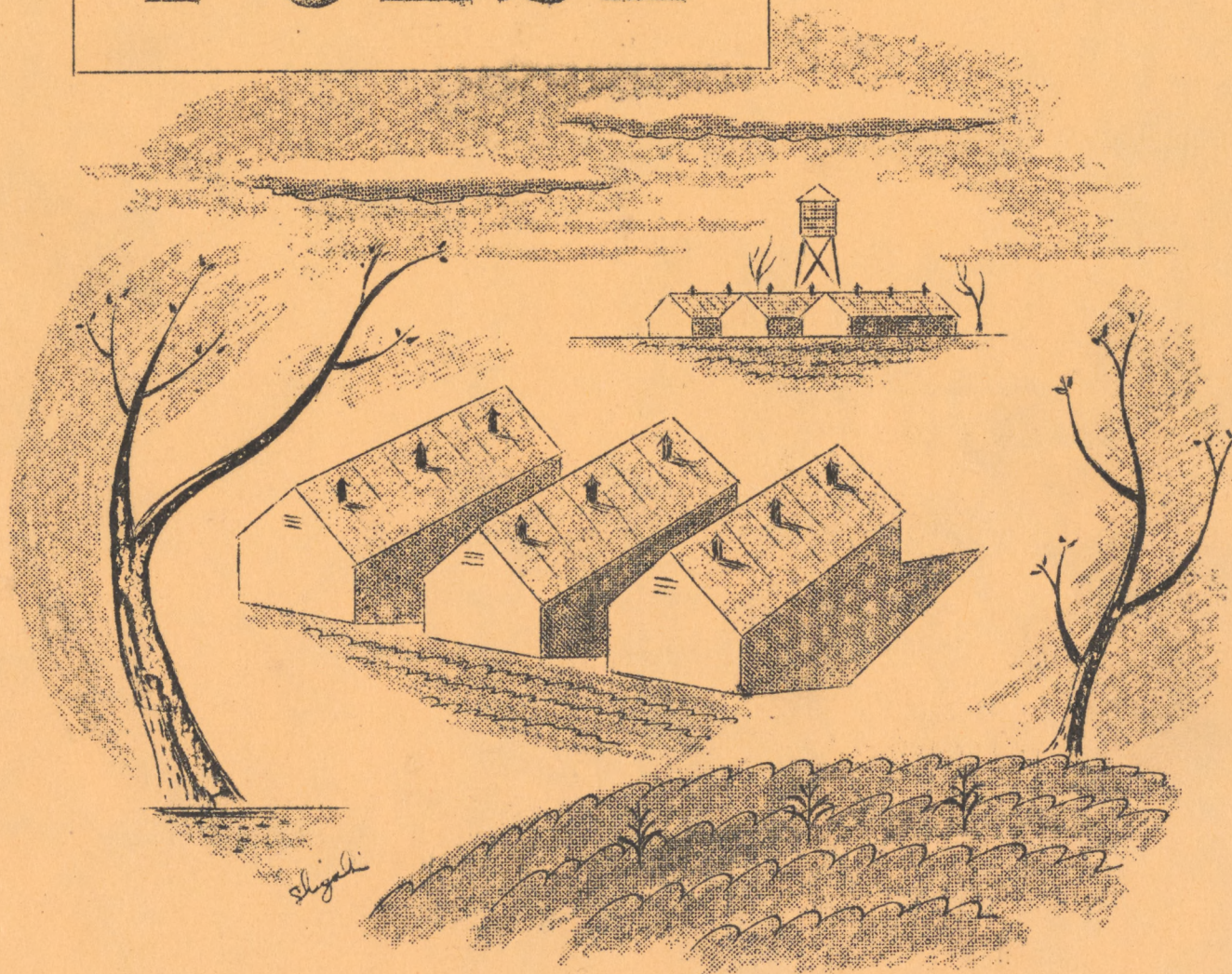


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# PULSE



## FOREWORD

WITH THIS ISSUE WE INTRODUCE PULSE, A MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRANADA PIONEER. TO AMACHE, A CITY CUT INTO THE DRY PRAIRIE AND FULLY POPULATED IN A PERIOD OF ONE MONTH, WE DEDICATE THIS PUBLICATION. IT IS OUR PURPOSE AND DESIRE TO FEEL AND REPORT THE PULSE OF OUR CITY THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF STORY, ESSAY, AND POEM. MAY PULSE EXPRESS TRULY OUR THOUGHTS, OUR PLANS, OUR HAPPINESS, OUR SADNESS. MAY IT RECORD THE HEARTBEAT OF AMACHE.

*Joe McClelland*

Joseph H. McClelland  
Reports Officer

# PULSE

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Granada PIONEER, WRA, Amache, Colorado.  
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Fred Tanaka; Joseph H. McClelland, pub-  
lication adviser.

All manuscripts should be typewrit-  
ten, double-spaced, and accompanied by  
the name and address of the author.

## THANKS

...for the many hours they spent in the  
preparation of our maiden issue, and in  
sympathy for the gray hairs they must  
have acquired, we here give thanks to  
Roy Hamaji and Yosh Ogita, first and  
succeeding editors respectively of the  
PULSE.

...both have relocated, but were it not  
for their initial plans and effort, the  
PULSE could not have been. May this  
first issue merit their approval.

# PULSE

*Presents*



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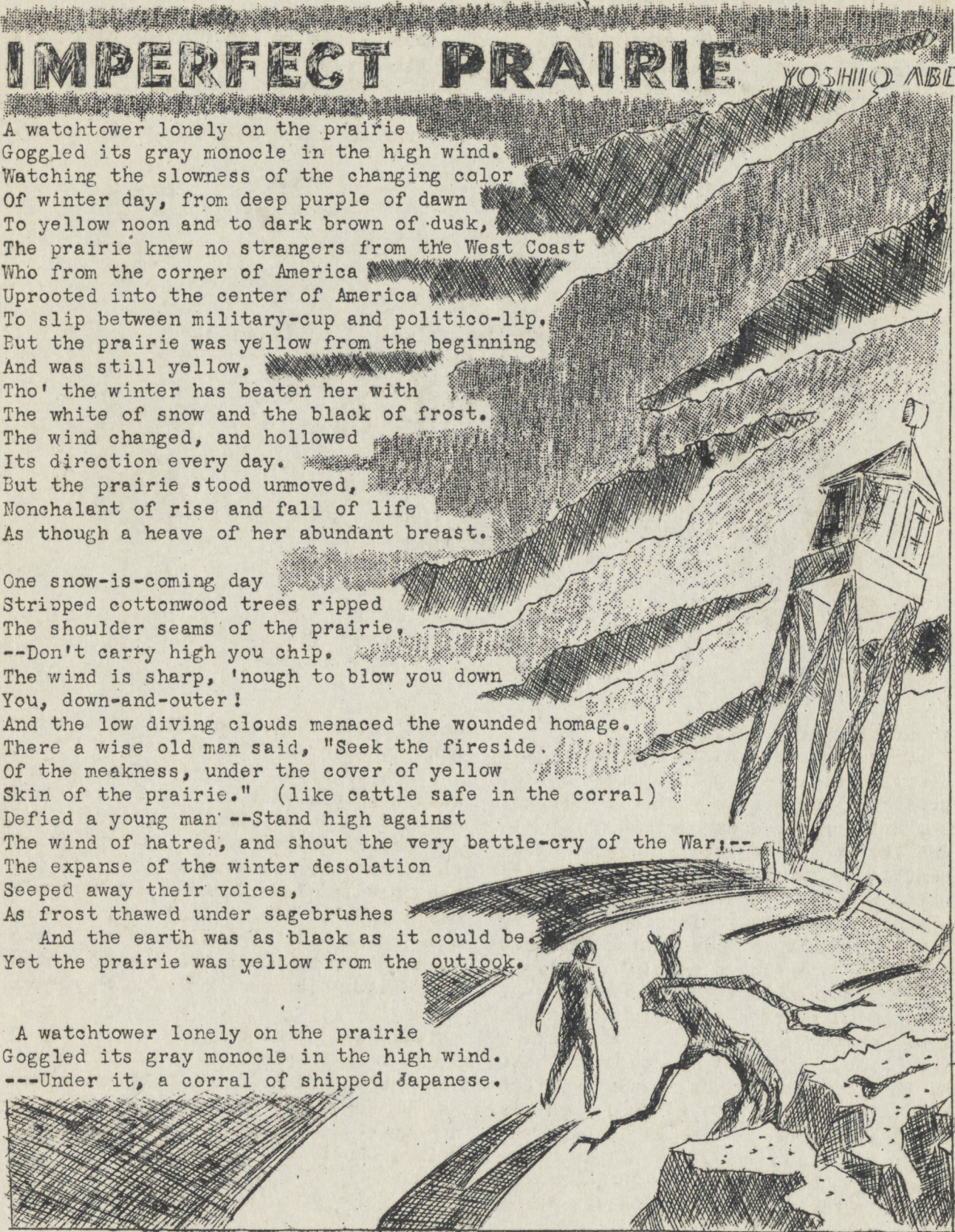
# IMPERFECT PRAIRIE

YOSHIO ABE

A watchtower lonely on the prairie  
Goggled its gray monocle in the high wind.  
Watching the slowness of the changing color  
Of winter day, from deep purple of dawn  
To yellow noon and to dark brown of dusk,  
The prairie knew no strangers from the West Coast  
Who from the corner of America  
Uprooted into the center of America  
To slip between military-cup and politico-lip.  
But the prairie was yellow from the beginning  
And was still yellow,  
Tho' the winter has beaten her with  
The white of snow and the black of frost.  
The wind changed, and hollowed  
Its direction every day.  
But the prairie stood unmoved,  
Nonchalant of rise and fall of life  
As though a heave of her abundant breast.

One snow-is-coming day  
Stripped cottonwood trees ripped  
The shoulder seams of the prairie.  
--Don't carry high you chip.  
The wind is sharp, 'nough to blow you down  
You, down-and-outer!  
And the low diving clouds menaced the wounded homage.  
There a wise old man said, "Seek the fireside.  
Of the meakness, under the cover of yellow  
Skin of the prairie." (like cattle safe in the corral)  
Defied a young man' --Stand high against  
The wind of hatred, and shout the very battle-cry of the War!--  
The expanse of the winter desolation  
Seeped away their voices,  
As frost thawed under sagebrushes  
And the earth was as black as it could be.  
Yet the prairie was yellow from the outlook.

A watchtower lonely on the prairie  
Goggled its gray monocle in the high wind.  
---Under it, a corral of shipped Japanese.



It was this way; Jackson has a date, see? In fact, he has two dates.

Saturday mornin' he asks a frail to a dance that night and she accepts because Jackson ain't the type to take no for an answer. That same afternoon he makes another date, plumb forgettin'

on in!" not soundin' sick at all, and in walks one of the gals he dated. Not a minute later the other chick hikes in.

Mind you now; in good faith these gals come over to pay their respects in person; they come separately though, because one don't know about the other.



about the first one.

Comes evenin' and the ugly situation dawns on him; he's up a stump. But do you think Jackson is worried? Shucks, no. He's pretty darn certain about his ability to snake out of such predicaments. He just smiles and shows his white teeth. You see, he sends his kid brother to tell the chicks he was sorry but he wouldn't be able to make it that night; he was sick somethin' awful.

The kid brother comes back with gooey messages of regrets which makes Jackson feel pretty good. He pats himself on the back, thinkin' all the time that he has a smart head. But stayin' at home alone don't jibe so good with his restless nature; so he calls over the gang and sits in on a game of pinochle.

Along about eight o'clock, comes a knock on the door; Jackson yells, "Come

And there's Jackson dealin' out another hand as slick as you please.

The tension was terrific. No one said nothin'...not even the gals. They just stood there, burnin' up inside, and eye-balled Jackson with a slice of ice that froze him plenty. Brother, it was the first time I see Jackson and he can't say nothin'. I'm tellin' you, Jackson was really sick then...in fact he was kinda green and he looked like he wanted to crawl in between a crack in the brick floor.

...Which reminds me that Jackson ain't been so careless about his dates since then, and he ain't quite as cocky as he used to be, and he don't like nobody to say nothin' about it. Funny thing, ain't it?

== THE END ==

# Oh, If They Only Understood

BY SUYEO SAKO

Taro slammed the office door behind him and slowly headed for home muttering, "Gee, I can't let the gang down."

His tortured expression reflected the struggle his troubled thoughts were fighting, concerning the coming party the office force was planning. The gang expected him to date a girl for the affair when he had never in his entire life been able to gather enough courage to ask any girl to anything. How did they expect him to do it now? They just didn't realize the difficulty he had with girls...especially when it concerned girls.

He remembered with a smile the happy days when his only worries were homework and the determination to get somewhere in the world. Working in a stuffy office all day and then attending night classes at the business college were nothing compared with what he was going through today. True, his classmates often hailed him with, "How's the book worm, today?" or "Hello, how's the walking library?" but he didn't mind. He'd just as soon study as look at a girl, anyway. Girls scared him.

Life in the center proved a little more complicating, however, for with so much leisure time on hand, Taro no longer had a legitimate excuse for not accepting social invitations. The office staff always razed whenever he said anything anti-social. Once, one of the girls in the office even offered to arrange a blind date for him, much to his embarrassment.

This time he had to go through with the party, girl and all. After all, it was a staff affair and the boys really tried to help him out by advising him on how to go about asking a girl for a date. "Just hand her the invitation," they said. That sounded easy enough.

"I wonder if I should stop by and

ask Hanako? Naw, she probably wouldn't go with me. Maybe someone else already asked her. Oh well, I guess it won't hurt to ask anyway," he thought, as he whistled feebly and turned his steps toward her apartment.

"She's a good sport. She might help me out. After all, we were pretty good friends back home," he continued, half praying.

As he approached her door, Taro's stomach turned cold and beads of perspiration formed on his brow, but he raised his fist bravely and knocked three times. He held his breath and crossed his fingers while he waited.

The door opened and pretty Hanako said, "Why, hello, Taro, won't you come in?"

"No - no, thanks, I - I just want to ask you something," he stammered.

"Yes, what is it?" her sweet voice asked.

"Ah - er - it's like this - ah - maybe this will explain better than I can," he faltered as he fished in his pockets and drew out the invitation to the party. He jerked it toward her.

Hanako took it gently and read it. She smiled warmly as she looked up and said, "Why, surely, I'll be only too glad to go."

Taro's jaw dropped in surprise and his voice failed him for a moment. He swallowed and gasped, "G - gosh, thanks a million!" as he stumbled out, almost forgetting to say goodbye.

A sigh of relief escaped him as he continued toward home.

"Now, that wasn't so bad," he sang, almost gaily. Then suddenly he stopped and groaned, "Oh, g-gosh, that party is tonight and now I'll have to go. Maybe the worst isn't over after all."

THE END

It was back in Santa Anita amid the prevailing confusion, strife, and bitterness, that Shoji Oniki was inspired to write this poem.

He has truly captured the feeling which all nisei felt at the time.

Because of the love he feels for his country, Shoji recently volunteered for the nisei combat team.

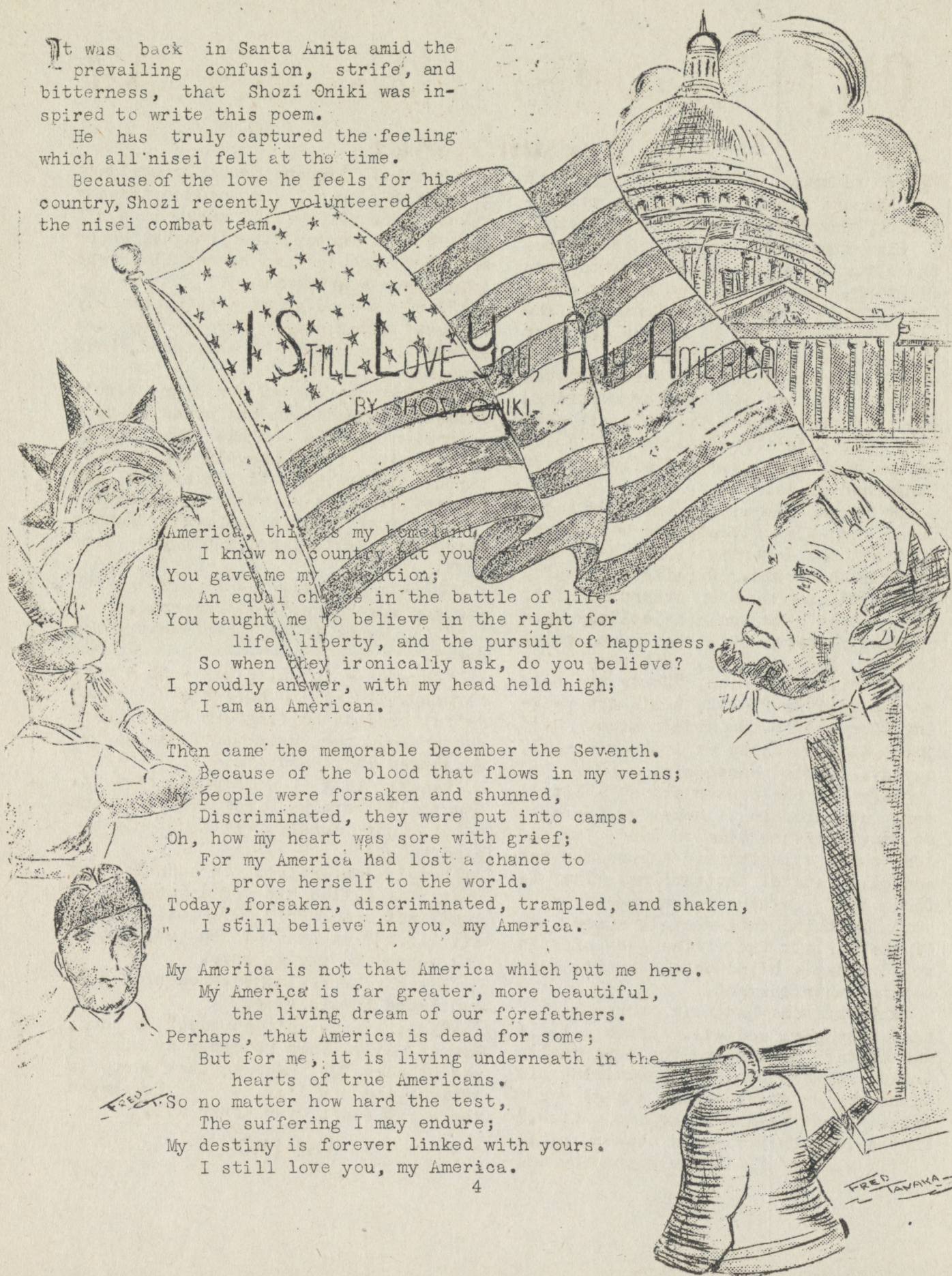
# I STILL LOVE YOU, MY AMERICA

BY SHOJI ONIKI

America, this is my homeland.  
I know no country but you.  
You gave me my education;  
An equal chance in the battle of life.  
You taught me to believe in the right for  
life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.  
So when they ironically ask, do you believe?  
I proudly answer, with my head held high;  
I am an American.

Then came the memorable December the Seventh.  
Because of the blood that flows in my veins;  
My people were forsaken and shunned,  
Discriminated, they were put into camps.  
Oh, how my heart was sore with grief;  
For my America had lost a chance to  
prove herself to the world.  
Today, forsaken, discriminated, trampled, and shaken,  
I still believe in you, my America.

My America is not that America which put me here.  
My America is far greater, more beautiful,  
the living dream of our forefathers.  
Perhaps, that America is dead for some;  
But for me, it is living underneath in the  
hearts of true Americans.  
So no matter how hard the test,  
The suffering I may endure;  
My destiny is forever linked with yours.  
I still love you, my America.





## A YOUNG MAN GOT HIS WISH BUT.....

"Hello, Joe. What'll it be tonight?"  
The same as usual?"

I nodded to the big man behind the white counter. "Yeah, gimme a cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts."

It was a warm night. Outside, the sidewalks were crowded with people enjoying the night air. They were going to movies, on their way to some amusement spot, window shopping, or just walking.

Automobiles were rolling along the streets. Gay, young people in open roadsters, sophisticated looking people in large black cars, ordinary people in ordinary cars, all driving somewhere in the warm night.

Across the street, the neon sign on the theater marquee was gaily flashing the latest attractions. The ever changing lights of the traffic signals blinking red and green, the bright headlights of automobiles, the blue fluorescent lights in the large windows of stores, the reflection of the lights on the street car rails; all added to the gayness and warmth of the night.

"Here you are, Joe. The coffee's fresh. I just made it a few minutes ago." The big man was smiling as he placed the coffee and doughnuts before me.

I was still thinking of the night as I tossed a dime on the counter. "It



sure is a nice night, ain't it?" I said, looking outside again.

"Yes, this California weather is really wonderful. I never saw such beautiful weather when I was back East."

I poured two spoonsful of sugar from the glass container and stirred my coffee. I took a bite of doughnut and swallowed it with a gulp of coffee.

The big man added, "Yes, we're lucky to have nice weather like this."

Taking another sip of coffee, I said, "Aw, I don't know. I been livin' here all my life and never been out of the state. And another thing, the weather ain't so hot sometimes."

The man behind the counter gazed outside and said thoughtfully, "Well, I certainly would be happy to stay in California for the rest of my life."

"Not me! I wanna get the hell out of this state. Hell, I'm tired of livin' in the same ol' place...I wanna travel aroun'. You know how it is."

The big man smiled at me as if he knew how I felt. The door opened and several people walked into the place and sat down. The man nodded to them

and went to get their orders.

I looked into my coffee and thought about California and its weather. My restless mind traveled to other places ...places that I'd heard about and read about.

I slammed the door shut and weaved my way to the coffee counter. The place was crowded with people. There were stooped figures of old men and women, young men wearing khaki jackets, short girls in slacks, children wearing gay plaid shirts...all with red eyes, and dusty yellow faces.

The young Japanese girl behind the counter came up to me and said, "May I help you?" as if the words came out automatically.

"I wanna cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts."

It was noisy inside the store. The bells on the cash registers could be heard amid the confusing voices of people. Somewhere a door was banging. Outside, the wind was blowing fiercely, picking up dust and sand as it swept along the rows of barracks. Dust was all over everything and everybody. It found its way into the houses, the mess halls, the stores, the offices--everywhere.

Behind the counter, the girl was busy pouring coffee into a paper cup. She added a little sugar and cream, took two doughnuts from a cellophane bag and placed them before me. I gave her a dime and leaned comfortably against the counter.

The door opened and from the dust outside, I saw Mas coming in. "Hey, Mas, come on over here and have some coffee!" I yelled toward him.

Mas looked over the heads of the people and finally spying me, he made his way beside me. Rubbing his bloodshot eyes, he said, "Hiya Joe, what do you know?"

"Oh, nothin' much. How 'bout some coffee?"

"Naw, I just came in to light my cigarette. It's too damned windy out-



side." Then, as if talking to himself, he added, "It sure is a hell of a day!"

"Yeah," I agreed. "By the way, did you hear the radio last night? They were sure slamming the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce about the rainy weather out there."

"It was Bob Hope or Red Skelton, wasn't it? Anyhow, it must have rained like hell back there in L.A.," Mas said, lighting a cigarette.

I stirred my coffee with the paper spoon, trying to make it sweeter, but it wasn't any better.

Mas was combing the sand out of his hair. He looked at his comb and muttered, "I'd rather have rain than this wind, any ol' day."

I agreed. "Yeah, I sure would like to be back in California now, rain or no rain. This wind out here in Colorado is gettin' me down!"

Mas moved toward the door. He took a short puff on his cigarette and said, "Well, I gotta be shovin' off, now. I'll be seein' you, Joe."

I watched him open the door and lean into the swirling dust. Chewing on my doughnut, I thought about the wind in Colorado, and the rain in California. Thinking about these things, I knew now that I wouldn't mind living in California for the rest of my life. And it wasn't only because of the weather, either.

THE END

# STRICTLY for SUMMER TIME BY VLADIMIR

With the coming of summer to southeastern Colorado, there will be:

1. Increased fly and louse (the crawling type) population.
2. Very hot weather. (No kiddin')
3. The Murray's hair grease melting and running down all over your face.

Along with the above mentioned conditions, will come the boys' frantic attempts to fix things so that life can be a little more bearable.

One of the most desperate means is the tonsorial art, or more commonly known as haircutting. It is more fun.

Anyone can do it. One does not have to be a cum laude graduate of a barber college in order to perform a haircutting project which will produce the type of coiffure that is being discussed.

The only equipment necessary is a pair of shears. It makes no difference whether the shears are regular barbers' type or not. No sir, it makes no difference at all. However, the blunter the point of the scissor, the better it is... There will be less chance of poking holes into the unfortunate victim's cranium.

If there happens to be a mirror lying about, for Gawd's sakes, get rid of it. The victim, if he has an ounce of pride, will, if given the misfortune to view himself in the mirror, after the "strict-

ly for summertime-wear in Amache" haircut, undoubtedly commit hari-kari (English equivalent of hara-kiri), or worse still, eat a meal at the 10K mess hall (oh, what unspeakable horror and torture). 10K mess hall is the one that was awarded the "D" pennant, the "D" standing for you know what..heh, heh!

There is only one real, genuine "strictly for summertime-wear in Amache" haircut. It is the "five o'clock shadow", alias the "cueball", alias the



"pastel skinhead". It is the very ultimate goal of the heat and louse sufferer. A very close-cut affair that's finished up with a sharp razor.

With this coiffure, one does not have to auction or give away his jar of Murray's. It can well be utilized as a polish for the azure skinhead. Just apply it with a brush or swab and finish the job with a cleansoft cloth.

Oh yes, if a blue tinted head is not desired, another method (very ingenious, this one) may be used to obtain the skinhead. Merely yank the hair out by the roots. A local anesthetic may be applied with a baseball bat to ease some of the discomfort while carrying out this method. Care must be used in applying the anesthetic, due to the fact that the bat may break; and the local recreation department may charge



you for the damage.

After the desired skinhead is achieved, there will be a great change. Modern design makes the big difference. Due to the low-cut, and streamlined shape of the head, the wind will cause no trouble to the head. Flying sand will not be attracted to the skinhead, because there are no greasy hair to cling and gather upon. In other words, combs may be discarded.

Naturally, as with every other good thing, there are a few bugs in the set-up. There have been cases of skinheaded people, both young and old, suffering from sunstroke and flopping on their kissers, when they left their uninsulated head exposed to the burning rays of the sun. But this can be avoided by protecting the vulnerable cranium with a hat or some other such things.

Also, one must avoid seeing the chiller thriller movie serials that are

being shown in Amache. The hair raising scenes will cause great embarrassment. If the hair does rise, it is time for a haircut.

And then, there is the danger of catching pneumonia from running around at night with a naked skinhead. The solution for those who must keep evening rendezvous (plural, you know) would be to get hold of a wig or toupee. In this case, glue is an absolute necessity due to the evening windstorms.

There are many other solutions for these few problems, but knowing that the Japanese are dastardly clever people, we shall leave you now, assured that there will be very few, if any, unfortunate incidents resulting from the application of the "five o'clock", alias the "cueball", alias the "pastel skinhead" haircut, this summer.

THE END

## LET BE THANKFUL

Though we are in the relocation camp,

We're thankful for the blessings we can share;

Though we have less privileges than others,

We are all thankful for the gift of prayer;

We are grateful for the right to reside

Beneath the clear cerulean heaven;

We are all grateful for our daily bread,

And most of all, our gallant, fighting men.

Joseph S. Funayama

## CARELESS NATURE

Is it not strange,  
That in the brief interval  
Of Time which links  
The planting and the reaping,  
The Hand that sowed the seed  
Did not impart a more loving care  
And let the wind from a ruddy planet  
Scatter the seeds afar,  
Some to the saline depth of sea  
And some to a lonely desert hill.

Anonymous



Somehow, this article should be known as a "card of thanks". The Escort Guard feel that there are many things for which we are grateful.

You Americans of Japanese ancestry have been grand; we like your attitude, your patriotism, your industriousness, and your friendly smiles. Shucks, any situation can be made a paradise if our mental attitudes are all right. Of course, a bit of dust may blow into our "Eden", but then if there were no dust, we would begin to expect too much of our "Elysian Fields". Keep grinning, folks, we're all getting away with it.

Our friends across the street, too; haven't they been grand? We mean the WRA officials. They lend a willing ear to our requests, pull the necessary strings, and behold, another Aladdin has been pulled out of the silk hat.

Just talking, am I? Say, Jim Rasmussen and Mr. Wroth are still wondering in which rat hole we are pouring paint.

Chief Tomlinson is running out of nails, wire ones, keeping the guards appeased by spiking warehouse windows.

Seriously, we appreciate the Radcliffe-Smith motor vehicle lend-lease act. That nightly truck to Lamar is value enough, say nothing about the

garage service, the red "Chevies", among them the famous "Honeymoon Special" or "Love Bug".

Mr. Mitchell, have you noticed how those two pool tables are being used? Several times I thought the nisei were playing basketball in the canteen.

Mr. Turk and Corporal Saunders have kept the pictures moving, cooperatively. Last night, our movie helped out in the Center; tomorrow night, we may have to say "please" again to Mr. Turk. How these men get around with their films!

Thanks again, WRA. You're all swell people. Incidentally, we promise you that the new pass system will soon be mastered, and hope to see the day come, when all warehouse windows will be closed securely each evening. Keeps from casting reflections, doesn't it? And I don't mean in the glass, either. Thanks folks.

God bless you nisei who have gone into the service. We will miss all of you; from "Casanova" in the orchestra, to "Superman". May good pals meet again, and then may the world be a place in which all of us can live in peace, respecting the rights of others. Be seeing you, pals! God bless you all.

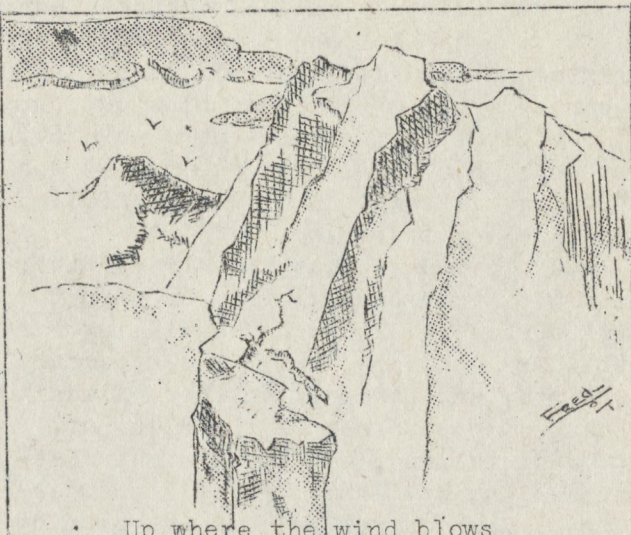
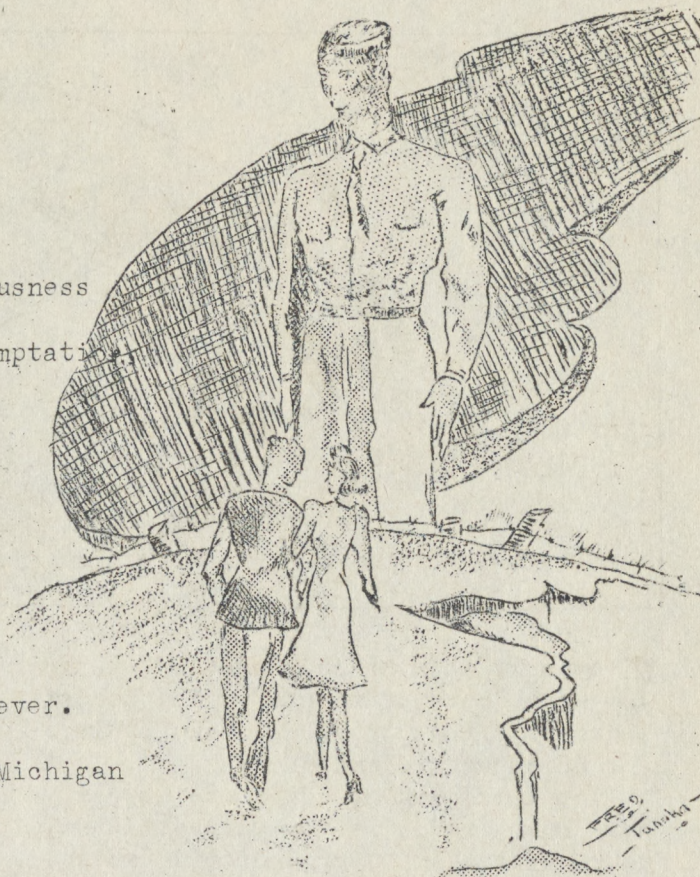
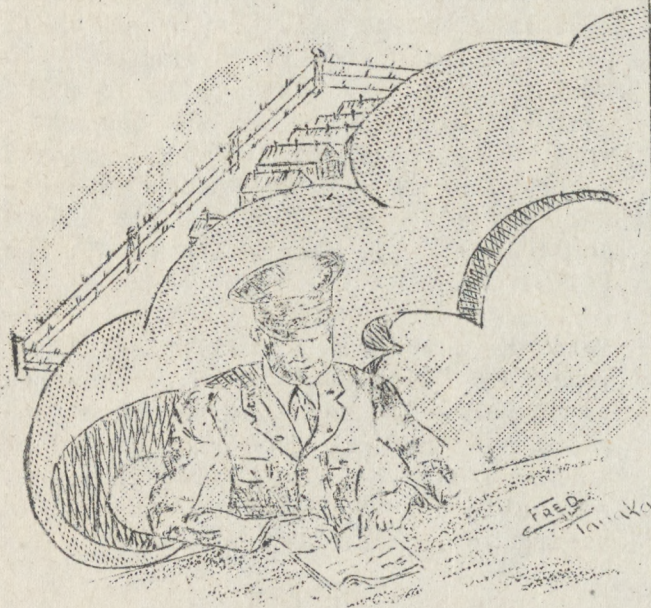
— THE END —

## SOLDIER'S PSALM

The M.P. is my protector;  
 I shall not stray.  
 He maketh me to abide by Military Law;  
 he returneth me to camp.  
 He restoreth my property;  
 he leadeth me in the path of righteousness  
 for my own sake.  
 Yea, though I walk through Avenue of Temptation,  
 I will fear no evil,  
 for they are with me;  
 their brassards and their guns;  
 they comfort me.  
 They represent a guard before me  
 in the presence of mine enemies;  
 they hold me with a steady hand  
 when my cups runneth over.  
 Surely Army regulation shall direct me  
 all my days here at camp.  
 Or I shall dwell in the guard-house forever.

PMGS Fort Custer, Michigan

The above poem was submitted to us  
 by Captain Karpen of the 335th Escort  
 Guard. He felt that the feeling of the  
 poem could be applied to the residents  
 of Amache. The name of the person who  
 wrote it, is unknown.



Up where the wind blows  
 Fresh and sweet;  
 Up where the sky and  
 The mountain meet;  
 I will go,  
 Singing.

Seijiro Matsui

# Amache in Retrospect

It's not so wonderful how this thing called dust could find the smallest crevices in the haphazard structure that we call home and fill it up so evenly all around the room. One can sweep and dust in the morning. The wind blows again in the afternoon. Housekeeping does become a too frequent monotony. With apologies to the Ancient Mariner, here is how it feels.

Dust, dust, everywhere,  
And everybody did grumble.  
Dust, dust, everywhere,  
Lots of unnecessary sample.

Dust here, in my hair,  
Around the room, not a miss.  
Look, more than my share!  
Might I develop pneumoconiosis?



Newspapers are not the necessary commodity of life as in the past. They are useful in starting the fire, and also in wrapping up the rubbish, but the so obviously colored presentations facts are nauseating. Sometimes, I wonder what is happening in the Gasoline Alley strip, how good ol' Dick Tracy is getting along, and what embarrassment has now befallen Dagwood. And I miss the good sports commentating. The weekly magazines supply me with all of the news now, and I am satisfied.

Wherever one goes, one finds some sort of a paper flower arrangement in all rooms. Women find it their main interest along with the usual gabbing, and the interests of husbands and housekeeping are running strong seconds at best. If someone would only bottle the

fragrance of an Easter lily, we shall have an imperishable flower for that glad occasion.

At home, and at places that I have always been able to look up and see a mountain in the distance. I like the passage in the 121st Psalm; "I will lift my eyes unto the hill from whence comes my help--." It seemed to be a symbol of the dignity and the majesty of tranquil meditation and solitude. As a friend said once, that here in camp, one could have ankylosis of the vertebrae and still see the top of the "hill". Now that inconsistent spring is here, dust is everywhere instead of the green grasses and colorful flowers that we are used to, but even the dust cannot hide the three outstanding Amache skyline, the water tower, the hospital.

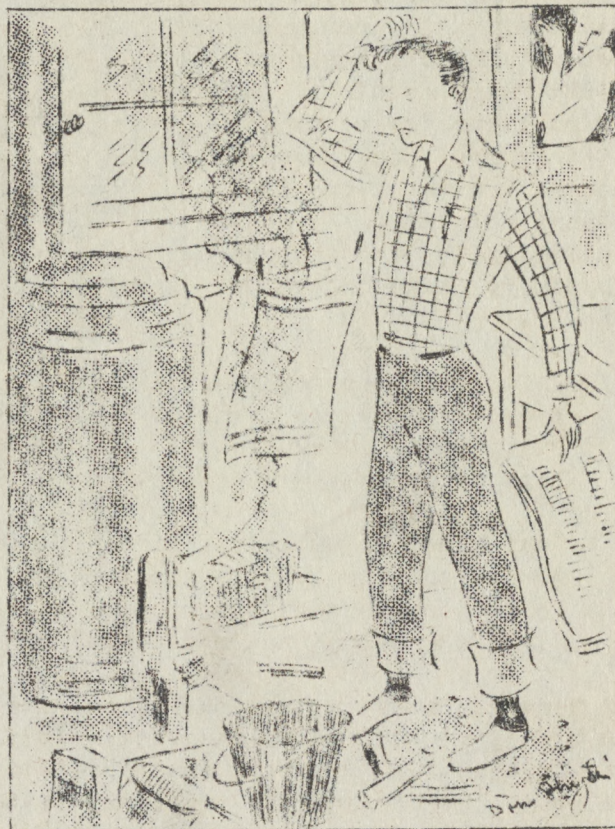
furnace stacks, and the high school chimney.

In the pleasantness of a Sunday evening, a women and girls' team is playing against the block's old men. Any thrown ball by the pitcher is a strike when the men are at bat. There's more screaming and laughing and talking and sideline comments than action, but who cares? An active oldster slides into first base and the girl precariously holds the ball above her head and balances herself on her tiptoes to avoid the dust. The mess hall dishwasher uses his stomach to good advantage in catching a fly ball. A married woman just pushes the second baseman from the bag to spoil a forced play. A girl swears her bat enough times to make three outs by herself, but still can't come close to the ball. Naturally, after the darkness had set in, the girls' team had won.

Grayson, in his "Adventures in Contentment", pointed out many interesting small things that make life worth living. This is a part of the great dust bowl, and nothing worth while seems to grow wild. Yet, some people seek and dig out large cylindrical roots of dormant cactus plants, dry them, hollow the inside, shellac the exterior, and make good vases out of them. Many blocks are planting Chinese elms around the barracks and some people are making small garden plots even though the administration warns them of the lack of water. Maybe those people prefer a bit of green to a shower in the summertime. Some people can see and observe more than others as they walk along the barbed wire fence. Give some people a piece of wood, and after a bit of work, one can see a beautiful result of carving. Some little girls make dust mud-pies in the ditches and play house. Small boys roll around near the coal pile and get dirty as hell. Early teen boys go around in bunches and act and talk tough. Girls are still giggling, and humming the latest popular songs. Some youths

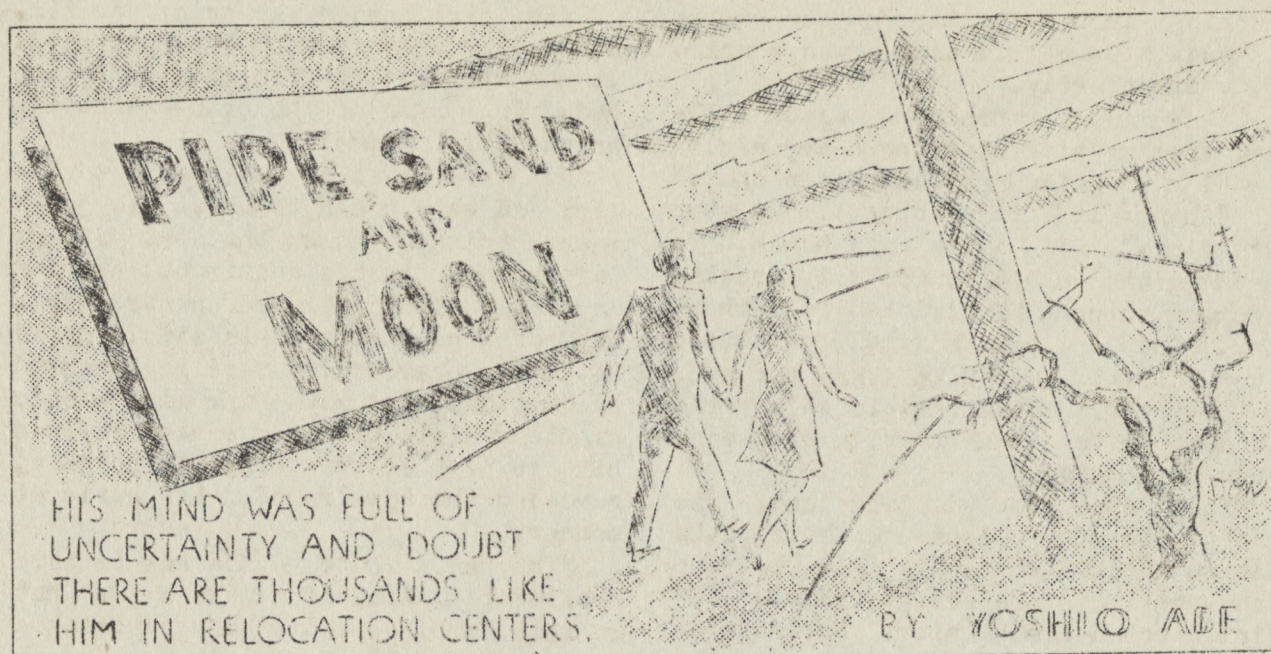
are crazy about dancing, crazy about baseball, about each other, about themselves, infinity. Adventures in contentment becomes a mental process.

The good ol' army stove stands desolate in the corner of the room. While it was cold outside, it was the



"heart" of the room. Now that the temperature has changed to the more comfortable stage, it looks forlorn, neglected, dirty black and ugly in its inactivity. I remember the many times that I have cussed at it. It had refused to get started many times, never maintained any sort of a constant temperature, and the slags collected so fast. It was always easier to gather up the fallen beddings from the floor and cuddle into a bundle rather than to get up and add another lump of coal. When winter comes again, I'll love you again.

—THE END—



Satoru's poor stature, silhouetted against the evening light, was forlorn on the hilltop. A dusty sun was cuddled in an arm of the plain, and an orange cloud splashed into the sky.

"Why smoke in the wind?" came a voice behind him. "Tobacco doesn't taste good in the wind, I hear."

The shadow split in two, and became one again. Satoru put his arm around her waist.

"It is my poor effort to sweeten the air, I suppose."

"And the wind is robbing your sweet endeavor?"

"Damn that cesspool!"

He looked down at her. He smelled her hair. It was tussled, and dusty, with a faint trace of femininity.

"She is tired," he thought. But he didn't know if he meant the wind or his companion. They walked in silence; well aware that they were heading toward a dead end.

His pipe weather-cocked the velocity of the wind. His was rather a poor gesture of defiance against the wind. For the wind had played its full ferocity during the day and was comfortably tired.

The day was done, and the wind was going home for a late supper, one by

one, leaving behind it, ripples and furrows of sand on the road, and between the barracks.

The smoke from his pipe lingered around the bowl, then the left-behind wind carried it away. Reluctance of the smoke to leave the pipe marked a blue wake. It was a memory of a steamer's smoke-stack on the high sea, or of a song of factory chimneys in the city.

But the memory of civilization was unbecoming on the barrack infested hill, surrounded by barbed-wires, and isolated in the midst of wild nothingness of the prairie.

The girl looked up at his pipe and began to say something. She stopped. She pulled out an orange from her coat pocket and tossed it in the air.

"You know," she said, and tossed the orange again.

"I know a lot of things, but can't explain them," Satoru said.

"You know," she said, and put the orange in her pocket. "I'd like to see you smoke an evening pipe in a soft lit living room. You are buried in an over-stuffed chair. No war news. No Japs. And a string quartet is playing on the radio."

Satoru felt a sting of dangerous

warning in her words. But she put it in such a sweet way that he was carried away momentarily.

"And you are watching the ashes falling from my pipe upon the heavy rug."

"I'm not going to scold you for that."

"Ah skip it! It's about time we stop dreaming." His voice was harsh. He had been dangerously and closely tracing the same thought the girl had been tracing. And he couldn't help but put a stop to it. He felt sorry for her. He also felt uncomfortable when being subjected to domestication by woman, even in mockery.

They came to the dead end. The barbed wire fence loomed in their path. Satoru knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his breast pocket. The girl watched him stonily. Satoru spat the bad taste from his mouth onto the ground. He watched the saliva seep into the sand.

The wind-possessed land was dry. Except for the occasional visit of snow, his six months on this land was dry. The land was called the backbone of America. But the farmers of this vicinity shunned to drive the plough into this land. The land must be the knuckle of the backbone, and it was as dry as bone. Satoru was afraid of becoming as dry as this land. His imagination was in want of water. The black spot where his saliva fell, was fast drying.

Satoru circled around the girl and took her arm. They started to walk down-hill. Lights began to appear from the rows of barracks on the slope. The chill of the March evening drew the girl closer to Satoru. An old woman was seen hurriedly taking in the dust stained clothes from the wash line between the barracks.

"I can stand an orange." Satoru broke the silence. He pulled his unoccupied hand from his G.I. coat pocket, and pretended that he was tossing something into the air.

"You peel it for me. The skin is so hard, this Texas orange."

The girl handed the orange to him. She had brought it from the mess hall. It was the dessert from the supper she had. The skin of the orange bore the brand "color added".

He gave half of the orange to the girl and they began to eat. The juice was soothing to the dry throats. Satoru was humble in his sentiment, sharing an orange with a demure Japanese girl. Why does he torture this simple girl? It was too obvious that this girl wanted to marry Satoru. Maybe this girl wasn't simple at all. Only her scheme to lead him to look at the things in her way, revealed the appearance of her reticent manner.

"You know what? A man has to have confidence in himself to make a go. But in this camp, how can he have confidence in his future?" Seriousness overcame Satoru's casual tone.

"I have confidence in you. Doesn't it help you? I think you are afraid of white supremacy propaganda. I know it's pretty tough to make a living outside the camp even without the prejudice. But you don't want to become an Indian, do you? What you want is the confidence that somebody is believing in you. Oh, Satoru, can't you see that I'm for you?"

She tried to be cool and logical. But Satoru's irresolute manner, she had known, drove her to break into a pleading tone. She suspected Satoru weighed more on the security pooled by his folks than his adventure in the future.

The girl changed her voice to a soothing monotone. "I liked it when you said you couldn't get away from the guilty conscience when you wrote 'if drafted' to the question of volunteering. I would be disappointed in you if you'd volunteered just to get away from this camp and..." The girl wanted to add, "to get away from me and all," but refrained.

"I couldn't volunteer and I can't just sit back...now I wish that I'd volunteered." Satoru was somewhat dejected about himself.

"I know it isn't your folks, that's

holding you back." The girl couldn't help but let an ironical tone come into her words.

"No. You know darn well that I'm not going to live their lives."

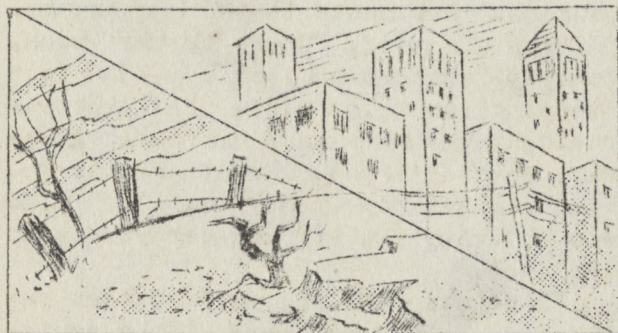
"But you couldn't tear yourself away from them."

Satoru kept silent to this.

Dusk had gathered around the lighted barracks. The hill was congenially checkered with blocks of yellow and black, of light and darkness. On an empty lot, a see saw was playing solitaire in the slight wind and the darkness. The road loomed foggy white upon their path.

"I'm afraid that the longer I stay here, the better I'm going to like this place. You know, a sort of a satisfaction of being domesticated. A fat yellow Indian, if you like to call it. It's dangerous. Disintegration of morale. Day by day, we eat the wind and blow the wind, and we know no direction of tomorrow's wind." Satoru was poetic. He had a tendency to doll up his sentences when it was difficult to snatch up a diction to suit his expression.

"Quoting from whom?" The girl queried, sarcastically. She knew that Satoru was original. She liked him when he frowned. Satoru wasn't sure of what



he was saying most of the time. She knew that he was a fellow who was unaccustomed to expressing his heart in conversation.

They'd come to the dead crossing of the center. A fire station, a reception hall, administration barracks, and the military police barracks occupied the corners of the crossing. Far down the

slope, a sentry was at the gate under a spot light. They turned toward the hospital on the dark winding road.

"You know what? This ration business. Of course we are all affected, but we don't go to markets to add and subtract the points as the general public do. We are remote from the living pulse of war-time America. And that sort of rations you thoughts too, doesn't it?" Satoru wasn't sure she would understand.

"You are not talking about Wall Street, are you? It's just like reading the stock quotations, when I think about buying my groceries on the point system." The girl wasn't ashamed of revealing her weakness in economics, but she only made a little frown.

"Lucky you are not buying it. The government takes care of all that. And that's the whole trouble, living in this camp. You lose the physical contact with the living stream of public."

"Yes, and how! That's why you must seek employment outside, if you think of your future..."

"Future..." The word echoed in Satoru's heart. Damn it, what future can he plan in this damned camp and in this damned war. "Future?" he thought. "No, I mustn't rot in this camp."

Employment offers were steadily increasing to the Japanese Americans in relocation centers. Many nisei have gone out to resettle themselves. Satoru too, had thought of applying for a job outside. But he had only thought about it. He didn't want to admit what was holding him back. What she said about his folks holding him back stung his conscience once more. He merely admitted to himself that he didn't want to go out alone into the hostile public and that he didn't like to go out with a gang, to be a laborer.

At the curve, a white wall of the hospital deepened the darkness of the surrounding emptiness. Somebody must have been dying in the hospital. It was too dark. The flat one-story hospital was like a coffin washed up on a dark island.

They too, were ship-wrecked passengers washed ashore on a strange island. Because the captain was drunk, and the crew were appeased by a few cabin passengers, they were dumped into the troubled sea to save the ship...just because they were steerage passengers... these Japanese Americans who were evacuated from the West Coast. But the boats were coming to the island to pick them up, at long last. Though there were squabbles among former passengers, the captain had sobered up and the crew wanted to make amends. A few nisei resented the saving hands and resolved to remain on the island. Everyone had drunk the bitter water when they were dumped. But only a few kept the bitter water in their bellies. Many had strong kidneys. They secured return passage to test again their strong kidneys.

Satoru doubted the strength of his kidneys. And the girl suspected it too. But the girl secretly enjoyed nursing Satoru's susceptible kidneys.

The wind was coming in for the night shift. It began to scoop up the sand. You could feel the sand creeping into your shoes. The sand bit your face. You had to squirm your body and face, to dodge the blows. Satoru tightened his grip on the girl's shoulder as they staggered toward her barrack.

"Whew! What a blow!"

Once, safely behind the barrack, they let out the breaths which they were holding. Satoru let the girl go from his arm, and reached for his breast pocket.

"I'm not going in," he said.

The girl looked up at him, with an amusing smile in her eyes, and watched him bite the pipe. He knew that it was a poor gesture. He searched for the tobacco pouch, but he really was searching for the words. How could he put into words, that getting a job outside, and getting the girl was the same perplexing, and yet exciting problem?

"Trouble with you," started the girl.

"Trouble with us," said Satoru at the same time.



"Go ahead and say it." Satoru yielded smilingly. He knew what was coming.

"Trouble with you is that you want to be in the best position possible, before you make any move." The girl let out.

"Trouble with us..." began Satoru, but the girl took it away and finished it for him. "...is that we are not married."

Satoru grabbed her shoulder and looked into her eyes. He knew the girl had a strong hold on his weakness and he knew that she was the one to supplement that weakness. Satoru closed his eyes, and reached for her lips, dropping his pipe on the sand. Her lips clung to his. It was hard to tear away.

"I've made up my mind..." Satoru could not continue. The girl kissed him again. It was a California-bred passion. Her mouth tasted like orange.

When she said, "Where is the moon, tonight?" Satoru was looking at her foot stepping on his pipe. The pipe was buried in the sand under her foot. Anyway, he didn't have to weather-cock the wind with his pipe tomorrow. The wind was blowing now and was carrying away the sand.

"What was she saying?" Satoru reflected... "Oh, the moon. What an impertinent question in the sandstorm."

"But last night about now, the moon was just coming up from the plain." She was saying it again, and it resounded in Satoru's heart.

"Where is the moon, tonight?"

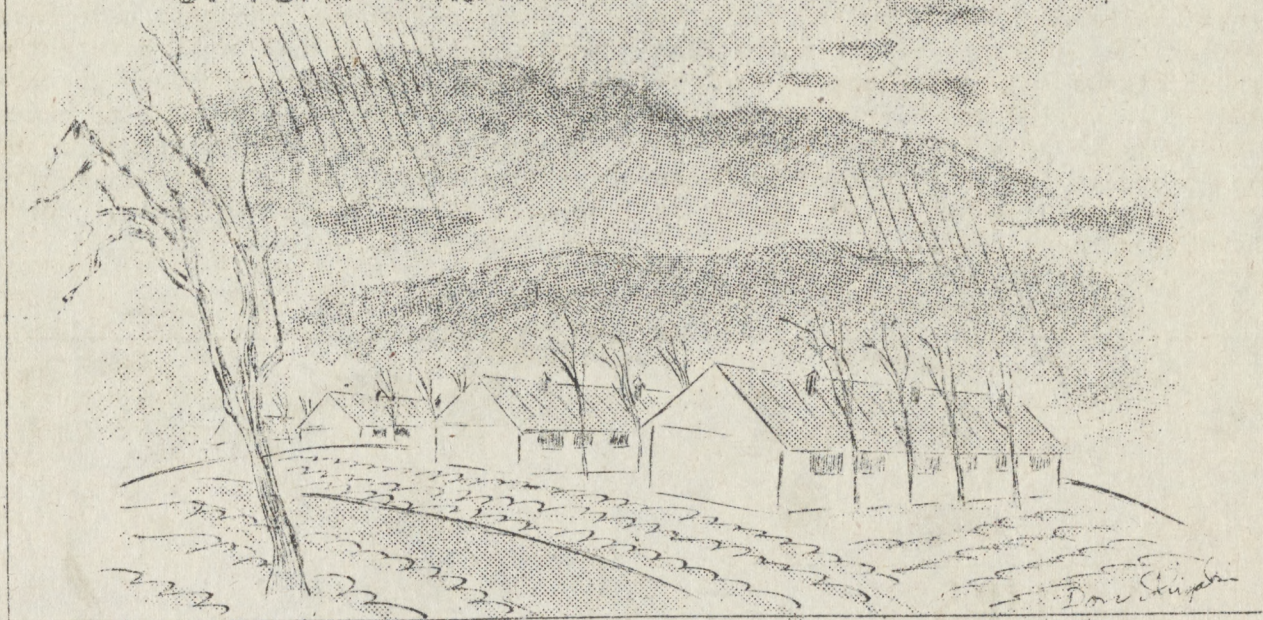
THE END

Rain comes to Amache at last. It is a half-hearted drizzle... a few sparing droplets wring from the clouds... but already there is a freshness in the air. The nostrils take in the damp smell of the countryside with welcome relief. It is a respite from the now familiar dust, wind, and heat...

scheduled for that afternoon. He is to pitch and he has heard that Mary will be there. 'Course he doesn't give a hoot 'bout girls 'n' stuff, but still he'd like a chance to show her he isn't such a dud at baseball as he is at "math". If it rains much more, the game will be called off...

# Amache In The Rain

BY FUMI TAKATA



In front of one of the barracks, the old man sniffs the air with a nod of satisfaction, then bends low over his work. Brown and withered hands carefully and lovingly tend a miniature plot of iris and morning glory. The brave shoots, stalwartly green and alien on this soil, bring reward to the patient, aged gardener, and a lift to the passers-by. The soil is the man's true love and he quietly rejoices in the rain that is so life-giving to his plants... even as he did in other years as he stood on the crest of a hill under California skies overlooking his vast truck fields.

In the barrack classroom, the school boy sits restlessly. The rain bodes evil. There is a big softball game

at the office desk, the pretty little stenographer sits and idly doodles on a scratch pad. "Rain... good old rain!" Her eyes are dreamy as she recalls countless rides in the little maroon convertible coupe with Shig. They both loved the pitter patter of rain on the canvas car top and the swish of the tires on the wet paved roads. Shig is with the Military Intelligence now--somewhere overseas...

"Hey, Yuri! Quit daydreaming and type out a requisition, will ya?"

"Okay! Okay, slave driver!" grins Yuri cheerfully, although inside, there is the ever-present pang of loneliness as she thinks silently... "I wonder if it's raining over there. I wonder if

he's remembering too..."

In the end unit, the mother rigs up extra lines across the cramped quarters of the barrack. Clothes have to be washed, rain or shine. Diapers, shirts, denim slacks, work socks; hang in rows across the room. The coal stove is burning in the corner and the smell of the clean, drying wash pervades the air.

She is ever-busy, but as she pauses to brush back a wisp of hair with her hands, the mother looks out the window to the north. Her glance takes in the green alfalfa fields in the distance beyond the confines of the camp. The green stands out in welcome relief against a yellow and barren landscape. She turns to pick up the baby and unconsciously begins to hum softly, "Haru ga kita, haru ga kita..." Spring is here, spring is here...

Yes, spring is making its little bow to Amache. Former springs in Cali-

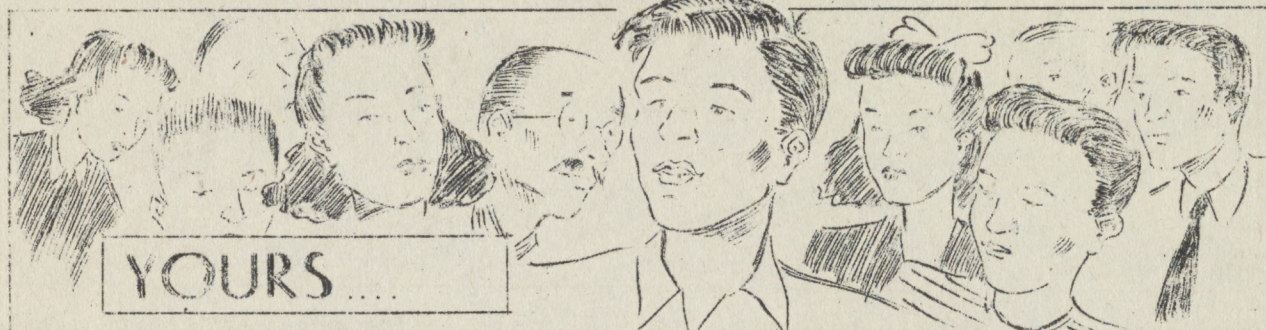
fornia, were symbolized by birds singing, beautiful flowers, trees, and sunshine. It is a gloomy sky that looks down on Amache this day, but the rain somehow has brought with it a consciousness of spring to the hearts of residents.

The delicate green of the Chinese elm seems more pronounced as the jewel-like drops of water cling, shimmering in the breeze.

Desert blooms shooting up at random beside the squat brown barracks command new attention as they dot the terrain with color.

Even as these thoughts have been written, however, the clouds have gathered in the skies again as though puckering up for another cry... Wind comes through the open window and sends the curtains dancing... The skies are very dark... Then rain, real rain, comes slanting down.

— THE END —



We hope you liked the first issue of the PULSE. We tried to bring to you the kind of magazine that is interesting; with the types of features that have an universal appeal. As we continue with the publication of this magazine, we hope to make many improvements. If you have any suggestions as to the type of literature you would like to see, don't hesitate to let us know.

We wish to express our appreciation to the many people who contributed their whole hearted efforts, making this issue possible.

As you now know, the PULSE contains various types of literature. There are short stories, poems and other fea-

tures. Some are serious, and others express humor. The feelings and emotions of the evacuees are expressed in the PULSE.

In any community, there are countless numbers of people who love to write. Many of them make writing their hobby. Unfortunately, some of these people are too shy or timid to have their work published, thereby depriving others of immense pleasure.

Anyone may submit their manuscripts to the PULSE. Since the PULSE welcomes any type of literature, we urge more people to write. Send in your literary contributions to the PIONEER building.

..THE EDITOR

