go down in a heap.
Searing pains throughout your screaming, blackened body leap!

How you cuss and spit and swear and howl to highest heaven!
It sure is Hell to have to wake these wintry morns at seven!!!

With her nether limbs tucked under her well-brushed chair
She reclines, with that "well-brushed" smile on her face.
And if you will but take a little fruit
You'll see that what she has in her mouth is chewing-gum.
Of course moving "round in her mouth is the end of chewing-gum,
But it'll stop for a moment when you greet her with "Hi-chum!"

With a slight smile and a twinkle in her eyes, she'll say "Hello!"
That'll remind you of a dish of delicious strawberry jello.

Then of course you'll want to talk to her all night long,
And perhaps murmur to her a lovely but silly romantic song.

Or look into those lovely eyes that seem filled with dew,
And get down on your knees and whisper "I love you."

Ah, but no. You won't even get the smallest chance my pal,
'Cause I tell you she's too nice and wise a gal.

Besides it's getting to be late and almost ten o'clock,
And she has to get up at seven with that nasty ole 'larm clock.

So she hurries to finish Abbie 'n Slats, for which she has esteem.
Oh, what thoughts she must have, when a lassie's sweet sixteen.

And yes, that gum she'll stick on the wall when she goes to bed.
And something is telling me that this is 'bout 'nuff said.
packing. The train leaves early tomorrow morning for Arizona and we haven't even finished packing yet. What if we miss the train?

Tom—Let the train go. We'll stay behind. This whole evacuation is unconstitutional. I'll bring this to the highest court in the country. (He strikes a dramatic pose by standing on one of the boxes.)

Are we citizens or not? The constitution, the most sacred document in the land, states that no person shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. What crime have I committed? What are we being punished for? Where is the Bill of Rights—Tell me where is it?

(At this point father enters the room. He holds a bottle of whiskey in his hand. He is shirtless. A suspenders is draped over his underwear.)

Father—My God! No liquor allowed at the camp. They say we're going to be there for the duration. What am I going to drink for the New Year? No Liquor! What a long dry spell this is going to be. This is the last bottle I'll see for a long, long time.

(He sits himself down and pours a drink and then pours one for Tom. Mother who has been rummaging among the various things scattered about the floor straightens up holding a gleaming kitchen knife in her hand.)

Mother—Now, where will I put this? I want to put this in a safe place so it won't be damaged. This is my best kitchen knife.

Mary (in a horrified voice) — But, mother you can't bring that. It's against regulation. Knife is a contraband.

Father (muttering)—No liquor either.

Mother—Contraband? I don't understand that kind of talk. This is my favorite knife and I'm bringing it along. For 20 years I've used it to prepare your meals and I'm not going to part with it now. What harm can an old woman like me do. (She brandishes her knife and continue talking in an angry voice while sister, brother, father gather around trying to calm her.) Are they afraid that I'll lead an uprising? What does General De Witt know about kitchen knife? Bring him here. I'll talk to him.

Sister—Please mother. Don't
"I'M PUTTING MY MOTHER THRU WELDING SCHOOL."

"SAY LILAC, SOMETHING SURE SMELLS AROUND HERE"
talk like that. The FBI might hear you and send us to Missoula, Montana. (The group finally succeed in calming her down and sister gingerly takes the knife away. Mother sits down with a resigned look on her face. Father and Tom go back to their drinking.)

SISTER—Mother, will you help me bring the blankets in from the bedroom. (They both leave.)

LADY—I'm sorry to see you people leaving like this. I just came to see if you have any furniture to sell. I've been to several places but I couldn't find what I wanted. Have you—?

TOM (jumping to his feet)—Sorry to see us go? Like hell you are. You know weeks ago that we were leaving. But you waited until now so we'll be (Conclusion on p. 25)
I Am Not Lonely
I am not lonely, though alone,
I sing, apart and far,
Where ruins are:
My joy is beauty in a stone
Or music from a star.
It is for this I sit to be
In love with wildness,
My poetess,
Half-faced in lunar ecstasy
Or silver loveliness.
I keep but rapture in my heart
All through the windy night,
On moonward height,
Till I become its very part
Of love-eternal delight.

To The One Outside
If I should die, if it must be, instead
Of casting thus into this countenance
The blessing of a soul with heart-wait gold
And silver words of love on lips so rosy;
How shall I find thee in no springs ahead,
In gathered flowers by vision past and old
Among the woodlands where my feet have trod?
Oh, lovely are their names I press on sands,
Whose syllables I cut for heart design,
To show what rapture is a touch of hands.
But, oh, how shall I keep all visions sweet
And beautiful, that in thy face I met,
Which waken man's passion, raise his soul divine?

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

(Cont. from pgs. 23)
forced to sell at any price.
Get out of here! (The lady leaves hurriedly.)

FATHER—You shouldn’t have been so hasty. Maybe we could have sold her that old rocking chair with one arm missing which I bought from a second hand store back in 1910. It's been lying in the woodshed for the last five years. Maybe if we leave it out in the front porch with a big sign—"Evacuation Sale, Cheap."—somebody might buy it.

TOM—Well, let's go look at it. (They exit.)

SID
IT HAPPENED IN MAZAR
The day was extremely hot.
Mercury in the thermometer was hovering around the 110 mark.
There weren't many people working or resting in the shade. The area around the fire house was deserted except for the lone figure of a fireman watering the vicinity.
He held the big, white hose and drenched the countryside with torrents of cold, clear mountain water. As he moved the stream from one side to the other, he saw a figure walking directly into the range of his spray.
Before he could draw the water away, the pedestrian was drenched to the skin. He apologized profusely as he noticed the man was an elderly officer of the U.S. Army.

The recipient of the shower turned out to be none other than Lt. General John L. DeWitt, commanding officer of the Western Defense Command.

By TOYOKO FUJII

"That 'Pickled Herring' Again"
Christmas Trees

(Continued from Page 8)

to give us the secret. The depression of the 1930's did not make itself really felt to us until about the middle of the decade. One spring it rained during the harvest season, setting the vegetation on fire, leaving the crop useless. One bad year.

was followed by another, and still another.

One Christmas, we could go no longer to our Christmas tree collection. Had it not been for a younger sister, we might not have had a tree at all, but we decided to get along with the old things. Strange, but true, the tree improved. Next Christmas we understood why the failure of the first Christmas tree had plagued us for so long: for years we had nolocated our tree with tinsel and glass and knew that the tree was being hidden beneath the trimmings.

Our Christmas tree was no longer a tree, but rather a support for gaudy ornaments. Now sister and I started to trim the tree in a new way. We began to think primarily of the tree, hanging the ornaments deep in the branches, the red, green, blue, and gold colors barely to be seen among the needles. Only lights were placed deep in the branches, but they always managed to glow through the needles.

The result was a tree sincerely beautiful, with the same charm that had made our first tree so memorable. It resembled, too, the tree that I had first created in my imagination as a boy in Japan.

Then December, 1941——an early Christmas like no other Christmas. Six wheeled army trucks pulling artillery and ammunition would rumble in mile-long lines in front of our house. Enemy aliens were forbidden to travel more than a few miles from their homes. Bank accounts were frozen. Railroad bridges were guarded night and day. There were rumors of join engulfment in the very hills above the valley.

If a world and it turned upside down we had no heart to wonder through the hills looking for our ideal tree as we had done for years. When a neighbor kindly brought us a tree, we accepted gladly. For the first time we had a tree not selected and cut. For the first time we had a tree not located and cut with highways.

A THOUGHT

The ceaseless tread of00000s of miles.

The slaughter of a million souls.

The battle in the slime.

And slaughter of a nation's soul.

And we only give their dying breaths.

And we only give their dying breaths.

For whose wrong have they died?

H. M. KAMIN

our own hands; but fortunately we had learned before the secret of the first Christmas tree.

And now this year, here in our camp at Two Lake, we are going to have another thing now in Christmas trees. For most of us this is going to be our first annual Christmas tree, a huge tree that belongs to everyone in the community and not to any individual. Perhaps it is the foreunner of things to come.

Since those years in which we first brought home our Christmas tree with horse and wagon, the world has been changing. Year by year, evergreen trees have increased, and horticulturists have experimented. People have become used to a tree as a symbol of peace. When a neighbor kindly brought us a tree, we accepted gladly. For the first time we had a tree not located and cut. For the first time we had a tree not selected and cut. For the first time we had a tree not located and cut with highways.

It is all logical, of course, but the tree and the people and the horses and the women and the white men belong to the very hills. And we only give their dying breaths. For whose wrong have they died?
and co-ordinated, make-shift class rooms were temporarily improvised in barracks, athletics fostered, recreation and entertainment presented, church activities developed, farming and marketing on a large scale instituted, hog and poultry farming innovated, and a resulting building of moral and a definite community consciousness.

The month of December saw the establishment of the community council on a permanent basis with a hearted Project-wide election which drew about 8000 voters.

The little Theater players made a successful debut with three one-act plays, surprising everyone with their talent. 19-year-old Pymiko Yabes's concert and the string ensemble were enthusiastically received.

Movies became a reality with the showing of "That Certain Age," starring Deanna Durbin.

The construction of the huge 60 x 300 feet tent factory was celebrated with a half-day variety show and a dance. (See Illustration) Construction of a combined junior and senior high school, including a gym, got under way in mid-December. The revelation that the gym is to include a projector room and a large stage was heartily received by all.

Religiously, the Christian youth did a splendid job in making children happy, providing them with holiday gifts. The Y.H.A. organization established themselves on a permanent basis.

In sports, basketball reigned supreme, though the All-Star Seagulls football game took the spotlight for a day, copping a league championship. The Mikes and the Wokabas, true to pre-season form, were leading the cage league undefeated as this issue was being run off the press. END
Children wait 364 days every year for Christmas. The holiday edition is not complete without their projection of a bit of Christmas tinsel. A magazine within a magazine, the School Section contributions are entirely the works of the Project Elementary and High School pupils.

Cover drawing is by Takeshi Yamauchi, age 5, grade 1.

LAST YEAR on Christmas Eve, our family had a real surprise. As you know, we lived in a military zone, so naturally we were victims of the curfew.

Every year about a week before Christmas, our grade school put on Christmas plays for our parents and the whole community. Our Japanese parents used to look forward to this gay event every year, for they enjoyed it very much. 

Last year however, they could not go because of the curfew. So it was the dulllest Christmas I ever witnessed.

It was Christmas Eve, and the family was gathered around the warm, comfortable stove. The crackling of the stove and the howling of the wind outdoors, were the only noises I could hear. My mother, two brothers, and my sister were thinking very solemnly. I could tell by their expression that they too thought this was a very unhappy Christmas. Time was passing by with little conversation, when suddenly from outside came voices;
lovely voices joined together in a chorus singing Christmas carols. We all jumped up and looked surprised, for we were indeed very much surprised.

"What's that?" whispered my brother.

"Sounds like a chorus," I replied slowly.

"Let's go out and see who they are," whispered my sister.

We all walked over to the door and went outside.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the chorus group.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" we cried back, for we knew who these people were. They were our grammar school teachers and other very friendly community folks and children.

Much conversation followed and we had a merry time. It was really good to know we had genuine friends like these.

After awhile one of them said, "We are planning to go to every Japanese house around here; if any of you would like to come along, we shall be more than glad to have you."

"May I?" asked my brother.

"Why certainly, go grab your coat and we'll have a merry time," they answered.

THE END
THE SNOW IS FALLING

The snow is falling from the sky at Christmas,
The roofs all white, the birds on high,
And Santa's sled that seems to fly,
Oh happy, happy day.

MINORU MANJI, Age 8
Grade 3, Washington School

THE CHRISTMAS TALE

Today is a holiday
And everybody should be gay.
Great ole St. Nicholas
Will be here on Christmas.

Santa on the night of 24th
Will travel from south to north,
From the land where they have seals,
Who makes you run on your heels.

Now Santa goes to the south
Where people have 'big mouths,'
And big man called cannibal
Who eats people—bodies and all.

He is always so jolly
And sometimes brings holly,
Leaving one cup of jolly
For the man with the big belly.

Everything is quiet in the house,
Even the noisy mouse,
All through the silent night,
You cannot hear him in his flight.

After he has gone all over
From California to Dover,
You will loudly hear
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Bobbie Eto
Age 10
5th Grade
Lincoln School
It was in May 1938, when I came home. I have always dreamed about this day and hoped that it would come true. At last it did happen. I was so happy when I saw the Golden Gate Bridge and lights of San Francisco. I could hardly wait for the ship to slip into shore.

I had difficulties trying to identify my father. After a long questioning we got our permission to go ashore. My mother was waiting for me outside. I didn’t know what to say when we faced each other. My mother welcomed my return. It was funny, how I felt then. I wondered what I’d say when I reached home while I was on the ship. I couldn’t find any perfect words to say to my mother, but I had planned what I would say. Although when I faced her, I lost my tongue and just said, “mama” and cried. Mother patted me like a baby and said I had nothing to cry about because I was home.

My brother greeted me at the car. He said something that seemed to me as if he just reminded. I was puzzled. My brother then knew that I didn’t understand English. All those years I had been in Japan I was so busy studying Japanese, I forgot my English.

I loved my home in America, but I was lonesome because I couldn’t speak English. My little sister made fun of me, and my brother ignored me, but how could I help it?

I started to hate everybody who spoke to me in English, and I avoided meeting them. As the days past, I wanted to go back
to Japan. I wished I had never come back. I asked my father to send me home, but all he said was I must go to school if I wanted to learn English.

The next day my father took me to school where there weren't any Japanese. I had a hard time during those days trying to figure out what they were talking about in classes.

I gradually picked up the English I had forgotten. Then I noticed I didn't argue with my brother like I used to do. My brother started to take me around with him. The more I mingled with the nisei, the more I learned English. I began to like the nisei just as much as kibei people. I hope all the kibei would, ever with their prides, learn English. I thank my father for guiding me the right way. I am very happy here in America.

(Continued from Page 5)

HER NAME IS Woman

(Continued from Page 5)

ing crest of a mound; a huge, handless black hat; dirty and hazy-covered, shaplessly-curl-ed black-haired head; a long, black, livid, expressionless face; the hanging, vacant blackness; a half-examined trunk supported a heavy, similarly dirty, grain-covered, emaciated coat like a cocked cloaks-hanger; a d. fine, slender, long, blue-white fingers grasped the spare raw pole of a pitch-fork. He stared at his pigs—lonely and Christmas Trees

(Continued from Page 27)

look forward to casual trees for the squire, for the street, for the city. They will then stand in the city square, for the world of life, painting to the winter skies, decorated with many colored lights; they will be for those children of the future; the same heart-stirring bringer of Christmas joys that they had been for us; the primitive and eternal symbols of the Good Earth.

THE END

derolist. "Julia," I said, "what a soul chillin; spectre he is."

She looked up at me and smiled nervously. I continued to walk hand in hand and approached one of the endless pens. Slowly lying on the icy sides, sucking their young, or growling and moaning, fat hogs blundered to and fro. With curious interest, we watched a noisy hog chattering and calling a coalescent food devouring now. Excited, the pursuing male would dart under the indifferent sow, push and agitate the wandering mate as he moved about the pen calling and snorting, prompting and begging, until the brutal boar raised its massive bulk onto the stilled rim of the feeding saw...

...which in the heavens a formation of wild geese, sauntered by a lonely cry and the sheer loneliness of a leafless tree, the rolling stars, the dark and full of life, pointing to the winter skies, decorated with many colored lights; they will be for those children of the future the same heart-stirring bringer of Christmas joys that they had been for us; the primitive and eternal symbols of the Good Earth.

THE END
charging reeling wind and the pitch-fork lunges of the scarecrow in black the nervous accent of a thousand birds suspended in the sky the tempest silent winds the slight quiver of a growing pig's snout of momentary alertness and the lung piercing, squeal of pain from a bleeding sow... Julie's thin fingers were curled into a small hot fist in mine. When she drew away, I saw two slight gashes in the palm of her hand, rising red. Hastily we walked away. Julie clung to me warm and eager; her eyes fired deliriously as we walked, walked, walked up and over the rolling hunch of the earth and through soft dirt and shaking fields of barley.

"Damn this wild wind!" I cursed aloud. "I'd think they were after us." Sometimes I wonder...my brain intimated.

"Nothing," I answered simply.

"What?" questioned Julie hoarsely.

"Nothing," I answered simply.

On cue, the winds mocked my torment and spurred on greater fury, laughing, taunting; howling. Our footing became less sure, the struggle to remain on the ground difficult, and breathing came in gasps. Julie was silent.

"Look," I pointed, "there's a barn just beyond..."

But the winds violently protested, shrieking and whining—forevermore—afraid two mortals would escape its malice. Doubled up, Julie and I pushed painfully forward until we fell on all fours, clutching and pulling ourselves toward the massive doors and salvation. Breathless, blinded, and thoroughly frightened, we dropped headlong into the protective maw of the gigantic grain shelter. Simultaneously, the mighty tendons of the barn groaned and shook with fear of the enraged winds maneuvered all its energies and burst anguishing its laments and becoming the loss of two precious clods. Julie pressed her warm parched lips upon mine. Her warm thin hands caressed my cold, armen cheeks. Her moist eyes sparkled like bright sunlight dancing off a pool of deep water. Her soft pulsating body fused against mine. Her desire—my ecstasy, the accepted fragrance of baled hay, the smell of rich stacked barley, of the tired sweet earth, the agonizing scream of a great barn door, and the final death of moaning howling winds. THE END