

# The Daily Tulean Dispatch

## MAGAZINE SECTION

VOL. I NO. 3

OCTOBER 1, 1942

### Stardusting



AT TIMES, the good sun shines a little weakly through the lowering snow clouds that seem ready to spill their contents into the lake basin. In a short while now, the frozen mantle of winter will lid the good earth and the pink-tinted snow will vie with the cold blue of the frozen sky.

Although a bit premature, my thoughts turn to Christmas. Only the other day, little Sarah asked me if Santa Claus is coming to Tule Lake.

"Santa Claus?" I swore under my breath. Does she mean the fat, bewhiskered clown etched on Christmas cards garbed resplendent in red coat and black boots? The poor forgotten old fellow created out of imaginary notion of men to represent the ideals of brotherhood and good will?

"Yes, Sarah, Santa Claus is coming to Tule Lake this year," I assured her. "But he's a very very busy man. You see, Santa is doing his best to revive the weary human hearts; to awaken him to the spring of tomorrow. The world is terribly sick, Sarah; sick with bloodshed and death, pain and hunger, intolerance and hatred.

"Why do men hate each other so?"

"It's hard to explain, Sarah. There must be some plausible reasons why 'peace on earth and good will to men' is inscribed on greeting cards and preached solemnly on Christmas but forgotten the rest of the 364 days of the year.

**M**EN ARE blinded by hatred. Hatred is an emotional lack of control. It handicaps clear thinking and understanding. It explains why some men whose unfortunate choice of racial ancestry has not been tolerated by his brother men.

"It is men whose hearts are so cold as not to understand the suffering of his fellow men. Cold and hunger do not mean a thing to them because they have never felt the pangs. They don't like to face a picture when it's painted so ugly.

"Christmas and Santa Claus do not live in the hearts of these men. They simply ridicule the idea that people can conceive such childish ideals.

"Yes, Sarah. Santa Claus will be here Christmas. He'll bring you a doll, perhaps the kind that rolls its eyes. He'll bring us, too, a new force of hope to push aside the dark, frozen surface of our human scene.

"Santa will bring to us a new sense of understanding of life, a gratitude for the most primitive blessings--food and shelter; and a determination to start life anew with renovated fertility and courage."

GEORGE J. NAKAMURA

THIS MAGAZINE is published semi-monthly by THE Daily Tulean Dispatch, W.R.A., Newell, California. Office of Publication, Building 1608. John D. Cook, Publication Advisor. All manuscripts should be typewritten and double-spaced and must be accompanied with name and address of the author.

### INCIDENTALLY

Our cover was whipped up by a soft-spoken girl who has more art scholarship awards than you can count on your fingers, one of recent being the world-wide Latham Foundation poster contest in which she took first place.

Born and reared in Marysville, Tamaki Hatanamiya finished high school as a valedictorian and continued her education at California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland specializing in water color.

INCIDENTALLY...

In a publication such as this, the writers with their bylines emblazoned across the pages do all the shining. Yet, were it not for the staff artists and utility men, those writers would not illuminate at all.

Quiet, industrious, and unassuming, Masao Inada, Dick Kurihara, James Matsuo and Martha Mizuguchi are all equally--strangely enough--of unruffled disposition unlike that of the proverbial choleric temper of an artist.

Inada is a two-time art scholarship recipient at Sacramento J.C. and his proficiency with pen and brushes is linked synonymous with his name. Miss Mizuguchi or "Melody" as she is known around the press office is irreplaceable as a breezy cartoonist and a sweetheart of THE DISPATCH.

Design men Kurihara and Matsuo are excellent poster-artists. Two curly-haired lads who know their business.

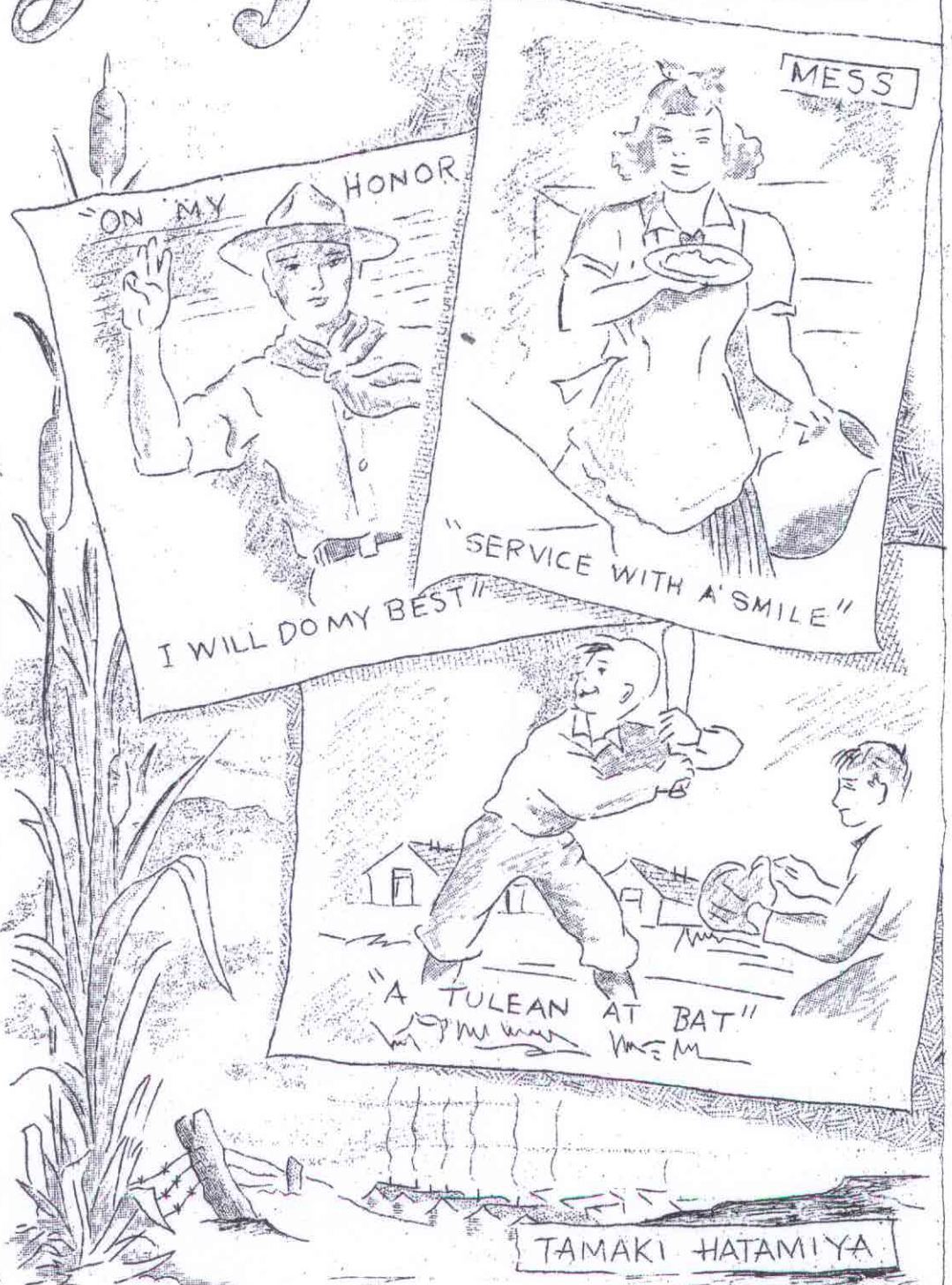
Cutting stencils, typing dummies and all clerical works fall into the uncomplaining hands of Masao Saito, Hilo Hasegawa, Alyse Hikiji and Toki Kumata.

And, we mustn't forget robotistic Katsuro and George Kawano who grind out 50,600 pages through the machine bi-weekly to make this mag possible.



OCTOBER 1

# Life at TULE LAKE







## Pattern of a Coda

by  
Constance Murayama

**I**T ALWAYS came back to her at the oddest moments, when she least expected it: the moment before she dropped asleep or when she stood waiting; at the mess hall with the dust flirting around her feet; when she leaned over the community wash sink to brush her teeth. The suddenness of the poignant nostalgia was like the pain of a dentist's chair; always dreaded, coming sharply, to shake her, leaving her a little sick when it was over.

It was mostly pictures, or rather the quality of certain moments that had been felt in certain surroundings. The chilly damp sunshine at Powell and Sutter. On her back, on her legs, while the street-cars clanged laboriously or the cable-cars slid by. Or the view of the bay from the hills at night; the sly lights that winked on and off, while the brassy bridge lights dressed the water with sequins. And the damp fog curled around her like some monstrous djinn trying to lure her away forever into nothingness. All this -- while the dust of the lake bed haunted the air.

**S**OMETIMES, she thought it over carefully and slowly. The moments of doing nothing, moments

of suspension when everything was still inside her. And she could only stand, with her arms hanging by her sides. Those were the moments that always came to her. In different settings that only accentuated the sameness of the emotional quality. These moments, she told herself, were those when she had divorced herself from everything and had been aware of only her own ego, dissolved into the ego of the setting.

This was very well. But it couldn't go on. Integration, identification of self with others; movement, functionalism; Heil Society! Click your heels smartly. Heil! Heil!

**A**T TIMES it came over her that perhaps she was born to be lonely, to be this bodiless ego, that the moments that ripped her were the only aware moments she could have. Then frightened, she'd dash off to meetings. But the words were meaningless; drip, drip, drip. If they dripped a

hundred years, perhaps a little hole would appear, and the loneliness would pour out, and something else would come in, because there can't be a vacuum. But that's what there always had been. Loneliness is a vacuum.

And things would drop noiselessly into the vacuum. Anger, sudden annoyances slipped in like a stone slipping sideways into a lake of oil. A lethargic bubble, then nothing. Occasional eruptions, when the loneliness heaved everything out, and was clean and sharp again. Then another eruption.

She fought this idea of herself, at times displayed a baseless electric charm that left her irritable and nervous. Older men liked her because the effort she spent flattered them. The younger men were estranged by the nervousness and the fastness of her patter. They didn't yet need the assurance of being flattered. But some stuck around, and when

(continued on page 11)



Old man bald of head,  
Skin wrinkled and dried.  
Eyes...without sight,  
Hands gnarled,  
Shaking,  
Bones that creak  
As ungreaased hinges;  
Legs bowed and thin  
Ponacens plastered,  
Joints that ache,  
Struggles that cry out:  
"Oh! Misery of age."

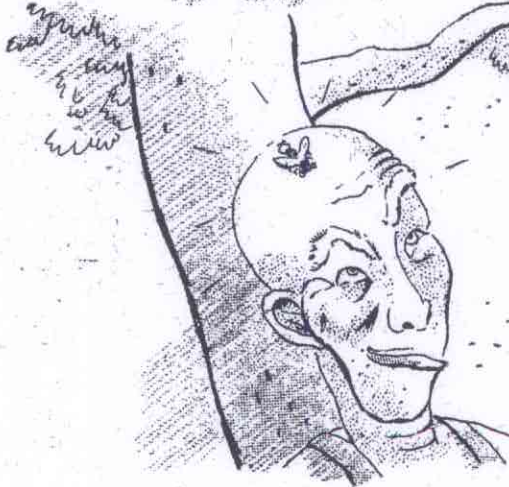
# SENILITY:

AN IMPRESSION

BY RILEY O'SUGA



There is no fight.  
Youth, the stream of  
Life  
Swiftly rushes around  
The croney.  
Derelicted...contented...sage,  
He sits and jabbars  
Wheezeingly laughs,  
Seldom cries...yet tears  
Moisten the crevices of  
Wrinkled parchment,  
As reminiscant memories  
Fade in and out of his  
Heart.



Gay old man, sad old man  
Sits hunched in the hot  
Sun.  
Dust covered,  
Sweat smolling,  
Quiet...alone...motionless  
In the shade.  
Deep in a dream  
He sits,  
As flies  
Only flies buzz low.  
Flies on his fly,  
Fly on lip,  
Fly sits on  
Old man bald of head.

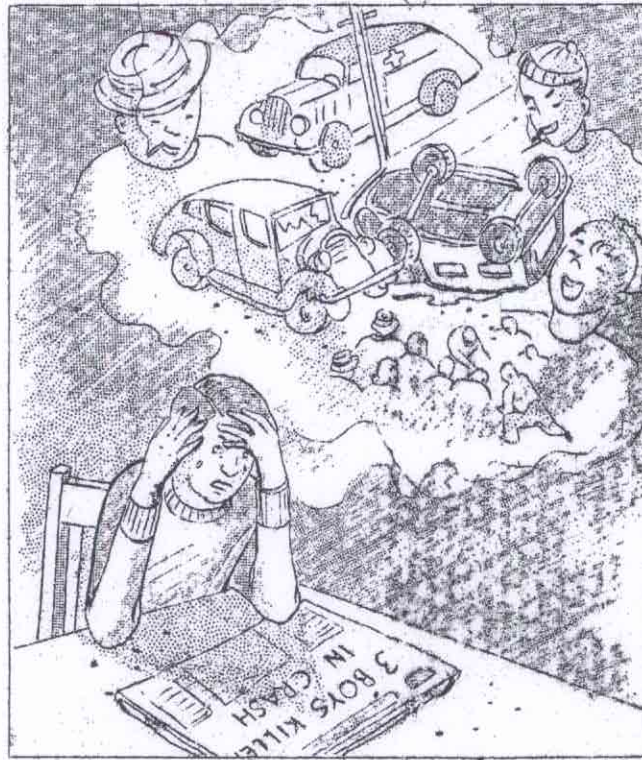
## BEHAVIORIST IN LOVE

I have known happiness before,  
But not like this,  
Where every word becomes a kiss,  
And kisses are undreamt of.

What though this too lovely thing  
Were made to fade?  
I have a memory that shall crystallize it  
for my old age.

BY CONSTANCE MURAYAMA





## morning after..

BY KEN HAYASHI

TOMMY LOATHED FATHER'S  
AUSTERE DISCIPLINE BUT...

**T**OMMY SATO glanced impatiently at the clock. He nervously wished that the time would not drag along so slowly. Tommy was thankful however that his dad had given him permission to go out this night. Tommy had lied to his father when he said he was going over to Bobby's house; but, since that was a sure way out Tommy simply took it.

Tommy remembered the other day when three of his rougher friends had let him in on this little "deal." He was both thrilled and afraid. His hoodlum buddies had cooked up a plan to borrow a car for a few hours, of course without the owner's permission. The idea of a driving a real car and with such daring friends seemed very thrilling to 12-year-old Tommy. Yet he was afraid because it was Einar Ben-

son's automobile the boys were going to take. Mr. Benson ran the gas station on the corner where Tommy lived and he was a kindly old Norwegian who liked Tommy a great deal. But Tommy let another fear overrule his better judgement. He could not stand being called "yellow" by the gang.

The deadline for the start of this venture was but an hour away, and Tommy was becoming increasingly nervous. His father noting his restlessness asked if any thing were wrong. Tommy lied "no."

**S**UDDENLY, the door bell rang and Tommy, anxious to get away from his father's querying, rushed to answer it. He was greeted by his school teacher, whom he despised more than any other person. The teacher, Miss Stewart, a stout, flint faced old

battle axe, asked for Tommy's father and as soon as he showed up they immediately buried themselves in a conference. Tommy cursed under his breath. He hated this cold-eyed woman who had given him both verbal and physical lashings. Now she was blabbing to his father and it would be harder for him to get away. Tommy anxiously waited for her to leave. Finally he heard his father's authoritative voice call his name. Tommy was about to sneak out but he remembered his dad's terrible vengeance when he disobeyed, so he trudged into the parlor where Miss Stewart and his father were sitting with stern expressions on their faces. "Tom," his father began, "Miss Stewart tells me you are failing in Arithmetic and Geography and that your conduct is very bad. What has come over you?"

Tommy made no excuses but asked permission to go over to Bobby's place. His father very emphatically refused. "No, and what's more," he added, "there will be no more nights out for you until your record at school definitely improves."

Tommy begged and pleaded for just this night out, and he promised that he would be a good boy thereafter. But his dad was stubborn and refused. Tommy, remembering his promise to the gang, shrieked and cried. After Miss Stewart had gone, his dad, being a strict disciplinarian, gave Tommy the whipping of his life. Tommy bitterly sobbed himself to sleep. Next morning Tommy overheard his dad telling his mother about an awful accident that was headlined in the morning paper. Tommy suddenly realized that his father, disciplinarian though he be, was just and kind, and that Miss Stewart's stony features were not entirely unequivocal. His eyes widened as he read the cold facts:

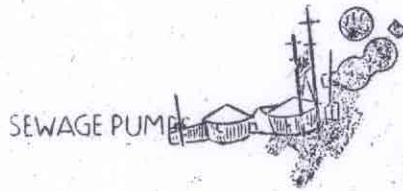
"THREE BOYS STEAL CAR  
DIE IN COLLISION".



# Map of TULE



GUARD TOWER

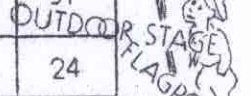


SEWAGE PUMP



FIRE STATION #2

34	35	36
33	32	31
22	23	24



1808  
WARDEN'S OFFICE



74	73	72
69	70	71
68	67	66



HIGH-SCHOOL

21	20	19
10	11	12
9	8	7



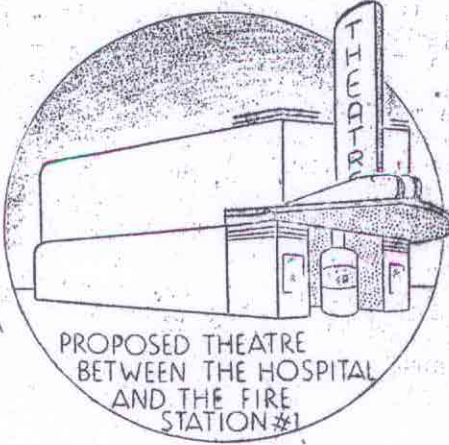
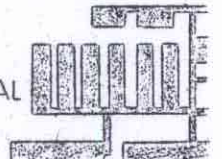
CANTEEN #1



FIRE STATION #1



HOSPITAL



PROPOSED THEATRE  
BETWEEN THE HOSPITAL  
AND THE FIRE  
STATION #1



ADMINISTRATION  
BUILDING

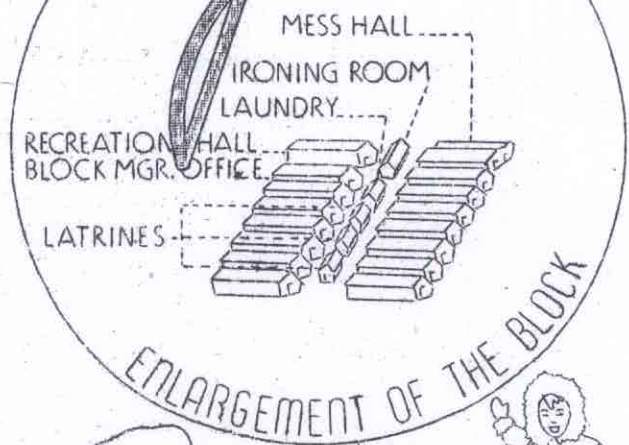


SENTRY GATE



# LAKE Project

7



37	38	39
30	29	28
25	26	27

CANTEEN #2

52	53	54
51	50	49

ALASKA



FIRE STATION #3

RECREATION OFFICE 1808

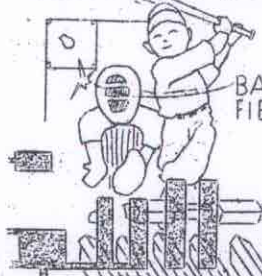
18	17	16
13	14	15
6	5	4

TULEAN DISPENSARY

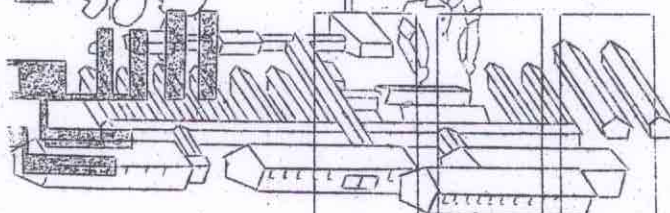
46	47	48
45	44	43
40	41	42

#3 CANTEEN

57
58
59



BASEBALL FIELD

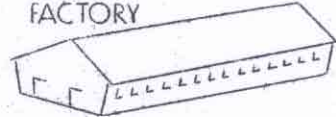


EVACUEE'S WAREHOUSES  
REFRIGERATED AND  
ADM. WAREHOUSES

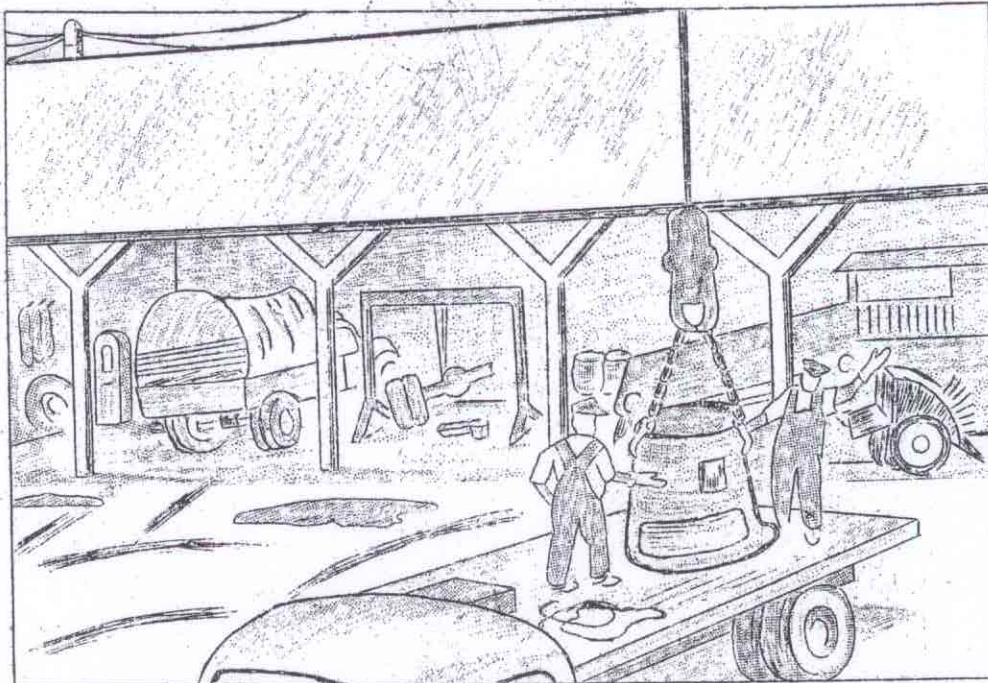


POST OFFICE

FACTORY







To keep 253 trucks and passenger cars running smoothly and efficiently, a crew of young men in oil smeared overalls attend to all minor and major repairs in the Project garage shed. 25 flat tires are attended and a thousand gallon of gasoline is shared daily with army vehicles operating from the Project. A single wrecking car is kept busy dishing in and out for emergency repairs.

## RUBBER TIRE SUPPLY DWINDLING

### COLONISTS AS WELL AS CAUCASIAN PERSONNEL WALK TO WORK

Threadworn rubber tires and rims are piling up at the Project garage shed.

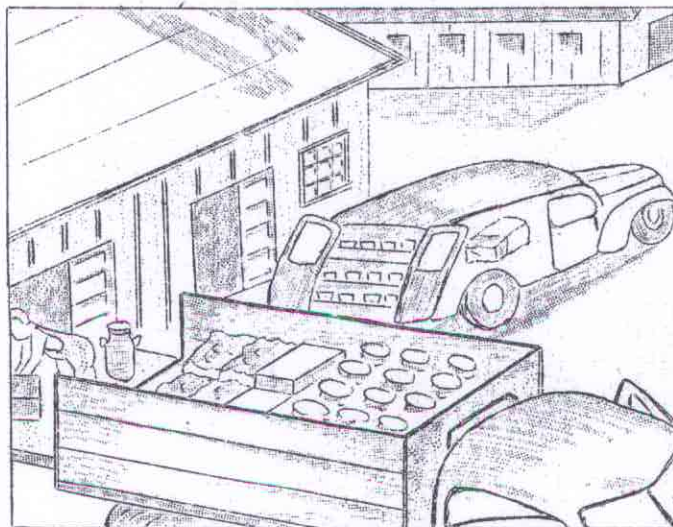
Nation-wide curtailment of rubber tire production for civilian use has similar effect on Project motor vehicles. Colony residents as well as the man on the city sidewalk are walking to work today.

Taxi service is restricted to only the most urgent necessity. A system of plutocracy in which certain personnel have deemed it their inalienable right

to use taxi service at any time during the day no longer exists.

Shortage of tires is a national problem. Colonist will understand this urgency when, as Dr. Carson pointed out, the time may come when it will be necessary to take patients to the hospital rather than in an ambulance.

W.R.A. authority has been informed that when the present supply of tires here has been exhausted, there will be no more replacements.



### FOOD SUPPLY

A great deal of complaints have been registered concerning the mess situations. Particularity that of uniform meal planning in each of the 63 mess halls has been a source of constant headaches.

Realization of the huge task is illustrated by the typical daily amount of food stuffs provided the 15,000 Colony residents. 8160 lbs. of beef, 9600 lbs. rice, 120 cases eggs, 3000 loaves of bread (an average of 4 slices per person), 2400 gallons of milk, 500 lbs. coffee, and 500 lbs. of sugar are split down to pounds and ounces according to the population count of each block.

With transportation facilities limited, food supply distribution is effected efficiently as possible with the conservation of tire and gasoline in mind.

DRAWINGS BY JAMES MATSUO



## FEEDING 15,000 MOUTHS

At the early crack of dawn when Colonists are still snugly tucked under warm woolen army blankets, cooks and helpers are quietly stirring in the 62 kitchens preparing meals for 15,000 hungry mouths.

The cook's job is the most unthankful. Food complaints are perennial.

Project farmers, engaged in rugged outdoor labor, grumbled bitterly to work in the mornings. More toast and coffee for breakfast was insufficient. "Certainly you cannot expect them to work efficiently, ill-fed," declared June Miyagawa who spoke for the farmers.

Wild rumors led residents to canteens and sale of canned goods soared to an unbelievable figure. Chief steward assured that 10-day staple food supply is always on hand in the Project warehouses.

Community council met with Caucasian mess stewards to alleviate the problem and a strict enforcement of uniform menu was promised along with equal distribution of supply. Also cooks were cautioned to avoid food wastage.

Today, residents of Block 10 dine identically as the residents of Block 56 save for the three mess halls which serve persons afflicted with ulcer and diabetes.

Turnips, beets, onion, radish, egg plant, and other Project products are freshly delivered to the mess halls. Butchered and prepared for roast at the warehouse, ample daily ration of meat is delivered to each mess kitchen. War-time ration affects Project messes in the outside and sugar, for instance, is allotted half pound a week for each person.

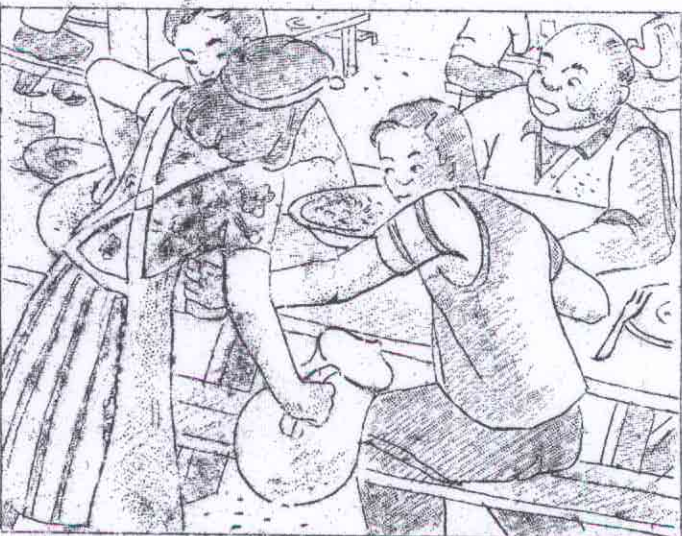
Piping hot food is served in family style in the Project and there is no waiting-in-line as compared to the assembly centers.



Cooks from the swank metropolitan hotels and downtown restaurants are all characterized by their individual artistic temperaments.



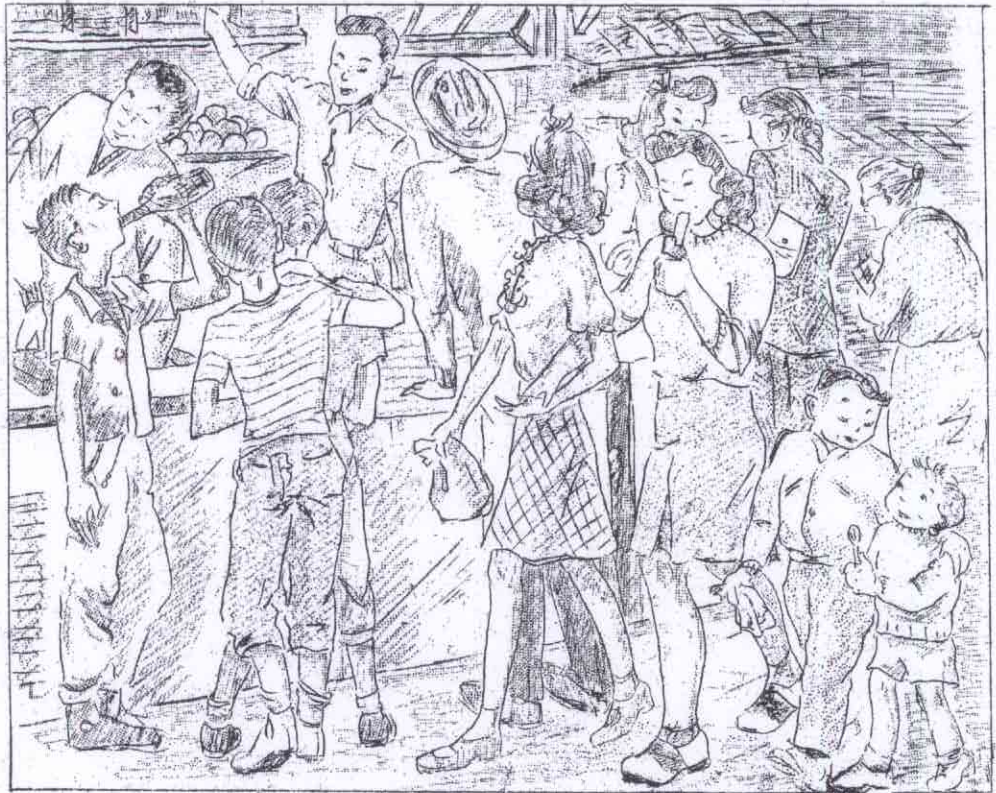
Everyone helps themselves from common serving plates in family style.



Smiling and obliging waitresses serve 250 diners in each mess hall.

DRAWINGS BY MASAO INADA





## STAMPING-GROUND

With tens of luscious, adorable love-lies behind the counter, the community canteens are the center of all activities. Here, dates are approved or re-proved, card games and private parties planned, and much idle chatter held daily.

to pass the time away, with the latest recordings from the juke box adding to the tumult.

Surprising amount of ice creams, pops, pastries, and candies are sold daily.



An institution which contributes greatly to the morale of the community is the post office. The Tule Lake Project post office is divided into two

sections, the U.S. and W.R.A. All Caucasian personnel manages the former while the latter includes many nisei clerks.



## •RIB TICKLERS:

## A LIMERICK: DIRNDL

Sad Thoughts of a Woman Upon Seeing a  
Young Wearer of the Dirndl Skirt:

"Oh red and flowered dirndl,  
How free the wind does dirndl  
Its occupant  
So elegant  
Doesn't have to wear no girndl."

By O. NASHI

## LIFE OF A BACHELOR

Life of a bachelor is sure hell in a place like this. Go home to a bare room void of all feminine touch. Call it home? Nuts! Just a place to flop down for sleep. Come home at night, turn on the light and what do you see.

Half of the blanket is on the dirty floor. Week's accumulation of dirty stinking socks are under the bed and cigarette butts all over the floor. Pictures of half-naked women all from Pic, Look and Esquire plastered all over the wall.

Socks with holes are just thrown away. Who's going to darn them?

Oh, for a wife to keep the place clean, do the washing, and provide a homelike atmosphere.

Get married and be tied down. Hell no! T.N.

## PATTERN OF A CODA

(Continued from Page 3)

the conventional moment came, they made their conventional moves.

THE FIRST kiss came because they both had their quota of youth and urges. But sometimes she wondered what she was doing; the postures of desire, the hot hands, the clumsiness. Then a coldness would come. She was mocking the love that she wanted with these make-shifts. And in the next eruption, the ersatz love would be heard out.

She thought up fantastic patterns of revenge; outrageous scenes where she would hold him to his mad promises by threats or by caresses. Tears? No, he knew her facility in pouring them out. But on deeper thought, she knew that what she was acting now was the best. His very straightness was his own trap. Every night she watched him twist a little, falter,

begin to say the words, then stop as she caressed his hand or laid her head on his shoulder. He was remembering what he had said before, and to repudiate all that by blurt-ing out that it was the other, not her, would cost him more than he could pay now.

SHE TRIED to keep herself motionless, to let experiences waft her by, ruffling the hair that could always be patted back into shape. But this was one time she was slapped, and the sting stayed.

How long would his straightness, his honor keep him to her, she wondered. How long? She took to watching him closely; it became a desperate game to her. Her goodnight kisses were as fervent as the situation demanded. Every trick, artifice that had ever elicited a response from him--she remembered and

rotated them artfully. Sometimes, a feeling of repugnance came to her that she shook off in a fit of annoyance at herself. Why did she try to hold him? She honestly didn't know. And he continued to come dutifully to the torture every night.

Except the last, when she gave him his excuse, her staff meeting. You are excused for tonight, my nemesis, she thought.

Conventionalism together with his sense of straightness, made him say that he would miss her. She grinned faintly inside herself.

COMING home, she walked past a building--her mind again in abeyance, the motionless feeling of her own ego merged insensibly with the calm of the night and the black shadows of the patient houses, row on row.

Gradually she became aware of two figures, standing near a doorway. Two figures collapsed against each other. A girl's low laugh, his sager voice protesting something. Then her response again, in a voice alive with tenderness, like a woman's hand tracing a welt on a man's forehead.

She couldn't have said when she realized it was he and the other. And yet those two were somehow a part of the vast dissolved ego of the night, fitting into a pattern of patient houses, each with its long inky shadow. Row after row. Monotonous, solid, a part of the hills.

She knew that when she left this place, and was bending over a white porcelain sink again, brushing her teeth, they would be one of the pictures that would stab her. Like the damp cold sunshine on Powell and Sutter, or the yellow sequins on the velvet black water. Come to stab her, shake her, and leave her feeling a little sick with the pain.

She turned and walked away.