TREK

JUNE 1943

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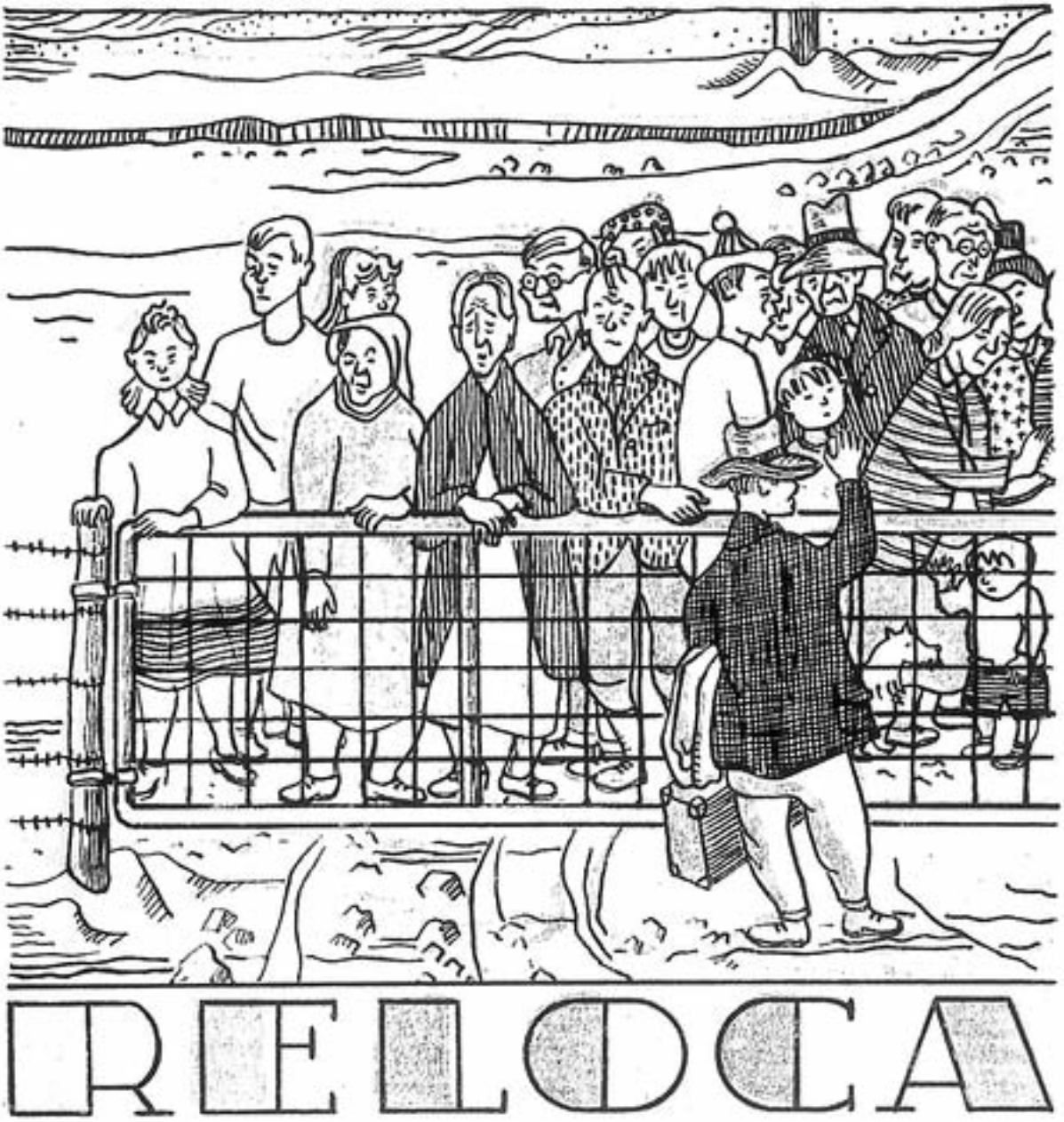
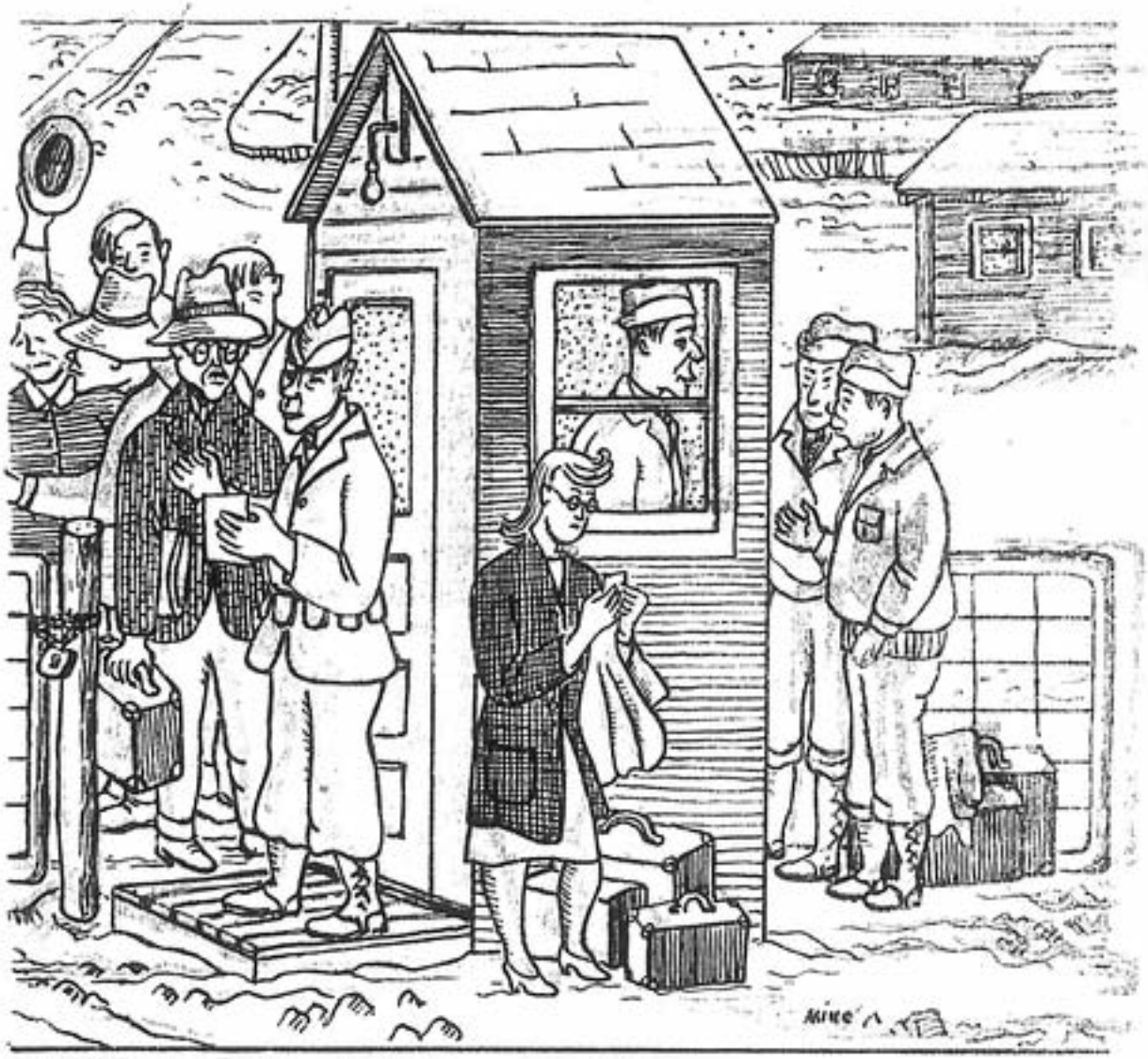


The "Sunshine Special," the express from Houston and the cities of southern Texas, pushes up the Mississippi valley, past the green fields of southern Arkansas where the early corn is already shoulder-high. The train slows down as it nears the little flag-stop of Jerome where a group of young men and women are waiting with their suit-cases beside the track. The train stops and the young men and women climb aboard and thread their way through the crowded day coaches in search of a seat. The cars are filled with soldiers on furlough from the great training fields in the pine-forested hills of the deep south. But there are



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a few seats and the young men and women, all of whom are Americans of Japanese ancestry, find them and settle down for the long ride ahead.

At the railroad junction of McGehee a half-hour later, the train stops again and another score of Japanese Americans, among whom are several soldiers returning from visits to the Rohwer center, go aboard. They fill the remaining seats in the warm day coaches. The luggage racks are full and their suit-cases overflow into the aisles.

The train hurries on into the deepening dusk. Little towns slide by. Little Rock is the next big stop but at some of

the way stations a few more passengers come aboard. Some are forced to stand because now all the seats are filled. Some of the evacuees talk of the hopes ahead and the camp life they are leaving behind. One is seriously reading literature which gives advice to persons leaving the relocation center. His face has been deeply tanned by seven months under the Arkansas sun. His hands look strong and capable.

Some of the passengers try to sleep in their stiff-backed seats. The train will reach St. Louis in the morning. At St. Louis the two-score evacuees aboard the "Sunshine Special" will part in the huge Union Station to take trains for individual destinations. Some are going west for farm work. Others are going to the cities of the middle west, to Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and the twin cities. Some are going to hostels, where they will have bed and board until they find their own housing. Others are going to waiting homes. The girl in the rose dress with the eight-months old baby will join her husband at a nursery in Ohio. The youth in the leather jacket has a job promised him in an aircraft plant. He is a veteran of the production line at a factory in Southern California before evacuation.

For some of the evacuees this train ride up the broad Mississippi valley is the first step toward their reinstatement as free citizens of the American community. A few are hesitant, hypersensitive. But they soon overcome their shyness and their fears evaporate. For in the day-coach they become just another group of Americans going somewhere. No questions are asked. No one stares. A woman across the aisle offers to hold the baby while the nisei mother rests. The white soldier who has the seat next to a Japanese American sergeant shows the nisei a picture of his "best girl," the girl who will be waiting for him at a station in Pennsylvania. The nisei brings out his wallet and shows his fellow soldier his girl's picture. "She's at the camp at Rohwer," he captions. "We'll be married soon."

At the Union Station in St. Louis those returning exiles are soon caught up in the ebb and flow of the crowds around the entrance-gates and in the waiting rooms. The evacuee with his suitcases, the wife, the sweetheart, the mother waiting for the furlough soldier, the executive with his saddle-leather briefcase, the student home from school are all human props in the daily drama of a big city rail station, all Americans on the move in a world at war.

To the evacuee, the "outside world" they have looked to with so much apprehension proves to be much the same world they left after the soldiers had posted those evacuation posters on the telephone poles of the western coast and after everyone had been bundled into trains and buses for the long rides and the short rides to the army assembly centers. There are no brass bands for the evacuees but in many of the stations these Americans with Japanese faces will find sympathetic people, usually representing a resettlement committee, who will help them bridge the long gap between camp life and normal living.

Like the "Sunshine Special," which is a Missouri Pacific express, other trains and buses are similarly bringing evacuees back into the everyday stream of America. And the young men and women, with indefinite leaves and their WRA identification cards in their wallets and purses, wait on desert roadsides and in dust-beaten stations for the transportation which will take them away from the watchtowers and the sentries at the gate. From Topaz and Minidoka, from Rivers and Poston, from Heart Mountain and Granada, from the California and Arkansas camps, from all the giant "Little Tokyos" of war relocation, the exiles of evacuation are returning to the free lives of ordinary Americans.

The knell has sounded for the war relocation centers. The individual resettlement process is in actual motion and the proof may be had by walking down the streets of Denver, or Chicago or Cincinnati. You will see nisei window-shopping, waiting in the lines before movie theatres, in a seat at a major league ball games and in factories and shops across America, on the farms and and in the mills. Japanese Americans are doing their part in the sweaty business of producing for victory.

The War Relocation Authority is proving that it is not a self-perpetuating bureaucracy by its sincere emphasis on outside relocation. The barrack cities of war relocation were conceived as temporary expedients at a time when the individual resettlement of the evacuees appeared impossible in view of what was represented at that time to be public sentiment. The initial seasonal work program in the inland west, necessitated primarily by a shortage of labor on sugar beet farms, proved that individual resettlement was possible. Since then the program has been gradually broadened until now it embraces the major energies of the WRA. The government has also indicated that it is more interested in permanent employment for individual evacuees than in seasonal work on a group basis.

More than 50 WRA field offices are now carrying on an intensive program to assist all loyal evacuees in re-establishing themselves in all areas except those from which the evacuees are excluded. Thus all of 44 states and parts of three others are open for resettlement, while California is the only state from which the evacuees are totally barred.

Already several thousand evacuees have resettled in the Middle west, particularly in urban areas. A substantial number have located in Chicago where they are working in war plants as well as domestics, clerks, and in hotel and restaurant work. Demands from hotels and country clubs, apparently hard hit by the fact that many of their workers have left for the higher wages offered by war factories, have been particularly heavy for evacuee workers in the Chicago area, according to the WRA.

With the gradual increase in clearances for the eastern defense command, and possibility for the eventual resettlement of many thousands in New York and other eastern cities can be foreseen. The WRA has offices operating in New York, Boston and Baltimore, as well as its national headquarters in Washington. Indicative of the widespread interest in the relocation of Japanese Americans is the fact that a Chinese American businessman has recently been negotiating for two ceramic factories in New Jersey which he hopes to turn over to evacuee workers on a co-operative basis.

Housing, or the lack of it, has been a limiting factor in the resettlement program, particularly in war production centers where jobs are plentiful. The WRA office in Chicago recently announced that the speed of relocation will be governed largely by the ability of the WRA officials to find housing, rather than any limit on the number of jobs available.

The opening of the hostels, which are in effect an extension of the relocation centers, has accelerated resettlement. The warm and friendly hostels, with their sympathetic, informed personnel have proven invaluable in assisting the readjustment of the evacuees from the barrack-mess hall life of the camps to more normal existence on the outside. The hostels also dramatize the assistance and understanding which the evacuees are receiving from both religious and social organizations. The work of these private agencies has been a necessary supplement to the services supplied by the government through the WRA.

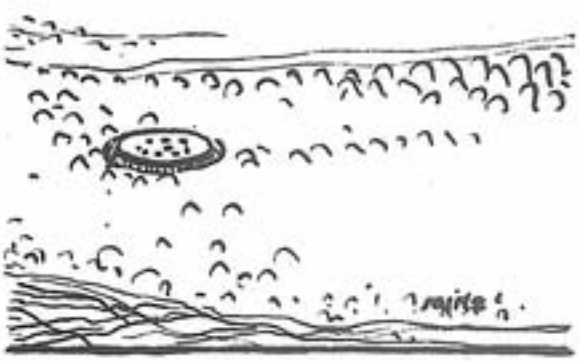
The evacuee passengers of the St. Louis-bound express were almost without exception, young men and women. The age composition of the evacuees leaving the relocation centers points up one of the bottlenecks in the relocation program. Few of the older group are leaving the centers for permanent employment, while younger couples with children are hesitant to take the plunge from the minimum security of the centers to the unknown hazards of life in the wartime economy on the outside. Unless the older generation and the family groups can be induc-

ed to quit the camps, the present program will inevitably bog down. It seems imperative that greater stress be placed on the resettlement of larger family units, although the difficulties attendant to such a plan are evident.

The hostel idea is particularly adapted to the resettlement of larger families, since it is admittedly more difficult to obtain suitable housing for such units. An encouraging factor is that more of these hostels are being contemplated, although even with these in operation only a small percentage of those desiring relocation can be accommodated.

The number of persons relocated up to the present time is small, being less than ten percent of the total held in the ten WRA camps. A certain resistance is evident against immediate relocation.

This resistance stems from uncertainties regarding selective service status, a feeling of fear and insecurity growing out of the intemperate attacks of race-baiters and hysteria mongers, and an exaggerated conception of the rise in the cost of living and the necessity to obtain compensatory wages, as well as a hope for an eventual return to the evacuated area.



The importance of immediate relocation, however, cannot be overstressed. Except in the far west, national sentiment appears definitely favorable to the resettlement of all loyal evacuees. It is obvious that each passing day will make more difficult the physical and psychological adaptions necessary for successful resettlement. Those resettled during the war will be in a far better position to effect the inevitable change over from wartime to post-war living and peacetime employment. Futhermore, evacuees leaving the centers today have the benefit of the WRA's intensive effort to assist their adjustment.

An evacuee in Chicago said recently: "What I like about this part of the country is that people let you live like a human being. You begin to forget that you are of Japanese ancestry, or any ancestry, and remember only that you are an American."

Today, this morning, this afternoon, this evening, young Japanese Americans are arriving in bus and railroad stations throughout America, leaving the dust of relocation centers behind and returning to the broad boulevards, the movie palaces and the skyscrapers of America. And this minute the "Sunshine Special" is on its long journey up from Houston and the cities of southern Texas. It will be flagged down again at the little station at Jerome where another group of Japanese Americans will be waiting with suit-cases in hand. And a half-hour later at McGehee there will be others from Rohwer.

--Larry Tajiri

LARRY TAJIRI, former San Francisco newspaperman and foreign correspondent, is the editor of "The Pacific Citizen." He has recently returned from New York and Washington, visiting most of the relocation centers, as well as Camp Shelby, gaining first-hand information on conditions affecting the evacuees.

Out-standing as a writer, the nisei may well look forward to his leadership in post-war guidance and planning as one of the few men well-informed and capable enough to foresee the difficulties of readjustment.

RELOCATION . . .
THROUGH THE GATES OF TOPAZ

Since the gates of Topaz closed on the last new resident in October, back out through the gates for relocation and normal work have gone 1200 evacuees to ninety-eight different cities in twenty-one different states of the United States. The cities range from Spokane, Washington to Washington, D.C., from the nearby farming community of Abraham to the cosmopolitan city of New York.

Who are these people and why did they go? They are young people and old people, babies just old enough to travel, young girls going to marry their fiances, young men reporting for induction in the army, and aged mothers and fathers planning to live with their relocated children. They are going on Seasonal and Indefinite Leaves. Four in five who are leaving on Indefinite Leaves and planning to relocate permanently outside the project are citizens. Three in four of those leaving the project on Seasonal Leaves to work in harvesting or other temporary work are citizens of Japanese ancestry. The majority of them are young men, on the average of twenty-two to twenty-seven years old. All but a very few have had their education entirely in the United States and have never been to Japan.

Their attitudes and activities are checked and investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. There is no doubt about their full cooperation with the United States past, present and future. If they are citizens, they have sworn unqualified allegiance to the United States and to faithfully defend it from all foreign powers. If they are aliens, they have sworn to abide by the laws of the United States and to do nothing to interfere with the war effort. They are going to jobs individually checked by the WRA Relocation offices. They are going to communities investigated by relocation officers and found to be receptive to relocatees. Those going to the East Coast or into defense plants have received an additional check by the Japanese-American Joint Board in Washington.

As its name implies, most of those who left on Seasonal Leave were going to do agricultural work and planning to stay out only so long as there was work for them to do with their first employer. However, experience in the last nine months shows that about a fourth of those who left on Seasonal Leave established themselves permanently outside and were issued Indefinite Leaves.

The 800 who left Topaz on Indefinite Leave planning to relocate permanently outside the project are now working in a variety of skills, services and professions. Thirty-two per cent have gone into service occupations, both domestic and commercial, such as maids, cooks, gardeners, and elevator operators.

Twenty-four per cent have gone into skilled and semi-

TRANSPLANTING

No anchorage in shallow dust,
No searching hold has found
More than shadows to grasp
Where hope withers in the ground.

Oh, guard the exposed roots against
Untimely sun and wind:
Some other soil may prove
More flower-wide and kind.

So let a richer earth restore
What once had died in need;
Strong roots will then respond
And bear tomorrow's seed.

--Toyo Suyemoto

skilled labor. This includes carpenters, packers, truck drivers, laundry and cleaning workers, welders, merchant seamen, mechanics, beauty operators, and florists. There are fourteen per cent in agriculture. These are farm workers, tractor drivers, turkey raisers, nursery men, millers and cannery workers. Some are working as farm hands, some have leased farms and are employing their friends and families from the centers, and others are working for the owner on a cooperative basis. Most of the agricultural workers are located around the smaller towns in the states of Utah, Idaho and Colorado.

Eight per cent of the people have left the center not on definite jobs, but to establish residence first and find their places in that way. Many of these have gone on invitations of the American Friends Service Hostels in Cleveland and Chicago. At the Hostels they live for a dollar a day while contacting the WRA Relocation offices and other agencies looking for suitable employment. The American Friends Service Committee and the American Baptist Society are at present making arrangements to establish new hostels in the various Middle Western cities. Some of these who left to establish residence have left on invitation of friends and relatives already relocated outside, and a few with their own private means have relocated themselves without such aid.

In just the last few months Civil Service positions have become available for evacuees. Several girls have left to work as typists or stenographers in the WRA offices. Others trained in typing and shorthand have obtained employment in private organizations. In all, about four per cent of those leaving have left for clerical positions. Recently Civil Service examinations for typists, clerks, and stenographers were given on the project. Also, procedure has been outlined to investigate and reinstate into Civil Service those who before evacuation had Civil Service ratings, so more extensive openings may be expected soon.

Another four per cent of the Topaz relocatees have gone into professional work. All of these are people with a great deal of specialized training in their own field. Several have a command of both the English and Japanese languages and are working as instructors in the Army and Navy language schools. There are registered nurses, doctors, engineers, photographers, a minister, a draftsman, accountants, a map reader, and research workers employed in their professions. A dental technician is in a supervisory position in one of the well-known eastern laboratories. There are many professionally trained and experienced people still in the center or who could not leave on professional jobs. Their problem is to some extent more difficult than that of the average evacuee. Not only are professional openings more rare, but also in most occupations it is necessary to establish residence in the state in order to pass state examinations or obtain state licenses before it is possible to practice. Practically all of the Topaz residents are from California, one of the few states which does not have reciprocal license agreements with other states.

At this time, twenty of the 120 young men who volunteered to serve in the army have left the center for induction. They are now in training at Camp Shelby in Mississippi, where they will be trained with volunteers from other centers and from Hawaii for a special combat unit to be composed of American citizens of Japanese ancestry. Of the Topaz volunteers, one has already received a commission as First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps Reserve as a dentist.

The remaining ten per cent of Topaz relocatees are eighty students who went to forty-three different colleges and universities in twenty different states. Forty-nine are men and thirty are women. Fifty-nine are undergraduate students: twelve are doing graduate work and eight are in art school. All of them owe their

relocation largely to the efforts of the National Student Relocation Council which was organized in May 1942 for the purpose of serving as an intermediary between the students who wished to relocate and the institutions to which they wished to go. The Council examines the records and interests of the student and arranges for his acceptance. Much of the work of the Council is concerned with obtaining financial aid for the relocating students in the form of jobs or scholarships. The United States Government has no means of assisting students in education beyond high school level and any aid which the student receives must come from private sources. In this last year, Student Relocation has built up such a fund that it may assure some financial aid to any student who has reasonably good grades, but does not have sufficient funds of his own.

Each institution had to be cleared individually by the War and Navy Departments in Washington. By last September only a handful had been cleared and relocation of students on a large scale was impossible. At present over four hundred schools are available to students and the War and Navy departments are willing to clear most colleges and universities in the country which will accept nisei students, except the large private and state institutions such as Chicago, Minnesota, Columbia, N.Y.U., etc., which are war training centers too.

The work of the National Student Relocation Council is carried out on a local level by the Topaz Student Evacuee Office. Prospective students may come to this office to be counseled concerning his particular interests and to become acquainted with the various schools by the means of the library of catalogs and school publications available in the office. The Topaz office has done outstanding work in relocating its students. Its files have many enthusiastic reports of relocated students and academic reports show that the students are in the upper ten per cent of their classes scholastically.

In relocating the evacuees the WRA makes every effort to provide that the relocation shall be permanent. They have tried to send the prospective employee to a job for which his particular abilities and experience suit him, in a community where adjustment will be possible and he may hope to bring his family. The relocatee on his part undertakes the responsibility of proving competent and dependable in his job, and adaptable to the specific community to which he goes. Each must consider himself a public relations representative for those still in camp who wish to go outside. After the evacuee leaves the center for his first permanent job, he is no longer a ward of the government. He is responsible for himself and must act accordingly. This program is proving successful. Of the 800 who have left on Indefinite Leaves only five have returned. The others are writing back to camp many encouraging accounts of the new experiences they are enjoying.

This is a picture of the 1200 people who have left Topaz at the present time. Each Relocation center has its story of the evacuees in new communities and the opportunities they have found there. The first nine months of relocation are only the beginning of the story. New WRA Relocation offices are still opening throughout the Middle West. The Federal Bureau of Investigation check which makes leaves possible has been greatly accelerated only recently. Procedure is now being formed to expedite clearance for the Eastern Defense Command, war production plants, and Civil Service. Just in the last three months financial aid has become available to evacuees who do not have sufficient funds of their own to travel from the center to the place where they have found employment.

With these relocation in the next six months will be far greater in volume and scope. There are in the relocation centers still many skilled, experienced Americans of Japanese ancestry whose services are needed now in the fast developing and expanding war production of the United States. During the next few months, an even larger number of loyal evacuees will find their places in offices, schools, factories, fields, and army training camps, working with other Americans in the war effort.

--Ruth Griffin

ONE HAPPY FAMILY

The postman's familiar footsteps were audible to the little American Japanese boy and his mother. It was nine in the morning. The improvised mailbox rattled and they heard the postman going away. Ben, the seven-year old son, ran to the door but his mother was quicker. She took the letter and brought it in the house.

"Is it from daddy?" Ben asked his mother.

The seven-year old son stood below her as she intently read the letter. He pulled her apron when she did not answer.

"Is it from daddy, mama?" he asked again.

The mother looked away from the letter and then sat down. "Yes Ben. It is from daddy," she said quietly.

The room became silent again, and the silence of the house shook little Ben's persistence. His lips opened to say something sharp because his mother would not confide in him. He looked at the quiet figure of his mother and his resentment faded away. Yes, she was keeping something from him but she was sad. He could not be angry at her when she was so sad.

"Ben," his mother began, "Your father is, I've often told you, away on a long vacation. The letter says that his trip will probably be long but it may be short too. It depends entirely on his business. Daddy says for you to be patient and be a good boy, a good, fighting American boy."

For a moment Ben's brown Japanese eyes twinkled and his face lit up. Then a frown clouded his face. "What kind of a business did daddy go on? Why did he have to go away?"

His mother did not reply. She stared at the blank wall a long while.

"Mama, did daddy run away?" Ben asked his mother.

"No, no!" the mother replied quickly. "Daddy would never run away."

She reached for her knitting bag and began knitting a sweater that was too big for Ben and too mannish for herself. Ben watched her quick, skillful fingers move swiftly, and then he saw them gradually lose its speed until her fingers barely moved.

Suddenly he cried, "I know! He's dead! Daddy's dead!"

The mother raised her hands and gasped. "Ben! Don't say that again!"

"He's dead, mama. He's dead."

His mother shook her head vigorously. "Ben, you must believe me. Your father is alive. He is on a vacation. You must take mother's word for it."

"He's dead. I know," Ben said.

"No, Ben," she said quietly.

Ben faced his mother triumphantly. He knew his dad was alive. His letter had come, hadn't it? Yet, mama was hurt. He saw her hurt look when he made guesses about dad. He must be on the right track. All of a sudden his eyes opened wide, and he knew why his father was not home, why his mama must suffer and become sad. He remembered the headlines of the city papers, he recalled that day when a strange group of older boys at school called him a Jap and chased his home. America was at war with Japan, but he could not understand. What had war to do with their home, with his quiet father who had worked hard for a living? His daddy must have done an awful thing to be sent away.

Ben heard his mother sigh and glanced up. He looked at her lost face and sighed too. "Mama, did he do something bad? Is he a bad man in America?"

His mother gave a cry so sharply that Ben sat up straight, and then he saw that her eyes were wet. He looked away, triumphant for a moment. Knowing he had found out the truth at last, he felt big and wise like a grown-up man.

His mother came over and put her arms about him. Her eyes were soft and her hand on his head was soft. "He is innocent, daddy is. Please remember that, Ben. Don't ever be ashamed of him. Believe in him."

"Why was he taken away, mama?" he asked.

Mother shook her head slowly. "He was taken as a suspect but he is not guilty. He was taken because America doubted him and he had no explanation. And please, Ben dear, never become bitter. America is for us plain people. Believe in America. Bitterness is not for the common man. When you grow up you will realize that this war was fought to destroy bitterness, sadness and fear."

Ben could not understand her words. He wondered if everything would turn out right. He became doubtful of ever seeing his dad. If he had a wishbone like his friend, Frankie Brown, back home he would wish for the world to turn out right. That was all he would wish for, and realizing his helplessness he buried his face in her apron and sobbed softly.

High over his head he heard the soft words, and the tender stroking of a hand. "Stop crying, Ben. He will come back when the government investigates his case. He will be back free."

The world swam before his closed eyes as he clung tightly to her skirts. The little boy continued sobbing because even a mother cannot soothe and comfort one at times.

--Toshio Mori

PROMISE

Here is the seed nurtured
Through a long winter spell,
Now new-sprung to the warmth
Of sun from its dark shell.

A promise yet, will mine
Flower fulfill its leaf
And bud, and thus annul
Remembered frost and grief?

--Toyo Suyemoto

TRILOBITE FOSSILS OF ANTELOPE SPRINGS

By traveling about 50 miles westward from Topaz to Antelope Springs in the House Range[1], it is possible, in a manner of speaking, to go backward some 400 million years in geologic time--to go from the present age of man almost to the very dawn of evolving life on earth. For in the Cambrian period rock deposits of that locality, estimated to have been laid down at least that many millions of years ago, are to be found the fossilized remains of some of the very earliest forms of differentiated animal life known to science, notably the trilobites.

Some 400 million years ago, the Pacific Ocean covered many parts of what is now Utah, and the Antelope Springs area was under water. In that remote antiquity, even fishes had not yet evolved, and the age of reptiles, the mighty dinosaurs, was still far, far in the future. But in the shallow salt water coves of the Antelope Springs locality there lived small bug-like creatures which swam among the stalks of sea grasses, nibbling or sucking their food from the growing stems. These were the trilobites.

As very primitive animal forms, these trilobites were perforce rather simple creatures, although within their crude bodies they contained from 60 to 90 structural and functional beginnings of parts that were to become more fully developed in later and higher animal types. They had no eyes[2] and no endoskeleton, carrying their hard parts (or, exo-skeleton) on the outside as a carapace, test or shield, which they wore on their dorsal side to protect them from their enemies. They had legs and a crude heart, which was a mere sack-like pump. They had no lungs or gills, and yet they got their oxygen from the free air whipped up in the shallow waters by the waves, absorbing this air by means of setae or microscopic hollow fringe-like filaments. They had the beginnings of a digestive tract. Their characteristic external structure consisted of an axis and two pleural lobes, one on each side, whence their name, trilobites. They had a further triple division of the body into a head (cephalon), a thoracic segment, and a tail (pygidium), making three lobes up and down as well as across.

The Antelope Springs area at that time was, as we have said, under ocean water. Limestone was forming and deposits were being washed in. Creatures died. Their remains fell upon the mud ooze of their habitat, were covered by the deposit of the next freshet, preserving them from bacteria and rot, and so became fossilized. These fossilized corpses of once living animals constitute a sort of marginal notation made by Nature in the process of building up and tearing down continents. They serve as time markers of early periods in the evolution of life forms. The trilobite remains which have come down to us at Antelope Springs are thus time markers of the Cambrian period in this locality.

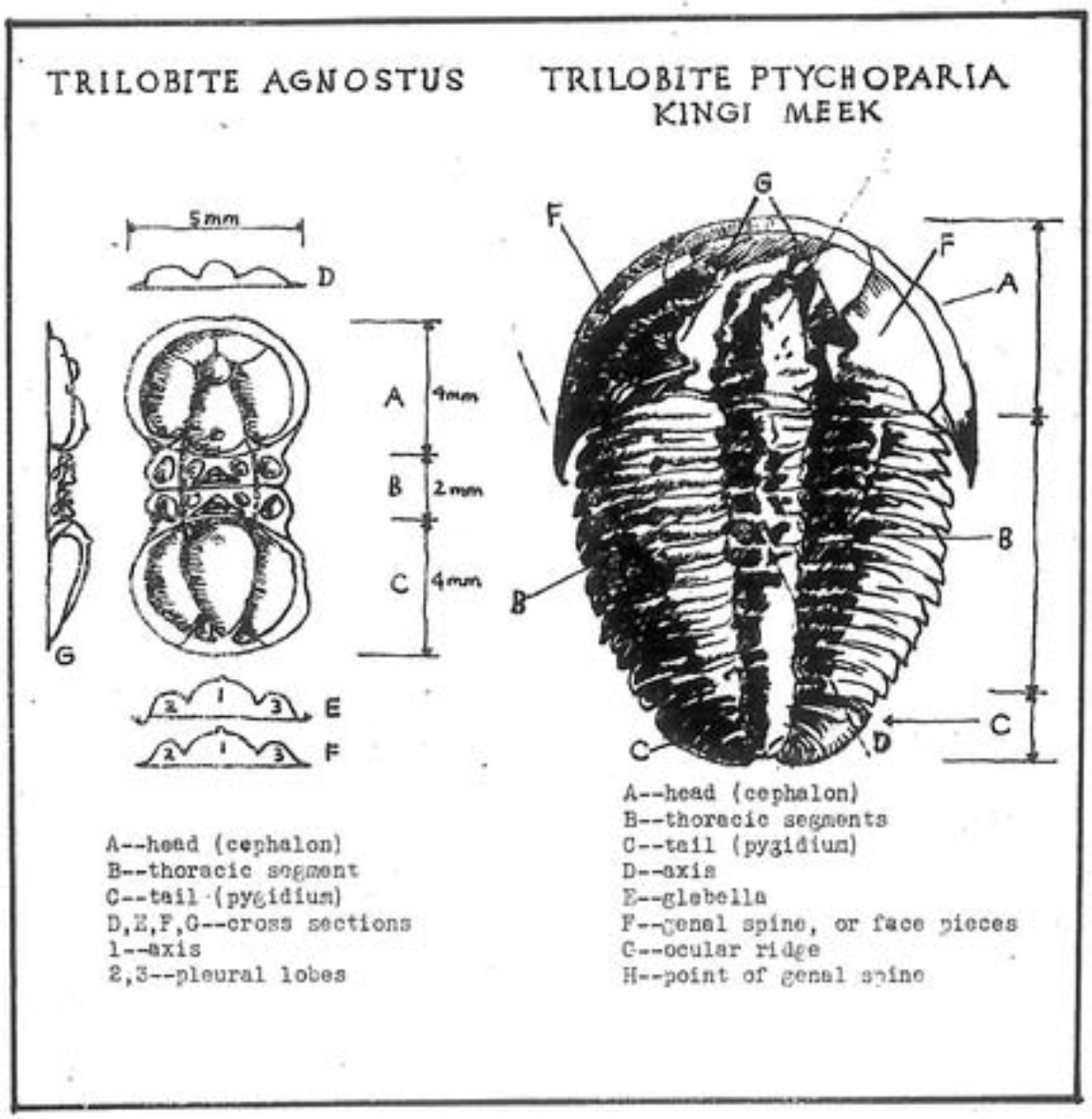
Numerous varieties of trilobite fossils, representing the various epochs (Lower, Middle and Upper) of the Cambrian period, have been found at Antelope Springs, but some are more common than others. The earliest form to be

[1]By auto, the Antelope Springs area can be reached from Topaz by first going south to Hinckley, then west on the main Delta-Ely highway for about 35 miles, then a short distance north on a well-defined road to lower Antelope Spring, and finally east a bit.

[2]The trilobites of this locality did not develop eyes, although many trilobite remains found in other parts of the world show presence of well-developed eyes.

found is the trilobite Agnostus of the Lower Cambrian epoch. As the oldest, the Agnostus was also the crudest. It had no dyes and averaged about 3/8 to 5/8 of an inch in length. It was shaped like a dumbbell---two nearly circular halves joined by an abbreviated, rudimentary thoracic segment. The fossil we find is that of the carapace (shield or test), the protective external part which in the living creature was chitinous in composition. Usually, too, we find the separate halves of the remains, for frost and other factors have often broken the fossil at the narrow stricture between head and tail. In the drawing below, note the cross-sections, which indicate that the living animal was somewhat rounded in form, although in fossilization, due to the weight of the overlying mud, rock and water, it was flattened.

After the period in which the Agnostus flourished, an unknown time span passed. Erosion laid down new deposits. Nature, meanwhile, was improving on the



lowly Agnostus and by the Middle Cambrian epoch had evolved Ptychoparia kingi meek, the second of the more commonly found trilobite forms at Antelope Springs[1]. Ptychoparia's advancement over the earlier trilobite is apparent in the drawing (Page 15). It was larger averaging approximately 1½ inches in length. (Some specimens are smaller than this, but others have been found as large as 3 to 4 inches long.) It had a more distinct head; a more highly developed thoracic section, usually made up in the adult of 13 segments; and a tail. Across, it had a well-defined axis--precursor of the backbone of higher animals--and on either side of the axis, plainly identifiable segmented lobes. Ptychoparia still lacked eyes, but it had antennae to probe for food. And it had a budding "ocular ridge" which may have been somewhat sensitive to light--enough so that the creature could tell day from night, could possibly sense the shadow of a foraging bigger animal and so escape by scurrying among the stalks of sea grass or by burrowing into the mud. As in the case of the Agnostus, the fossil we find is that of the carapace or dorsal protective covering. The living parts of the animal were underneath, very much as in the present-day horseshoe crab. Textbooks also say the Ptychoparia moulted its carapace as do the crabs.

Agnostus and Ptychoparia, representing the Lower and Middle Cambrian epochs in this locality, respectively, are the commonest trilobite fossils to be found at Antelope Springs. But there are other, if rarer, varieties to be found there also. By climbing the hills and getting higher, you may be fortunate enough to find a specimen of Orria elegans, that elegant and pretty form named after Dan Orr, a teamster, who first brought a sample of it in the early 1900's to Dr. Charles D. Walcott, then head of the Smithsonian Institute. Or you may find remains of any of the group of Neolenus trilobites--large, sharp-spined, clear-cut and handsome. Both Orria and Neolenus are of the Upper Cambrian epoch and indicate advancing evolution in life forms.

Apart from trilobites, a prowl around the Antelope Springs area will be rewarded with various other fossil evidences of that almost inconceivably remote past. You can find, for instance, fossilized spicules of sponge, that lowly, persistent form of life which, because of its near vegetal character, has not evolved noticeably through the ages and which has had so few enemies that it lives today. Or, in some draw or wash, you may find specimens of Dendrite, popularly called "ferns," which are beautiful and make nice exhibition pieces. Again, you may find what are locally called "petrified fried eggs"--supposed casts of the body form of Medusa, a jellyfish which was 90 to 95 per cent water. (Nature's feat in preserving the shape of this watery animal is roughly equivalent to fossilizing a section of juicy watermelon.) In some specimens of this fossil, you will find the "umbrella" part of the jellyfish partly attached to the rising, dome-like body. Medusa still exists, a very lowly, retarded form of life, slow to evolve.

And surely some sharp-eyed prowler will come upon some tumbled, interlaced, wormlike markings on a rock. These are the stems of Fucoid, the once flourishing sea weeds or sea grasses among whose stalks the trilobites used to browse. Like fallen trees which have turned to peat, those plants have been fossilized in their matrix of sea bottom where they fell[2].

There is no more fascinating study in the range of sciences than that of historical geology. And nowhere in Utah is the whole varied range of geology better exemplified than here in isolated Millard County. Residents of Topaz, in their proximity to such points as Antelope Springs, have open to them an extremely rich and rewarding field of study and activity which may help relieve the relative drabness of their lives and surroundings.

--Frank Beckwith Sr.

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[1] If the geologic record is not disturbed, Agnostus fossils lie lower than those of Ptychoparia. Limes, shales and hardened mud lie between.

[2] The fossilized sea-bottom itself is called Clamarocardia.

TOPAZ

LOCATION--Topaz borders on the edge of the Sevier Desert, 140 miles south of Salt Lake City. The nearest town is Delta, 15 miles to the east, and the whole Project includes 17,500 acres of Millard County.

TOPOGRAPHY--At 4700 feet above sea level, the terrain is flat as the bottom of the lake it once used to be. From constant sedimentation the soil is alluvial and rich in alkalin salts which stimulate the growth of stunted greasewoods and a few tolerant trees like Chinese elms, cottonwoods, and willows. The general appearance is that of a vast wasteland.

CLIMATE--The weather is generally mild; with warm days and cool nights. The extremes of temperature range from 106 degrees in summer to 30 degrees below in winter. The rainfall averages 8 inches. The wind blows from all points of the compass, so much so that whirlwinds swoop by with their funnels of dust. Both wind and rain have evil effect on the soil: the water, instead of soaking into the earth, forms a sticky layer of mud that clings to shoes; the winds pick up pulverized dirt in clouds of dust that seeps through houses and settles on everything.

PEOPLE--The residents are evacuees from the San Francisco Bay region with an additional group from Hawaii. The maximum population was 8,778, making Topaz the fifth largest community in Utah. Five-eighths of them are American citizens.

HOUSING--Each family was assigned to an empty room complete with one ceiling light, coal stove, and closet. There are six rooms to a barrack, 12 barracks to a block, and 36 residential blocks.

Every block has its own dining hall, laundry, showers, and toilets.

FOOD--The allowance for food is now 31 cents a day per person, and the staples are rice, bread, and spaghetti. To provide enough meat and fresh vegetables, the agriculture division has bought cattle, hogs, raises chickens and turkeys, and is experimenting with growing a variety of vegetables in the least alkaline parts of the Project.

WORK--The rates of pay are 12, 16, and 19 dollars a month with an additional allowance of $3.75 for clothing. There are approximately 4000 workers of which more than half work in the dining halls. The center offers employment for most trades, skills, and professions.

EDUCATION--Three pre-school nurseries, two elementary schools named Desert View and Mountain View, a High School, and an adult education program comprise the educational system of Topaz. Important to community life are the schools of art, music, and sewing, and classes in Americanization.

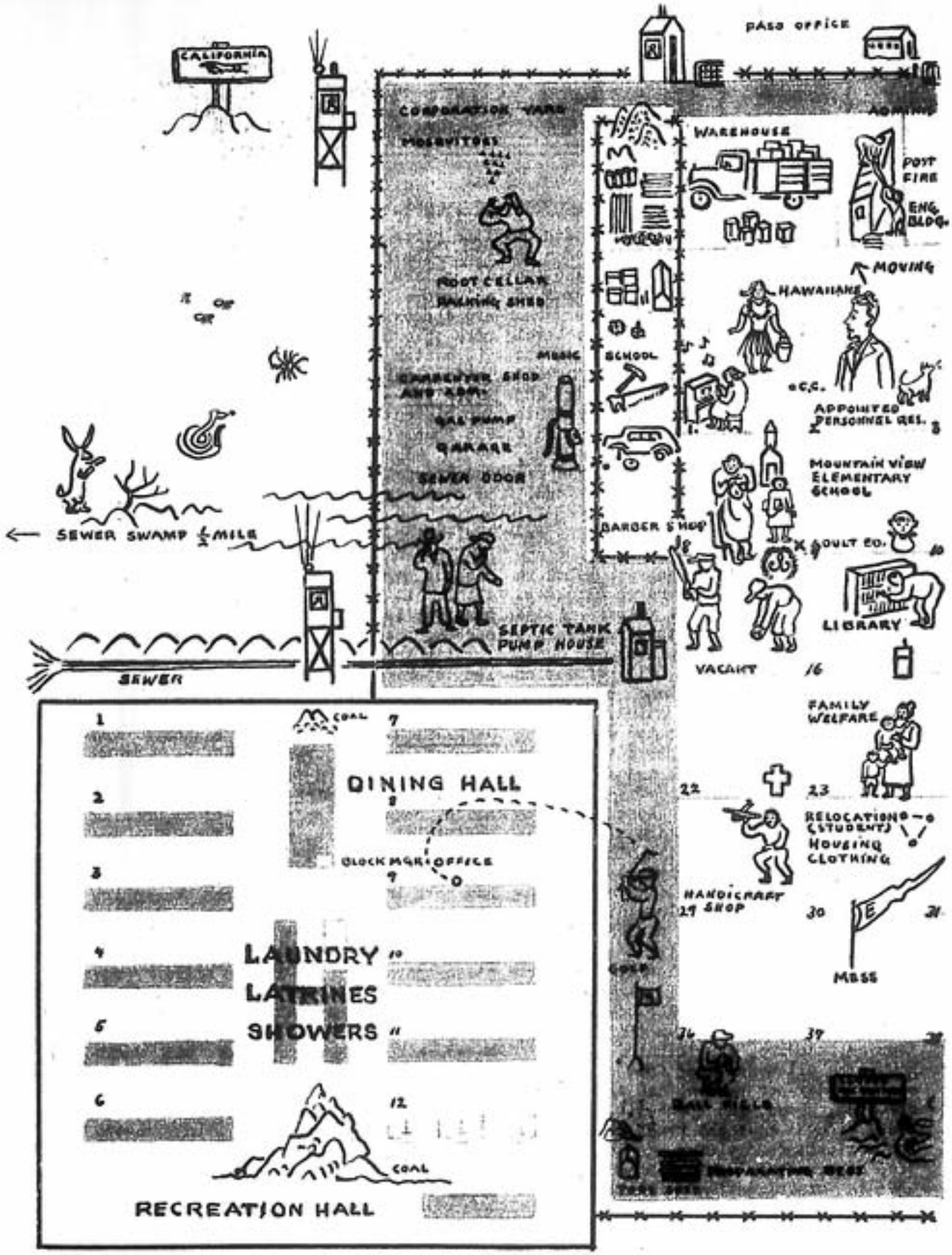
HEALTH--The hospital has 128 beds in its various wards and has a dental and eye clinic in its out-patients' wing. The hospital is staffed by resident doctors, nurses, pharmacists, and nurses aides.

With the erection of the 500,000 gallon storage tanks, the water supply, which comes from 3 wells, is plentiful at all times.

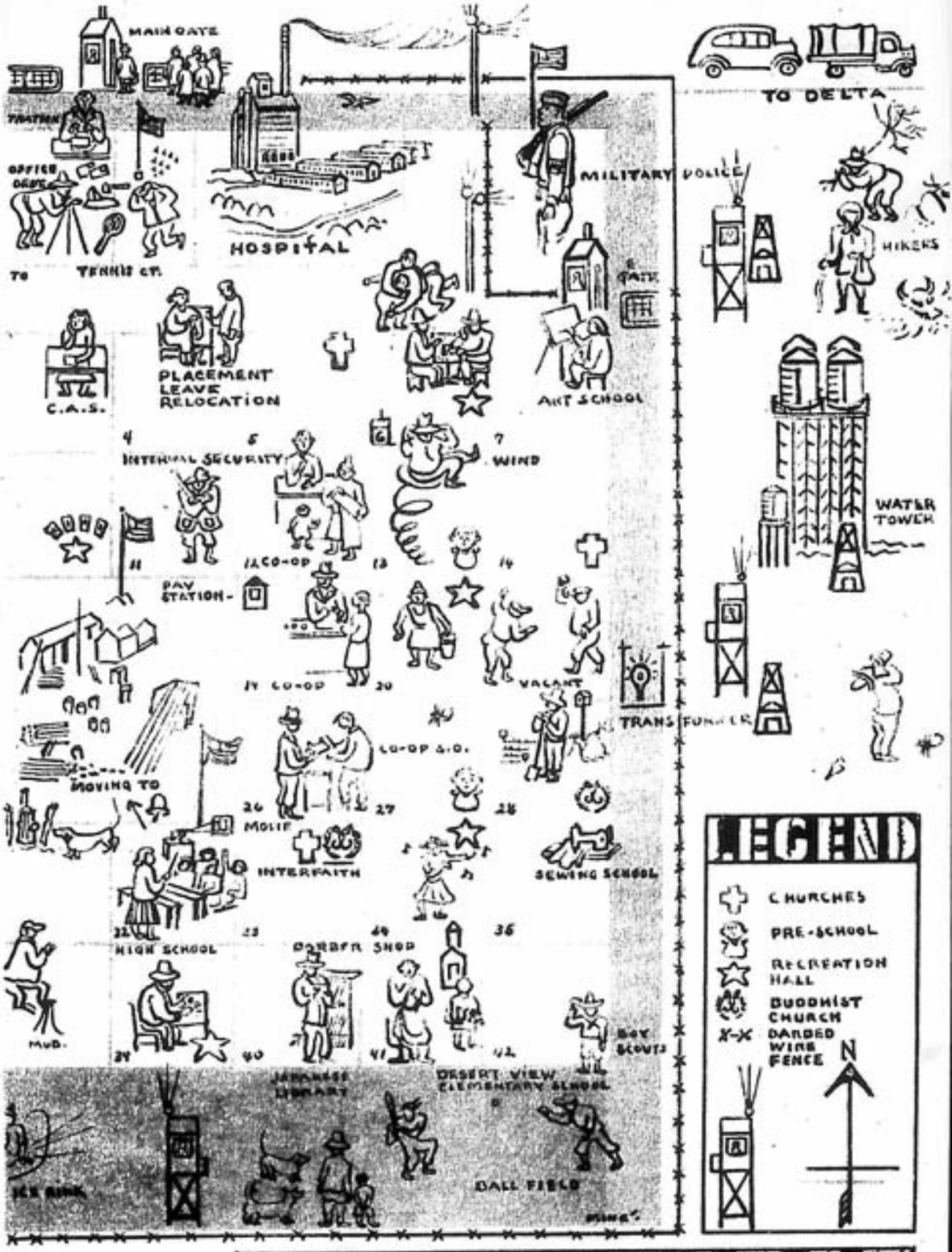
RECREATION--Basketball and baseball are popular outdoor games, and recreation halls are provided for tournament bridge, shogi, goh, and ping-pong. Hunting arrowheads, constructing rock gardens, making artificial flowers, and wood carving are favorite pastimes. The movies attract crowds every night. The Public Library has both an English and Japanese section which invites browsing. Also offers a record concert once a week.

CO-OP STORE--The Topaz Consumer Co-operative operates three stores selling groceries, drugs, cigarettes, soft drinks, ice cream, magazines, newspapers, and dry goods. It also provides 2 barber shops, a beauty parlor, shoe and radio repair, laundry, banking, and mail order services.

RELOCATION--Whether for patriotism, need for escape, or self-preservation, during the last six months about 600 have left Topaz to return to self-sufficiency: the army, college, or wartime jobs.

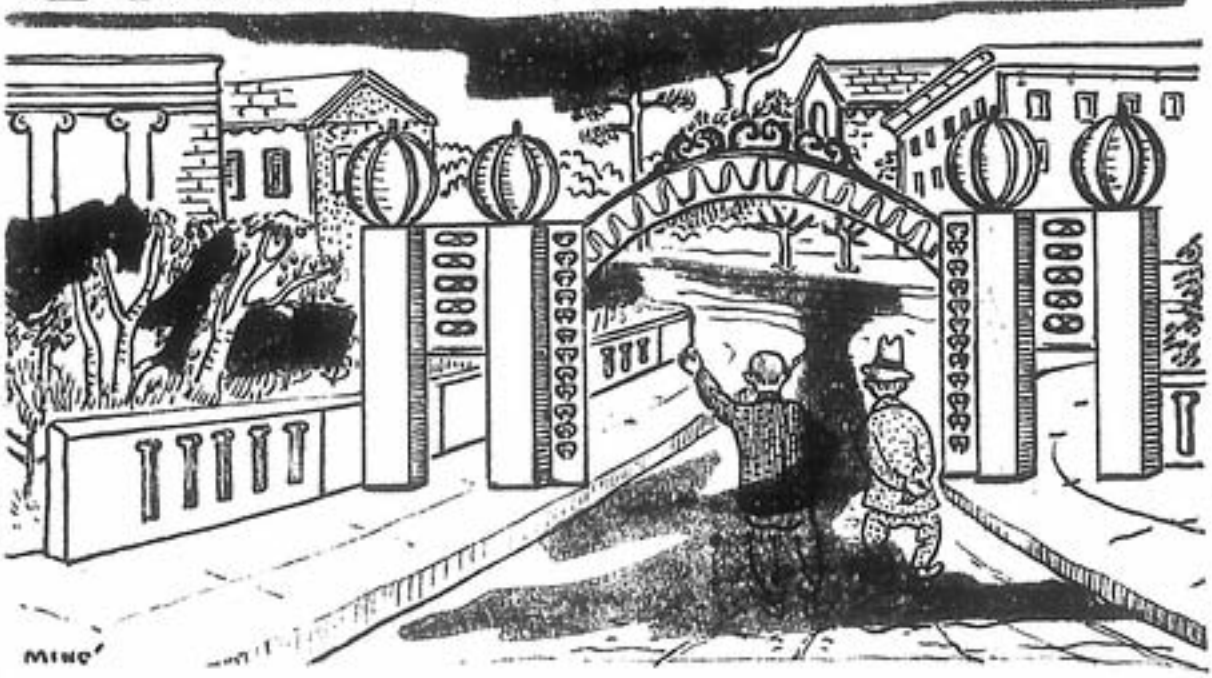

CALIFORNIA
PASS OFFICE
CORPORATION YARD
MOSQUITOES
WAREHOUSE
POST FIRE
ENG. BLDG.
MOVING
ROOT CELLAR
BALKING SHED
HAWAIIANS
SCHOOL
MESS
CARPENTER SHOP AND ADM.
GAS PUMP
GARAGE
SEWER DOOR
O.C.C.
APPOINTED PERSONNEL RES.
MOUNTAIN VIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
BARBER SHOP
ADULT ED.
LIBRARY
SEWER SWAMP ½ MILE
SEPTIC TANK PUMP HOUSE
VACANT
SEWER
FAMILY WELFARE
COAL
DINING HALL
BLOCK MGR. OFFICE
RELOCATIONS (STUDENTS) HOUSING CLOTHING
HANDICRAFT SHOP
LAUNDRY
LATRINES
SHOWERS
MESS
COAL
RECREATION HALL

BLOCK PLAN



CITY OF TOPAZ

"GUADEAMUS IGITUR..."



The 4:45 pulled into the Berkeley station two minutes late. John Kato shaded his eyes against the May sun and waited for his father to step off. It would be easy to recognize him, he thought.

Several passengers walked out and were greeted by friends in the meager crowd at the depot. Then for a while no one came out. John wondered whether his father had missed the train in Los Angeles, but dismissed that as unlikely; his father had looked forward to his graduation from college ever since John could remember.

A wizened Japanese darted out of the last coach and looked hesitantly up and down the station platform. John walked toward him; his father's eyes brightened.

"Holro, Johnnie," he said and ran forward to meet his son.

"Hi, pop." John noticed his father looked much older since the last time he had seen him eleven months ago; there were more wrinkles on his face. His tie had the characteristic soup-stains: that would never change.

"I glad to see you," his father said. "You looking well." He awkwardly moved his hand to his chin and put three fingers in front of his mouth. It was a familier motion; his father was trying to conceal the nicotine stain on his teeth. John remembered how he had once tried to break him of the habit. But he didn't mention it now.

"How'd you like the trip? Did everything go all right?"

"Everything nice. I eating stew at lunch time in dining room car. Very nice stew."

John hoped this would not be an opening for his father's lettuce salad story. He had heard it so often: how his father was riding from Oakland to Southern California when he first came to America, and how he had ordered lettuce salad and the waiter had brought a big silver platter with lettuce and tomatoes enough for five people, and how it had cost him so much money. Every time John

took a train trip, his father would warn him not to order lettuce salad. It had been sort of funny at first, but now John didn't want to hear any more about it. He said quickly: "Wait here for a while. I'll call a taxi."

"No, no. We walking. Don't spending money."

"It's over twenty blocks."

"I used to walking. When bicycle breaking down last summer, I walking always to work."

John could see his father walking to the places where he had garden work, with his choppy, belly-forward stride. He would be in dirty overalls, carrying his garden shears and hedge-cutter wrapped in newspaper....and everybody would say, "There goes John Kato's old man."

"All right. Let's get going," John said.

They began walking up University Avenue toward the college.

"I happy you graduating tomorrow, Johnnie. I waiting long time for you to graduating. When you little boy, I saying some day you going to college and..."

"Sure...sure," John said.

They walked in silence for a while. John had not seen his father so animated for many years...not since the summers they had gone fishing together out in the bay in a little row-boat and just fished and talked.

"You walking little fast, Johnnie. Slow down please."

John had not realized he was walking fast. He slowed down. Once he had been the one who said, "Slow down, Slow down, pop. No use hurrying so much, pop." But that was a long time ago, when he took two steps to his father's one.

It was half an hour before they entered the cooperative house where John was staying.

"My room is at the end of this hall. Come on."

"You introducing me to friends, Johnnie?"

"Sure, pop. Come on in."

When they stepped into the apartment, only Jorgensen and Nunnelly were in. Both were feeling the excesses of Senior Week. John was relieved to see that they had at least removed the double row of empty beer cans from the molding around the room.

"This is my dad, fellows. Pop, this is Art Jorgensen on this bed; the one on the other bed over there is Paul Nunnelly."

"Holro, very glad to meeting you."

"Hi," they said, without raising themselves off the beds.

His father looked puzzled, then he smiled and said, "You taking good care of my boy?"

"What?" said Nunnelly.

"Nothing," said John and pushed his father through the sliding door. "This is my room in here." He was glad his father's habit of putting his fingers before his teeth had botched up the question. Jorgensen and Nunnelly would have laughed like hell.

"Nice room."

"Sure. Sure, it's nice and airy. My roommate used to sleep in the wall bed. See, behind this. He went home last week."

"Very nice room, Johnnie."

John wondered what his father would say if he had seen the filthy room in which he lived when he first came up to the University. A private toilet--an outhouse in the back. And he had been lucky to get any place to stay at all. Most of the landladies had said, "We don't take in Japs." Nobody had told him of those things; in high school it had been different. He had grown up with a lot of white kids and except for going to dances and parties he had been almost one of them. He had even been the art editor of his high school yearbook. But up here--John never forgot that first semester.

"This is the bathroom in here. You better wash up, pop. We're going to San Francisco tonight."

"San Francisco?"

"Sure. You and I are going to have a good time. I found a restaurant that serves good raw fish, and then we'll go see a vaudeville. We'll have a good time." John watched his father curiously to see whether the lines sounded as hollow to the old man as they did to him.

"That very nice, Johnnie," his father said as he took off his coat with the torn lining and prepared to wash. "But I wanting to see University tonight. I never seeing University before."

"We can do that tomorrow. You can see more anyway. The Campanile tower will be open tomorrow morning."

"I having to see old friends in Oakland tomorrow morning."

John was going to say something about spending two hours inquiring for a theater that still featured vaudeville, but he didn't.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, we'll see the University tonight."

John had never seen the campus more beautiful. The glade behind the Student Union reminded him of a scene in the movie version of "Midsummer Night's Dream"--before the fairies came out and ran around. In the slight haze everything was distorted like objects seen through three plates of glass.

"What that building over there, Johnnie?" his father asked.

"That's the Life Sciences Building. Remember? I pointed it out to you from the other side."

"Oh, that where you having classes."

"No, that's Wheeler Hall. This is where they cut up frogs and rabbits and look at them through eye glasses."

"What they doing with frogs and rabbits afterwards?"

"They feed them to the starving Armenians."

"What? Armenians nice people."

"Sure they are. There's the library."

John was thinking of how he had come to the University four years ago. He had worked the previous summer picking tomatoes and had made enough money for a semester; his father had said, "You not always picking tomatoes; four years and you graduating and getting good job."

The four years were up now...

"What that building over there, Johnnie?"

"That's Bacon Hall."

"What they doing there?"

"They learn how to cook meat and slice bacon. And that tall building there with the big clock on top of it--that's where the president lives. Every hour he runs up to the top and rings the chimes."

"You saying before that being Campanile," his father said triumphantly.

"Did I?" John said.

...And tomorrow they would shove a diploma into his hand and tell him to go out into the world and make his fortune. John wondered if an A.B. in Econ was enough education to get a job clerking at some vegetable stand. Perhaps he'd better get a master's degree; how much more confidence that would give him while selling spinach...

The clock on the Campanile struck eleven.

"There's the president now," said John.

His father didn't say anything; he jogged along next to John like a faithful dog. After several minutes he said, "I glad you graduating tomorrow, Johnnie."

"Sure...Great stuff isn't it, pop?"

It was twelve before John was ready to turn in that night. He had walked to the house where his father was staying over night, and they had decided on a place to meet after commencement exercises.

John lay in bed and wondered why it always made him feel awkward to be with his father. He wasn't sure whether it was pity or shame for the old man; he knew only that it was almost painful to be with him sometime.

Last summer, when he got a few days off from his job in San Francisco, John had gone down south to visit his father for a week-end. His father had been pitifully glad to see him.

"You want to go fishing, Johnnie?" he had said. "I buying bait and Mr. Miller lending me boat and extra pole."

"I don't feel like going, pop," John had said. "I came down here to rest."

"But I buying bait already, Johnnie. Please, you come. I catching bigger fish than you, I bet. Remember long time ago when you catching big spot-fin croker? We having nice time then. I borrowing pole for you already."

And so John had gone fishing that day with his father. They had rowed out into the bay, as they used to do and drop-

ped anchor. His father had tried to make conversation. John had slept most of the time. And they had come in early.

Then tonight, too. John had intended to show his father a swell time in the City. He had thought maybe his father would be pleased with something like that. But now he was too sleepy to think any more about it...

When John awoke the next morning, the boys on the other side of the sliding doors were already raising hell. He could hear them opening beer cans.

"I'm going to get stinking drunk this afternoon," Jorgensen was saying. "I'll be so high they'll have to come after me in a helicopter to hand me my diploma."

"The hell you will!"

"Yeah? It's been done before. What about Kelly and Schultz last year? Both completely crocked. They say Kelly damn near fell off the platform after he got his sheepskin. Funniest thing you ever saw, they say."

"Kelly couldn't hold Pepsi-Cola."

"Allons, comrades, give the spectators a break, a show they'll remember. Every boy a happy boy. That's the only way to get your diploma. A toast to the sage who said commencement is an abortion."

"You're drunk, Jorgensen."

"Hell yes, I'm drunk. Here's to flaming youth, saviour of democracy. Here's to the draft, here's to...oh, damn, Spill much on you, pal?"

John walked in. Jorgensen looked up and grinned. "Well, good morning, Kato. Here, have a beer. Say, I hear Chiang Kai-Shek is licking hell out of the Japs. A toast, gentlemen, to the Imperial Armies of the Rising Sun."

John drank the toast with the rest of them. They offered him another beer and he accepted it.

He was a Ford. Everybody was a Ford. That was what John had figured out by the time the graduates of the commerce department were marching up to get their diplomas. They were going up to the final assembling unit and getting the last trimmings. They were moving along with machine-age efficiency: no stoop, no squat, no stagger, and a finished product--diploma and all--every four seconds. But something else puzzled John, what were all those people crowded into the stadium doing? How do they fit in? He was giving the matter plenty of thought, and was certain that he'd have a solution soon. He wondered what would happen if he said, "Choo-choo" when he got his diploma--or do Fords go, "Beep-

beep"? Probably more than the production manager could stand; he looked tired up there on the platform: undoubtedly too much running up and down the Campanile. Some...Eureka and bingo! He had it now; he knew what all those people were doing up there: they were football spectators who had arrived a little early for the game. And there were hawkers up there yelling; "Programs! Get your official program here. You can't tell an A.B. from a V-3 without an official program..." And his father would be up there in the stands saying to everybody, "That my boy. That my boy. One with black gown and square hat and sheepskin. That my boy." Beautiful. Everything fell together perfectly if only one applied cold logic.

John shook his head. God, he'd have to snap out of it. He was feeling too good. Only three beers in the morning and a slug out of Jorgensen's flask just before the pageant, and he still felt happy. If I am not careful, he thought, I may provide the high-spot of this graduation. People will remember me when most of the other things are forgotten, as John Kato, American with a Jap face, 731st clown in line at the commencement exercises of 1941, who vomited on receipt of diploma.

But by the time they sang "All Hail," John's head felt clearer. He was glad the program was over. He drank some more water, combed his hair, and walked out of the stadium to meet his father.

John saw his father standing nervously by the drinking fountain where they had agreed to meet.

"I very happy, Johnnie," he said. "Let me see diploma." His father pulled out his glasses and reached for the diploma. John noticed that the curved section on the stem of the glasses had broken off and his father had substituted a rubber band, which he now snapped around one ear.

His deeply lined face glowed brightly and he didn't care who saw his teeth. John remembered his father had been happy like this when he had graduated from high school, and there had been an asterisk before his name on the program, indicating that he was a permanent member of the state honor society. His father didn't get over that for several days.

He had said the morning after that graduation: "Before house burning and mama dying, I very happy like this. Chickens were two thousand and egg prices high. Next spring everything being all right. I feeling so good. Then mama dying. Be careful, Johnnie." The old man had put an arm around his shoulders: "Looking both ways before crossing street. Be careful, Johnnie." John recalled then that the time before he had been cautioned like that was when his father had won two nights in a row on a punch board.

They were hurrying down the sidewalk now, the father holding the diploma. In less than an hour, John knew his father's train would be pulling out of the station. John would follow him home next week. They walked briskly toward the railroad depot.

John heard his father talking about Oakland and the friends he had gone to see during the morning. He was saying something about how hard it had been to find them. Nearly all the Japanese he had known when he first came to America twenty-five years ago were dead or had moved away. On the corner where the house he first roomed in had stood, there was now a gasoline station. John tried to look interested, but he was thinking of other things. He smiled bitterly as he wondered whether the Army, too, would hand him that line he knew so well: "Sorry, Kato. Can't do a thing for you. You understand, under our policy we can't hire orientals."

His father was talking about something else now. "You being great man soon, Johnnie," he was saying. "You will making much money and building house, and I taking care of your garden for you. We all being happy again...like long time ago, Johnnie..." He smiled shyly up at John.

They had stopped at an intersection. John looked carefully up and down the street and then glanced diagonally across at the signals. "Sure, pop," he said, without shifting his gaze from the red light. "...Sure."

--Jim Yamada

Evacuese Characters and How to Analyze Them

EDITORS NOTE:

The history of the world may be summed up as a series of constantly recurring relocations.

Relocation means moving, and everything moves. Observe the geese; they move north when spring comes. Observe the cats; they move up on telephone poles when dogs come. Observe the clock; maybe it will move if you wind it. Observe the motor car; it is moving toward the petrol dispensary, locomoted by a cow. Even people move when they are stared at sharply by the grocery man or when they just have to go. There are mean people who call us Zombies when they see us moving to and from the TREK office.

With the arrival of summer, we may expect a greater amount of moving to be made in our pueblo. There will be fewer allegro movements from our sheetrock suite to the shah house, and more andante movements from seranatas.

Since we know Professor Schraubi's deep socio-psychological insight we have asked him to send us an article which will be helpful to all our movers. Whereupon he told us that if we gave him a year and waited three years he would give us a 3000-page volume entitled "Japamerican Language," a companion work to Mr. H.L. Mencken's masterpiece.

Not knowing where we would be in 1946, not having sufficient paper for 3000-page books, and certainly not being in need of another article on our "haranguage," as he insultingly calls it, we said we would give him one month and wait two months if he promised to give us a 3000-word essay on character references. We have waited six months, and now we are happy to present it to you.

What is A Character?

There are characters and characters. Some are simple, some are complicated. There are ordinary ones and there are queer ones. The term "character study" indicates a study of one or more characters, and is sometimes known as a "personality expose."

A "personality expose" is extremely fascinating, but it is inadvisable to go into it, as it may develop into a libel suit. No one wants such a suit. The only kind of suit suitable for summer wear in any Little Nip Pond is a bathing suit, though there are issei (pronounced "is-sigh," means "one-year-olds") who insist that a Beppin Son ought to appear clad in the suit which she wore when she was a one-year-old. Apparently they are firm believers of personality exposes.

A Beppin Son, however, often does not have a personality, though she may very easily be a character. This is an extremely complicated situation which is not made any simpler by the fact that

Figure I

A Beppin Son often does not have a personality, though she may be "a character."

the term derives from the Chinese "pie p'in" (Wade romanization) which means "pie-pin" (a "pie-making pin," i.e. a rolling pin) and is related to "pipin," such as in "Pipin' Hot" which is an interesting novel by Emile Zola.

Zolaesque character studies should not concern us at the moment, however, and it is difficult to understand why the above paragraphs were ever written. unless it was the...No, it couldn't be.

At any rate, the term "character," as used in this essay, refers chiefly to written signs or characters, for everyone knows that only written character references are accepted. Our "character study" means a study of written characters, and we expect no danger of coming face to face with any kind of suit, libel, bathing, or birthday. We may, therefore, proceed safely with our researches into the remotest depths of our subject without any fear of being bitten or barked at in a Nip Pound.

Characters, as we have stated, are written signs, above all. They may be written almost anywhere, provided they are accompanied by an English translation, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The English translation as well as its facsimile is a study in itself, especially as it appears in such places as the Warden Filled Head Quarter or a shah house, where many discussions take place to alleviate the general boredom of living, but we regret that space does not permit of a discussion of this captivating topic.

Characters are said to have come from China originally, though there are people in some of the pueblos offering to lay[1] three to one that there are more characters in a single pueblo than in all of China's four-hundred-odd provinces put together. Some of the characters may be returned to the Orient eventually, though it is reasonably certain that modern China will not want them back. There is a doubt as to whether they will be useful to the Land of the Writhing Son, to whose picturesque and quaint writhing system they belonged more recently.

[1]Internal Security, please note. Gambling is illegal. -- Ed.

Two Character Types

There are two types of characters in the Evacuese Language, to wit, the kan gee and the ka na.

~~Although~~ some linguists claim that kan gee signifies "Camp Gee Son," or "the elders of the pueblo," who use kan gee, and that ka na derives from "kanai" who cannot cope with kan gee, this etymology if far-fetched. For, if kan gee does come from "Camp Gee Son" how can we explain the absence of kan baa, kan neigh, and kan knee, derived from "Camp Baa Son," "Camp Neigh Son," and "Camp Knee Son", (We do admit, however, that there are hopping about here and there a number of kan garu, or "Camp Gaaru Son.")

As to the ka na being derived from "Kanai," we have not yet heard of a "kanai" who could not cope with her kan gee son.

We conclude, therefore, that the above theory is not only unscientific, illogical, and inconclusive, but also malicious and dangerous.

Our preference is a more authentic source, a Chinese work on ideography called "The Six Books,"[2] written some time in the last twenty centuries. According to this monumental work, the term kan gee and ka na are to be found in a tragic verse discovered engraved on the floor of a chicken coop among the ruins of a pueblo called Huang Yu, or The City of the Yellow Jewel, in the Province of Yuehtang.[3]

[2]The name of this work should be spelled with an "i" at all times, in spite of errors made by certain scholars. In Evacuese this is rendered as "rikusho" or "rickshaw," being a vehicle of great use which the eminent scholars of the olden days enjoyed as they were thus able to prevent corns on their feet in their long and tedious journeys in quest of knowledge.

[3]The chicken coop was built of knotty pine and a rare material. The building must have contained a large number of fowls as much feed was found in it. In fact there were at least a dozen grains of feed to each of the characters found on the floor.

"The Six Books" tell of a lad who relocated in sadness and exasperation after being jilted by his future father-in-law as well as his (the old man's) daughter. They (the books) print portions of the verse written by this lad, quoting an explanatory note written by a European traveller named Rabelais.

"There cannot arise amongst men a juster cause of grief, than when they receive hurt and damage, where they may justly expect for favour and good will; and not without cause have many, after they have fallen into such calamitous accident. It is, therefore, no wonder if Mo Deleba Cue[4], our friend, be full of high displeasure, and much disquieted in mind upon their (his and her) refusal and insult, and tear asunder his pledge written with as difficult characters as they, and leave in its stead a chanson scrawled on the floor[5], as herein shown:

And shince I am known to be
A Mo Deleba Cue
In Top hats[6]
I jus' tol' my wife-to-be
'I kan, ray-a-lee, deah, I kan! 'Cee
Whiz, yer nahts!'
Quoth the pwetty gull dat's she
As we sat and et meshi
In Top hats.
. . . . . .
Now dat I hab libed to be
A Mo Deleba Cue
In Top hats
I jus' ast my paw-to-be
'Tsu dolla kas ka?' 'Nah,
Kono yats!'[7]
Quoth the stingy gee dat's he.
As he sat and lookt at me
In Top hats. . ."

It must be understood, of course, that in rendering this poem into English much of the original force and beauty has been lost. In any case, the true spirit of the thing has been tried to be conveyed to you in the best form possible. However, it should be clear to the reader that the terms kan gee and ka na come from the most vital line in each of the stanzas, namely, the middle one.

A kan gee is an ideograph while a ka na is a phonograph.

An ideograph is a graphic representation of an idea, and a phonograph that of a sound. This does not mean, however, that a ka na is a machine with a turntable and a pick-up, even though it does reproduce sounds.

There are more than fifty-thousand kan gee and they are all different.

There are less than a hundred ka na, and these are classified into two categories, kata ka na, or katta ka na, meaning "ka na one borrowed" (Hiroshimese), and hira ka na, which is a contraction of hiratta ka na, meaning "ka na one picked up" (Zuzuic). It is far-fetched and entirely incorrect to say that hira ka na comes from gila just because they look like gila monsters.

It is not known why anyone would go around borrowing or picking up such a thing as ka na when there are so many other things of more value; people must do almost anything when they are struggling with kan gee. You never can tell what people will do these days.

Ka na characters are unable to stand up by themselves while kan gee characters can. While a ka na describes a simple monosyllabic sound, a kan gee can act as a representative for a whole string of ka na. It has not been explained why more than fifty-thousand characters are needed to represent less than a hundred characters, but it is possible that not all the fifty-thousand kan gee have preserved their lingual force which they used to have. In any case, from this unfortunate fact we derive the word kanashii or ka na she, meaning "just like ka na," now used as "sad."

---

[4]The name may have been "Mo Del Eva Cuee," meaning "the one who lost the paradise as Eve, soon leaving," "mo del" being from "mo deru."

[5]The Sin dynasty edition has, "Chan Son sprawled on the floor." Chan Son means "father."

[6]Certain writers have claimed that the lad had two hats, one French and the other English. Probably it was the traveller who had them and inserted the words erroneously.

[7]These two sentences are not understandable and requires further study. Perhaps an error was made in tranliteration.

Kan Gee Character Analysis

We have pointed out that a kan gee is a graphic representation of an idea.

There are many ideas which could be put into a kan gee, although much care must be employed in putting them into it.

To cite an example, the interesting character in Fig. 2 represents a squire of the pueblo who may easily be the head of his block. You can see that he is walking about enjoying life in general and his exalted position in particular. He is indeed a big character, though there does not seem to be any idea in his head. If you happen to be only a neighbor he will look at you in an indulgent sort of way and will pay no further attention to you.

Figure 2

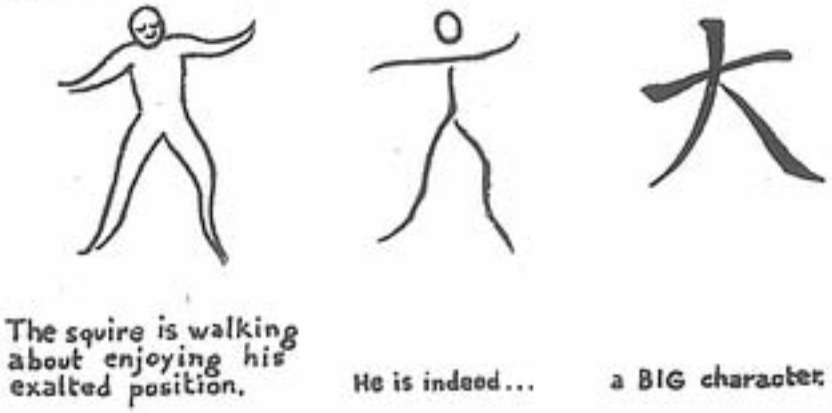


Figure 3

But if you are a Gaaru Son, and attractive, it may be a different story. He may get an idea or two. He may look at you with that "let's be friends" look which is peculiar to strange little hounds you meet on the street and against which one must always be on guard. Observe Fig. 3, which shows the block head, staring at you in a whining sort of way, ready to hound you. If he had a tail he would be wagging it, and if you tried to shoo him away, he might bite or bark at you, unless you happen to be an intelligent Gaaru Son, (and you must be since you are reading this essay), in which case you will merely murmur "I knew it," and try to dodge him. Or you might exclaim "Doggone it," in which case he will go away, crestfallen, and two minutes later he may be seen behind the meshi-hole, sniffing at the food under processing or wondering why there are three little poles around the hydrants which stands behind the building.

Such characters as this are not to be trusted. Yet if you are clever, you will not only be able to control him but also to use him to your advantage. The secret lies in tact and diplomacy. Of course we definitely do not recommend it. We have been wary of anything remotely connected with diplomacy ever since a certain December morning and it is only for the benefit of scientists, teachers, doctors, and other students of human nature that this special phase of the matter is being discussed.

The technique is simple. All you have

to do is to suppress whatever emotional impulse you might have and approach him with a smile and whisper a magic word into his ear. And, presto, he melts away and becomes your slave, after which you will have no trouble in getting him to reserve you the softest square foot of concrete floor to sit on one of those she-buy nights. This should not be considered coquettish or wicked, however. It is only tact and diplomacy, as shown in Figs. 6 and 7.

It is important at this point to see that your purported slave is of the right kind. If they are wicked, and you merely coquettish, such difficulties as

Figure 4

She whispers a magic word into his ear. It's a tactic. Don't say it's ... COQUETTISH or WICKED

Figure 5

Presto, he melts away and .... becomes .... a SLAVE

Figure 6

TEASE

Figures 6 and 7 should be studied with great care

Figure 7

LIE

are shown in Figs. 6 and 7 may be expected.

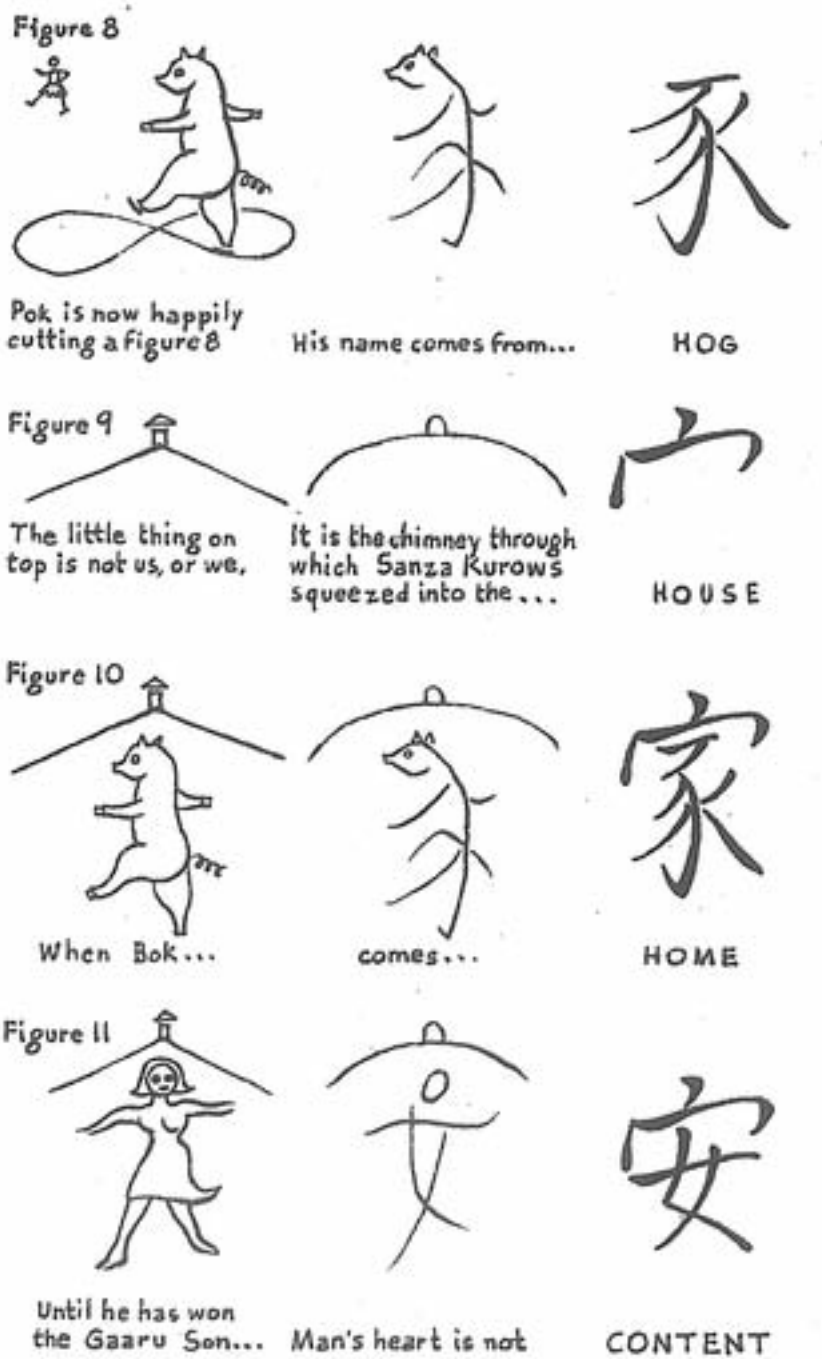
In connection with this topic we wish to emphasize positively, definitely, and conclusively, that no man ever was born a heel[8], flat, cuban, or otherwise, as the illustrious compilers of "The Six Books" assure us in honorific characteristics of the age: "Hitto Son no o-koko lowa, yowla no yew hoddo walka nay," or:

"Honorable Heart
of Man, Esq.
Ain't as bad
as you bemire."

Having thus exonerated all the pueblo squires, we may now consider it quite safe to proceed with our analysis of Evacuese character build-up.

The first character we analyze is shown in Fig. 8. This character is called bok, or pok. and comes from "hog," following Grimm's law of consonantal sound-shifting. It is a pronoun, first person singular, masculine gender, very humble form.

Next we dwell upon "house-top," or "house," shown in Fig. 9, though we are not the little thing with a coolie hat. It is a chimney through which Sanza Kurows squeezed into the house this last Kurushimas, bringing with him all those wonderful things--tons and tons of candy,



[8]"Heel" (hiru, or "leech," in Evacuese) is said by certain scholars to have originated in the name of a historical character, Hèel O' Man, or Hir O' Hitto.

loads and loads of gorgeous clothes, and that daring pair of red flannel drawers one saw at the Coop store[9]. He also brought Yule Greetings, from the TREK office. (Advt.)

But, naturally, one cannot sit alone among all the presents and just enjoy everything. Bok eventually comes home, and when Bok Son comes home...Well, that's home for you, shown in Fig. 10.

Speaking of homes reminds us that a man's heart is never content until he has won the Gaaru Son he loves. (Fig. 11) It is not impossible, of course, to convert a house into a palace by furnishing it perfectly with those shipping cartons (Fig. 12) one found behind the -------[10], but without a Gaaru Son one cannot say that life is a series of gay feasts as shown in Fig. 13. As the old proverb says,

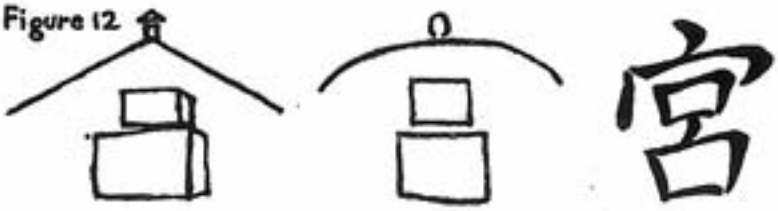
"In life
there is no fun,
Unless there is
a Gaaru Son."

How, then, should one go about winning a Gaaru Son?

This is a sixty-four yen question which cannot be lightly dismissed, any more than the question, "How should one go about trapping a Beau Ye Son?"

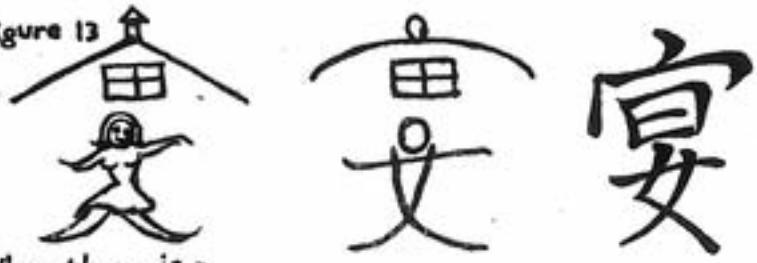
"Run after them" said the men of the Perfumed Garden. "Don't Miss the 'bus'," said the man of Bechtesgaden and then missed it himself.

Figure 12



Furnishing it with those boxes, a house can be made into "a palace."

Figure 13



When there is a Gaaru Son in it you can say life is a series of "gay feasts."

Figure 14

"Run after them," said the men of the perfumed garden. RUN

Figure 15

The man of Bechtesgaden after all did ... MISS the bus.

---

[9] Not the chicken coop previously mentioned.

[10] Two words deleted. -- Ed.

Missing a bus is an unpleasant business, but missing a miss makes one a miss, for one reason or another, and this is really quite serious. Some men have died because of it.

However, there is no reason to be alarmed. "Just stand all night," says Stendahl, Knight Errant of Fig. 16, "and wait, until the Gaaru Sun shines upon you."

Stendahl was speaking out of his own experience which he describes faithfully in his famous book on L'amour. He knew what it meant to be in love in a pueblo, for he quotes the following verse by a poet called Stephen Son who wanted to foster a Gaaru Son by the name of Jenny:

"Camptown ladies sing dis song:
So dah, so dah,
Camptown mess-line five miles long,
Ah, so dah, neigh.
Went down dere wid ma fork an' knife
So dah, so dah,
Come back home with a Beppin wife,
Oh, so ka, neigh.

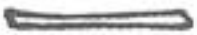
Figure 16

"Stand all night," said Stendahl, knight errant.

STAND

Figure 17

Writhing on his back, his face worn and wan, but itching to rise.



"Itch", "Wan," or "One"

Stephen Son's story is a simple one. One very, very warm afternoon he stood in line as usual, holding onto his now sweaty fork and knife, for what seemed an eternity. When he politely asked the ketchin-bo' how he could be admitted quickly and without a ticket, the latter worthy facetiously remarked, in Fukuokese, "Jenny woe dasha nah," meaning "For money? Woe, no." Our poet, taking this to mean, "If you bring Jenny," and looked around until he finally spotted a light-brown number and gained admittance into the meshi-hole, which naturally led to a Romance and Poetry.

Stendahl, the Knight of Love, was in a different sort of predicament. With him it was not a matter of standing in line. His trouble was in not being able to grab a Jenny, poor man. After many months of trying to get to his Gaaru Son, he one day devised a plan which consisted of standing in front of her door all evening waiting and waiting. When she did not come to him, he keeled over and pretended to be dead. When the Gaaru Sun rose in the morning and found him, he was lying on his back writhing, his face worn and wan, though in truth, he was very much alive and itching to get up and say to her, "I fool dja, didn't I?"

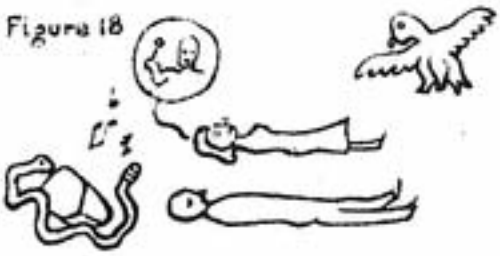
But he suppressed that itch, and the Gaaru Son crept over stealthily, and much to his surprise, quoted an ancient ballad[11]:

"Why so pale
and wan,
fond lover?
Prythee,
why so pale?"

This was the be-

[11]By John Suck Ling quoted in "The Six Books."

Figure 18



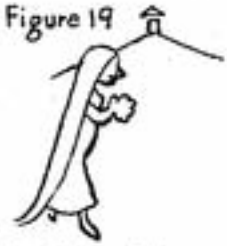
The soon-to-be-expected baby rattle

The TWO

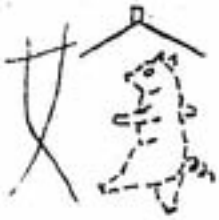
Figure 20

And they lived happily...

Figure 19



Finally arriving



It is a pity she does not know what is in the house

BRIDE

THREE

ginning of the end as far as her stubborness was concerned. Romance followed, naturally, though in this case wedding bells did not ring, because Stendahl was a knight-errant, with emphasis on the errant, and because she was not L'amour, Dorothy or otherwise.

"The Six Books," quoting the above episode, give the Oriental counterpart of the same myth in explanation of the characters which are most basic namely, the fundamental steps in our earthly living, 1 and 2 and 3, the Strauss specialty.

In Fig. 17 we find the character who has missed the bus, has waited all night, and is now flat on his back, his face pale and wan, though deep in his heart he is itching to get up. Step No. 1.

Fig. 18 shows the two lying on a greasewood field, saying sweet nothings to each other. We presume they are talking about the beautiful bald-headed birds that fly by or thinking of the sound of a soon-to-be-expected baby rattle -- now hiding behind a rock. Step No. 2.

Next we see the inevitable result of such a situation. In Fig. 19 the young lady is finally arriving at her Beau Ye Son's door. It is a pity, of course, that she does not see what is inside the house, but Love is blind; she cannot help it.

What happens after this glorious triumph is common knowledge. In Fig. 20 we see them living happily ever after.

Thus the three basic steps are completed, and from there on life proceeds more or less smoothly, in spite of hesitations, quarter turns, and even the rocks.

Such is the foundation of Evacuese characters. They are, in essence, simple, straightforward, and quite clean-cut, though there are some which are incomprehensible even to the most discerning eye, and of these "The Six Books" speak somewhat despairingly, as they quote a free verse by Tenny Son:

"Characters, idle characters,
I know not what they mean;
Characters from the depth of
some little Nip Pond,
Rising in the morning
and gathering to the canteen,
Talking of the happy beau monde,
And thinking of the days
that are no more. . . ."

--Globularius Schraubi

Report from Poston

On a clear day, a driver approaching Arizona from California may locate Poston from about 45 miles away by three neat puffs of dust that hover over it. The largest rises from Unit I, population 8500; the other two drift up from Units II and III, each with approximately 4000 residents. These three settlements, sometimes referred to as Poston, Roaston, and Toaston, are three miles apart and compose the largest and the second oldest of the relocation centers.

Since the arrival of the first evacuees during the second week of May, 1942, Poston has been noted for its dust and heat. So far this year the mercury has only hit 112, but the old-time residents know that this temperate weather won't last forever. The summer months are still ahead.

But even after the sun quits kidding and settles down to business, Poston will never be the glorious hell on earth or a reasonable facsimile thereof, which has been so vividly pictured in some letters mailed from here. One frenetic classic came to Tanforan, you'll remember. Faithfully translated to English and passed around surreptitiously, the letter gave the low-down on Poston, describing a scene of chaos where victrola records wilted and old people and babies were kicking off every day. After the crescendo of horror, the ending showed remarkable restraint: "It is said that Indians once inhabited this land, but they died off one by one...Pray God, that you won't be sent to Poston."

From this and similar communiques, many evacuees in other centers have concluded that living conditions in Poston were not ideal. They find consolation in remembering that no matter how tough things are in their center they're probably worse in Poston. In fact, some issei have viewed "Paka Damu" as a superheated Siberia, to which they would be exiled if they incurred the displeasure of the Great White Father. To many outsiders, the Poston of actuality has been lost in a cloud of distortions.

Poston really isn't so bad. The barracks are cruder than those in Topaz. They look more like the ones at Tanforan; there is no sheetrock on the interior, and although linoleum is being installed now in some blocks, a good percentage of the floors still have wide cracks. Better progress has been made in landscaping. In the space between the barracks, residents have planted flowers and lawns; many blocks have fishponds which are stocked with carp. There are trees also--Chinese elms, eucalyptus, and mulberry--all about chest-high. The mesquites surrounding the camp are much higher, ranging from 9 to 12 feet.

Visible in every direction from Poston are bleak, jagged ranges, without a touch of green to relieve the barrenness of their abrupt slopes. They have a fascination peculiar to absolutely desolate things--whether a desert or a pile of rocks. The mountains are the kind toward which Sunday supplement prospectors guide their mules, and are never heard from again.

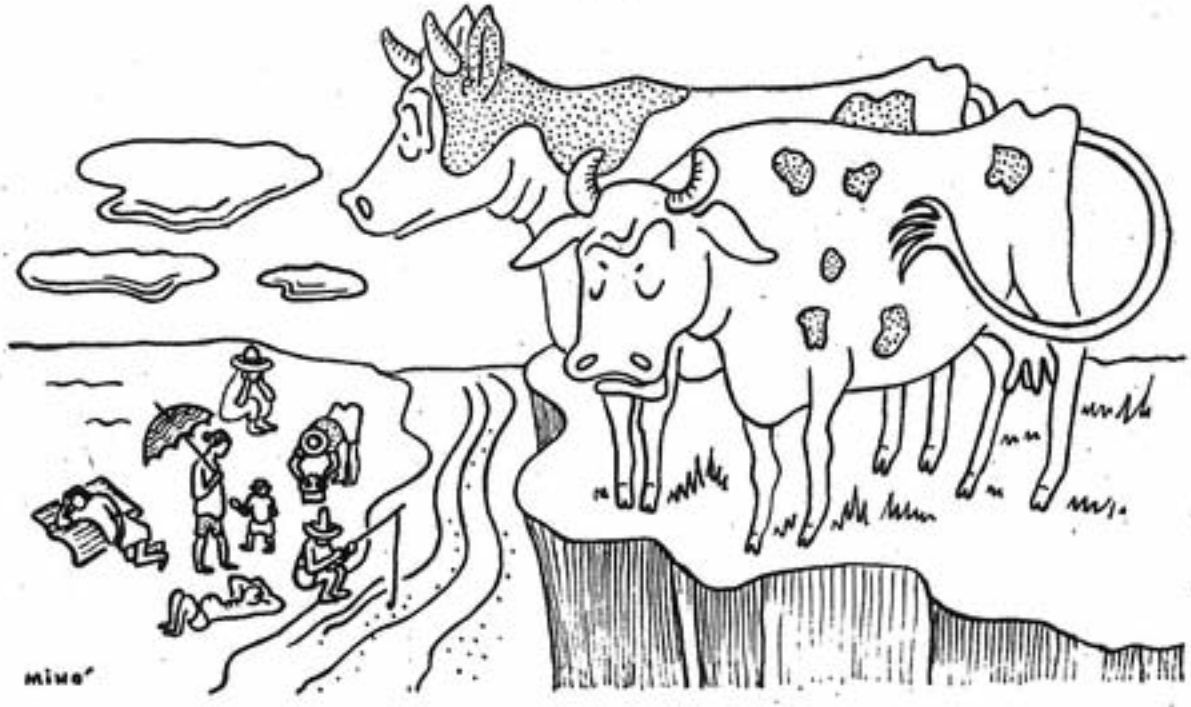
The peaks to the north, south, and west are out of bounds. The only accessible one is about seven miles to the east of camp. The route up its face is not only steep but slippery, because the alternation of heat and cold has split the rocks into little pieces about the size of arrowheads, making the hike over stretches of the trail similar to climbing a mound of poker chips. In spite of the difficulty, residents often climbed to the top when the weather was cooler.

Now whenever parties head eastward, it is in search of ironwood in the dry washes which lead to the base of the mountain. Lately searchers have reported little luck; preceding safaris have been pretty thorough in picking up every chunk of ironwood with commercial or artistic possibilities. The great ironwood rush, which started last summer

when Sculptor Isamu Noguchi demonstrated the aesthetic value of the wood, is subsiding, but not before art-lovers had carved the choice sections out of every ironwood tree within 15 miles of Poston.

The popular direction for hikers now is west--to the Colorado River. It's about a four mile walk on a road of ankle-deep taloum dust. The discomforts of the excursion apparently faze no one, for the east bank of the Colorado on Sundays is buck-shotted with evacuees, reminding one of a Kusamoto Ken picnic on a Southern California beach.

Certain parts of the river measure less than 75 yards in width, and it's possible to walk across most of the way. Once in a while, some young fellows touch the opposite bank and proudly report on their return that they have been in California. The western bank doesn't slope like the Arizona side, but drops vertically about five feet. Occasionally, as the water gnaws away the base, parts of California topple into the river with a resounding boom. A few evacuees derive grim satisfaction from listening to the noise. It doesn't seem to bother the California cows, though; they're probably accustomed to it. The cows are more upset by the noise and activity on our side of the river. About two out of the dozen or so are usually casing the scene with a petulant, "What the hell goes on?" look on their face.



They're obviously unhappy and discontented at the invasion of their privacy.

To many, the cows browsing in California, the wind ticking softly through the tall cottonwoods, and the kids modelling sandmen evoke a feeling of temporary freedom. To them, the river is an opiate. "When you're out here," said one part-time beach-comber, "you forget for a moment that you live in tarpaper barracks with soldiers guarding you. You lie flat on your back in the coarse sand, feeling the hot sun on your body, and listen to the river rushing by, and the war and evacuation and Poston seem a thousand miles away."

Actually, Poston and the truncated life that goes with it are only four miles to the east as the dust flies. A

few hours of rationed freedom at the river only accentuates the artificiality of Center existence. It doesn't alter the process of mental and moral stagnation which is an inherent element of "benevolent concentration."

Poston has progressed a long way in its attempt to approximate a normal community. Superficially, it has succeeded relatively well.

Parks, amphitheaters, and swimming pools have been constructed. Movies, shibai, baseball, swimming, and other leisure time activities satisfy the basic recreational needs of the residents. A community council exists and goes through the motions of self-government. "Actually, it's a farce," said the chairman of the council, now relocated. "As long as the administration controls the purse-strings, about all we can do is listen to gripes and make recommendations." In spite of lack of teachers and facilities, the educational program has been functioning since early October; on June 30, 230 high school seniors in Unit I will receive their diplomas.

"It won't be too fancy," said Edith, commencement program chairman. "The girls will wear white dresses, and the boys will wear dark slacks and white shirts with ties. We won't have any long-winded speakers, though. Our diplomas are going to be from the Office of Indian Affairs under the Department of Interior, and they'll be good anyplace in the country. Ours is the only project getting diplomas from the Department of Interior."

The students will have a yearbook, too, Edith pointed out, but it won't be very elaborate. "Gee, we were going to have a real good one--printed and everything," she said. "The plans were all made, and some of the graduates had already had their individual pictures taken. Then one of the teachers and the head of the print-shop got into an argument or something, and the print-shop said it wouldn't do the job. Gee, but we were disappointed. Now, I guess, we'll have to mimeograph it, and give the kids a sheet of pictures separately, so they can paste them into the book."

When the first contingent of volunteers left, 5000 residents turned out to honor them at a farewell program. The ceremony took place on a shibai stage decorated with U.S. flags. A representative from each unit eulogized the volunteers, then the entertainment began. For over an hour, the cream of local talent performed--singers, dancers, instrumentalists. The program concluded with a cheer led by one of the administrators in the best collegiate tradition: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Poston Volunteers!" Then, as the time approached for the volunteers to leave, the crowd sang "Auld Lang Syne." The whole thing was corny--and at the same time, impressive. The stock Chautauqua phrases of the speakers took on a new and significant quality in the context of a farewell ceremony for volunteers in the middle of the desert, with the mesquites shimmering green along the edges of camp and the mountains in the west gradually darkening from blue to deep purple.

All these things, in one way or another, are ingredients of a normal society. But in Poston they don't add up. The hybrid which results from grafting them to an essentially artificial stem is not a flowering community, but a way of life which is intrinsically unsound.

Life in Poston has deteriorated ambition and self-respect, and atrophied the evacuee's sense of responsibility. Many of the restraints imposed by pre-evacuation society no longer exist. As a result of lack of normal home life, the incidence of juvenile delinquency is increasing. In many cases, once respected heads of families have been reduced to the status of futile old men, who spend their leisure hours cackling over choice bits of gossip, or polishing ironwood to wow the customers at the next Art and Hobby show, in the hope of perhaps regaining a part of their lost prestige.

Today evacuees are leaving Poston for resettlement at the rate of 15 a day. Since Feb. 1, over 500 have left the Center--they hope permanently. After more than a year of camp life, they are re-entering the main current of American life. And maybe it's about time.

--Jim Yamada

TREK

TREK. . ."A migration; an expedition, especially of a group. .to a new home; to make one's way slowly or arduously; also a stage of such a journey. ."

Such is the definition given by Webster of a pioneering movement of a people towards new lands, new homes, and a new future. And so it was chosen as the name of the projected publication of the out-standing young writers and artists group of Topaz, as they came eastward as evacuees from California to this desert settlement in Utah.

The first issue, with emphasis on the physical aspects of the city, was presented to the residents on Christmas morning, 1942. It was so well-received that plans were soon under way for the second edition, which came out in March and gave hint of life beyond the gate.

Today, it takes on another mood, typifying the relocation movement, the exodus of the younger element still further eastward, no longer to stagnate as wards of the government, but to seek a new beginning as Americans. The impetus of movement has swept the group, and with this final edition, TREK, as a record of growth in a concentrated atmosphere, an expression of the moods and modes of a transplanted people, must come to an end. But this end serves only as a beginning of a new chapter in American history, as native immigrants seek to take their place in the progress of their own country. .as members of the armed forces, and as cogs in the gears of war production.

A publication such as TREK is the result of many hours. . .creative and physical; a concerted and coordinated effort of many talents. Only those who have had any part in producing a mimeographed and multilithed magazine such as this, will realize the amount of work it entails.

On the creative side, the writers and artists must present facts in an interesting and illustrative way, recreate a mood or a moment, and show a not-too-grim side of life in camp, so as to have a well-balanced diet of art and literature.

On the technical side, the stencilist must be accurate in cutting and proofreading and the multilither and mimeographer must be Rocks of Gibraltar, with the endurance and patience of a mother, and the habits of a Zombie. And the helpers, like busy bees, must check each page several times for off-sets and blanks; finally to assemble, staple, and count the thousands of copies.

All this. . .and then some goes into the creation of TREK.

The Staff

RETROSPECT

No other shall have heard
When these suns set
The gentle guarded word
You may forget.

No other shall have known
How spring decays
Where hostile winds have blown,
And doubt stays.

But I remember yet
Once heart was stirred
To song--until I let
The sounds grow blurred.

And time--still fleet--delays
While pulse and bone
Take count before the days
Lock me in stone.

--Toyo Suyenoto

à la mode

There was a cartoon in the New Yorker of a housewife who was giving a tramp some food with one hand and holding out the other hand for ration coupons from the hobo's book. To those of us in the center, that cartoon is like a gag which is so far beyond the scope of our lives that we can't ever imagine such a thing happening.

But as relocation proceeds, we've got to face the fact that rationing is in existense and we might as well try to work things out so that we won't end up by being Chandis at the end of the month, eating bread and fruit. All processed, that is canned, frozen or dried vegetables and fruits are rationed and can be purchased only through the use of the blue stamps in ration book 2. The red stamps in the same book are used for meat, cheese, oils, butter etc. Each of these stamps has a letter and a number on it. The letter signifies the time these stamps are valid and the number, how many points each stamp is worth.

Ration book 1 is used for sugar, coffee and shoes. The sugar stamps are the numbers up to 17 and the coffee coupons are 19 and higher. Stamps 17 and 18 are used for shoes. If you have not received a certificate in the center to buy a pair of shoes, when you leave the center your stamp #17 is left in your book and it is good for a pair of shoes until June 15th and after that you use your #18 stamp.

When you leave the center on an indefinite leave, each book is tailored to the date and the expired stamps are removed. When you go out on a short-term or group work leave, you get a certificate which equals the number of stamps you would get for a corresponding period. Except for coffee where you get a stamp only if you are going out 30 days or longer since grocers will not break a pound you only get a pound every 30 days, unless a group of you go out together as for example: 4 persons for a week.

You are allowed 11 points of blue and 14-16 points of red stamps (depending on the number of weeks) and what you can buy with these points varies with the availability of foods which are rationed. All values change as time passes but each grocer has points posted so don't worry too much.

Exactly how well can you eat with these points and stamps is a moot question. There are some foods which aren't rationed like green turtle soup or caviar or marrons glacé (glazed chestnuts to you) and such like stuff if you run out of stamps. But seriously, there are other unrationed foods. Fresh vegetables and fruits, wheat cereals, fresh fish, fresh poultry, eggs, canned milk, fresh milk, honey, jams and countless other

things are available. A little more expensive than before the war, but still you can buy them.

The only way in which you can be sure of not being caught short is to budget the points each week or month. Add up the total you can get for your family and then add what you propose to spend. If the totals come within calling distance you have nothing to worry about.

--Marii Kyogoku

One of the greatest problems for a resident who has finally been granted an indefinite leave and is soon to be off for a new life 'back east' is whether she can re-adjust herself to the normal life on the outside. Her year in an enclosure has brought out a more rugged side and she may have lost some of her polish.

She must quickly adjust herself to the routine of daily living. More than ever she must realize that her thoughts and action are reflections of herself, and so how and what and where must become first considerations. Her attendance at church service with her friends must not be a mere gesture, but an expression of deep faith. Habits and artificialities stemming from the pressure of camp life must be put aside.

Take table manners, for instance, she is so used to heavy chinaware, with the food making uninviting mounds, with her spoon and fork stuck in so that they will hold; and skidding down the row to a seat at the mess-table, so appropriately named, but so unappropriate for her new mode of life. She slurps and eats in a hurry as she goes over the latest rumors with her bosom friends. All this must be unlearned. .a napkin must be recognized and retrained to sit neatly on her lap. She must use the handle on a thin rimmed cup, being careful not to bite a chunk out in her haste to finish. A more leisurely pace with better timing so that she will finish with and not ahead of her guests, a newer and more up-to-date line of table conversation, the loss of that gosh-we're-last-again look developed when the mess-crew begins to clean around you. . .all of these and heaven knows what more must be remembered. And if you give etiquette a little more thought you'll find a lot more that she'll have to recall.

Her apparel. . .no longer from Sears catalog, will undergo a not too subtle change. No more slacks, tee-shirts, or dirty dirndls. . .no more dresses chosen for their dust-resistance and washability. Now she can air the moth-balls out of her black ensemble. .and consider new frills and furbelows to bring it up-to-acceptance. She can actually buy that 'sharp' dry-clean-only dress and know that she can wear it often, if it becomes her. Her taste must change from loud and colorful colors to the more citified ones. Pastels, neat and minute checks, quiet and "yasashi" patterns must be chosen so that she will not reveal herself to be a recent inmate of the project. Now she can take time to have those lovely hands that will, according to the ads, bring her an ensign or a lieutenant, no less. . .but will most likely be a sergeant from Shelby.

She can wear subtle and mysterious scents meant to hold that certain aim in every girl's life, without the fear that it will be blown away before she reaches 'it.' Now she can reach for Vogue and Bazaar with the assurance that she might resemble that sophisticated creature, if she wants to. And her technique with

'men'. .no longer can she yell "Hey Yogore!" across the street to her current b.f. She must be more discreet, for who knows what big headlines her hunting-cry would cause if she were to call, say, in Chicago? She can no longer sit on her front porch swinging her legs to and fro but must unobtrusively cross them. . smoothing down her skirt and allowing only the proper length of her new nylon hose to show. And the gentle side of her must come out and a new personality found. .or re-discovered. She must lure him, not lug him into dinner, which she no longer hauls from the "meshi-hole", but must cook with her own little hands (with her own precious ration points!).

Thank god - I'm. . .

--A Man

DIGRESSIONS

If we should ever attempt a volume of reminiscences about our life since evacuation, we think we might call it "Our Days Were Numbered." Ever since that already incredibly remote day, a little over a year ago, when the WCCA (Wartime Civil Control Administration. Remember?) slapped on our first brace of Arabic tags--family and ID numbers--our existence has been a numeralogist's opium dream. Bed number, stall number, barrack number, train group number, block number, apartment number, resident identification number--in that procession of digital combinations lies the whole story of our career as an evacuee, from civil control station to WRA.

And now that we're in the Army, we can see that we're going to be harried and hedged about by a new set of tags and markings for an indefinite period to come. Right now, we've received only our serial number as a rookie, but lying beyond our present pre-training furlough is the whole zodiac of letters, numerals and insignias by which our military identity will be fixed.

Of course, the writing of our projected autobiographical tome is premised on the assumption that we will still be around to do it. For we are lugubriously aware that, war and soldiering being what they are, our days may be numbered in another, and less humorous, sense. In any event, the present piece is very likely our last journalistic chore for some time to come. By the time this sees print, we expect to be engaged in somewhat less sedentary activities than flattening our podex in front of a typewriter keyboard.

A rookie's furlough, such as ours, belongs to a different category from the usual run of military leaves. Not a respite from a period of active duty, it is rather a period of confused suspension between civilian and military life. We have our uniform and feel the weight of special obligations that go with our new clothes, but most of our instincts and behaviour habits are still those of the ordinary man in the street. The new garb sits awkwardly on our frame, and we advertise the unaccustomed weight and bulk of our GI shoes by a self-conscious compromise between prescribed Army briskness and habitual civilian shuffle in our walk.

Then, we are all too aware of the vast naked expanses of our shirt and blouse sleeves and glance enviously at even the single hash-mark of every passing private first class. As for our demeanor in the proximity of commissioned officers, we still have to stifle an occasional impulse toward headlong flight in the opposite direction from their approach down the street. Our saluting is not yet a precise and automatic response to bars and leaves and stars looming on our visual horizon. In our anxious fledgling obeisance to military ritual, we have caught ourself several times flicking our right hand upward at some sudden encountered hotel doorman, policeman or other specimen of uniformed civilian. In his summer sun-tan outfit, a lieutenant is sometimes indistinguishable from a gasoline station attendant

at 20 paces. Thus, between the need for maintaining an anxious eye forward at all times and the painful awareness we have of our raw greenness, we sometimes feel that we are carrying on an uncomfortable impersonation rather than being a bone fide, if unprocessed, member of the armed forces.

We realize, however, that our discomfort and trepidation are largely self-engendered and not the result of our suddenly stepping from civilian life into any inflexible caste system. Certain formalities are inevitable in a highly specialized organization like the military, but they are not arbitrarily imposed on every waking hour of a soldier's life. An officer on the street, the post or the field of action is a superior to whom deference is due, and given. But in any public building or on any public conveyance, he has no special prorogatives and expects none. A captain rubs shoulders with a rookie at a bar, a major-general waits his turn behind a corporal in the line before a railroad ticket window, if circumstances throw them together in such juxtapositions in the shuffle of public contact.

On part of our train trip to Cleveland, we held a comfortable lower berth, while a tall and massive major squirmed his lengthy frame in the upper directly above. It was this same officer's seat in the smoking room that we absent-mindedly usurped when he got up to get a drink of water. When we blushingly became aware of our brigandage, we offered his seat back, but he smilingly declined and finished his cigarette leaning against the hard edge of the lavatory. We remember wondering at the time, where else on this earth democratic habits of behaviour were so strong as to make it unthinkable for an officer to take a seat back from an enlisted man six or seven whole rungs below him in the military hierarchy.

So far as our experiences to date indicate, military service has had little or no effect on the men of this country with respect to their basic modes of thought or conduct. They exemplify the democratic tradition that a man can be a topflight soldier without being a military zealot or an exponent of fascist principles of unbridled force and hate. An occasional soldier or sailor will show signs of departure from rationality and tolerance of spirit as a consequence of grim and terrible experienced on the fighting front. But such an individual is the exception rather than the rule. And we have a feeling that his prototype is more common in the civilian population than among those who actually do the fighting.

The pleasantest fellow we met on our trip was a young sergeant just invalided home from Guadalcanal after being there during the whole bitter business of clearing the enemy off that island. Despite his long and arduous contact with the unlovely aspects of fighting an unlovely foe, he evinced no trace of racial animosity or bigotry in his descriptions of that fighting. As one American talking to another American, he gave us vivid humorous, terrifying sidelights on the operations in that jungle arena. But like most U.S. soldiers and sailors on furlough, his talking and thinking embraced non-military matters as much as the war experiences so fresh in his memory--the virtues of Cincinnati, his hometown, the wonderful food that his mother was undoubtedly even at that moment preparing for his return and, most of all, the past, present and future fortunes of the Cincinnati Reds ball club.

Our brief contact with this sergeant and with the other assorted members of our fighting forces cemented our long-held belief that in this country we shall never see or hear grim-lipped, hard-eyed legions hailing or banzai-ing any Hitler or Tojo. Not so long as our young men can return from kicking hell out of an enemy and still talk lovingly of matters that have nothing to do with war directly but have everything to do with the spirit of democratic men everywhere. We like to think that this country is, in a way, waging this war so that the Cincinnati sergeant can once more return to a leisurely contemplation of the exploits of his beloved Reds.

--Pvt. Taro Katayama

FALDEROL

Now that our return to normal life is imminent, we find that the impressions of evacuation most sharply etched in our mind are not the kind we thought we would remember six months ago. The last few months have smoothed over a lot of the sharp edges of our original anger and bitterness, and now we see more of the light as well as the shadows.

And in a year or two, when we look back, many of our recollections are likely to be the kind of stuff our writer friends, earnestly sweating out The Great Evacuation Novel (formerly The Great Nisei Novel), dismiss as "trivial."

One of our brightest memories of Tanforan, for example, is the issei, who couldn't look at "Terry and the Pirates" without taking issue with the artist. We can see him now, advancing on his friends with a specimen of the comic strip in his hand. "Look, look," he would say, "What's wrong with this fellow, always drawing Japanese with buck teeth?" Then he would smirk triumphantly and flash a pair of incisors which, for luminosity and surface area, would be hard to equal.

There were other high spots, too--the admirer of Russia who christened his stable, "Stall Inn"; the fourth of July we spent de-stapling censored papers; the political campaign for Council positions, featuring posters and parades with each Man of the Hour followed by his faithfuls.

Add these things up with hundreds of similar events, and you have a picture of the past year or more, which isn't altogether unpleasant. It doesn't represent the best of all possible worlds, but certainly it isn't the worst. The main flaw, it seems to us, is that there's no future in it.

As far as the present staff is concerned, this is the final edition of TREK. Those of us who aren't out already are anxious to get out. For us, this is 30. .30 not only to magazine publication but also, we hope, to Center life.

It's customary to close shop, we suppose, with bugles blowing and banners fluttering from the masthead. This is the cue to take the reader in hand and stagger with him down memory lane, unearthing incidents calculated to evoke nostalgia in a brass Buddha.

But we'll dispense with the pageantry. No grandiloquence. No "remember-this-remember-that?" And no fancy technical stunts.

We remember when the old Totalizer made a concession to tradition and emblazoned big red 30's on the front and back pages of its final issue. For some time afterwards, the staff was plagued by individuals who demanded, "Hey, how come my Totalizer only has 28 pages? You must have left out a sheet." One sycophant patted us on the shoulder and said, "Ha, ha, ha. That was pretty clever--30, for 30 pages." Ha, ha.

And so, if you don't mind, we'll go quietly.

--Jim Yamada