



TRIP

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(Translated into Japanese)	

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TO OUR READERS

The publication of this number of TREG, originally planned for late February, was unavoidably delayed owing to the press of other work required of the personnel and facilities of the Project Reports Division during the recent WRA and War Department registration.

We trust this will explain the discrepancy between the date on the cover and the time of actual publication.

THE EDITORS

BEYOND THE

The story most popularly quoted by journalists writing on the evacuation and its attendant problems is the one about the small boy in one of the evacuee centers who said to his parents: "I don't like it here. When are we going back to America?" It is a story which, whether apocryphal or not, has repeatedly been used to illustrate both the essential abnormality of life in evacuee communities and the anomaly of a segment of America's population being kept in forced confinement in the midst of a war dedicated to the preservation of democratic principles.

Today, however, the story has an added point and relevance in that procedures have been outlined and implemented to provide an answer to the little boy's question. The whole purpose of the War Relocation Authority program now under way is to get as many of these 110,000 evacuees as possible, aliens and citizens alike, "back to America," back to free and normal ways of living.

To the residents of Topaz, as to those of all the other WRA centers, the question which looms increasingly large in their minds is that of their future. As time goes on, more and more of them will pass through the main gate on the community's northern edge and enter again into the mainstream of American life. And for most of them, it will presumably be a strictly one-way passage, since they will be leaving, not on any temporary excursion, but with the intention of making as permanent a place for themselves in the America beyond the gate as their abilities and the circumstances of time and place permit.

They will go into communities strange to them---strange not only because they will be newcomers there, but because they will encounter social patterns radically different in many respects from the "Little Tokyo" patterns of their past and because the war itself has created new conditions everywhere of which

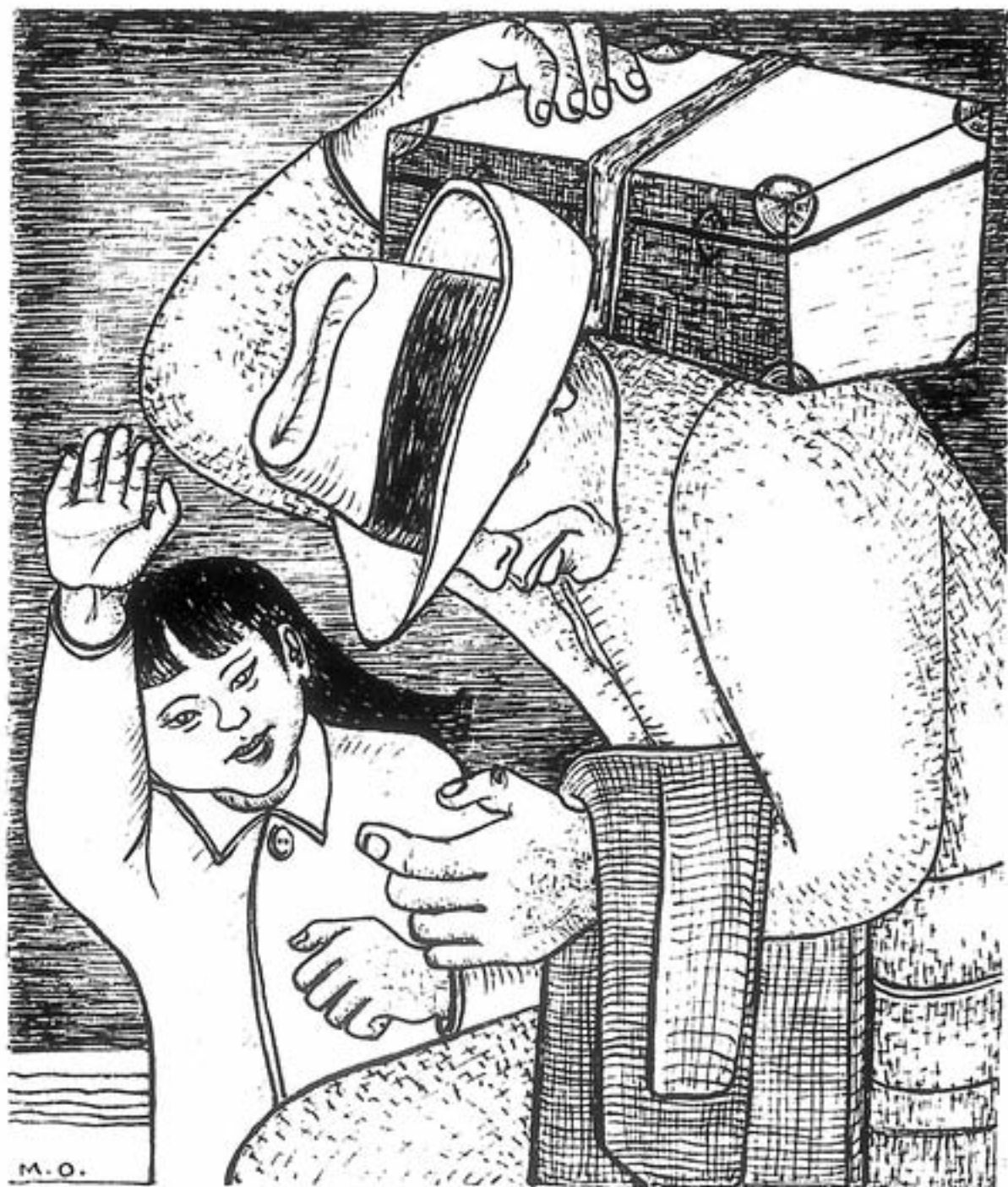
they may be only remotely cognizant after the relative isolation of nearly a year in assembly and relocation centers. Among strange faces and surroundings, some will enter upon work new to them because their former occupations do not need them or no longer exist, while others will go into new fields because of the wider opportunities that a war-time economy presents. But everywhere, whether at tasks new or old, they will be starting from scratch in the attempt to re-establish themselves as functional elements in the American scene.

How these outbound erstwhile evacuees will ultimately fare, individually and in the mass, how, in short, the whole relocation program will turn out, no one can of course accurately predict at this time. Just as the evacuation itself was an unprecedented undertaking in the nation's history, so there are no guideposts of past experience by which its aftermath can be infallibly foretold. The whole problem largely pivots itself on the question of the American public's willingness to take back into membership a racial minority group which has once been subjected to removal under government sanction. A predominantly receptive public attitude will naturally expedite the successful conclusion of the WRA program, whereas a continuing or augmented public hostility will make the program difficult and perhaps even impossible of realization.

But while the problem in its largest aspect shapes itself up as simply as that, so many factors and considerations are involved in the creation and perpetuation of public attitudes that the practical solution of the problem is probably nowhere near that simple. Thus, general public acceptance of the evacuee population will be conditioned by such things as these:

(a) The fortunes of war in the Pacific and the incidence of American casualties in that theater.

GATE



M.O.

(b) The proportion of favorable to unfavorable publicity in the nation's press on the domestic Japanese situation.

(c) The success of the advance educational campaign carried on by the WRA and other government agencies in the areas of relocation, together with the influence exerted by private organizations and by individuals interested in the matter.

(d) The degree to which the people at large will apply to internal minority problems the war aims of this country as propounded by her leaders and other public figures.

(e) The extent to which the manpower shortage may provide an entering wedge for the return of evacuees to useful production and the degree of popular, not merely official, acquiescence to this eventuality.

(f) The extent to which the activities of race-tingoist elements and political and economic pressure groups opposed to the Japanese in this country can be counteracted.

(g) The degree of popular acknowledgment accorded the recent re-opening of the Army to citizens of Japanese ancestry as an official token of their reinstatement as loyal Americans. (The success of the volunteer combat unit phase of the War Department ruling, incidentally, will undoubtedly do much to create favorable public opinion.)

(h) The attitudes of the evacuees themselves toward their dispersion into the general population and the record established by their vanguard group in the early stages of the relocation process.

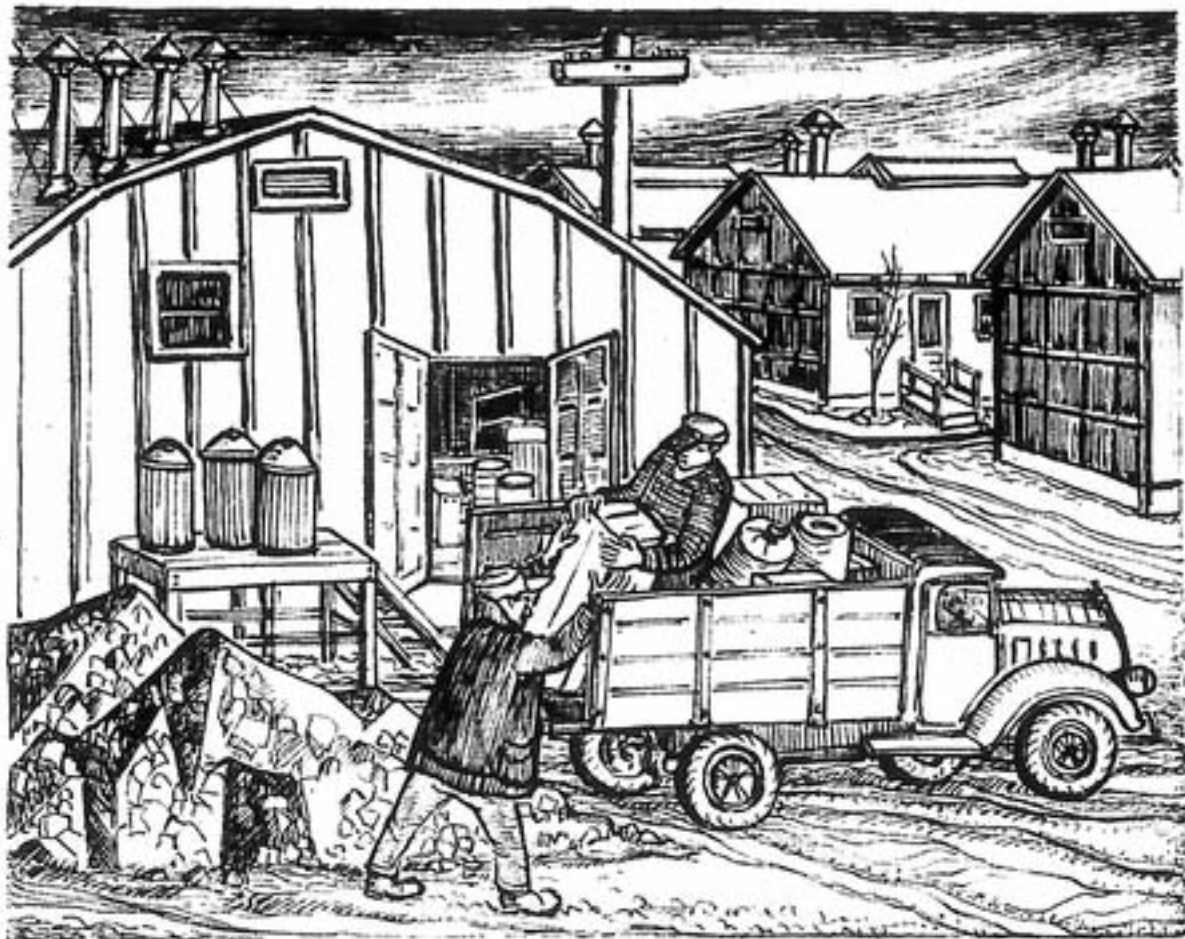
Upon the sort of social atmosphere which will eventually result from the operation and inter-action of these factors---and of others we may have overlooked---will largely depend the success or failure of the WRA policy of extensive resettlement. What that social atmosphere will be, it is still too early to forecast, but there are indications which point toward a hopeful future.

For instance, American press reaction to the War Department's recent action in reopening the Army to loyal American citizens of Japanese descent has been pre-



ponderantly favorable. Editorial comment has in general taken cognizance of the desirability of such a step, both as an act of simple justice to loyal citizens and as a demonstration of functional democracy to the world at large. The program of dispersing evacuees into the general population has likewise been accepted by a large section of the press in the same spirit, although the practicalities of the policy in relation to the current manpower shortage are given special emphasis.

The whole trend of publicity in the press on the Japanese question in this country thus seems to be away from the pre-evacuation type of newspaper comment which, taking its coloring from the West Coast press, left much to be desired in the way of intelligent and constructive appraisal of the domestic Japanese situation. The play has been taken away from



the press in the areas of evacuation and has passed into the hands of the press in the areas in which resettlement must take place. That the papers of the middlewestern and eastern states, from which most of the recent favorable commentary on the Japanese problem originates, are taking fair and intelligent editorial stands can be taken as a good augury of the general public receptiveness toward evacuees in those areas. Certainly, a hostile press in any section of the country would make resettlement in that section infinitely more difficult or even impossible.

But if the success of the relocation program as a whole is primarily equated to the matter of general public acceptance of the evacuee population, the final test of its practicability lies in the extent to which large numbers of evacuees will be able to make suitable

lives for themselves outside the centers, economically and with respect to the attainment of normal social satisfactions. Adequate employment for those who must earn livelihoods for themselves and their dependents, opportunity for higher education and specialized training for those who seek them and successful integration into the American social pattern---these are the prime desiderata which must be fulfilled if relocation is to be considered as something more than the mere dispersal of a concentrated minority group.

Relocation in terms of employment is a story which is just beginning to unfold. A small trickle of evacuees has already left the various WRA centers to take up work on the outside, but the task of augmenting that preliminary flow to embrace as many as possible of the

vast majority who are yet in the centers still remains to be accomplished. Machinery for facilitating this undertaking has recently been set up by the WRA in the form of field offices and stations in the Rocky Mountain area and the Middle West,¹ and the current WRA registration in all the centers is a step designed to expedite clearance procedures and to provide an occupational register of all evacuees qualified for work. Also contributing to this effort are the United States Employment Service and various citizen committees and organizations interested in the matter, notably the Committee on Resettlement of Japanese Americans, sponsored by Christian church and mission councils in this country.



The employment picture at the present time is thus only in the stage of preliminary preparations, and until the program begins to bear fruit in a sizable volume of evacuees being satisfactorily placed, no definite conclusion as to the possibility or probability of envisioned aims being fully attained can be reached. Meanwhile, the only available evidence upon which any sort of appraisal of future prospects can be based is that offered by the experiences of the relative few who have already been relocated or who have had some taste of outside employment.

Topaz, like the other centers, has its quota of this vanguard group. The main bulk of this group consists of the sugar beet and other agricultural workers who last fall went outside to help alleviate the farm labor shortage in

¹The five principal relocation offices are in Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Cleveland. Each of these offices will be responsible for the setting up of eight to 12 field stations. The purpose of the set-up is to explore employment possibilities and to assist those placed in adjusting themselves to conditions in the communities in which they are employed.

neighboring states and most of whom have since returned to the center. Making up the balance of the group are those residents who have left to take various non-agricultural jobs and most of whom are still on the outside.

In the middle of January of this year, the Project Reports Division of Topaz prepared and sent out questionnaires to some 450 of these workers, covering both the agricultural and the non-agricultural classifications. The survey was designed to obtain a sampling of worker opinions and reactions on outside employment, particularly with respect to public and employer attitudes encountered. The focal question was worded thus:

"As you look back on your experience, what impressions remain strongest in your mind of your reception in the community and your association with your employer?"

Of the 450 questionnaires sent out, 165 were received in completed and usable form, representing approximately a 36 per cent return. Of the 165, 121 were from workers who had done agricultural work of various types, mainly in sugar beets and potatoes, while the remaining 44 were from those in non-agricultural employment. Areas of employment represented in the returns are, for the farm workers, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Oregon; and for the non-agricultural group, principally Utah communities and one return each from Wyoming, Colorado and Iowa and two from Illinois.

A breakdown of the responses received to the question on community reception and employer-worker relations reveals the following:

AGRICULTURAL WORKERS			
	Good	Fair	Poor
Community reception.....	84%	11%	5%
Employer-worker relations.....	60%	11%	9%
NON-AGRICULTURAL WORKERS			
	Good	Fair	Poor
Community reception.....	83%	15%	2%
Employer-worker relations.....	69%	11%	0%

From these figures it appears that there is a direct correlation between

community attitudes toward the evacuees and the relations of employers and workers. In only a few instances did workers indicate that their association with employers differed from the general reception they found in the community at large. On the whole, workers in both agricultural and non-agricultural fields found community and employer attitudes quite favorable. Typical comments in the questionnaires showing this are:

"Friendly, very understanding and very kind employer. Community, with a few exceptions, was very nice and treated us as if we were members of that community. We felt at home almost wherever we went."--Beet worker, Shelley, Idaho.

"We were very pleased with the way the employers and the people...treated us. The employers there regretted about us going back to the centers. But with a promise of coming back next season, they were happy, and so are we."--Beet worker, Nyassa, Oregon.

"The American neighbors were very friendly. Up to the time that we moved into the community, they had had very little contact with Japanese, but they did not seem to be prejudiced against us. Mr. P____, our employer, realized that we were very inexperienced in farm work, but since we all did our best, he appreciated our efforts."--Beet worker,

Idaho Falls, Idaho.

"There has been no racial discrimination of any sort. I have been treated like another fellow American. My employer as well as the guests here have treated me like my own mother would have."--Worker in ski lodge, Alta, Utah.

"Our reception in the community was very good and still is. Everybody goes about their own ways and they do not bother us."--Truck driver, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"The people here are very, very nice to me and they included me in everything they do. I have joined the YWCA here... and they are very interested in me and want to know all about me and about the camp."--Maid, Des Moines, Iowa.

In a number of cases, workers point out that even where a certain amount of suspicion or unfriendliness existed in the community when they first arrived, continued association or directed effort on the part of the evacuees often succeeded in creating a better understanding of their status. One beet worker wrote:

"Reception was poor at first, but as the community became aware of the type of people they were hiring, they warmed up."

Another beet worker made the point that "outside people still think that we are in concentration camps, branding us





as potential enemies of this country. We convinced some of the influential families of the error of the above conclusion."

As to the relatively few instances in which existence of a positive unfriendly attitude on the part of the community or the employer is noted by workers, they offer little basis for arriving at any definite conclusions, either as to geographical distribution or as to underlying causes. Thus, among the agricultural workers, mentions of unfavorable attitudes are almost equally distributed between Idaho and Utah. No such mentions are given by Oregon workers, but here, since only a single community in that

state is represented in the questionnaire returns, it is patently impossible to make a case for that state as against the other two. Then there are instances where contradictory impressions of the same community are given by different workers, as in the case of Caldwell, Idaho. One worker wrote: "People in the city of Caldwell were very hostile to us. We were not permitted in most of the restaurants and barber shops. Many times we heard people make ... hostile remarks right at us." In direct contrast to this, there were others reporting: "It was just like any community back home and the people were very friendly," or, "The community of Caldwell was very friendly towards us except for a few cases, which of course should be expected."

From reasons given or implied by workers or by workers who mention unfavorable conditions or incidents, it can only be assumed that most of these were special cases, rather than the results of any one pervading factor. For instance, two or three workers related their encounters with unfriendly attitudes to the fact that the latter became noticeable on or near the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Others noted that cordiality and uncordiality seemed to be in direct ratio to the state of the harvest, there being a marked cooling off of friendliness just as soon as the need for evacuee labor ended. Most workers, however, were careful to distinguish between individuals or certain classes of indivi-

duals and the general public as the sources of unpleasant experiences. Adolescents and ignorant or uneducated adults are usually named as the culpable parties. Only two incidents involving physical demonstrations of antipathy are mentioned in the questionnaire returns, neither of them the result of any definitely established general public ill-feeling against the evacuee workers in the communities involved. Incidentally, two or three workers felt that the resident Japanese population of at least one outside community showed signs of unfriendliness toward incoming evacuees owing to uneasiness over the possible effect their influx might have on the status of Japanese already living there.

Finally, it is to be noted from the breakdown given previously that a smaller percentage of the non-agricultural workers reported unfavorable community and employer attitudes than did the farm workers. This may be due to the fact that the latter group's experiences belong to an earlier period in the relations between evacuees and outside communities, or it may be because the non-agricultural workers in general have come into contact with relatively better informed, or better educated elements of the public, and as individuals rather than in large work groups.

However that may be, the over-all picture of public and employer attitudes in the areas covered by the survey seems to be one of general receptiveness, so far as tolerating the presence of evacuee workers is concerned. But whether that tolerance points to future extension of economic opportunities to include fields other than farm labor and the minor service occupations is another matter. Certainly, the seasonal-farm employment represented by sugar beet, potato and other crop work cannot be considered as a form of successful relocation for any but a very limited number of evacuees. This is particularly so in the case of a population like Topaz's, which is preponderantly urban and commercial in origin and background.

And even were a sizable proportion of residents here willing to take up farm employment as a stop-gap or emergency stint, evidence from the questionnaire

and corroborative information from other sources indicate that a great deal of improvement in all that pertains to working conditions, wage scales and contractual agreements is needed before this field of employment can be considered economically feasible. Although no question in the survey was specifically directed toward discovering farm workers' reactions to the practical aspects of their work, almost a third of those returning questionnaires took it upon themselves to mention the generally unsatisfactory physical and economic situations they encountered. These unsolicited references to poor housing and living facilities, contractual misrepresentations of crop yields on many farms and sub-standard wage scales in some types of agricultural industry are numerous enough to suggest that a great many more workers would have given similar testimony if the questionnaire had been pointed in this direction.

A good evacuee response to the continued farm labor shortage foreseen for this year will perhaps thus be largely conditioned by the degree of improvement made by responsible government and farm agencies in these features of agricultural employment. This is reflected in the answers given by the farm workers to the question in the survey which asked: "Do your plans for the coming year include similar work?" As against the 36 per cent who answered in the affirmative, most of the remaining 64 per cent either gave a decisive "no" or indicated that their decision would depend on assurance of a better deal than they received last fall.

The survey also shows that a similar, though not quite analogous, situation exists among evacuees going into non-agricultural work, the unsatisfactory factor in their case being the incidence and distribution of types of jobs taken in relation to the whole range of employment possibilities. Nearly 35 per cent of those represented in the questionnaire returns are in the category of domestic workers and, together with those in the related category of services (bus boys, kitchen workers, etc.), comprise about half the total of those employed in the non-agricultural field.

As a barometer of future, or even of current, prospects in this field of employment, the indications given by the survey admittedly may not be very accurate. There are evidences that an increasingly wider range of employment opportunities is being opened up to qualified evacuees as time goes on. An examination of the list of outside work offers at the Topaz placement office, for instance, reveals that the incidence of domestic and related categories of work to other classes of employment is becoming noticeably smaller than at an earlier date, when practically all offers were of the domestic type. Currently listed are over 200 openings, and while work in private homes still outnumbers work in any other single classification, the range of non-domestic jobs offered embraces a fairly wide variety of types from railroad maintenance work to jewelry repairing. With the WRA field offices and stations going into effective operation, a further expansion of employment possibilities can reasonably be expected.

It is obvious that without such a widening of work opportunities in the non-agricultural field, the successful relocation of a population such as Topaz's is going to be difficult. Not only predominantly urban in composition, this population has a relatively high quotient of persons with specialized commercial skills and backgrounds and of young people with college or other technical training. How soon a broadening of the employment opportunity base commensurate with the type of skills and backgrounds represented here will take place, it is impossible to predict. That there are signs of progress toward this eventuality, we have already noted, but the fact remains that at present there is still a disparity between the range of work sought and the variety of work offered.¹ As recently as the last week of

February, for instance, the number of indefinite leaves granted up to that time, when broken down by the types of outside occupations involved, revealed the following:

Domestic 46, services 44, agriculture 35, army 9, clerical and sales 8, housewives 4, industry 4, professional 3.

Any prolonged continuation of such a distribution over the employment scale obviously cannot represent resettlement in the best sense. And it can only be hoped that the time factor, together with the announced aims of the WRA employment policy and the extension of the growing favorable public attitude into the commercial and industrial fields, will bring about an eventual improvement in the utilization of evacuee abilities on the outside.

No consideration of the resettlement problem is perhaps complete without some mention of student relocation, which in many respects offers the brightest picture of the whole attempt to re-integrate the evacuee element into American life. Admittedly a special phase of the main problem, with a narrower range of implications, the student relocation program in its development up to the present time nevertheless has connotations which bear on the general situation of the Japanese in this country. Collectively, one of the largest segments of the evacuee population to begin relocating, the students have also functioned as one of the earliest factors in re-establishing the normal contacts between the Japanese and the general public which were disrupted by evacuation. On the level of higher education, at least, the world of the evacuees and the outside world have managed to create a connecting link of better understanding whose future benefits to the general welfare of the Japanese in America are incalculable.

Topaz, like the other WRA projects, has sent out its quota of these students. As of the first week of March, some 54 young people of this center had been granted leaves to attend some 32

are for farm hands and domestic workers.

¹This seems to be generally prevailing condition. For instance, the February bulletin of the Committee on Resettlement of Japanese Americans reports: "A great number of evacuees are desirous of taking office positions, whereas a great number of job offers

different schools in 18 states, ranging from upper New York, through the Middle West and the Mountain region, down to Texas. On file at the student relocation office here are numerous letters from these re-established young citizens of the America of classrooms and dorms and study halls. What they have to say offers interesting supplementary testimony to that given by their fellow evacuees who have gone out to work.

Almost without exception, these letters remark on the friendly and understanding treatment their writers have received from students and faculties alike. One girl writes of finding the head of the school waiting in the rain for her when she reached the station at three o'clock in the morning. Another mentions that she and the other Japanese students were guests at a special welcome dinner given by the school president and his wife. Yet another student notes that a number of nisei have received help from professors in securing jobs to meet school expenses.

As to daily relations with Caucasian students, a recurrent note sounded in the letters is that normality and equal acceptance prevail in all school activities. In a few instances, the nisei noticed that their new friends had never seen a Japanese before. "Some had imagined I would have a great deal of language difficulty," writes one girl. "I don't think anyone had pictured me in a Japanese kimono, but some had pictured me with long hair and had hoped that I would bring a few odd looking objects and do some odd things, but they were disappointed because I had a permanent."

Only occasionally does any sense of disquiet stemming from the war enter in, and then only faintly or incidentally. "Most of the young college men of this city are going off to war and I wonder how their parents and they feel as to our coming," one student observes. Another notes: "A nisei out here puts up a barrier because he does not know how the average American is thinking about him." A few mention the possibility of military training units moving into their schools and wonder what effect that may have.

All in all, the picture of college

life for evacuee students is one of scarcely altered normality, eloquent evidence both of the effectiveness of the program by which the factors making for good reception had been carefully checked in advance and of the spirit of understanding and tolerance characteristic of this country's institutions of learning and of those attending them. Of course, student relocation as a phase of the general resettlement program is limited in its application and promise, dealing as it does only with a special class of evacuees and governed by availability of scholarship funds and other factors. The future of large numbers of children still in WRA centers who are just getting out of high school is a problem which remains to be solved. But as a token and a guarantee that the doors of higher education will continue to be open to Japanese in this country, student relocation is a bright spot on the horizon of the larger resettlement situation.

Such, in general, is the outline of the factors and prospects which define the future called relocation. Precisely what that future holds for nearly 8000 Topaz residents, and for some 100,000 other evacuees, will become apparent only with time. And time may bring various yet unforeseen considerations into play, either to simplify or to complicate the whole problem beyond present comprehension.

Meanwhile, public attitudes and feelings toward evacuees, taken as a whole, are not unfavorable and show a trend toward further improvement. Employment possibilities are expanding and machinery for making them available to all those qualified is in operation. The rest is largely up to the evacuees themselves--to their will and willingness to enter upon a new life with all that it may entail of necessary hardship and adjustment, to their determination to make the best of whatever opportunities may come their way, and, above all, to their recognition of the need to establish themselves once more as functional and useful elements in the American social pattern.

--Taro Katayama

A LETTER TO WASHINGTON

February 4, 1943

Secretary of War Stimson
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Stimson:

I know you are a very busy man and I hate to bother you like this when you are busy in more important matters.

This is just a simple plea that comes from within my heart, crying for someone to listen.

I was very happy when I read your announcement that Nisei Americans would be given a chance to volunteer for active combat duty. But at the same time I was sad--sad because under your present laws I am an enemy alien. I am a 22 year old boy, American in thought, American in act, as American as any other citizen. I was born in Japan. My parents brought me to America when I was only two years old. Since coming to America as an infant, my whole life was spent in New Mexico. My only friends were Caucasian boys.

At Pearl Harbor, my pal, Curly Moppins, was killed outright without a chance to fight back when the Japanese planes swooped down in a treacherous attack. And Dickie Harrell and other boys from my home town came back maimed for life. Then more of my classmates volunteered--Bud Henderson, Bob and Jack Aldridge, and many others; they were last heard of as missing in the Philippines. It tears my heart out to think that I could not avenge their deaths.

The law of this country bars me from citizenship--because I am an Oriental--because my skin is yellow. This is not a good law and bad laws could be changed.

But this is not what I want to bring up at this time. As you well know, this

is a people's war. The fate of the free people all over the world hangs in the balance. I only ask that I be given a chance to fight to preserve the principles that I have been brought up on and which I will not sacrifice at any cost. Please give me a chance to serve in your armed forces.

In volunteering for active combat duty, my conscience will be clear and I can proudly say to myself that I wasn't sitting around, doing nothing when the fate of the free people was at stake.

Any of my Caucasian friends would vouch for my loyalty and sincerity. Even now some of them may be sleeping an eternal sleep in a lonely grave far away from home, dying for the principles they loved and sincerely believed.

I am not asking for any favors or sympathy. I only ask that I be given a chance--a chance to enlist for active combat duty. How can a democratic nation allow a technicality of birthplace to stand in the way when the nation is fighting...to preserve the rights of free men?

The high governmental officials have oftentimes stated that this is a people's struggle--regardless of race or color. Could it be a people's struggle if you bar a person who sincerely believes in the very principles we are all fighting for from taking part?

I beg you to take my plea and give it your careful consideration.

I have also sent a copy of this same letter to President Roosevelt in hopes that some action will be taken in my case.

Sincerely

HENRY H. EBIHARA
Topaz, Utah

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is not the first time that this letter has appeared in public print. But as a significant human document of our time, we feel it deserves reprinting.

As a direct result of his letter, Henry Ebihara was notified by the War Department that "an effort will be made to permit his enlistment."



TOMORROW IS COMING, CHILDREN

Long ago, children, I lived in a country called Japan. Your grandpa was already in California earning money for my boat ticket. The village people rarely went out of Japan and were shocked when they heard I was following your grandpa as soon as the money came.

"America!" they cried. "America is on the other side of the world! You will be

in a strange country. You cannot read or write their language. What will you do?" I smiled, and in my dreams I saw the San Francisco your grandpa wrote about: San Francisco, the city with strange enticing food; the city with gold coins; the city with many strange faces and music; the city with great buildings and ships.

One day his letter came with the mon-

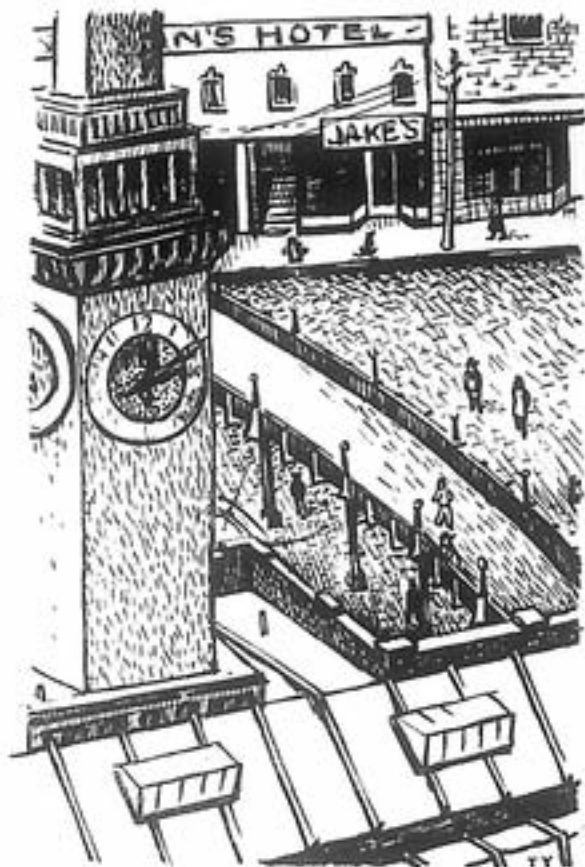
ey. "Come at once," he wrote. "Don't delay." The neighbors rushed excitedly to the house. "Don't go! Live among us," they cried. "There will be war between America and Japan. You will be caught in mid-Pacific. You will never reach America." But I was determined. They painted the lonely lives of immigrants in a strange land. They cried on my shoulders and embraced me. "I have bought my ticket and my things are packed. I am going," I said.

For thirty days and nights the village people invited me to their houses, and I was dined and feted. It was hard not to change my mind and put off the trip. They came to see me off at the station. They waved their hands cheerfully though their eyes were sad. But my spirits were not dampened. I was looking ahead, thinking of your grandpa and San Francisco.

My brother went with me to Kobe, and not until the boat was pulling away from the pier did I feel a pain in my breast. Yes, I cried. The first night I could not sleep. I kept hearing my friends' words: "Hurry back. We will be waiting. Remember us....Best of health to you." The boat began to toss and we could not go up on deck. I grew seasick. What kind of a boat? Tiny, though at that time we thought it was big. The liners of today are three and four times as large.... Yes, your grandm is old. She is of the first generation. You children are of the third....

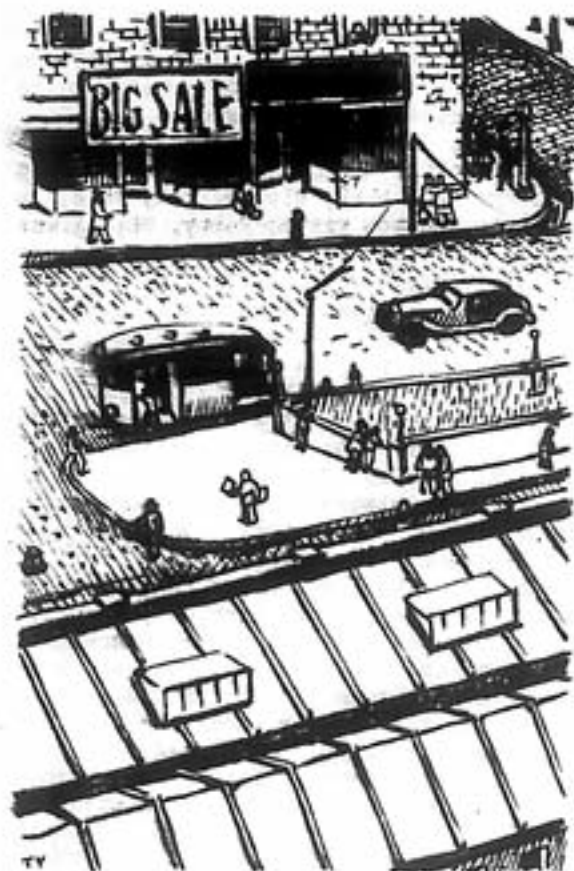
The sea was rough and I was sick almost all the way. There were others in the room just as ill. I couldn't touch the food. I began to have crazy thoughts. Why was I going to America? Why had I been foolish enough to leave my village? For days I could not lift my head. Turn back? Did the ship turn back for me? No, child. A steamer never turns back for an individual. Not for death or birth or storm. No more does life.

Now your grandm is old. She will die some day just like your grandpa. Yes, child, I know, you love me. But when I pass away and the days roll by, you will find that life goes on. How do I know? Just this morning Annabelle lost a quarter somewhere on the street. Her mam told her not to hold it in her hands but



put it in her purse. No, she wanted her way and lost it. That is experience, child. That is how I know. I lost grandpa. I lost my boy, I lost my mother and father. Long ago I lost my friends in Japan....Here, I am rambling....

When the boat finally passed the Golden Gate, I had my first glimpse of San Francisco. I was on deck for hours, waiting for the golden city of dreams. I stood there with the other immigrants, chatting nervously and excitedly. First we saw only a thin shoreline. "America! America! We're in America!" someone cried. Others took up the cry, and presently the deck was full of eager faces. Finally we began to see the dirty brown hills and the houses that jutted out of the ground. This was different from what I had dreamed, and I was speechless. I had expected to see the green hills of Japan and the low sloping houses duplicated here. No, child, it wasn't disappointment exactly, but I had a lump in



my throat. "This is San Francisco. My San Francisco," I murmured to myself.

What was I wearing, Annabelle? My best kimono, a beautiful thing. But do you know what your grandpa did when he saw me come off the boat? He looked at it and shook his head. He hauled me around as if he were ashamed of me. I could not understand.

"Never wear this thing again," he told me that night.

"Why?" I demanded. "It is a beautiful kimono."

"You look like a foreigner," he said. "You must dress like an American. You belong here."

He gave me a dress, a coat, a hat, stockings, and shoes, my first American clothes. I stopped dozens of times in front of the mirror to see how I looked. Yes, I remember the big hats they used to wear then, and the long skirts that dusted the dirt off the streets. Some day I shall go up to the attic of our

Oakland home and bring down the old album and show you the pictures of those old days.

I cannot find the street now where your grandpa and I lived that first year but it is somewhere in San Francisco. We had a small empty house and no money. We spread our blankets on the floor and slept. We used big boxes for tables and small ones for chairs. The city of my dreams began to frighten me. Rocks were thrown at the house and the windows smashed to bits. Loud cries and laughter followed each attack, and I covered in the corner waiting for the end.

"Oh, why did I come? Whatever did we come for?" I asked your grandpa.

He only looked at me. "Just a little more time....a little more time," his eyes seemed to say.

I could not refuse. But we moved out of San Francisco. We came across the Bay, and after much saving your grandpa bought a bathhouse in Oakland. And that was where your daddy was born. We lived in the rear, and for four years it was our home. Ah, the year your daddy was born! That was when for the first time I began to feel at home.

It was on account of a little neighbor, the white American wife of a Japanese acrobat. They were touring the country as headliners but had settled down in Oakland for some reason. They lived next door with their adopted Japanese children. "Mich-chan, Taka-chan! Come home! Mich-chan, Taka-chan!" Her cries used to ring across the yard like a cooress.

The Japanese acrobat came often. "Please come and talk with my American wife. She is lonely and has no friend here," he told me.

I shook my head ashamedly. "I am lonely, too, but I cannot speak English. When your American wife starts talking, I am in trouble," I explained.

Then he would laugh and scold me. "Talk? You don't have to talk. My wife will understand. Please do not be afraid."

One day the American lady came, and we had tea. We drank silently and smiled. All the time I was hoping she would not begin talking. She liked my tea and cakes, I could tell. She talked of sim-

ple things so that I would grasp a little of it. She would pick up her teacup and ask, "Satsuma? Satsuma, Japan?"

I would nod eagerly. "Yes, Satsuma."

She came often. Every time we sat silently, sipped tea, and smiled. Every once in awhile her Japanese husband



came and thanked me. "She is happy. She has a friend."

"I do not speak to her. I cannot express myself," I told him.

"No, no. She understands. You do not have to talk," he said.

Ah, I can never forget her. She knitted baby clothes for your daddy. "I think it will be a girl," she said. But it was your daddy. I cried when she had to go away again. Yes, it was long ago. All your uncles and aunts came afterwards: Mamoru, Yuri, Willie, Mary Ann, Yoshio and Betty.

Yes, time is your friend in America, children. See, my face and hands are wrinkled, my hair gray. My teeth are gone, my figure is bent. These are of America. I still cannot speak English too well, but I live among all kinds of people and come and go like the seasons, the bees, and the flowers. Ah, San Francisco, my dream city. My San Francisco is everywhere. I like the dirty brown hills, the black soil and the sandy beaches. I like the tall buildings, the bridges, the parks and the roar of city traffic. They are of me and I feel like

humming.

You don't understand, Johnny? Ah, you are young. You will. Your grandma wants to be buried here in America. Yes, little ones. Once I had a brother and a sister in Japan. Long ago they wrote me a letter. Come back, sister, they said. We want to see you again. Hurry. Oh, it was long before you were born. But I did not return. I never saw them again. Now they are dead. I stayed in America; I belong here.

Now I do not ask myself: why did I come? The fog has lifted. Yes, Annabelle and Johnny, we are at war. I do not forget the fact. How can I ever forget? My mother country and my adopted land at war! Incredulous! After all these years when men of peace got along together. Your grandma sometimes cries in the night when her eyes open. No, not for herself. She is thinking of your Uncle Mamoru in the U.S. Infantry "somewhere" overseas and his comrades, and the people going through hardships and sufferings. In time of war, weak men fall and the strong triumph.

You will learn, little ones, that life is harsh at times. War is painful. If there were no war we would not be in a relocation center. We would be back in our house on Market Street, hanging out our wash on the clothesline and watering our flower garden. You would be attending school with your neighborhood friends. Ah, war is terrifying. It upsets personal life and hopes. But war has its good points too.

In what way, Johnny? Well, you learn your lessons quickly during wartimes. You become positive. You cannot sit on the fence, you must choose sides. War has given your grandma an opportunity to find where her heart lay. To her surprise her choice had been made long ago, and no war will sway her a bit. For grandma the sky is clear. The sun is shining.

But I am old. This is where you come in. Children, you must grow big and useful. This is your world....

Now run along to bed like a good boy and girl. Sleep and rise early. Tomorrow is coming, children.

--Toshio Mori



ESCALANTE IN MILLARD COUNTY

(Editor's note: In the last issue of TREK, Frank Beckwith Sr., publisher of the Millard County Chronicle, described some of the topographical features of the Pahvant Valley, in which Topaz is located. In the present article, he relates a colorful episode in the historical background of this area, the first recorded entry of a white man into Millard County, over a century and a half ago.)

The first white person of whose entry into Millard County a written record exists was Father Escalante, a Roman Catholic priest of Santa Fe, New Mexico, who traversed this area in the fall of 1776, 167 years ago. It is highly probable that before his entry, Spanish raiders visited this and contiguous territory for trade, as well as for the purpose of capturing "Yuta" men and women and selling them as slaves in the settled areas of California and New Mexico, a profitable business. But of them, we have no written record. (The practice of slave trading, incidentally, existed down to the time of Brigham Young, who put a stop to it.)

The purpose of Escalante's visit here was to find a more northern route from the mission fields of New Mexico to Monterey, California, where other missions were then already established. The direct route from Santa Fe to California was in the summer almost unbearably hot and fraught with much danger because of the scarcity of water. If a more northerly route could be found feasible, it

would provide cool passage in hot weather, facilitate communication and favor trade. Also, and more important to Escalante, he could report to his sovereigns in Spain where missions might be established in this new territory and his labor of saving the souls of the pagan Indians be expanded.

Although the party was under the leadership of one Dominquez, the historian and writer, Escalante, "stole the show," and his diary and accompanying map again proved the pen mightier than the sword. The journey itself has ever since been identified with the subordinate in command, the peaceful Catholic padre.

As the scope of this article is more or less limited to Escalante's travels in Millard County proper, his journey before reaching this area will be passed over with just a brief mention of a circumstance attending the earlier portion of his trek. It should be pointed out that the pre-historic Indians were (as their successors are today) great visitors; they thought nothing of going several hundred miles to visit friends, living off the country as they went. So Escalante notes that fairly early in his trail from Santa Fe, in what is now the state of Colorado, he encountered "Yutas"--Indians on a visit from what is now Utah to distant friends.

He found them friendly, and through an interpreter, he secured the services of a guide who was to conduct his party to a feasible crossing of the turbulent Green River and lead Escalante to what

is now Utah Lake and Provo. (The word "Yuta" is from the Ute Indian language, denoting "ingwi," or "the people"--specifically the Ute Indians, who lived relatively further north, or "higher up" than Santa Fe. Hence, in text books, the word is now used to denote "high, high up mountain tribes.")

This fondness of the Indians for distant visiting, resulting in their acquisition of topographical knowledge of the whole area, must be firmly kept in mind; for without the aid of their guidance, Escalante's journey would have been immeasurably more difficult.

At Provo, he found the aborigines very cordial and hospitable, acquiring there two additional guides to take him through the southerly portion of his route, since they knew the way later called the "Old Spanish Trail," which led almost directly to what is now Los Angeles. Escalante remained with the Indians at Provo for a while, giving gifts and preaching to them.

He then continued his journey, passing through what is now Nephi and entering Millard County near the present crossing of the Sevier, a trifle further down the river, where it was easily forded. He entered Round Valley, passed through what is now the town of Scipio and up Scipio Pass, where the spot is now marked by a cement monument on U.S. Highway 91. He continued south to about where Holden is, or possibly a short distance below it, where he camped overnight. He next back-trailed to about Church Springs and then cut abruptly westward, making a large loop around what is now the Desert area and camping twice overnight before he passed between Pahvant Butte and Clear Lake.

MAP AND DIARY

To digress a moment: Escalante wrote a day-by-day journal, his famous Diario (diary). Supplementing this, his cartographer, Don Miera, carefully noted the topography of the country traversed and made a map. The diary and map were sent to the King of Spain as Escalante's report. The map, dated January 3, 1777, lay for years in the Department of Maps and Archaeology in Madrid, Spain. Later, a copy was sent to Washington, D.C., and

the present writer secured a photostatic copy of it in enlarged size from the Librarian of Congress. Data for the map which accompanies this article, showing Escalante's route in Millard County, were taken from this photostatic copy. (Escalante's diary, translated by Dean Harris, appears in the volume, "The Catholic Church in Utah.")

Escalante's latitude is very accurate, correct to within a fraction of a degree, having been calculated by the simple method of measuring the height of Polaris. His longitude, however, is somewhat inaccurate. By error, Miera shows that the Sevier River is a continuation of the Green River, which they crossed near Jansen, Utah. Escalante makes a note that in his opinion this cannot be, since the river in question, if it were a continuation of the other, should be larger, being further along and augmented in its course, whereas in actual fact it was smaller. This is practically the only major error in the Escalante map, and that is corrected by his note.

ACROSS MILLARD COUNTY

To continue with Escalante's party across Millard County: Shortly after leaving Church Springs, the party met some "bearded Indians." This is notable, since beards on Indians are extremely uncommon. Then, running short of water, the group sent two men ahead to seek some. The latter met some Indians, natives, who, learning the want of the travelers, returned to their teepees and brought a supply of water for the party.

This incident is particularly mentioned here to show that at the time of white men's earliest entry into this area, aborigines were found living either in teepees or the more substantial wickiups ("khaneva" is the Ute word for house), indicating that the area of the Pahvant Valley, including Topaz, was occupied by nomads and semi-settled families. Any resident of Topaz who will diligently search around the outskirts of the center should find arrowheads, pottery sherds and other artifacts of that pre-historic Indian occupation. The writer has many, several of which were found on the very land on which Topaz is located.

ESCALANTE'S JOURNEY



JUAB

NEPHI

MILLARD
TOMAZ

ABRAHAM
HINKLEY

DELTA

Reservoir

DESERET

CANYON
OF
THE
GREAT
SALT
LAKE

Sevier Bridge
Reservoir

Scipio Pass

SCIPIO

VALLE
SOLADO

Robvant
Butte

HOLDEN

Clear Lake

Sevier Lake

SEVIER

SOLAD
FILLMORE

LAGUNE
DEMIERA

CREEK
MOUNTAIN

BLACK ROCK

PARK
MOUNTAIN

BEAVER

LEGEND

ROUTE —
CAMPS X



To continue with Escalante, his diary records that he crossed what we call Mud Lake. One of his men broke through the slight crust and sank below his knees. When, after much difficulty, he regained terra firma, he was a sorry-looking mess, covered with mud from head to toe. And Escalante says that this produced much merriment at the expense of the unfortunate victim.

A question may be raised as to why Escalante back-trailed from about Helden and headed west. The answer is that he went to visit the large lake which he named Laguna de Mi-
era, in honor of his cartographer. That lake is now known as Sevier Lake.

At that time, no water being used for irrigation, the Sovier River was full and Clear Lake was also at its extreme height. Escalante shows Clear Lake and Sevier Lake as one, connected by a narrow neck. This was probably not actually the case at the time of his visit; but the plays lakes were full, and from the extreme flatness of the terrain and the added deception of mirages, he was easily led into thinking that the two separate bodies of water were one.

'VALLE SOLADO'

On his map and also in his diary, Escalante calls Pahvant Valley, "Valle Solado," Spanish for "Valley of Salt," an extremely apt designation, for today we call this area the "Big Alkali Flat." Both names indicate an area highly mineralized. He also notes a stream, River Solado, coming from about Fillmore and meeting Clear Lake. This stream has long since been non-existent.

After passing between Pahvant Butte and Clear Lake, he encountered Beaver Creek, which used to flow within the memory of men still living, although now dry because of the impounding of Beaver

Creek waters in the Minersville storage reservoir. His next stop overnight was at the site of the Walter James farm near Black Rock, where there is an excellent spring and ancient Indian petroglyphs on the rocks around it. He then followed Beaver Creek up to approximately

where Milford is and thus passed out of Millard County.

The last day of his sojourn in Millard County was apprehensive. At unpeaking time, one of the helpers remained fidgeting with an unruly pack on a beast and failed to respond to the call for matins. Another Spaniard, angry at this lapse of religious fervor, flew off the handle and a bitter quarrel ensued, involving much threatening language. The

older of the two Indian guides became frightened, thought a killing was brewing and deserted.

The next morning, the remaining guide, fearful of being alone with the quarrelsome crew, also "hit the back trail" and vanished. Escalante was left without a guide, far from home and with the tops of the mountains beginning to don their "tushar" caps (Ute for "white," the white of falling snow.) With winter coming on apace, lots were cast to determine whether to go on or return home. The latter course won out, and so began Escalante's dangerous wanderings to find a crossing of the great Colorado River to get home.

One final word. At another stage of his lengthy peregrinations, when he was at the confluence of the Animas River near Aztec in what is now New Mexico, Escalante wrote: "The fields of the two rivers are capable of taking care of a very proud race." But of Pahvant Valley, he jotted down only, "Valle Solado." The implications of that single bald notation are plain.

--Frank Beckwith Sr.

IN TOPAZ

Can this hard earth break wide
The stiff stillness of snow
And yield me promise that
This is not always so?

Surely, the warmth of sun
Can pierce the earth ice-bound,
Until grass comes to life
Outwitting barren ground!

--Toyo Suyemote

OF RICE AND MIEN

SHAH HOUSE MURDER CASE.



The Saint, as usual, lay on his back on the meshi-hole table. He did not say anything. He seldom said anything when he was on the table, except in his sleep. And he was not asleep now.

Blue-black smoke was issuing from his nostrils as from a pair of smokestacks. He was puffing on his Regis.

I contemplated him.

It is good to contemplate something. The Hindoo saints contemplated their navels as they sat in meditation. I contemplated my friend and collaborator whom the public has now learned to call "The Saint" because of his uncanny, almost superhuman power of deduction. And the Saint on his part seemed to be contemplating the smudge-soiled sheetrock which made up the ceiling.

The Saint had a figure which could only be described as extraordinary, especially when he was lying on the table. His head had the tendency of caving in through the masonite table-top so that his nose alone was conspicuous on his silhouette.

This part of his anatomy reminded one of the Topaz hospital smokestack which, for unexplained reasons, had red squares painted near the upper end. The Saint's smokestack had, for undisclosed reasons, red splotches instead of squares.

More remarkable than his smokestack, however, was his abdomen. This was a veritable mountain range extending from north to south and was called the Continental Divide. It was like a series of dormant volcanoes which rumbled and puffed and exploded now and then, creating craters where the buttons burst.

Suddenly the Saint elicited a sound.

"My dear Moto," said he, without turning his head toward me. "Did my Regis smoke up the ceiling thus?"

I was about to answer. My intention, however, was interrupted by the shrill cry of a woman in the distance, followed a few minutes later by the sound of heavy shuffling feet on the concrete floor.

"Excuse preeze," said the proprietor of the feet. I looked up to find the terror-stricken face of a policeman. "Excuse preeze, Saint Son," he said, his voice strained and shaky. "A body! A body in the Shah House! Preeze come."

"A body?" said my friend in Evacuese, still dreamily contemplating the ceiling. "Gin a body meets a body comin' s-roo ze rye..."

"Zat's right, Saint Son," said the newcomer excitedly. "How jew know? There was rice comin' s-roo ze body."

This was an astonishing announcement. I could imagine rye coming through the body or vice versa, but rice! The announcement so astonished my friend that he sat up, and as he sat up one of the peaks in the Continental Divide exploded, strewing a vest button all over the floor.

"You mean rye comin' s-roo ze body, don't you?" The Saint asked to make sure, suspiciously eyeing the newcomer's blue

armband on which were sewed the words, "Safety Warden."

"No, Saint Son, rice. L-I-C-E, rice."

"Oh," said the Saint with a meditative gaze upon the other's ashen face. Then, throwing his Regis on the floor: "To the Shah House, Moto!"

The moon was full that night. At least, so the almanac said. But there was a low-hanging mist over the earth, and it was frozen, and the moon, with its pale-blue fingers, was trying to pierce through the icy blanket in a vain attempt to justify the astronomers.

We cut through it somehow, however, the three of us--the Saint, the Warden and I. When we rounded the corner of the

mashi-hole, the Warden stopped suddenly.

"Saint Son," he whispered timidly, tugging at my friend's elbow. "Excuse prooze, but kindly go in zere by yourself. Mee Son not Saint Son, cannot go in ze women's Shah House."

The Saint shrugged his shoulders, glanced at the Warden contemptuously and walked in.

"Where is zis body?" he asked in a loud voice as he came back out to the door a minute later. "Zere is no body in zere."

"Thank heavens," I said.

"But it was zere, Saint Son," the Warden protested incredulously. "Right zere by ze first bas-tabu."



"You mean inside ze partition where ze bathtubs are?"

"Yes, Saint Son, it was zere aw-rye. It rooked rike a wooman. But maybe it was a man. It was about twenty-fibe, or anywhere between foeteen and footy."

"All I could find was a pile of white substance," the Saint spoke now in his Oxfordian. "It looked goocoy and had the shape of a football."

The Warden gasped. "Ze body is mess- ing!" he cried, and added, after a sec- ond's thought: "Ze rice! Ze rice! Zat mus be ze rice! I tol jow rice was com- in' s-roo ze body!"

"Brilliant, officer. A remarkable ex- ample of criminological deduction. But, tell me, what part of the body?"

"Ze fothead, Saint Son. Zere was a hole in ze fothead and rice was comin' out of zat hole."

The Saint contemplated for a moment. Then with a casual gesture: "All right, my friend, you may now return to your duty. Home, my dear Moto. We must now indulge in a little research on the sub- ject of L-I-C-E, rice."

In his Obsidian Avenue apartment, I sat sipping his G-I coffee while he fum- bled in his suitcases and finally brought out a folder marked "R" and an article he called L-Y-E, rye.

"Here they are, my dear fellow. I have a complete file on the subject and just two glasses," he said, seating him- self comfortably on his cot. "Since our companion of a minute ago has utterly failed to produce the corpus delicti, we must now contemplate the only evidence we have been able to procure."

"You mean the pile of white sub- stance?"

"Naturally, my dear fellow," he said reassuringly and produced from the in- side pocket of his coat a small envel- ope. "Here," he went on, "we have a sam- ple of the substance. As the Warden told us there is no question of its being rice. The microscope, furthermore, will disclose the origin of the grain."

"The microscope?"

"Yes, my dear Moto. It will show its exmet dimensions." And the Saint pro- duced from another pocket a microscope. "Look at it, Moto. The average size

of each of the grains under examination is approximately 1.345 x 3.7 mm. Now look in the folder and see what the Bureau of Standards prescribes."

I found the prescription immediately. "1 x 2 mm.," I told my friend.

"Good. Now, which block in Topaz has the squattiest residents?"

"Every block," I replied.

"Right-ho. Which block has the tallest residents?"

"The tallest?" I said uncertainly. "Nowhere, except Block 2, perhaps. But they are Caucasians."

"That is quite all right. We all hail from Caucasus in one way or another. Now, if Block 2 has the tallest persons, thon, my dear fellow, this rice origina- tes in their meshi-holo."

I felt dizzy and bewildered. The do- duction seemed too fantastic. Yet in all my twenty-odd years of collaboration with the Saint, had he ever been wrong once?--I waited for him to explain.

"To alleviate the pains of your be- wilderment," he said with a broad smile, "let us take a further peek into the re- port."

"According to Monograph on Race and Rice prepared by the Rice Institute," I read on, "long rice tends to make its eater long in stature as well as in pay- ment. On the other hand, round rice makes him round and squatty regardless of how it is consumed."

"There, my dear fellow, is the an- swer," said the Saint with a twinkle in his eyes. "Block 2 has long people. This rice is of the longer variety. Ergo, it comes from Block 2."

"Ergo," I put in brightly, "the miss- ing body comes from Block 2. It is a tall Caucasian girl between fourteen and forty, or exactly twenty-seven, and..."

"Now, my dear Moto," interrupted the Saint, "not so fast. There is that pos- sibility, of course. Or even a probabi- lity. But that, my friend, is too sim- ple. If the solution were so simple, how could this be a mystery novel?"

I turned my eyes away from my friend in embarrassment. He had often chided me for my habit of jumping at conclusions. I had committed the same mistake once again.

"I am sorry," I apologized; "I've

done it again."

But the Saint was not listening. He had gotten up from his cot, and had put on his 'Inverness' and hunting cap.

"Field work, my dear Moto. We are going to Block 2."

I cannot now recall what route we took, or how many Shah Houses we visited, but I do know we ran into every one of them to warn ourselves and that it was nearly five in the morning when we reached our destination, for the kitchen staff was already preparing breakfast.

"Cook Son," the Saint addressed the kitchin-bo'. "Mebbe you can tell me something about a strange woman who ate here last night."

"Talk English, will you?" said the other, much to our surprise. "Yeah, I had a stranger come in last night. I don't think she was all there, thought. Ran in here a few minutes before supper and said something about volunteering in the rice combat battalion."

"Rice combat battalion?"

"That's right. Then she said she'd been running all over the place since after lunch."

"Did she say where she lived?"

"Lemme see. Oh, yeah, she said she lived at 7 Rizmania, or something like that. Where is it?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But tell us more about this lady."

"Now, lemme see. Oh, yeah, she asked for something good to eat. Something real good, she said, 'cause she was starved to death."

"Starved to death?"

"Yeah, that's exactly what she said."

"Hm," the Saint said thoughtfully.

"What did you do then?"

"Gave her fried rice and chow-men."

"I see. And?"

"She grabbed hold of the dish and rushed right out of the side-door so fast I couldn't even tell her to bring



back the plate."

"The mystery has been practically solved, my dear fellow," said the Saint when we were outside. "Let us hurry to find the corpus delicti."

"Find the corpse? Where?" I asked in amazement.

"Block 7, of course; 7 Rizmania was what she said."

So this was the victim of the outlandish crime! Who?

As I expected, the Saint proceeded to explain:

"Now, my dear Moto. Here is the complete story. This woman was under the illusion that her diet consisted only of rice. The illusion became a conviction when she found a large pimple on her forehead. She imagined that she was living in the kingdom of Rizmania. In her frustration, she went to the only meshi-hole which she thought was a rice-less, if not a price-less, kitchen. But when she was given fried rice and chow-men, ordinarily a perfectly good combination, she went finally and completely mad. She snatched the dish from the cook, ran back to her block, and on her way home entered the Shah House where she

could dispose of the contents of the dish. At this point, she fainted. That is how our friend the Warden discovered her and shouted murder. When I went in, however, she had regained consciousness and gone home."

We now came to Block 7. The day was slowly breaking. In the orange hues radiating from the eastern sky, our eyes beheld a strange figure in black, coming from the direction of the hospital. It was a woman, but she was not really walking in the sense that humans walk. Her movements were mechanical and lifeless.

"A zombie!" I gasped.

"That's the woman," said the Saint. "A lifeless woman, returning from the graveyard shift, starved to death by fried rice and chow-men."

--Globularius Schraubli

ADULT EDUCATION

One result of America's entry into the war has been the establishment of many new types of schools and classes. There are welding, riveting, machine tooling, nutrition, chemistry, engineering, drafting, mechanical drawing, first aid, nurse's aide, air raid precautions, child care, and many other classes, each with a group of students who are usually strangers to the subject which they are studying.

The Japanese of the West Coast of the United States and their citizen children have thus far been rather out of the usual war effort. Their contribution has been different from other residents of the United States. One aspect of the war, however, which is the same to these evacuated people as to those living outside of relocation centers, has been the picture of people going to schools and classes they never expected to attend.

The Adult Education Section of Topaz has grown into a complex and comprehensive organization. Some parts of it had their beginnings in the Tanforan Assembly Center. The Music, Art and Basic English schools of Topaz were transferred almost bodily from Tanforan. Other schools have been added here as the need for them has arisen.

The set-up of the whole thing is a series of schools which are integrated into one under the administrative direction of one person, Dr. Laverne Bane, who is responsible in turn to the superintendent of education. The various schools, Basic English, Music, Art, Sewing and Needlecraft, Non-English Speaking, Vocational and In-Service Training, and Academic, each has its own supervisor who works under Dr. Bane.

The Basic English School is one of the most interesting of the various schools. The pupils range in age from 15 to 79 and the scenes in the classrooms must be similar to the ones in Turkey when it changed its alphabet, or in Ken-

tucky areas when whole regions, from granddaughter to grandmother, started to go to school.

Why do people attend these classes? The answers are as varied as the people who come. Some are ashamed of speaking brokenly and want to learn to say things correctly. Others want to write letters to former employers, to former neighbors, to sons in the army, to daughters who have left relocation centers. There are those who want to learn to read the newspapers and magazines and to listen to the radio programs. They feel that their life will become richer in that way. Among the younger students are kibe, those Americans who have returned from Japan. They want to learn English, the language of their country so that they may become useful citizens.

The attitudes of the students are also varied. A few are embarrassed because they have been in America so long and yet have not learned their country's tongue. Most are eager and grateful for this opportunity to study. All are extremely courteous, particularly the issei. Ingrained with the old Japanese training of respect toward a teacher, respect which is symbolized in an old proverb which cautions one to walk three feet behind a teacher so that one does not even walk upon the teacher's shadow, they often embarrass a young nisei teacher with their beautiful manners. As one young woman puts it, "It's rather awkward to be greeted in the washroom with a very deep bow when one has one's hair in curlers and has just finished rubbing in cold cream on one's face."

The method used is the direct one. There is no painful word for word translation from English to Japanese or vice-versa. Instead, whole phrases and related vocabularies are taught at one time. The whole motif is practical. The teachers have found that some of their pupils know a surprising number of words but don't know how to use them or write them

down since they've only heard the words. So, much time is spent in practicing sounds and in using the words they know.

The school has been experiencing difficulty in getting text-books. Children's books in the grades suited to the classes are usually immature and unsuited to adult minds. A partial solution has been found by careful selection of materials such as the history of the founding of Utah, the origin of holidays, the Topaz Times and the city's constitution. The advanced classes have been able to use Life and Reader's Digest with some success.

The school feels that its purpose will have been accomplished if its students become able to handle every day conversation and instructions in English. And in attaining this end, they will have gained in some measure, the long-term goal of preparation for resettlement which is set up by the Adult Education Department.

One school which had its inception in Tanforen, is the Music School. While this cannot be called an adult school as over half of its 600 students are under

18 years of age, it comes under the general directive policies of the Adult Education Section. The school is a supplement to the High School and the Elementary School music program, as well as being an adult institution.

The youngsters come here to take the well-known piano, voice, violin, and other music lessons. Though the students come to the centralized school, instead of going to various teachers scattered over the city, they find just as many excuses to skip lessons now and then as they did on the outside.

Utai, an old Japanese song medium is taught by the Music School. These are songs which accompany the ancient Noh dramas. While the idea of dramatic song is the same as Grand Opera, the sounds are strange indeed mingled with the strains of Beethoven and Bach.

The Music School has its practical as well as cultural aspect because the teachers are getting marvelous preparation for the outside and many of its students will be qualified to teach when they are relocated.

Women who have always been busy keep-



ing house and looking after their children, are now limited to one room and to eating in Dining Halls. They can now send their offspring to school when they are two and a half years old and find that they have more leisure-time than ever before. These women are the chief enrollees in the Sewing and Needlecraft School. Classes are held in English and Japanese, in the daytime as well as evening to accommodate everyone. Paper pattern drafting, cutting, tailoring, embroidery, trimming details such as braid and trapunto work, tatting, knitting, and crocheting are taught.

Attention is also paid to the most valuable work of remaking and preserving old clothes to make them last longer. The school held its first exhibit and some of the work being produced is truly exquisite and finished.

Similar to the Music School as far as administration and the age of its pupils are concerned, the Topaz Art School is a carry-over of the Tanforan Art School. Included in its curriculum are such subjects as clay modeling, composition, drawing, painting, sculptor and sketching.

Flower Arrangement classes and Artificial Flower Making are also incorporated in the Art School. With the dearth of fresh flowers in camp, it looks as if the two courses will be combined in the near future. The ingenuity of the teachers has been coming to the fore in the clever use of weeds and rocks and pebbles which are found in this area.

The school has been the first to indulge in a commercial enterprise in order to earn money for supplies. They made and sold lovely Christmas and New Year cards. In the future, perhaps they may develop a cooperative industrial art group among the students of their flower making and fly-tying classes.

There is a series of courses conducted in Japanese for the benefit of the non-English speaking. At first people were reluctant to attend these classes because they felt that perhaps in going to lectures in Japanese, they would be viewed with suspicion. But the interest aroused by the first lectures plus the

assurance that no censure would follow attendance, resulted in enrollment of more and more people.

To further the WRA policy of relocation, lectures are given on the geography of areas to which people might be resettled. Usually, a former native resident of that area is the lecturer and added testimony is invited from residents who might have lived there at one time or another. The honesty of these testimonials is sometimes a detriment because descriptions of drought or heavy snow are not encouraging.

First aid classes are conducted in Japanese by a regular Red Cross instructor. Certificates are issued on completion of these courses. These classes are particularly helpful to those older safety wardens and fire inspectors whose command of English is limited.

Surprisingly enough, there are many issei who attend the Mathematics classes which are given in Japanese. Algebra, arithmetic and plane geometry are offered. The people taking the courses seem to like them as mental exercise just like working out crossword puzzles or playing a good game of checkers.

Every night during the week, people come to hear talks on American Foreign Policy and World Affairs, American History, Common American Law, and Forums on Current Events. These comprise the Americanization section of the Adult Education Department.

Added to the above lectures are nights of listening to occidental classical and popular records, a weekly supplement to the Topaz Times which include sections on customs and manners, and an occasional marionette show or movies. At first the occidental music which was strange to most of the listeners was completely unintelligible to them. But there were some records which they particularly enjoyed. Ballad for Americans, sung by Paul Robeson was one of these. One man said afterwards that he couldn't understand the words but he felt America in the surge of the music and the power of Robeson's singing. Another record which was received with great favor was Moussorgsky's Night on Bare Mountain. The legend behind the composition was explained and almost everyone there was

moved by the wild beauty of the music.

There usually is a large audience on current events night; with a surprising number of women in the group. It is a chance for everyone who misses the vernacular papers to catch up on what is happening in the world today. The discussion which follows each topic is orderly and perspicacious. One can't help but be impressed by the political awareness of some of the people present.

The school which most resembles the adult classes on the outside, is the one which offers Vocational and In-Service Training. The theory of these classes is to give an elementary course of 6 weeks or so on any subject which is desired. After the course is given, the students are given practical training in these subjects as apprentices. Then as the regular workers in certain fields are drafted to go out and resettle, these apprentices take over the job until it is their turn to leave. The hope is to keep this process moving steadily along so that as people are given work on the outside, life inside the camp will proceed smoothly without a hiatus.

In the trades such as carpentry and plumbing, the apprentice is assigned to a supervisor. The supervisor may ask for apprentices when his labor reserves are running low. He is required to grade each apprentice in the things which are necessary for the apprentice to do before he can be a master of his trade.

Of course, there are some difficul-

ties in this program. There is the very great lack of materials and equipment due to the war. There is no opportunity for students to practice welding because the welding equipment is constantly tied up with repairs needed for camp. There are no typewriters for the schools. Future stenographers who leave camp will be competent in taking shorthand but will have to have basic training in type-writing before they can get jobs. Those in auto mechanics or radio repairing classes cannot get spare parts.

One field in which this system is working well is the agricultural. Most of the residents of Topaz are from the urban communities. If they did come from farms, the farms were usually devoted to flowers or truck-crops or some specialized form of agriculture. Here men are being trained in the type of farming which is necessary for them to know if they are to make any sort of contribution to the food for victory campaign. Hardly anyone at the hog-farm or cattle-ranch knew anything about hogs or cattle but they are doing a good job of raising live-stock.

No Adult Education Department is complete without a few academic courses and the department in Topaz is no exception. Courses from cooperatives to phonetics are offered with varied enrollment. These courses are attended as a whole, by a small number of young adults who are in the out of high school-into college group.

Many things have happened to the 100,000 Japanese and Americans of Japanese ancestry since the war began. The adults among us were formerly educated in such a way that our lives were set in a constant limited pattern. The war has changed all that. The one good result which may come through evacuation might be having its beginnings in the Adult Education program. It is attempting to prepare us in new ways of life so that we can take our place in the American scene with all other residents of America when we go out of the relocation centers.

THE VOLUNTEER

Were it not better thus to die,
While blood is warm with high endeavor
And mind and heart alike deny
The doubters and the cautious clever,

Then, skeptic, cling to life and know
The years whose gnawing rodent teeth
May eat through craven flesh and show
The bone of vain regret beneath?

--Taro Katayama

--Marii Kyogoku

THE DANCE THEY SAVED FOR JOHN

With his eraser, John Kato rubbed a dark smudge on the collar of his one new shirt. He blew the crumbs away and inspected the collar under his desk lamp.

"It's coming off, Bill," he said.

His roommate, Bill Johnson, was tilted back in his chair, thoughtfully scratching his head with a slide-rule while studying a Petty anatomy on the wall.

"You're taking a hell of a lot of trouble," he said, turning to John. "What happened? You find yourself a girl?"

"Nope. Just thought I'd drop down to the dance."

"I thought you said you couldn't dance."

"I don't...not very well. Just going down to watch, mostly, I guess. You ought to come along, Bill."

"Not with a mid-term coming up Monday. How come you guys in Commerce never seem to have any homework?"

"Maybe because we finish it instead of staring at Petty pictures all evening. What's your exam in, Anatomy?"

"Can't a guy rest his eyes? I was sitting here trying to get up enough energy to make it to Wilde's room. He's got some problem sets I want to see." Bill got up from his desk and walked toward the door. "His room's 310 isn't it?"

"I don't know," John said. "It's somewhere on the third story."

"Thanks a hell of a lot," Bill said



as he went out the door.

Standing before the vertical mirror on the closet door, John adjusted his tie. The spot on the collar was barely visible: no one would notice it in the dim lights downstairs, he thought. He put on his sport coat after carefully brushing it off; then he walked to the wall mirror, a few feet to the right of the one on the closet door. It stretched across the section of the wall, which, when pulled down, formed the bottom of his bed. He studied his reflection and wished once more that his eyes were wi-

der and slanted less. He opened the closet door so that the mirror on it made an acute angle with the one in which he was staring. He looked at his profile and then tried a three-quarter. And he wondered again how he would look if his skin were a little lighter, and his chin stuck out a little bit more, and his lips, a little less. He combed his hair; most of it stayed in place, but on the sides it stood stiffly out from his head in spite of the pomade. Then he critically watched himself as he tested a couple of smiles--one, magnetic, warm; exuding personal charm; the other, cold, disdainful, heavy with the mystery of the Far East.

Satisfied with himself, he turned off the light and stepped into the hall. Music was coming up from the staircase at the far end. As he walked down the hall, John thought of how swell it was to be living in a student cooperative. He had made a lot of new friends--guys like Jorgensen, Johnson, Nunnally, Weinberg, Altvazian, Pareto, and a dozen others. He would enjoy his sophomore year a lot more than his first one at the University. As a freshman he had lived in a tiny attic room on the north side of the campus; in the winter the roof had leaked. No more of that for him, by god. No more slushing through the rain looking for a better room and getting the same answer from most of the landladies: "Sorry. Don't take in Japs." All that was over now. The sooner he forgot it the better.

John heard a clarinet taking up the solo in the music from downstairs. He walked faster. At the stairs, he almost ran into Bill Johnson coming down from the third floor.

"Judas! You look good, John," Bill said.

"To hell with you." John felt warm and excited. Bill was a swell guy.

John stood near the recording system and watched the dancers. It looked simple enough--very much like the step he had learned at dancing class in his high school gym. One and two and slide. One and two and slide. Easy.

Jorgensen, who lived across the hall from him, drifted by and winked at him.

John gave him a flip of the hand which he tried to make as careless and worldly as possible. God, but his girl was built; straight, beautiful legs, and breasts just made for a sweater. He watched Jorgensen and his partner disappear into the crowd of dancers.

The women all looked good to him, and he thought how nice it would be to dance with them, to hold them close and have them smile at him. He wanted to go out on the floor and ask a girl, "May I?" And maybe she would smile and nod, and then she would laugh a bit--beautifully--when he told her, "It's been a long time since I danced last. I don't know these steps too well." Then he would dance--one and two and slide, one and two and slide.

He moved closer to the recording apparatus. He stuck his hands in his coat pockets and hummed the melody coming out of the amplifier. He wished he had the guts to ask. But he knew already how he'd feel if she said no, or if she made some excuse about not wanting to dance just then. It would be like starting from scratch again--like going back to last winter when he was hiking around in the cold, looking for a better room.

John watched the technician change records. "Quite a crowd tonight," he said.

"Yeah." The technician was drawing the next disc from the envelope.

"Need any help? I could file some of the records you've already used back in the box."

"Naw. We'll use most of them again tonight."

"Oh. Thought I could help." He stood there waiting for Flamingo to finish. "All these girls go to the University?"

"Yeah...I guess so."

"They're kind of pretty."

The technician didn't seem to hear him. He bent over the amplifier, making adjustments. John moved away from the recording set to a darker part of the room. From his new position he could see both the entrance to the dining hall and the dancers. And he felt less conspicuous.

He recognized many of the fellows. They had often dropped into his room for poker games and bull sessions. So long



as it was drawing one to the ace-king-jack-ten or discussing the permanent chances of the Dodgers, he was on equal terms with them. But when they began comparing notes on the campus cows and talking about their dates, he had felt vaguely uneasy, as if he were a stranger eavesdropping. Often he had thought about Joan.

Joan was nuts about him. She was beautiful, sometimes resembling the brunette in the center of the Coco-Cola

ads, and sometimes the blonde to her right; at other times she was a ringer for the girl who switched to Ipana. But lately, more and more, Joan looked like Jinx Falkenburg, though, of course, not quite so tall.

She had come into his life one spring afternoon when he was in high school. She drove up in a yellow Packard convertible during lunch time while he was feeling lonely and out of place because all his Caucasian friends were talking

about a dinner dance to which he wasn't invited. She waved at him, and he got up and walked slowly across the lawn and stepped into the car. As the car pulled away from the curb, he had looked back, and he had seen his friends sitting in front of the lunch bungalow, watching him with their mouths open, each with a sandwich in his hand.

During the bull sessions in the last few weeks, when the conversation turned to women, John had remembered her again. He would answer the knock on the door, and she would be there. "Joan!" he would have a chance to say, before she threw her arms around him and kissed him in front of all the guys. And then he would give them all a K.D., and explain: "Joan is passing through on her way to Vassar. She got in this morning on the Clipper from Hawaii."

"Man, oh man, John, where'd you meet a swell-looking job like that?" the boys would ask after she had gone.

John would be matter-of-fact: "Knew her in Hawaii. I met her while life-guarding in Waikiki."

"You've been holding out on us. Hell, we didn't think you'd know a girl like that."

John watched his friends dance. He felt apart from them. It was not like this when he was playing poker or exchanging lecture notes or studying with them. He leaned against the wall and looked toward the entrance of the dining hall.

Joan came in, wearing a white and red combination that made the dresses of the other girls look like something picked up at a sorority raffle. She saw him right away. "John! I've been looking all over for you."

"It's swell to see you again," he said. "You're really beautiful tonight."

They danced. He tried a few intricate and difficult steps, and she followed him, gracefully, lightly.

John noticed that the crowd had stopped dancing and were watching them. His friends looked on enviously; they would cut in soon, the wolves...

He felt a tap on his shoulder. "Busy, John?"

John turned and saw Finston, the house manager, beside him. "No. Not very, I guess," he said. "Just watching...and thinking."

"Want to serve punch in the kitchen? We'll give you work-shift credit."

"Sure...sure, I'll be glad to."

They were still dancing when he went upstairs. He heard the music fading as he walked down the hall. There wasn't any more punch. He had scooped it out of a ten-gallon crock with a dipper and poured it into dixie cups. And, standing there in a white apron which nearly touched the floor, he had handed the drinks to the couples when they came in, flushed and excited, from the dance floor.

John opened the door to his room and switched on the light.

"Hey, shut it off!"

"Oh, Resting your eyes again, Bill?" John turned off the light. "Anything cooking?"

"Now, she just went into the other room."

"Pretty good show last night." He could see Bill's head silhouetted in the window.

"It wasn't bad. She pulled down the shades before it really got good though. It isn't 10:30 yet."

"Got her act kind of timed, haven't we?"

"Yeah. Dance any good?"

"Lousy." John took off his sport coat in the dark. "Nothing but bags down there. Never saw such a bunch of piano-logged bags."

He pulled a chair to the window. "Move over, Bill."

--Jim Yamada



Campus Report

Wellesley, Mass.

Go through the red tape of student relocation, then go to the nearest railroad station, and you're on your way to some midwestern or eastern college.

Most likely, you won't encounter any trouble from the other passengers on the train. They'll either ignore you or go out of their way to make you comfortable. That's been the experience of students who have already left assembly and relocation centers. I was one of the first to leave for college.

Only one person inquired of my race. She was a middle-aged woman who had once taught, so she told me, at some university in China. She praised the Chinese people and I agreed with her. She then intimated that it was a good thing the "dangerous Japanese" in this country were "interned," referring to the evacuation of issei and nisei into assembly and relocation centers.

Next, she queried, "What part of China did your parents come from?" When I replied that I was an American of Japanese descent, that I was on my way to Wellesley College, the alma mater of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, and that I was on a generous scholarship, she became even more pleasant towards me. A few weeks after I reached Wellesley, she sent me a nice traveling bag from Pittsburgh.

During the first few days you'll be invited by the college to teas and receptions. Before long you'll lose the awkwardness you might first feel at such doings after the months of abnormal life in evacuation centers. If any Caucasian church groups, such as the Quakers, had anything to do with your release from

the centers, you'll probably be invited to teas and dinners at the homes of friends of people that helped you get out to college. You won't remember all the persons you meet at the social affairs, but gradually you'll build up your own set of chums.

You can almost count on being invited to the home of one of your fellow students for some weekend or holiday. I

went to Connecticut to visit another student for the Christmas weekend. The train trip was dull and uneventful, except that an engine who happened to sit across from me in the diner offered me a big piece of cheese, which I politely refused since I don't care for

cheese. The visit with my friend's family was delightful. To be able to get a glimpse of a typically "Average American" family was quite something after months of living in barracks and dormitories.

Probably you'll be invited to join a Cosmopolitan club or some such "international" club on the campus. Aside from joining the "Cos" club, I haven't noticed that my being a "Jap" has made much difference on the campus itself.

Oh yes, I had one nasty "grilling." One student accused practically all the Japanese in this country of being in some way connected with the "sabotage and espionage network." I argued against the misconception in the best way I could, but didn't finish my spiel as I had to return to my dormitory before lockout time. Later I sent her a copy of the Pacific Citizen. She then acknowledge she had been wrong.

Several times I've been in Boston and the neighboring small towns. People



stare at me, but not so much as to make me feel uncomfortable. Often I hear them whisper to each other "...Chinese...Japanese...?" Only once did some one yell at me, and that was when a Boston drunkard shouted, "Oh, Chinis pliss." The only people that really stare and stare, although merely in curiosity, are other Orientals, mostly Chinese.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that those who have probably never seen a nisei before will get their impression of the nisei as a whole from the relocated students. It won't do you or your family and friends much good to dwell on what you consider injustices when you are questioned about evacuation. Rather, stress the contributions of these people to the nation's war effort. Mention the great number of nisei in the United States Army, the way the Manzanar Boy Scouts protected the American flag from a pro-Axis mob, how the evacuees are engaging in wartime agriculture, and you will do the Japanese in this country more good than talking about "discrimination."

Collego isn't exactly an escape to the Ivory Tower it might have been a year or so ago. Just as on the outside, you are conscious that a war is going on. There aren't so many men students as in bygone days. Some schools have closed entirely or refused new admissions so that the Army and Navy might use the campuses as training centers. You're asked not to use the dorm elevators or needlessly use up electricity in other ways. There are practice blackouts which have a neat habit of coming on the night before important exams. Officer procurement agents from the armed services will come to the campus, but you know you haven't much chance of being accepted. Nevertheless, you can always participate in the war effort by rolling bandages, smashing tin cans or helping the farmers out with their crops.

The going might be a little tough in getting used to the classes at another college, but you'll make ad-

justments by the end of a couple of weeks.

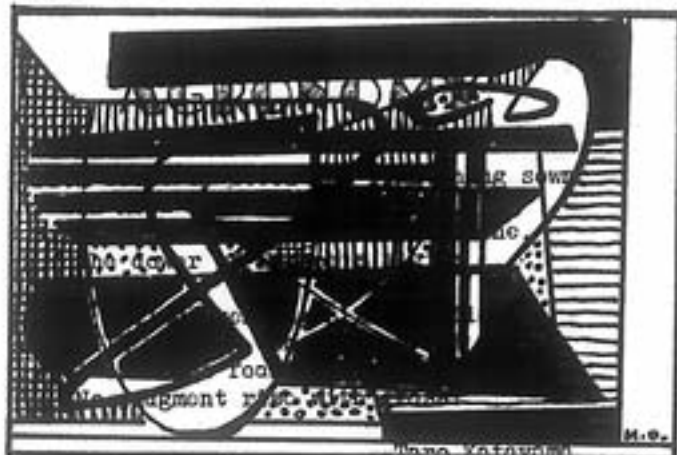
Living accommodations will of course vary. The boarding houses can be good, bad or just so-so, but generally the dormitories operated by the college are very comfortable. In the best dorms, there are maids who wait on the table and clean up the students' rooms every day.

You don't have much money? If you can't meet the annual tuition of about \$1000 in the best private colleges, there are the less expensive, but just as good, state colleges of the Midwest. Perhaps you can get some scholarship. Due to the universal labor shortage, it isn't so terribly difficult to pick up a part-time job. However, it'll be hard to go through college entirely on your earnings.

--Lillian Ota

LILLIAN OTA, 21, a junior Phi Beta Kappa from the University of California at Berkeley (1941-42), is now finishing her senior year at Wellesley on a special scholarship. One of the earliest to be relocated under the student relocation program, she left Tanforan Assembly Center on her scholarship in August, 1942.

She was on the editorial staff of the Daily Californian while at U. C. During her stay at Tanforan, she was women's editor of the Totalizer, camp paper. At Wellesley, she is continuing her studies as a history major.



LAKE BONNEVILLE



Most people have heard of Bonneville Flat. Before the days of tire and gas rationing, it was the mecca of car sharps, who were periodically out there trying to set a speed or an endurance record for either glory, gold, or Gilmore. The roar of the motors, combined with the roar of the presses, boosted Bonneville Flat to national prominence.

However, the publicity on Lake Bonneville, which formed the remarkably flat salt bed, has been notably meager. As far as the records show, no Pleistocene news-hawk pounded out a word of copy about it. What we know of the history of Lake Bonneville today is based on the evidence of deltas, shore terraces, sedimentation, and other geological factors. But even without an eyewitness account, the ups and downs of the lake make a fascinating story.

To picture the extent of Lake Bonneville during its prime, imagine the level of Great Salt Lake rising 1000 feet. Most of Utah would be submerged: Topaz would be under 600 feet of water; the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, under 850 feet.

The length of this vast Pleistocene lake extended from Cache Bay to the south end of Escalante Bay, a distance of 346 miles. Its extreme width, from the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon to a point on the Shoshone Range near Donden Pass, measured 145 miles. Its coastline, exclusive of islands, was 2550 miles; and its surface area was 19,750 square miles--only a few hundred miles less than Lake Michigan.

At this level, 1000 feet above Great Salt Lake and 5200 feet above sea level, the Bonneville waves cut terraces into

the surrounding cliffs.¹ During the time the waves were carving the shoreline, the level of the lake was relatively stable, remaining within a vertical range of 20 feet. Though it oscillated close to a pass in the rim of the basin, there was no danger of overflow so long as the inflow and the evaporation were nearly equal.

But one season they weren't equal. The tributary streams brought in far more water than evaporation could accommodate, and gradually the level of the lake rose. A trickle of water overflowed through Red Rock Pass, in the northern end of Cache Valley.

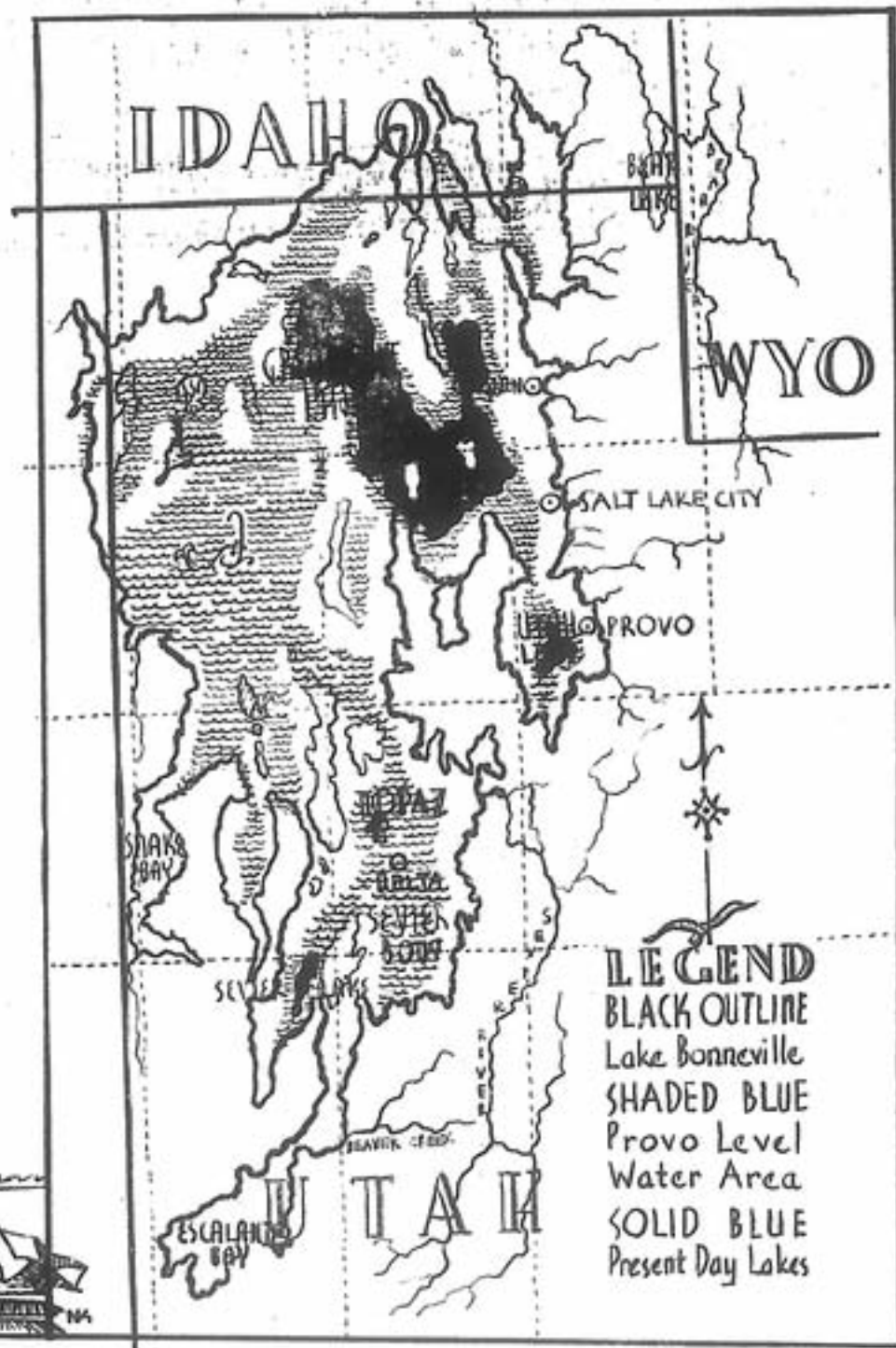
It wasn't a trickle for long. The stream eroded the loose earth of the rim; and as the size of the channel increased, the volume of the escaping water became greater, further accelerating the erosion.

Soon a torrent was racing out of the basin, pouring through March Creek Valley in Idaho and joining the Perneuf River. From there the water flowed through Perneuf Pass to the valley of the Snake River, and from there to the Pacific.

No one knows for certain how great the flow was. But geologists, after noting the scale of the carvings on the rocks around the pass, estimate that the average depth of the river was 20 feet--enough to discharge the flood volume of the Missouri.

¹One geologist (Poole) reported evidence of a water level from 300 to 600 feet above the Bonneville shoreline, or 5500 to 5900 feet above the sea; however no other scientist has confirmed this observation.

LAKE BONNEVILLE



The debacle continued until all the alluvium was washed away and the resistance of the limestone reef was reached. The process of excavation then changed from the mere transportation of loose dirt to the corrosion of solid rock, and the flow assumed the phase of an ordinary river, having a volume commensurate with the in-flow of the lake. But before this happened, the level of Lake Bonneville had dropped 375 feet.

The name Provo was given this new level because of a great delta, which is at once a notable feature of the shoreline and a prominent landmark in Utah Valley near the town of Provo. The water lingered here several times longer than it did at the Bonneville horizon. During the Provo stage, the lake was 13,000 square miles in area--11,500 belonging to the main body and 1500 to the Sevier body.

Although by reason of its position at the top of the series, the Bonneville shoreline is the most conspicuous--the one most deeply carved is the Provo. Because of this, the Provo shoreline is easily recognized in all parts of the basin without the necessity of either tracing its meanderings or measuring its altitude. The hills to the west of Topaz have conspicuous Provo terraces.

From the Provo level the lake fell slowly. The influx of streams and glaciers was never consistently great enough to offset the evaporation. As it dried to its present level in Great Salt Lake, the water paused only once long enough to carve a noteworthy shoreline--the Stansbury shore, at which stage the lake surface was 7000 square miles.

Toward the later stages of desiccation, the lake divided itself into 10 or 12 independent bodies of water, each with its own interior basin. Two of these now contain lakes; the others for the most part contain playa lakes with beds of salt. The Sevier Basin, in which Topaz is located, is exceptional in that its lake--30 miles in length when first surveyed--disappeared in 1922, primarily because the water of its tributary stream was siphoned for irrigation.

Out of many of the flat, sedimentation-formed plains which remained in the Bonneville Basin after the lake receded,

jagged mountains rise as abruptly as pyramids in the desert. They are in reality incomplete, or rather partially submerged, mountains, though some of them tower as high as 3000 feet. It's impossible to determine how deep beneath the lacustrine plain their bases lie,



but 2000 feet is a moderate estimate.

Examination of the sediments reveals two distinct strata--white marl, relatively thin and calcareous, lying above yellow clay, relatively thick and aluminous--separated by a plain of erosion, indicating a dry epoch between two humid ones. Hence, there were two epochs of high water, with an interval during which the basin was nearly or quite empty. Lake Bonneville, then, was the second of two great lakes which existed in the Bonneville Basin. Though the first epoch of high water lasted five times longer than the second, it never rose to the Bonneville level. It cut a shelf 90 feet below the Bonneville shore, and then dried away. Because of its position between the Bonneville and the Provo terraces, this shoreline is called the Intermediate.

So chronologically the principal shorelines are Intermediate, Bonneville, Provo, and Stansbury. The pre-Bonneville lake which formed the first of these disappeared some time in the Pleistocene. Of Lake Bonneville which carved the last three--Great Salt Lake is the outstanding remnant. And it, too, is receding.

--Jim Yamada

a la mode



Relocation is in the air. Everywhere people are asking, "What do you plan to do?" of each other. Suppose you are planning to go out sooner or later, there are some preparations you ought to be making right along. Take the matter of clothes. When evacuation was imminent you probably thought like thousands of other young women and decided that since you were going into the wilderness, there was no necessity for you to bring along any of your really nice things. So you packed and stored them away and invested your money in slacks and jeans and lots of colorful shirts. Now you're in a quandary because if you do go out, you certainly can't show up for work in jeans and a flannel shirt.

The first thing to do is to send for your things from the coast if you already haven't done so. Don't worry about your clothes being hopelessly out of date because ever since the war started, the tendency has been to standardize styles as they were in 1940 and 41.

The thing that you may find has happened might be that you've outgrown your clothes. There are awful tales of people gaining 15 and 20 pounds where the weight does the least good. If your clothes have wide seams, remake them, if not, start getting thin.

If you were so unforeseeing as to have given your clothes away before evacuation, that is dreadful, but there

is still hope if you make the right adjustments right now. When you buy things whether in the canteen or by mail use your good judgment. Don't keep on buying rugged stuff. If you want shirts to wear with your slacks, buy the kind which will go with any skirt you might want to wear later. When you buy shoes, buy good flats which you can wear around here and yet can wear outside with good grace. Don't buy inexpensive things thinking to yourself that they will be just for temporary wear in camp. Buy things which might cost more but have simple lines which are good practically forever. Don't turn up your noses at the catalogues. If you buy the best wares listed there, you'll get every bit of your money's worth. Clothing is going to be difficult and an expensive item when you're first trying to make your own way so plan your wardrobe from now to contain as many washable things as possible. And practice washing right now in camp.

Selection of clothes isn't the only preparation that you can make for resettlement. At a seminar one night last month, the suggestion was made that one practical step people could take to ready themselves was to become acquainted with American manners and customs. As far as customs go, we don't have to worry too much because as long as the virtues of courtesy and common sense are

exercised, customs are not too varied in the United States. However, where manners are concerned, you should be worried; especially about table manners.

I've noticed several characteristic styles of eating in the dining halls and certainly none of them could be called orthodox methods. There is the "slurp" system. This consists of picking up ones dishes and letting the food glide gently into one's mouth. After the gliding process ends, the remainder is "slurped" in. Then there is the "guzzle" way of eating. The person employing this method takes quick, continuous nervous bites and swallows his food as if he were afraid that it might be taken away from him. The "clutch and thumb" advocate is one who grasps his fork firmly in his fist and shovels his food onto it with his thumb and then gulps and gulps.



One might blame all this on the unnatural food and atmosphere. How can one be careful about eating with the proper utensils when all one is given is a fork? Why not "slurp" and "guzzle" when all the food is thrown on one plate any which way? You should start rehearsing for the great outside by bringing your own utensils to the dining hall. It's an aid to normality to be able to eat your jello with a spoon and well worth the dish-washing which it involves. All of us eat much too fast. Eat more slowly. After all, the dining hall crew can't do any more than throw you out.

All this practicing should be done so that proper manners will seem natural to you. If you do this, you won't get stage-fright and spill your water glass, or make bread pills and hardly dare to eat when you have your first meal away from the centers and in the midst of scrutinizing caucasian eyes.

One thing you must realize is the impact of the war on people outside. There is rationing of food which you must consider when you think of going out. Coffee is rationed to 1 pound every 5 weeks for each person over 15 years of age. You are not really aware of coffee rationing because we only get our usual 1 cup at breakfast anyway. But if you were doing your own cooking, you would have to consider rationing every time you served coffee. If you get too generous at dinner when you have guests, you might end up by having no coffee by the time the fourth week rolls around. In that case, Instant Postum is a good substitute, or Ovaltine, either plain or chocolate flavored or plain chocolate are excellent.

Sugar, too, is rationed. To be sure of having plenty of sugar on hand for things which just have to have sugar, it's a good idea to use substitutes whenever possible. Honey can be used in fruit compotes. Karo syrup is good in custards and on cereals. The lack of sugar plus saccharine is a real boon to women

who want to lose weight, for saccharine has no food value at all. There are ways of utilizing the still unrationed jams and jellies in the place of sugar. They make fine topping for custards and baked fruit when these don't have their usual quota of sugar. Dissolving jelly in warm water and using the goo as a base for fruit punch is a tricky notion.

In most places there is a dairymen's ration of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of butter a week. The taste of butter is hard to equal, but nutritionally, margarine is a sound substitute. In fact, in comparison with some second quality butter, margarine, with its addition of units of Vitamin A and D, is better.

Reflection in women's terms means adjustment to a life different from our former as well as present way of living and as such should be a challenge.

--Marii Kyogoku

DIGRESSIONS



It occurs to us that a "Learn How to Approach a Certain Type of Magazine and Newspaper Advertising in War-Time" campaign would be a big contribution to civilian morale right now. Especially for those of the American reading public who still tend to follow reaction patterns built up in the years before the present conflict.

American advertising practice, as most of us know it, has generally been to put pictorial display ahead of text, the strategy obviously being to soften us up first with a luscious visual representation of the given product and then sock us with a verbal clincher. The success of the formula is borne out by the fact that Americans have bought more of everything, from aspirin to Lincoln-Zephyrs, than any other people in the world.

We haven't any quarrel with the formula as such--in peace-time, that is. But the unthinking perpetuation of it at the present time by certain advertisers constitutes, we feel, a distinct hazard to the mental health of a large segment of our population. Before the war, if our ocular fancy was caught by some clever or persuasive liming of a commodity, we could go out and exercise our

purchasing power in the assurance that the article in question was actually on the market.

Currently, a different situation exists. A lot of commodities are no longer available for civilian consumption. We all know that and are willing to act accordingly, given a fair chance. But a number of advertisers, either from force of habit or from purely sadistic motives, are making the adjustment unnecessarily difficult, it seems to us. These are the advertisers who insist on using seductive pictures of things which we have resigned ourselves to doing without, accompanied by a commentary to the effect that the said things will all be available, in endless variety and quantity, just as soon as the war is won.

The psychological conflict which this sort of commercial legerdemain might create in the mind of the average American consumer is obvious. Because of his peace-time conditioning, he is apt instinctively to take any pictorial representation of an article in an advertisement as prima-facie evidence of its actual existence, of its availability for purchase. And in normal times, the text accompanying any such picture simply substantiated his assumption.

Today, however, no such simple faith can sustain him. He sees an alluring photo-reproduction of something he needs or wants very badly, his pulses quicken in automatic anticipation despite the fact that OPA, the rationing board and his newspaper have been not been optimistic, and then he is told in the text below that the article, marvellously improved over any similar article he has ever seen, can be his when war production shifts again into peace production. Right now, the company is too busy manufacturing guns or tanks or planes.

"Strawberries at your table, wet with morning dew," the words under a mouth-watering three-color print job says; "boysenberries, ripe figs, or papayas

from South America...at the luscious peak of field-ripened flavor! In the ration-free tomorrow, you'll enjoy them no matter where you live." (Thanks, no doubt, to super cargo-planes, which are also of that ration-free tomorrow.)

Or under the portrait of a tire in all its pristine, unworn splendor: "Think of mileage that may outlast your car. Think of much less air pressure; no blowouts; lighter weight, yet stronger; the heat problem solved. The Tire of Tomorrow is well worth dreaming about!"

Or again, accompanying the picture of a miracle in mahogany veneer, plastic and brass trim: "Television reception--- a dream come true. The wonders of electronic science, when victory is assured, will bring you thrilling new achievements in convenience and entertainment." (And we can't even get tubes for our portable!)

The magazines and newspapers are full of similar examples of this Tantalus school of advertising. And the cumulative effect of this sort of thing on civilian morale cannot be other than deplorable. You can't short-circuit the established response mechanism of the buying public without engendering some kind of frustration complex or schizophrenic manifestations in a lot of people. Much the same technique has been used in laboratories to bring about nervous breakdowns in rats and other trusting animals.

And so, it is plain, as we have already suggested, that a campaign to recondition consumer response to commercial lures ought to be initiated. Certain definite instructions should be publicly promulgated. First, every reader of magazines and newspapers should be educated to reverse his accustomed top to bottom scanning of the pages whenever he runs across an advertisement. In this way, he will go from text to art, not from art to text. Next, in reading the text, he should be trained to look for certain key words and phrases, or their variations: "tomorrow," "future," "when victory comes," "we are now engaged in war production, but---," "the day is coming," etc. The presence of any of these in the text will indicate to him that whatever commodity is pictured

above, or however enticingly, is not to be had for love or money for the duration. He can then turn to the full contemplation of the art work, if he so wishes, in the calm and sober knowledge that it is just that and not a representation of something that has physical reality. Or he can just skip the picture altogether and go back to his short story or serial.

We feel that adherence to this regimen will preserve a lot of potential future customers from becoming vacant-eyed equivalents of those laboratory rodents, twitching between desire and doubt and mumbling incoherently about tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...



Not only less romantic in itself, modern war has, by the very vastness of its encroachments, largely dispersed the aura of wonder and mystery that used to hover over the seemingly inviolate places of the earth. The southwest Pacific was certainly one of these sanctuaries of man's yearning for the far-off and the strange. Its very place-names echoed in our minds like a litany of romance---Timor, Surabaya, Java, Samburan, Papua, Macassar, Celebes, the Coral Sea and a score of others. And into the magic web of its islands and seas were woven the rich tales of Melville, Conrad and Maugham.

Today, the spell is broken. The locality is just another theater of war, drearier and hotter perhaps than most, but bristling like any other with all the blighting paraphernalia of modern warfare. Its place-names are merely points of identity in communiques.

We tried reading Conrad again recently, but while we enjoyed him, something was gone from our old sense of complete absorption. And as we read, a silly little jingle kept popping into our head:

Oh, Gona is a "goner"

And Buna is the same;

The Jap in hot New Guinea

Must wish he never came.

The South Seas, we are afraid, will never be the same for us again.

--Taro Katayama

FA L D E E R O L

It wasn't until we arrived in Poston and heard first hand accounts of last summer's heat that we learned the true significance of the charge that the evacuees are being coddled. Previously, in our naive way, we had interpreted "coddle" as "to pamper," and were having some difficulty reconciling that definition with existing conditions in the relocation centers.

Now that dawn has finally broken, we want to retract all the mean things we said about the people who were pressing the accusation. Particularly, we want to apologize for that time when we wished that they were in our apartment, breathing through a damp handkerchief, while the wind was having hysterics outside and the dust sifted into the room between the panels of sheetrock on the ceiling.

For obviously what they meant by "coddle" was the alternative definition: "To cook slowly and gently, as eggs or fruit, in water just below the boiling point." Though this doesn't precisely describe the situation, it comes close enough so that we know clearly what they're driving at. And we appreciate their solicitude.

However, it is unfortunate that these humanitarians, who are so concerned about the coddling of evacuees, selected such an ambiguous word. For often, we've noticed, their reports on cases of heat prostration in the centers have been twisted; possibly to discredit them, certain newspapers and commentators have recently taken advantage of the ambiguity and interpreted "coddle" as "to pamper." Naturally, this puts our friends in an embarrassing spot, making most of them look like dopes to anyone acquainted with the true conditions. And we can't bear that.

Speaking of semantics, we are reminded that many of our readers have been

asking, "Who the nani is Schraubi?" Globularius Schraubi, M.A., you'll recall, was the author of the now famous treatise on Evacuees as she is spoke in the Areas. His dissertation, "Yule Greetings, Friends!" in the first issue of TREX, has not only become a standard work on the subject, but has inspired a number of Schraubi-cults, whose members practice addressing one another as son and refer to dining halls as meshi-hole or mes-ho.

The Great Scholar's disciples are found in the lyceum as well as in the greasewood. We have on file several letters from university professors and students of languages, applauding the essay and inquiring about the author.

Well, who is Schraubi? Is he a composite character or is he really one person? Frankly, we don't know much about him, but we can assure you that he is certainly not more than one person, and there is a school of thought that denies he's even that.

He's an expert one-hand typist--a practice he acquired early in his career. During the days when he was getting his start, he learned to type with his right hand while holding his nose with the other. The habit still persists but he says it's only a reflex.

A precocious brat, he first broke in to print when four years old. "I never had so much fun with blocks in my life," he recalls nostalgically. Except for this one outburst, he has been unusually close-mouthed about himself. Whenever we query him for further information, he mutters, "Chaw-dye, neigh, chaw-dye, neigh." And so long as the carrier pigeon continues bringing his manuscripts, typed on sheets of nani, we aren't particularly anxious to press the investigation.

We trust this answers our readers' question.

--Jimmy Yamada
Poston



“TOMORROW IS COMING, CHILDREN”
TRANSLATION INTO JAPANESE

子供たちよ 明と日と言ふ日は きと来ませよ



子供たちよ、遠い遠い昔に私は日本といふ国に住んで居んだよ。おまへらのおぢい様は私をアメリカに呼ぶ船の切符を買ったために、早くからカリフォルニアへ来て働いて居た。その頃、私の村の人たちの中には、日本を出て外国で働いて居るものなどはあまりなかつたから、お金が来次第私がおぢいさま後について行くのだと聞いた時、本当におどろいたものだよ。

「アメリカ」と村の人たちは叫んだのだよ。アメリカは世界の向う側にある所ではありませぬか、外国ですよ。言葉もわからず、読み書きも出来ぬのに、一体どうするつもりなのですか？ 私にはまだ微笑んで夢の中におまへらのおぢいさんの手紙にあった森を覚えていたのだよ。豪華な珍味、おいしい食物のある町、金貨がころころする町、男の人たちの町、小さい町、音楽の聞える町、高い建物の並んだ町、大きな船のある町、さうして、そのうちにおぢいさんの手紙が来た。それにはお金が入って来て、すぐおぢいさまのくずぐずしな言葉と書いてあったのだよ。さうすると、近所隣の人たちと家族にやうて来て、大きな声を出して、「行けばいけませんよ、こちらにいらつしやい、日本をアメリカに送る戦車もありますよ、太平洋の真ん中までついで、アメリカにばどつてもいかに私をいやうにしますよ」と言ってくれたよ。でも私の気持ち、おぢいさまの言葉、お隣の人々、遠い向うの異国に行つてゐる移民のお話、そして、人々に集り、困るやうにならぬかも知れないと言つて、肩をなでて泣いてくれた。おぢいさまも買ひ、荷物は出来て居るんですよ、どうして私が行くつもりですか？私と私は行つた。それからひと月の間、おぢいさまの村の人々は私を招待して、おわかれのパーティをしてくれました。それを見て、おと行くに行かぬ決心は、おぢいさまの決心も、一旦心を決めたのだよ。いよいよ出発する日が来るよ、村の人々は汽車まで送りに来てくれた。みんな元氣よく手を振つてくれた。おぢいさまの眼はみんな悲しそうだった。それと私、悲しくはなかつたよ、私にはたゞ一國に豪華とある方のおぢいさんの事を、おぢいさまを考へて居たのだよ。神様を一所に集めてくれたのは、おぢいさまだ。さうして、おぢいさまと初めの胸とさすやうななな、おぢいさまの来たのだ。

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