

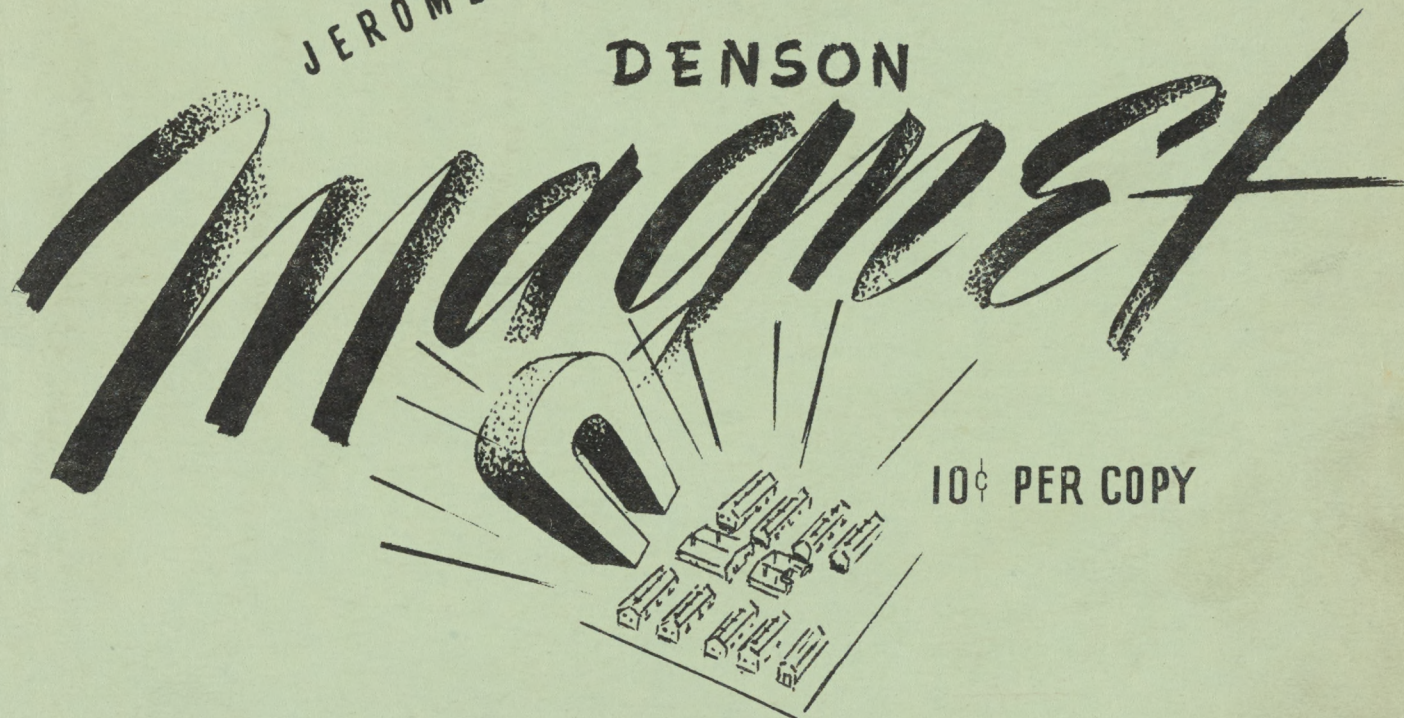
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JEROME RELOCATION CENTER
DENSON

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APRIL

★ PUBLISHED BY DOCUMENTS SECTION

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COVER - The MAGNET cover was designed by Shugo Seno, graduate of the Chouinard Art Institute and the Frank Wiggins Trade School of Los Angeles. Prior to evacuation, he was associated with Allied Advertising Artists.

The MAGNET is edited by the Documents Section and published by the Community Enterprises of the Jerome Relocation Center, Denson, Ark.

A Message From Paul Taylor

Congratulations!

It is with personal gratification that I witness the appearance of a Center magazine.

My congratulations go to the Documents Section, for their initiative and perseverance, and to the others of our residents who contributed to the first issue.

The MAGNET can be of lasting value--as a document recording the smaller things which make up life in the Center; as a source of pleasant entertainment; as an introduction to the outside world; as an opportunity for individual literary expression; as a tie of better understanding between the administration and the Center population.

Paul A. Taylor
Paul A. Taylor,
Project Director

AN EDITORIAL

The Better and Bolder

There are many nisei in the Center who feel a strong desire to go out and once again, become a part of the outside world. But they are hesitant and reluctant, because they feel that jobs attractive enough cannot be obtained. Hence, many of them are just waiting in the Center "for something better to turn up."

Most of the good jobs outside, such as defense work or even office work, require a certain amount of technical ability and knowledge. Hence it would seem imperative that nisei, either while they are in the Center or outside, train for some vocation. With training in some profession, business, or trade, the evacuee will have added to his confidence and lost much of his feeling of insecurity.

Another reason why nisei may hesitate about going out may be due to their lack of knowledge of America. Living in California most of their lives, they knew little of the world outside of California. California, to them, was an end in itself.

There is a necessity on the part of these Nisei to widen their scope and understanding of America. The wider their knowledge of America, the better and bolder will they be able to step out into the "unknown" new life -- America!



Outside Relocation Program

By
John C. Baker

One of the most significant developments in the program of the War Relocation Authority in recent months has been the expansion and acceleration of activities in the Employment Division of the relocation centers to facilitate the relocation of individuals and families in outside communities.

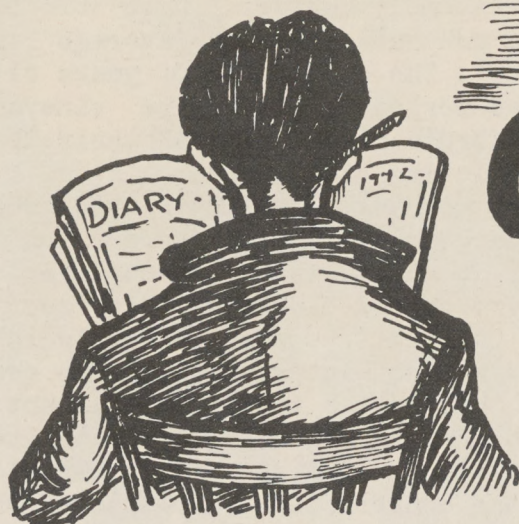
Five principal field offices are now functioning. The newest offices are located in Chicago, Kansas City, and Cleveland; two others, in Denver and Salt Lake City, were opened several months ago. Each one of these offices will eventually have from eight to ten subsidiary offices operating under it in other cities of the Middle-West and Rocky Mountain region.

The function of the field offices is twofold: first, to find work opportunities for center residents who have registered for outside employment; and, secondly, to assist in developing committees of citizens who desire to co-operate in the relocation program. Several citizens' committees are already actively engaged in creating favorable public sentiment for workers from the centers, and in seeking acceptable employment offers for others who have expressed a desire to consider outside work opportunities.

Washington, D.C.

In Washington, an examining staff is speeding the work of clearing applications for indefinite leaves. As rapidly as possible, clearance will be established for every eligible person who completed one of the WRA forms which were submitted in the recent registration in the centers. This work, when it is finished, will do away with the long waits that many applicants for leaves have had to undergo before they could go to positions offered to them outside the centers. Any person for whom a clearance has been established will be able to leave the center immediately when an opportunity is opened to him.

The War Relocation Authority is definitely committed to the task of helping people in the relocation centers to resume normal lives in normal communities where they can be contented and secure. Our plans have had to be modified from time to time to overcome unforeseen obstacles, both inside and outside the centers, but always our final goal has been to prepare the way for law-abiding people in the centers to regain the opportunity of contributing to the national well being and to their own well being as ordinary residents and workers in normal communities.



Joe's Diary

by Anonymous

Oct. 11, 1942

Arrived early morning while still dark. First impression of Jerome bad. Everything in upheaval. Construction work still going full blast--lumber piled high and scattered everywhere. Gravel pits, mounds, and barb-wire fence "which a cow could jump over." Fresno induction crew stare curiously with hands in pockets. Lumber jackets, blue jeans, hats. Red arm bands. Morning mist all around.

After induction, huge army truck transports us over bumpy road to block on extreme northeast corner of project. Guides lead us to new apartment. We are delighted! Rooms large, roomy, light.

Everyone comments, "The climate is just like California!"

Caucasian plumber, fixing pipes in the shower, whispers to his companion, "Say, look at them Japanese boys, --Why, they ain't no different from us."

Nisei boy in shower shouts, "Hey, the water's sure slippery. You wash and wash and wash and it doesn't come off. When you got soap on your face, you don't know when to open your eyes."

Everyone searching around the barracks for nails with which to make furniture. They walk slowly, looking on the ground as though looking for something.

One lady jokes, "I heard that one woman picked up a ten dollar bill while searching. She looked at the bill and then threw it away to resume her search for nails again."

Block meeting at night: Ass't Center

Manager Melton squelches rumors of mosquitoes, bears, rattlesnakes. Says he took a walk into the woods recently and didn't see so much as one snake. Says there's 10,000 acres of timber to be cleared for agri. purposes; that water, soft water, good for drinking and laundering, comes from a 900 ft. well. No censorship of mail.

Love, a young administrator, says, "The administrators are really here to aid the people in getting started."

When Mr. Rice, head of the agri. project, was introduced, everyone screamed with delight. The issei yelled "Ah!" He will raise 'Arkansas Blue Ribbon' Rice."

Everyone very much interested in knowing general setup of Center, whether there will be same restrictions as at assembly center----curfew, nose-count, etc., whether self-government will be a real self-government, or just a puppet government. Many questions are asked about jobs. Spirit good. Many anxious to "make this the best Center of them all."

Oct. 13, 1942

New issei arrival on next block thinks the country she passed through here on

way to Jerome is just like Japan. Saw fireflies, heard "semi" (Cicada) crying. Says there are many insects here in the woods just like in Japan. Her room commands a wonderful view of the forest. Trees surround her barracks, and logs can be seen piled alongside the road.

Mirror disappeared from our block showers. Everyone indignant. Issei man says, "The thief should be caught, separated from his family and sent to "Paka Dam" (Jap. version of "Siberia").

Weather: warm. Night air: crisp. All kinds of insects crying.

Oct. 14, 1942

Neighbors hauling pebbles in kid wagon, dumping them in front of porch. This is a precaution for the coming rainy season, and they say it really rains here!

Oct. 15, 1942

Signed work cards to help on induction crew. Our job is to make newcomers off the train feel at home. \$12. mo.

Scraped paint off apt. windows with razors.

Some boys on the next block chased a frightened possum up a tree. The possum climbed higher and higher till it could go no further, then climbed out on a limb.

One of the boys lassoed it with a rope tied on the end of a long pole. The animal is now on exhibit in a cage with a sign reading, "Arkansas Bear."

An issei, upon seeing a possum for the first time in his life, declared, "It's a Japanese 'tanuki' (coon)." Another described it as "a funny-looking animal with a tail like a cat's." One issei argued that it must be a bear.



Many "bindle stiffs" arrived from the Fresno Assembly Center. Most of them are old men well over the average span of life. The oldest is 90 years old. They had worked in the grape vineyards of California practically all their lives, also following other crops.

Every morning 3,000 construction workers, black and white, converge upon the center. Hence, MP's are posted around the now occupied blocks of this section of the Center. We were told this is so workers will not interfere with the residents, and so the residents will not go into the construction area. We are told to stay within confines of our own block until the construction is complete.

Oct. 18, 1942

The much-awaited Santa Anita train did not arrive until 3 a.m. this morning. Many times, about 10, 15 times in all, we were fooled by freight trains roaring by.

The day: hot and sultry.

This aft: Buzzards were reeling high above the timber. Boys on truck driving by hamburger stand near Ad. Building shouted, "Hello there, Lulu Belle" to girl in white apron leaning on counter.

Oct. 21, 1942

Lynn, Info. Div. head, says he worked on Ark. Gazette for 7, 8 years, that the Ark. Gazette is the "oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi". Said he would like to see Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Center bulletin published this Friday.

He added: "Newspapermen know a little about everything, and nothing really about anything."

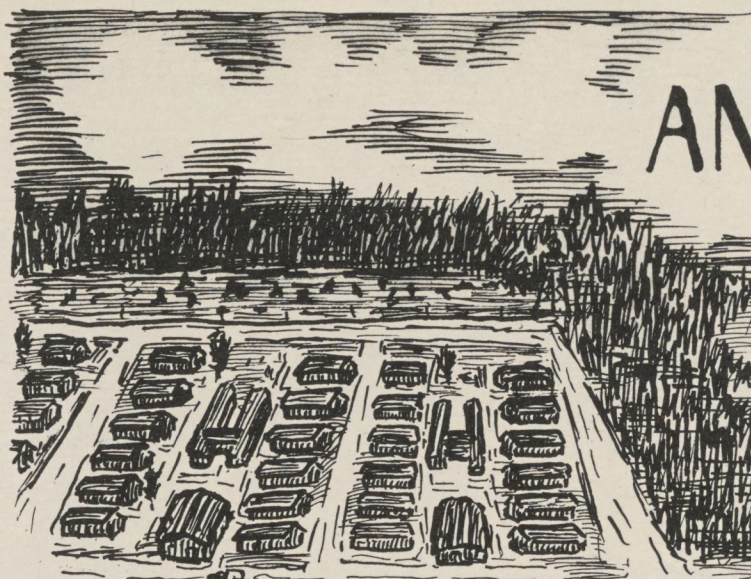
Wind kicked up dust and blew it into room all over the furniture.

Screen doors now being installed by carpenters.

Oct. 23, 1942

Communique No. 1 came off the press this morning on a slow, "tick tock," rebuilt mimeograph machine, a trade-in from Dermott. Lynn, Eddie, Paul, and I went to deliver the papers (in bunches of 75 ea.) to all the block managers of 20 occupied blocks.

(Please turn to page 9)



ANY MIND

CAN

GET LEAVE

BY

KIYOSHI HAMANAKA

Growth is as necessary to the mind as it is to the body; for life, both physical and mental, goes forward or backwards. It never stands still. We can no more stop our thoughts "for the duration" than we can stop any other activity involved in living.

Because our bodies are confined in relocation centers is a poor reason to confine our minds. The world goes on and unless we go on with it, we will have a harder time adjusting to it when we get "outside." It is, therefore, necessary to take time out to consider the larger view. It takes not only time but also mental effort to acquire a larger perspective,--a more adequate interpretation of the world in which we live.

What does the larger view involve? The answer is in the question: it involves desire and interest. These are the impetus behind any activity lacking immediate necessity. Our environment is such that there is no immediate necessity so it is best that we be prepared for any eventuality. It is true that one cannot feign interest or desire, since such involve meaningfulness in one's activities, that is, connection between the activity and one's life.

But now the question poses itself: where do we start in acquiring a larger view? We naturally start where we are. What we need is the "follow through", not follow through in an athletic sense but in the sense of developing what mental habits we have. For example, if we are going to consider race, this means con-

sidering not only the Japanese race but also the Jewish, Negro, and other races. If we are going to consider the future, this means considering our future in relationship with the future of the world. "But why?" one may ask; for the selfsame reason that Pearl Harbor affected us; the reason that we are living in an inter-related world. Herein lies the meaningfulness, the basis of desire and interest, for considering our problem in the light of the problems of the world. But this inter-relation extends beyond problems. It entails, as an accompaniment, our consideration in solving our problems in such a manner that it will aid in solving the world's problems. Solutions, too, are inter-related. It thus behooves us to first acquire the larger view and then act upon that greater consciousness.

Let us now consider the means whereby we may acquire the larger view. What avenues of approach are open to us? We have books and periodicals but even in reading we must be discriminating lest we waste our precious time. Radio programs of an informative nature are available, but here, too, we must distinguish the wheat from the chaff. We can form seminars. We can write letters. We can hold informal discussions. There are, we see, many ways of acquiring this larger view, for with such, our understanding of ourselves in relation to the world we live in will be greater, and such understanding is the prerequisite for intelligent action in this challenging world.

Saved By The Bell

That night the world was like the interior of an old refrigerator. The darkness we didn't mind, but the freezing temperature not only made our teeth chatter, but our ribs rattle like a fifty-caliber machine-gun. The rattling of our ribs, the whistling of the strong north wind, and the falling of the stiff oak leaves made us think of Bataan or Guadalcanal.

George and Alex were huddled together beside an old stump and were saying to each other that if we aren't found by tonight, we're goners. Rubbing the palms of my hand against my thigh, I recalled how George was born in Monterey, Alex in the middle of the ocean, and I in Central California.

"I hope you guys forgive me for dragging you out here fishing," I said. "It wasn't your fault," George said. "If this weather would make up its mind, it would have been okay. One look at the sun today and you'd think the sun even in California had a veil around it."

"Yeah," I said, "the weather is something like those females I know. They can't seem to make up their minds, and they always lead you into trouble."

George's lips were blue; he began reciting his biography. "Remember, Mas," he said, "how we used to play baseball in the assembly center? Boy, I'd gladly give my right arm to have the heat we used to have then."

I thought of the hot days when the Madera AC won their fifty straight win.



By Masao Dobashi

Hot or cold, everytime we played ball, it was hot.

Suddenly, I thought, "If we exerted some energy running around, maybe we could produce some heat."

Like soldiers going through their daily drills, we went through every exercise we were taught in high school. Everything from push-ups to shadow-boxing. But finally exhaustion got the better of us and one by one we fell to the ground and fell asleep.

Are you wondering how we pulled through? Well, I'll tell you. I got a notion to kill the guy who invented the alarm clock.



March 12, 1943

After a month in New York City, following six months in an assembly center and four months in a relocation center, one is apt to be still a little inebriated with the sense of freedom and the normal (to those who have never been evacuated) hecticness of life sans barbed wires. A touch of adventure still clings to subway rides, a bit of that exhilaration of "stepping out" is attached to dropping into a cafe for a mid-morning cup of coffee or into a movie to kill an hour or two of an evening.

Perhaps it is New York itself that is exciting. Certainly, New Yorkers look with jaundiced eyes at hinterland settlements such as Boston or Philadelphia--and Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and points west are just that: points west. But most New Yorkers look upon even their native city with admirable restraint. The most rabid New Yorker I've met here came to the city first in 1938.

The second most rabid New Yorker has been here even a shorter period, in fact, since February 10, 1943. He is I.

However, I have not been sufficiently blinded by the good feel of being free to emulate Dr. Pangloss. This is in passing reference to William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" which, incidentally, is not a reference to himself, passing or otherwise. The movie is showing on

Broadway, a few blocks from my hotel room from where I essay forth, like Haroun Al Raschid, for a hamburger sandwich and a schooner of beer.

Pub crawling, a one-time hobby of mine, tends to be more expensive than fun. Especially on Broadway. What with the dim-out, a tyro crawler is apt to crawl right past some of the more homier places and find himself in the all-too-ubiquitous gyp joint where a month's WRA pay will fetch only a sneer from the cloak room girl when it comes time to buy back your hat and coat. This may be one solution, however, to the problem of what to do with GI clothes when once you're out. Check them at some night club and don't claim them when you're leaving. I realize it's a dirty trick to play on the proprietor, but after all he's already charged you \$1.25 for a jigger of cheap whiskey which you can buy anywhere else for three bucks a fifth.

I had heard before coming here that restaurants would serve only one cup of coffee to a customer--and that only with food. No seconds. So I had been caffeine crawling instead till I found that most places would give me all the coffee I wanted. My strict adherence to the rules of the game were a trifle bucolic.

But rationing is no joke.

My War Ration Book One, No. 450972-355, has all the stamps in it yet from 1 thru 28 only because I've not had to buy either coffee or sugar in bulk. Stamp 17, however, is coming out today for a pair of shoes. Walking on sidewalks--no mud, mind you, no mud--is so pleasant that I've overdone it in the past month. The payment, however, no matter how much better than mud, is still not very soothing on the bare sole.

Most of what is exciting about New York is the people and their activities. To be one of them is to be again in the mainstream of American life. Relocation centers are like stagnant pools, becoming fetid and slimy, left by the backwash of the flood following December 7, 1941. The flood is subsiding; the main current sweeps on, fresh and strong and steady. The sinkholes remain, growing more stagnant daily, breeding fever and noxious germs....

Perhaps because I wasn't on the defensive, I have yet to experience a single

incident of any unpleasantness over my racial background. On the contrary.

Even on the train from Jerome to St. Louis, three soldiers (white--but forgive them; they couldn't help that) asked me to join them in nibbling out of a common quart bottle and we spent the night singing "As Long as You're Not in Love With Anyone Else, Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?" to every pretty girl who passed down the aisle--and every girl was pretty. The fact that every girl was already in love with somebody else--or maybe we didn't sing so well--is beside the point. We had fun.

And St. Louis and the Washington University campus in the afternoon and everybody's friendliness was a heart-warming prelude to New York.....

Perhaps Dr. Pangloss and William Saroyan are partially right--not everything, but a lot of things are good in this best of all possible worlds.

Certainly, to be out again in the world after almost a year of the restricted subnormal and morbid life in centers makes me, to use a good old American phrase, feel like a white man again.

With every best wish,

EDDIE SHIMANO

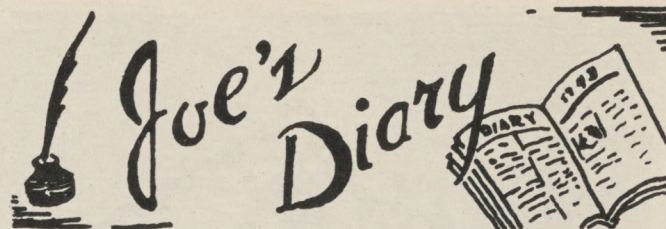
A WISH

I'm just a little boy lost in "Japan"
I see soldiers standing by the gate
I see them high up on the guardhouse
They tell me I must stay inside the fence.

I'm just a little boy lost in "Japan"
Where are all my American friends?
Where is Johnny, and Tommy, and Dick?
I want to go home to America.

I'm just a little boy lost in "Japan"
I want to sleep in my own room again.
I want to crawl through the fence
And never, never see "Japan" again.

---T.D.



(Continued from page 5)

Oct. 26, 1942

Cold northerly blast. Stings face. Pierces clothing. Chaps hands and face. Ears hurt. Walked home from work and changed into long "undies". Went to Personnel office in Block 5 to get story on jobs for Communique. Personnel office flooded with applicants for jobs.

Stoves are being installed in all the apartments. Block people make mad scramble for kindling wood.

Oct. 31, 1942

Father, mother arrived this morning on the last Santa Anita train. Father extremely enthused about place as we take walk along edge of forest. Mother thinks woods are beautiful.

Today's Anitans moved into as yet uncompleted Block 31. Tarpaper still covers the windows and beds are not in. Mud piled high in front of barracks. Lumber strewn all over from uncompleted barracks, but people uncomplaining and busy as Hell with baggage.

Nov. 1, 1942

Beautiful sunny autumn day; leaves on edge of forest changing into all autumnal hues of red, yellow; many people strolling along edge of forest; issei sawing the moss-covered tree limbs to use for decorative purposes; old men filling a sack with nuts picked from an old, dried up pecan tree, which had been chopped. Leaves dry and crackling.

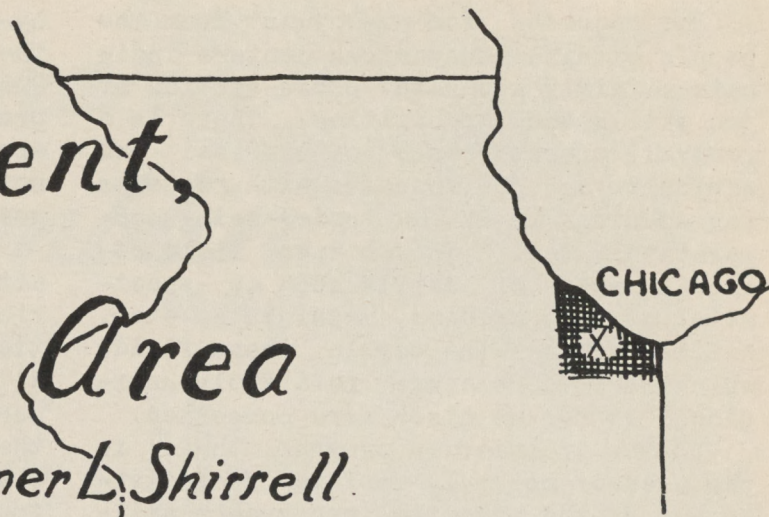
Sentries have difficulty keeping people off inner road. People have natural desire to wander into woods. Sammy hunts for acorns with which to make necklace. Issei cutting twisted and gnarled limbs to make switches, canes. Women taking home leaves of oaks, maples.

Saw a couple of issei digging up young palm trees and rose bushes. Said they were going to replant them in front of their barracks.

Carpenters painted our doors today.

Resettlement, Chicago Area

By Elmer L. Shirrell



The Chicago Relocation Office was opened during the first week of January 1943, for the purpose of resettling persons of Japanese ancestry who were evacuated from the West Coast. Four and one-half mid-Western states are included in the relocation area--Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Eastern half of North Dakota.

This office is established with the hope that this area will prove to be one of the most fruitful locations for reemployment. During the initial period, there was the usual apprehension which arose in regard to the general receptivity of the people in this region to the relocation plan. Careful publicity, coupled with tact and diplomacy has resulted in the creation of a favorable public.

As might be expected, there was an immediate deluge of requests for domestic help. There immediately arose the problem of establishing an arbitrary wage standard in regard to domestic help. After discussing the matter with the United States Employment Service and other agencies, \$50 a month for a single person and from \$100-\$125 a month for couples were established as a minimum basis upon which domestic offers could be based. This great demand for domestic help is not surprising and is due to the general displacement within the entire labor market as a result of the war. The office has recognized this fact and immediately made plans to handle the situation accordingly. Emphasis was given to the fact that there be no exploitation in this field of employment.

With a de-emphasis on the above type

of employment, there has been a steady increase of other job offers. In the field of office work, offers of employment for secretaries, bookkeepers, dictaphone operators, stenographers, and PBX operators have been submitted by employers. In the professional field there have been offers for nurses and laboratory technicians. There have been offers of employment for persons with other work and educational backgrounds--nurserymen, photographic finishers, stock clerks, janitors, platen press operators, dry cleaners, truck drivers, cooks, car washers, et al.

These offers of employment have been made possible through the cooperation of some non-government agencies which are channeling their offers through our office. The cooperation of such agencies as the American Friends Service committee, YMCA, and YWCA is of material aid toward the solution of the relocation problem.

It is interesting to note, parenthetically, that the AFS has opened a hostel for people from various centers who wish to relocate themselves in the Chicago area. The Brethren Church has opened a similar hostel in Cleveland, Ohio. The hostel is doubly significant in view of the acute housing situation in this and all large urban areas. The hostels are operated on a cost basis and have already aided a number of nisei. The accommodations are not permanent but are given to those persons who are seeking employment in these areas. As soon as a person finds employment, he leaves in order to give another person a similar opportunity.

The requests for employment from the people within the various centers indicate a fairly accurate cross-section of job skills and capabilities. There is a general preponderance of clerical and agricultural job requests with requests for openings in skilled trades being comparatively few. The Chicago field office is aware of skills such as sheet-metal workers, welders, machinists, etc., and is opening the way in these fields which were heretofore relatively unexplored as far as nisei were concerned.

In the relocation program there is the need of not only employer receptivity but of the potential employee's willingness to relocate himself. True, there is the leave procedure which is basic toward attaining outside employment, and it is further true that many of the leaves have been delayed; but aside from this technical aspect, and infinitely more important, is the necessity for the sober recognition of the personal and moral responsibility on the part of all those in the centers to relocate themselves. That there has been a tragic social displacement is a known fact. The injustices which have resulted as its natural

by-products have tested the mettle of the most optimistic and most tolerant. Suspicion and distrust are further by-products. We must all cooperate if we are to be successful, however. This is not meant to be dramatic. It is very realistic.

Our relocation office will make every attempt to secure employment with salaries commensurate with respect to abilities. This will not be successful in all instances, but in those cases it is our hope that you will realize with us that this will be relocation and hence will involve the building of another foundation for many.

A number of nisei are employed in Chicago as bookkeepers, accountants, stenographers, etc. They have met a receptive community and consequently have satisfied employers due to the sincerity and diligence of those who have come here. It is through personal dealings that these superficial barriers of distrust and the public's fear of the unknown are destroyed.

This is our message from the Chicago office.



Last night I took a walk around the camp. It was a very beautiful moonlight night and just right for romance, but I found myself wondering if this was my home. I saw spotlights in the towerhouse shining up and down, the police car prowling with no lights, the outline of the barbed wire fence across the ditch, the lights in the Adm. building, the cars going in and out.

I heard the sentinel on duty walk back and forth, back and forth; I heard the frog crying in the creek and then heard

the wild geese flying overhead; I heard the dog bark in the distance and the sound of the runaway horse. I heard the squealing of the pigs in their pen, and the baby crying in some barrack. I heard the slam of the door in the wind, and someone singing down the road, and another playing a harmonica. I heard the radio softly playing into the night. I heard laughter of a girl, then a voice of the man. I saw lights slowly go out, and the camp settle down to its slumber.

The Westerners Came Rumbling

Hello, Denson, Arkansas! Is this what you are? But where are the "corn-lickered" squirrel-gun-toting hillbillies, the sacred razorbacks, the snake and alligator-infested swamps and the 65 inches of rain we heard so much about while in California?

The "Westerners" who came rumbling 2,000 miles over the rails to establish one of the largest cities in Arkansas practically overnight have not had their worst fears confirmed. They have found that they have been able to live here without having to battle strange creatures and unknown elements.

Man has survived these thousands of years in different climes all over the world. The migrants, 1942 style, have been no different; they are making necessary adjustments and learning the "lay of the land" rapidly.

The "black-haired" ones from the Golden State have fitted into the physical and mental pattern of this war-born city. The Center, after five months, has assumed that "normal" appearance.

Unlike the hustling, scrambling world outside, on the whole, life here goes on at an almost even keel. In exchange for the loss of certain liberties, the Project's people do not have to worry about tires, gasoline, sugar, rent, hospital bills and other normal and wartime headaches.

Let's follow one of these transplanted citizens for awhile: Joe Evacueemoto gets up, rushes for the washroom. Then he dashes into the dining hall just before the 7:30 a.m. deadline. He trudges to work. He asks his fellow workers what they had for breakfast and registers surprise when he finds out his block had dried prunes instead of dried peaches They hold a discussion on the merits of their mess halls and praise and cuss their cooks. A girl next to him raves about the "sharp" dancer she



By Richard Tanaga

met at the "scrape and slide" last night. He says, "Oh yeah, no lie?" and goes to work.

It has rained during the morning and the employee must plod back to his block for lunch through the mud..a truck comes speeding along and splashes the "gooey mixture" on his group. He declares vehemently, "That cocky driver ought to have more sense!" His companions agree and they walk on fuming.

He prances into the dining hall, gets his plate of food and squeezes into his warped seat. He gets himself settled, then mutters to his neighbor, "Daikon again----damn those guys in Gila who insist on raising this Japanese conception of horse-radish."

Our 16-dollar-a-month man picks his way through the buckshot mud and is back on the job. He asks his fellow workers what they had for lunch. "Daikon" is the unanimous reply. He grins and gets to work.

It's 5:30 p.m. so he goes home. Joe sits at home waiting for the high-pitched sound of the dinner iron----there it is!

He's got "something on the line" tonight and he goes to the showers early --he steps in, turns on the water.."Yow! It's cold!"

We find activities similar to that in any community: a group of boys spinning tops; a boy and a girl holding hands and walking, oblivious to the rest of the world; carpenters pounding and sawing; men loading food onto a truck; a block

manager trying to keep peace in a block as petty problems, caused by too much "elbow rubbing", spring up; the councilmen deliberate and discuss ways to improve the Center; a mailman making his sole-searing rounds; a congregation solemnly listening to a sermon; a dance with the local orchestra "giving out"; a basketball game with its yelling crowd; a choir practicing hallelujahs; students studying history; a reporter on his beat; a club holding an election; black-topped hens clucking over some juicy kernels of gossip----Yes, the panorama of a full-fledged city is almost all there.

Until the War Relocation Authority announced it was going to swing into the fourth step of its program, that of resettlement, the people were building a miniature world of its own----a type of Shangri-La hidden away in an almost inaccessible place. The outside world was a thing apart, a hazy place where making a living was serious business. Although the resettlement program has stirred the Center life, some people are still buried. Their stream of conversation never gets to the sea but runs in a stagnating circle around the center pool.

The evacuees are not without their worries, however; their biggest came when they faced that critical period in December and January when fuel wood to warm the Project's 2,300 odd apartments was needed immediately. An indefinite holiday was declared and every able-bodied man who could be spared trekked out to the "back yard" and started to fell trees in a feverish race with the weather. Fortunately, the clouds patiently held up their aprons full of water for three weeks during this crisis.

This, then, is a glimpse of Jerome Relocation Center. The first five months of its existence are history now. What the Center will look like five months hence would be difficult to guess with the present trend of events forecasting many changes. The people here are stirring as more and more of their number re-enter the nation proper.

WRA authorities hope that half of the people here will return to normal life in the next five months.

The opportunities to prove our right to live and fight as free Americans are improving.





Kenji Mori, BIG - SHOT

BY YOKO ARIMURA

Kenji, as the recognized leader, no doubt because he could talk more convincingly and with more gusto than the rest, had to appear tough, even though he wasn't, or else it would mean his leadership would be questioned. As I recall now, it seems that Kenji's whole attitude, his outlook, and conduct, were governed by the amount of competition given him for the leadership. The more endangered his leadership became, the more hardened he became, until his ferociousness eventually overcame the source of competition.

Somehow, this Kenji I knew didn't seem like Mrs. Mori's boy. The very goodness of Mrs. Mori and the badness of Kenji seemed to contradict each other. I knew that Kenji couldn't very well keep up this crusty exterior, because in spite of all his callousness, he was still Mrs. Mori's little boy.

Then one morning, without so much as a warning, there walked into the mess-hall, a different, a changed, Kenji Mori. I could hardly believe my eyes; gone was the cocky, reckless, "to-hell-with-it" attitude. Rather, he seemed reserved, cold, and almost arrogant--and, I noticed with a pang, miserably unhappy.

Upon investigating the cause of the sudden change, I learned that Mrs. Mori, in a fit of hopelessness, not knowing how to deal with her one and only offspring, had given Kenji the old "one-two", which, apparently, was too much for even Kenji. Just then Kenji's followers, just like some foul plague, came around to his apartment, and found him bawling like a herd of cattle. The gang sympathized with him, but Kenji, a true "Jap", believing he had lost face, severed all connections with the youngsters; that was what I was told. Yet, the thought of another tanning was, I'll wager, the major contributing factor to his decision.

Kenji Mori was only a dozen years old. Yet, even at this tender age, he was the leader of an organized group of youngsters who ruled the activities of the block. Operating in much the same way as a vicious wolf pack, on the theory that several were stronger than one, this youthful "gang", in a sense, had the whole block under its thumbs.

People who wanted, above everything, to put an end to this miniature form of gangsterism, found they had their hands more or less tied behind them because the whole set-up was composed of sons of friends, relatives, or neighbors. And parents, it seemed, could not exercise authority on their children--you couldn't very well condemn your own child without condemning the rest of the boys who were involved in the same offense.

The gang operated through brute strength. If they were interested enough in anything to fight for it, it was the general policy of the other youngsters to concede without an argument. This bully nature may have been the passover from too many comic books, or a crude imitation of the supposed gangs operated by the older boys, or, in all probability, a combination of both.

Then I began to wonder, after seeing Kenjimope around day in and day out for a whole week, about the advisability of brute force, even on him. Mrs. Mori also realized, I'm sure, what had taken place in Kenji's world, and she appeared miserable about the whole thing. I had seen Kenji degenerating slowly during his reckless days; although there was now a change in him, apparently for the better, the dissipation of mind was still there. It seemed that there should have been a way to make him take to the happy medium, instead of from one extreme to the other.

Just when it seemed that Kenji would break from the heavy self-placed oppression on his heart and mind, the "canteen" came out with tops galore to sell, and all the youngsters, including Kenji, began to spin tops. Taking advantage of this fad as a means of contributing something to the recreational program for the kids, our block recreational leader sponsored a top-spinning contest. Practically every youngster in our block who knew how to spin a top entered the contest. Kenji Mori's was the first name on the list of about twenty contestants.

Although it was good to see Kenji taking an interest in activities once more, there was still something missing. Kenji had become cynical toward companionship.

Whereas all the other fellows spun their tops in groups, Kenji, like an outcast, was alone, and undeniably miserable.

The Sunday of the contest was one of those rare days you never would have believed occurred in Arkansas, so ideal was it. The block people flocked out to the contest grounds near the recreation hall to see the youngsters vie for the top-spinning championship. Youth was "King" today. All the entrants, sensing their importance, were ostensibly "warming up", and although I don't profess to know much about even so simple a thing as top-spinning, they all looked like experts.

This article could be the better and more colorful if I could write that in the contest, once started, the competition was keen. But it was not so. The sense of importance changed to frustration and nervousness during the contest, except in the case of young Mori. Kenji, cool and mechanical, displayed the accuracy and the strength of a man fighting for his life. He was proud of his skill; we could see it in his animated eyes, as he toyed with his top.

After Kenji was crowned "Champion of the Top-Spinners", all his opponents edged toward him and asked, "How do you hold your top?" or "Golly, how do you do it?" Kenji Mori's day had come!





Paul Yokota

Last of the WRA centers to be started, the Jerome Relocation Center already has had an eventful career during its five-month existence at Denson, Arkansas, as viewed by reports published in outside newspapers.

Even before the West Coast evacuees were sent to the Arkansas projects, Little Rock dailies had begun printing stories on the prospective residents and on the function of the two centers. So, it was not without warning that Arkansas natives found approximately 15,000 new residents among their population by the end of 1942.

During the first month or so, various Arkansas papers ran almost day-to-day accounts of inductions and construction progress at Jerome.

A cross-section of life in the Center was portrayed in a double-page spread in the rotogravure section of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch just before Christmas which chimed in with reports that relocation center children were to receive holiday gifts.

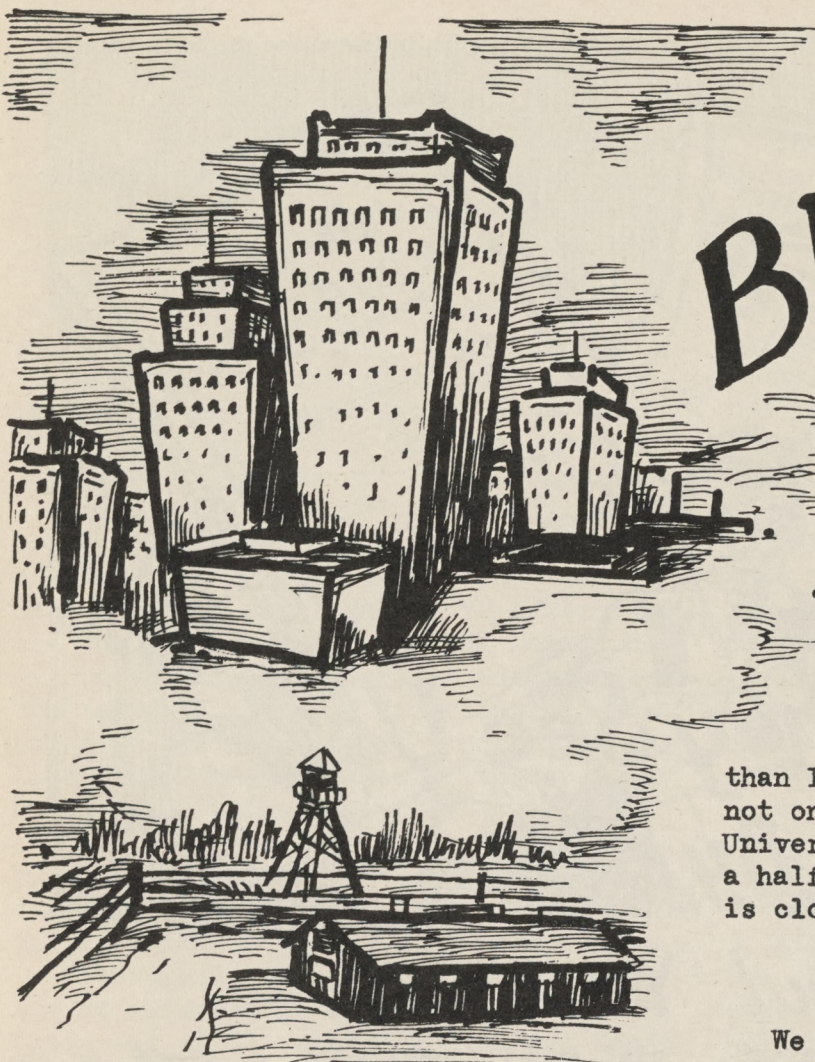
Then in January, the Memphis Commer-

cial Appeal published a story on so-called "food wastage, slowdown strikes and threats against construction workers" at the Project which was reprinted in a number of newspapers throughout the country.

Although much of the outside publicity has been unfavorable, articles run in the Arkansas Gazette, the Dermott News and a few other periodicals have given fair presentations of Center conditions.

Following the Commercial Appeal story, the New Republic picked up Communique issues and wove together a pattern of life in the Center which was quite accurate. The New Republic commented:

"Reading these trivial items, one begins to see a pattern---that of a desperately divided people, most of whom are so eager to assert their Americanism that they sound like a community of George F. Babbitts, but a few of them are reverting to what they remember or what they have read of Japanese customs. Their tragedies are chiefly spiritual, since the government seems to be providing for their physical needs....."



BEYOND THE FENCE

Center residents have received many letters from evacuees resettled outside. The following are excerpts from some of the letters:

Chicago, Ill.
Feb. 20, 1943

Four weeks of residence in this big city has not dimmed my original enthusiasm for it. Reception everywhere has been most heartening. I have taken in stride even the bitter cold. Couple of weeks ago I experienced my first heavy snowfall and I was thrilled beyond expression. A dreary grey city was magically transformed into an ethereal loveliness. Such views almost obliterate in one's consciousness the terrific strife in which the world is enveloped.

I am working in a wonderful home of a professor and his wife and three girls. I couldn't be more happily situated. They exercise every regard for my interest; I feel as though I'm taking far more

than I'm giving. They are true liberals, not only in words but in action. The University of Chicago is only a block and a half from here but unfortunately it is closed to the nisei. --T.F.

Denver, Colo.
Feb. 24, 1943

We left Heart Mountain on Jan. 30 and came to Denver. We had to buy a house here as it was impossible to rent one. The house is an old six-room affair in an old Jewish district, not far from the downtown section. Our immediate neighbors (just as in Los Angeles) are Jewish and Mexican Americans. No "Boochies" live in this district,--mostly Jewish.

The freedom and privacy are wonderful. Center life already seems far away and like a bad dream. People are impersonal and nice, both on the train and bus, and here in Denver--no unpleasantness so far. --M.M.

River Forest, Ill.
Jan. 28, 1943

I pulled into Windy City on the 15th of this month. I am now working as a houseboy for a doctor who lives about 12 miles from the "Loop", Chicago. This job is really tedious and monotonous, and I get lonely, but it's worth the price of freedom. I'll be here temporarily; in the meantime, looking around for something better.

I swear there are all kinds of jobs here. Most of the nisei who came here before evacuation have some fairly good jobs.

In Chicago I have met a fair cross-section of former Pacific Coast nisei---nisei all the way from San Diego on the south to Seattle on the north. Those who migrated here from the west are really the more intelligent ones. --B.K.

New York, N.Y.
March 1, 1943

New York is just as exciting now, in spite of the dim-out, as it was in its hey-day.

Were New York women always this beautiful? Or, is it just that any slim-legged, lean-flanked blond with an obvious bosom (euphemism for breasts) looks good to me after 10 months in camps?

But sidewalks (no mud puddles) and a room to myself and the right to choose my own menu or to starve, if I prefer, and other freedoms really feel good. And people to talk with--people who speak the same language--and books and good music--they're good.

I went to a meeting for Toledano (Mexican labor leader) which featured cultural good-neighborliness with Latin America and met Canada Lee (played Bigger Thomas in "Native Son"), Langston Hughes and Aline MacMahon (now appearing in "Eve of St. Mark"). At the meeting (I didn't meet the following) were also Tito Guizar, who sang songs--plus all the consuls of the Latin American countries.

Had more fun at an Italian night sponsored by the Common Council for American Unity (which publishes "Common Ground"); I went with Margaret Anderson, editor of "Common Ground", and Rose Williams, assistant to Margaret Anderson. Met Jerre Mangione, author of "Mount Allegro", who spoke--Vivian Della Chiesa, who sang--and Martinelli, who didn't sing, but who led us in singing, "Happy Birthday to You" to Maria Corress who played the piano. So I can truthfully say that I sang with Martinelli. Much wine and light talk afterwards. --E.S.

Chicago, Ill.
March 5, 1943

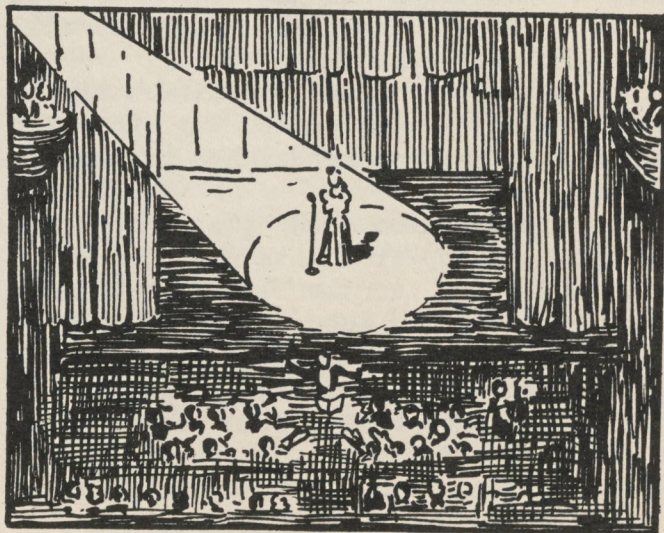
A thousand pardons for the long delay in answering your letter of November.

I've been very busy, as I work evenings, too, modeling at various art schools and studios. Recently, my sister came out here to join us, and there are the three of us living together.

As for work for women, there are plenty of jobs here in Chicago, and I understand that it isn't difficult at all to get placed in office, sales, factory, or domestic work, or any kind of work that a white girl can qualify for. However, don't come out with the idea of making money, because the jobs that are open are the ones that the Caucasians are now leaving for better paying defense jobs. Living conditions are high and rents exorbitant due to the influx of thousands upon thousands of office workers, transferred from Washington, D.C. Defense workers are pouring into Chicago from all parts of the country, and nisei evacuees like myself are coming into Chicago daily.

Our place is practically a USO Center for both nisei civilians and soldiers, both male and female. Last Sunday there were 24 visitors and since the beginning of the year, 105 visitors. My landlady raises the roof, but what can we do?

A group of us are planning to attend "Peter & the Wolf", "Romantic Age", and "The Fantastic Toyshop". I'm especially anxious to see the first for Sono Osato, the ballerina, is in it. Dorothy Toy (the former Dorothy Takahashi of Los Angeles) and her sister Helen, and Paul Jew were in Chico Marx's show at the Blackhawk Hotel for two weeks and then moved to the Oriental theater. They are very good and well received, judging from the applause. --M.K.





Sports Flip-Up

By
Seico Hanashiro

Mountainous obstacles confronting the Recreation Department prevented organized basketball games from getting into action until March 14. Because of the school board's disapproval of terms, the Recreation Department was forced to abandon the playing of games at the Jerome High School gymnasium. As a result, plans were formulated to hold games within the Center.

At the outset of league competition, a total of 36 teams were registered in the three leagues, A, BB, and B. Bad weather, lack of equipment and material, and shortage of manpower to erect backboards delayed the basketball inaugural date until the middle of March. This deference has probably proven to be an asset to most teams since it has given them adequate time to attain first-rate form.

The actual strength of any of the A teams cannot be determined until later in the season. Although in this class there are only six teams, namely, the Hares, Gauchos, Skippers, Lobos, Bronco Babes, and 20th Century El Bees, they represent the cream of the Center's top notch casabans, and keen contests will unquestionably predominate.

A pool of the board of directors indicate that the Hares are the favorite with the Skippers and Gauchos in runner-up spots.

George Norikane, who plays for the Gauchos, unhappily admits that the Hares are the class of the league, but Osam Iwataki and Frank Kebo (naturally, they're both members of the Hares) disclaim any such honors. They modestly point out that the Bronco Babes, who incidentally edged them 24-23 in a practice tilt, or the Skippers could give anyone in the A

circle a real fight for his money. Shig Tokumoto and Henry Murayama both are inclined to give the Hares their vote, too, while Dick Kunishima claims it'll be a toss-up.

With a wealth of good material plus plenty of height, the Hares undoubtedly will be supported by many Center casaba fans.

Mas Nishibayashi, a six-foot-two pivot man, has demonstrated that he can utilize his height effectively both on defense and offense. His all-around ability has greatly bolstered the Hare's impressive roster.

Frank Kebo, Osam Iwataki, George Omatsu, and Tom Hayashi are also highly respected by their opponents. The only handicap facing the Hares is the dearth in reserve strength.

The presence of Jimmy and Babe Okura and Cooper Sekikawa has probably made the Skippers a contender and the Hare's most formidable opponent. The potency of the Gauchos and Bronco Babes cannot be overlooked since either of them could prove to be a dark horse, while the caliber of the 20th Century El Bees still remains a mystery.

George Norikane, a former member of the Bay Region five which terrorized the A league at the Fresno Center, heads the galaxy of stars on the Gaucho squad. Hiro Kusakai with his unorthodox hook shot and George Ichiba, who possesses plenty of playing poise at center are a few of the standouts.

Sus Ishikawa, the Lobo's pessimistic team captain, predicts a bad year for his team, saying that the Hares and Skippers have too much stuff for them. However,

(Please turn to Page 20)



BY TOKI OHTA

On duty....that's the trend of fashion now....everywhere you go, you hear of clothes doing duty with what duty its wearer performs.

So it is here.....having to look nice and feminine is pretty important, so the fairer sex appropriately chose "King Cotton" in the "lan' ob cotton."

In these times we don't think of new fashions' influx..but the upkeep..that's what is important! Emphasis is on both wear and care. If you can toss your clothes into a tub of suds and have them emerge fresh and clean, well and good! And that's the type of clothes that clicks with the times now.

Depending on the up and down of the thermometers, woolen clothes have been coming and going from the moth protectors. Woolen slacks, T-shirts and all manners of hand-knitted sweaters plus the indispensable boots are a popular combination 'neath GI mackinaws for many a frosty morning.

Above-the-knee skirts in cotton dirndls or corduroy are the co-ed's dish when the sun shines bright. Mnn! and do you sweater gals stir that certain something within his pulse!....the cold is forgotten!

He sings, "you certainly know the right thing to wear." Referring to that item that wins instant admirers, plaid shirts in cotton, rayon and flannel..... ideal and suitable, yes!

And don't the gals seem to have a

wealth of red, green and purple colors? Added brightness against the pretty pastels....gives a delightful even-tone and just the sparkle to an otherwise drab atmosphere.

In a class all its own are the gay prints which you...who haven't forgotten California and its mild climate,...sport, realizing its winning features possess a wealth of style and charm. Center store sales of these cotton and rayon materials richly endowed with color contrasts as well as sparkling radiance are proof of your homesickness for that irresistible West Coast clime.

Spring will again see the younger set blossoming out with those fresh-as-a-flower dresses that put pep and vitality in young blood.

War or no war, conservation or no conservation, style marches relentlessly on. Budgeting so that clothing expenditures will be within the limits of your pay is one of your duties as a woman who would be abreast with the march of time. Wise remodeling of last year's wardrobe likewise transforms your last season's personality.

Sports Flip-Up
by *Seiko Hanashiro*

(This article is continued from page 19)

the Lobos have several good men in Akito Fujimoto Yas Chono, Tak Senda, and Johnny Nagatani.

Efforts to ascertain what teams are going to be strong in the BB race is a headache for prognosticators since it would be impossible to make prophecies without guessing.

Judging from practice games, the Center sport critics pick these four teams, the Wolverines, Denson Knights, Bachelor Esquires, and Mustangs to fight it out for top honors. Behind these favorites are the Globe Trotters, Vanguard, and Gremlins.

The same goes for the B league, which has 16 entries. If height is any sign of power, the Gassho Sr. and Islanders have lots of it. Other teams capable of landing in the upper bracket berth are the A-Jays, Wildcats, and Shamrocks.

The weather is one of the most common subjects of casual conversations and a seldom omitted one of letters. But in Arkansas the climatic conditions vary so much that the weather is a significant topic.

What were you expecting nature's gifts to be in the way of "things" from above? We were told water, and lots of it. Colder, too, than California. (No emphasis) When we "unboarded" the train, we didn't meet with water from above, but on bottom. Oh, how muddy the ground was! It was so muddy that we delighted in its unusualness. We laughed as we made, or rather tried to make, our way to the barracks for we could hardly lift our feet from the sticky soil.

For awhile we had beautiful Southern California weather—warm, sunny, no rain, no excessive wind. Then came the down-pour. Having only ordinary shoes, one couldn't possibly go outdoors. Even with galoshes or boots, one would lose them in the mud. Won't we remember the amusing incidents of other people unknowingly walking in the mud with "one boot on and one boot off". Of course, it didn't happen to us.

Cold nights came along, leaving behind its work. Ice formed on the surface of the water in the ditches. Weren't we surprised one morning to find ice even in the pail which was inside our apartment? All this was new to most of us Californians, and kids had a grand time. The climax came when we awoke one morning to see outside a beautiful winter picture. During the night, sleet had

formed a snow-white blanket which covered all the roofs and the grounds. The water in the ditches was frozen inches deep. Being sleet and not snow, the white covering was icy and slippery. The trees, brittle with the ice, crackled as the strong north wind blew. The contrast between the pure white ground and the dark sides of the barracks with dark tree stumps popping up here and there was something to behold. Unfortunately we had to take the unpleasant results of the beautiful sight. When the sun started to melt the sleet on the roofs, icicles were formed; but as the increasing sun's warmth drew the mercury up, icicles and sleet melted away, dripping down the doorways like a heavy rain. The form of the ground changed from ice to slush to mud.

Warm days favored us from time to time. Cold spells came on and off, too, one of them coming immediately after bus service was discontinued. We nearly froze walking to work, but it wasn't bad, was it? It is a wonder how man can acclimatize himself so readily. Surely we never dreamed in California that we could walk a half mile in temperature below freezing point. Well, we have done it.

So ends this "essay" on the Arkansas weather we have experienced so far. Let's not think of the summer ahead of us. It won't help any.

P.S. I forgot the light snow we had. Did you notice the hexagonal shape of all the flakes and the intricate patterns?



They're Simply Beautiful

By Akiko Yamanaka



Is there an artistic-minded brute by the name of "man" in your family, who is wildly enthusiastic about making flower vases, ash trays, match containers, and the like out of stumps, branches, and roots of trees? (Notice that I did not say that all products of these artistic-minded men are decorative, because some of the finished products are similar to poor samples of stove wood.) If you are one of the many patient ladies who is tired of seeing stump after stump of gnarled, decayed pieces of wood in your room, tired of cleaning up the shavings and saw-dust of the same left on the floor, and tired of agreeing with him that they're simply beautiful, it's high time for you to go into action.

Let me help you in curing him of this strange malady. First select a cold day. About five minutes before he is due home, put some kindling wood in the stove and have a match handy. The next step is to bundle yourself well. Approximately three sweaters, two jackets, and a GI mackinaw will do. Now you're all set.

Your man is plodding home wearily after that long search for the most worm-eaten collection of stumps, branches, and roots. In spite of his aching limbs, there is a happy gleam in his eyes, for he has in arms a fine collection.

Your heart softens, and your conscience struggles against your fiendish scheme, but don't give in. Look at your hands. They are calloused from constant sweeping and mopping to clean the shavings and saw-dust that he always leaves

on the floor. He can't do that to you. It's not legal!

Oh, oh! Here he comes. Are you ready?

He opens the door and staggers in with his foul-smelling junk plus a generous quantity of mud on his shoes. You rush up to him. He thinks you're a black bear, because what else can you look like in a mackinaw? He looks at you dazed and begins to wonder if the story of the "Three Little Bears" is true.

Before he can recover from his shock, aim an unceasing attack of chatter at him. Any woman needs no practice for this. Just elaborate on something like this: Oh, how perfectly sweet of you to bring some stove wood home! It's so chilly these days, we need plenty of wood.

Then scoop the stumps of wood (worms and all), and throw them in the stove. Light a match, and there you are!!

Result I (also exhibit A): Husband charges wife of cruelty to him and to his fellow worms, which were unfortunately scorched, when the pieces of wood were thrown into the fire.

Result II (also exhibit B): Wife charges husband of cruelty to her. When she was in the act of starting a fire in the stove to avoid possible dangers of pneumonia, her husband turned her unmercifully over his knees and soundly, if not brutally, paddled her. She also claims that her husband is exceedingly fickle. His attention is never on her. He seems to enjoy much more the company of the worms, which he finds in the horrid pieces of wood.

CONTRIBUTORS

TO "MAGNET" :

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MASAO DOBASHI is 19 and comes from Madera, California.

EDDIE SHIMANO, former editor of the Center bulletin, the "Communique", left recently for New York City. He is now associated with the Common Council for American Unity, which publishes "Common Ground." He writes, "My first big job is to turn out a radio script for a 15-minute discussion by Chyz and Ottley (they wrote the lead articles in the current issue of "Common Ground") and Will Irwin over station WNYC."

T. D. are the initials of a member of the Documents Section staff.

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ARKANSAS



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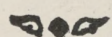
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"AND I THOUGHT IT WAS ISSEI NITE!"



"OI, OI, MATSUMOTO SAN - CHECK THAT!"

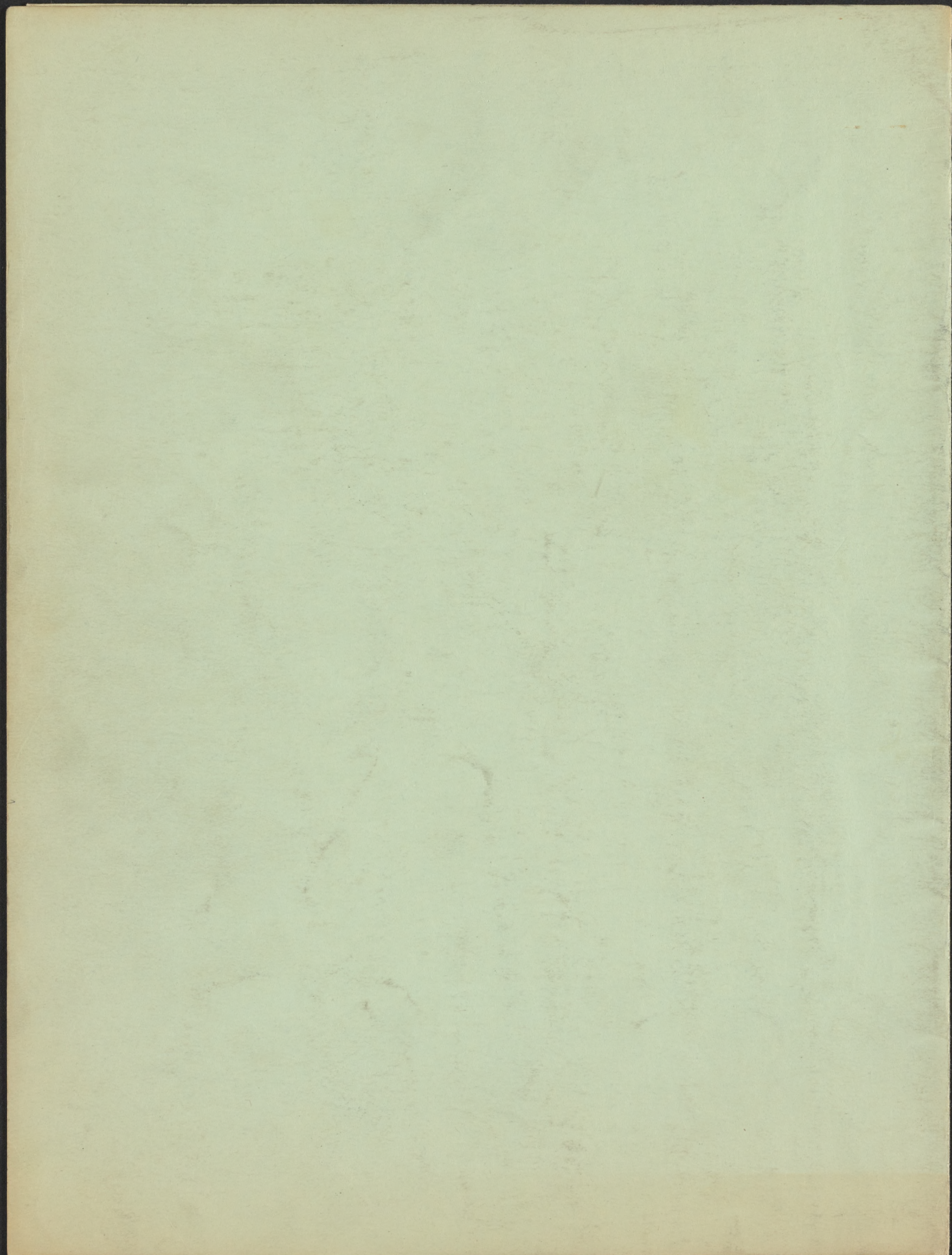


EVERY DAY
IS
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HARRY KUWADA







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