

SCATTERBRAIN

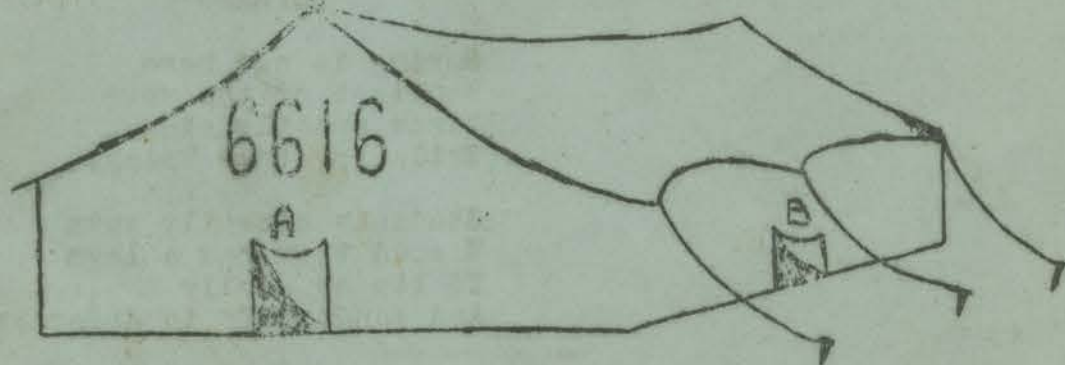
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MASTERPIECES



TRI-STATE HIGH

AMERICAN LIFE CLASS



FRIDAY APRIL 30th 1943

Small But Solid

by
Sam
Hinote

"Higher! Higher! Hit that note and slide her down!" "Solid ole man! Ya-man! The band was really in the groove."

That kid with the trombone, which was as big as he, was really going to town. It was amazing how a small kid like that could reach out and slide it up and down without breaking his arms. Yet Red was doing it and hitting the notes at that. With the rest of the band giving him a solid background, Red sounded like a million. People on the dance floor would stop dancing to hear this kid take off on a hot solo.

Why did a small kid like Red take up such a big horn, people wondered.

Well, when he was a kid he had seen a circus band parading and the two front ranks full of trombones had fascinated him. He had seen them slide it all over and had heard the brilliant music that came out of the horns. At home he had heard Regardien, Dorsey, Miller, Higgenbotham and all the other great masters of trombone play so sweet, so clear, and so brilliantly. Even his dreams had turned musical and every night he dreamed of himself playing in a dance band like all the other great masters.

He had asked his parents if he could get one; they had said no because of their low financial standing. So from then on he had saved every nickel and penny he could get hold of and it was only a few years ago that he saved enough money to buy a cheap second hand horn.

When he did get it he found out that he couldn't reach down to the lower positions. Nothing like that was going to stop him. Taking it to a music shop he had an extension put on. After that the only thing in his way was the neighbors who were always complaining about the racket he made when he practiced.

He kept up his practice days, weeks, and months and at last he was good enough to get

into the town marching band. And it was there that the dance band got him.

He had worked hard and earnestly every night for the past few months; tonight was the dance band's official debut. All that they had put in was showing up tonight.

After every piece there would be a long applause, especially after one of them had taken a solo-man- it sounded sweeter than Tommy Dorsey himself. The trombone was working for him, the heartbreak, hardships, and at last the success--the success he had dreamed of when he was a kid, and the success that the boys in the band had worked for, was all theirs, theirs for the keeping.

Now the dance was over, but so many people had asked for a jam session that they couldn't refuse. So here they were, each one taking off on a hot solo, putting their heart and soul into it. Red, now proud of the successful evening, not knowing how to put it in words, was telling to the crowd in music of the goal he had successfully reached, and the joy of his triumph. Proud tears rolled down his cheeks but he didn't try to stop them. Instead he kept on playing to the end.

As they finished the piece all the dancers crowded around the bandstand and one of them said, "And I used to cuss him out for making all the racket when he was a kid."

SPRING

Spring is now here
Happiest of the year
Birds sweetly sing
While joy they bring.

Students sleepily yawn
Wished they had a lawn
To lie so coolly
And wander off to dreamland.

FOREWORD

This magazine was published as our contribution toward the Hear-Book Carnival. We had just been studying about American short stories in class and had, each of us, written a short story of our own. Those put in our magazine are some of the better ones selected by the staff which the class elected.

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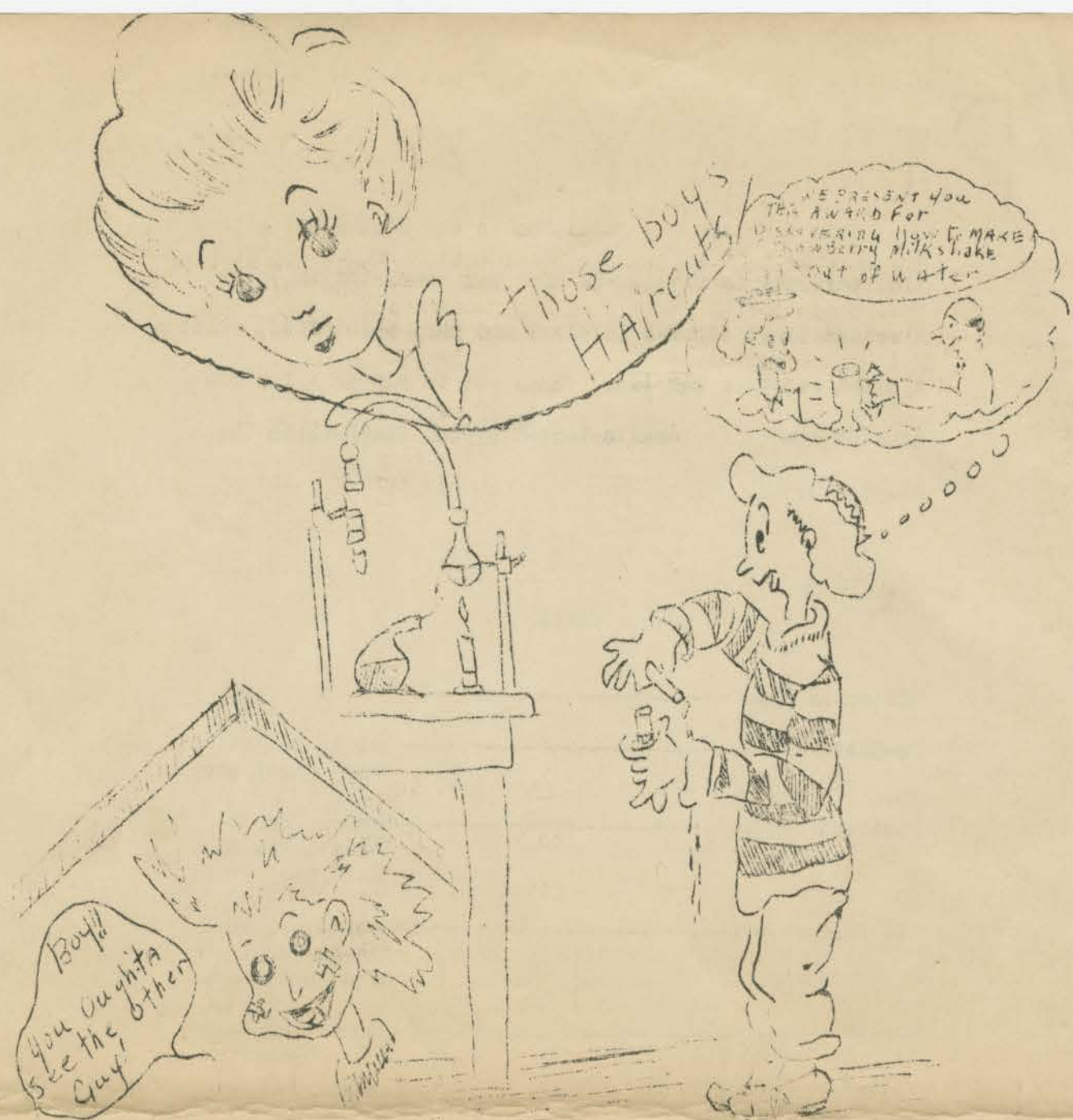
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Gratefully,

The Staff



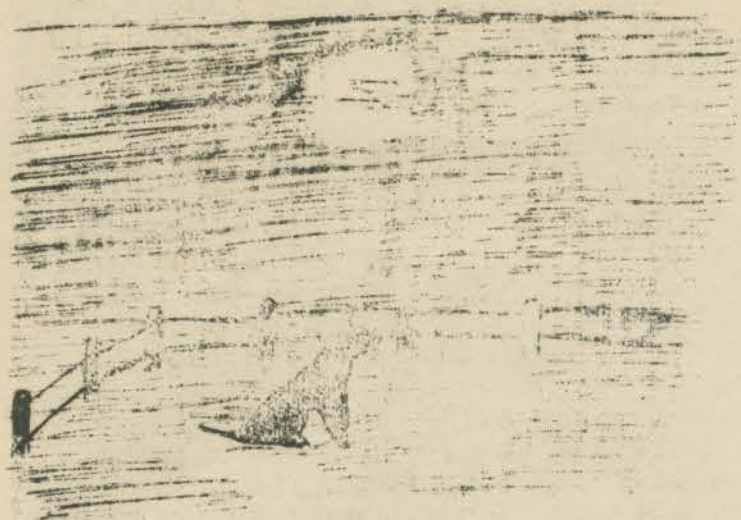
"The Chemist of Tomorrow"

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BUCKY

BY GEO. TANIMOTO



It was within a grayish, partly broken down country born that Bucky was born. His mother was a huge, shaggy, black and white colored shepherd that had been cast away by one of the many sheep herders who used to stay around the country.

Now, Bucky was no ordinary dog. His head was always cocked to one side as though he was puzzled. The brown patch around his eye and his black body with drooping ears made him look dismal, yet cocky. In fact, he exactly matched the surrounding country.

The country was full of granite boulders, broken and deserted farms, and scattered ancient oak trees; and the hilly grounds were covered with nothing but sage brush.

At first Bucky did not explore far from his home, but finally his six-month old mind got the best of him.

He ventured down to a nearby farm about which he was curious. The chickens, cows, and hogs fascinated him; but he was so red of humans.

The farmer, Mr. Davis, was working in the tool shed when he happened to look out where the chicken coop was. The idea that the crouching, spotted shepherd was one of the dogs who had previously raided his chicken yard caused him to reach for his trusty 30-30 on the tool shelf. Firing from fifty yards at the still target was nothing. The gun went off, and the recoil caused Mr. Davis to fall backwards, but just the same he thought he had gotten the dog. The shot had grazed Bucky's forehead, and the concussion knocked him flat and out.

When Bucky came to, he could

hardly see. His head was buzzing, but still he could hear voices. One voice seemed to be very angry while one seemed to be pleading.

Minutes passed, and he finally felt cool water being applied to his head wound. Weakness from the loss of blood kept him from getting away or putting up any resistance.

Day after day passed, and Bucky's wounds were getting well, but still his health was declining. He would not eat being scared of the human smell hovering over everything, especially his bed. The farmer's son came to his closed imprisonment often to see how he was and tried to coax him to eat. Finally his hunger had really caught up with him and the boys coaxing had finally broken him down.

The next few days after he had regained his strength, he was led round the farm with the boy having a firm hold on the rope around his home-made collar. Bucky would have gone away if it had not been for the kindness of his young master. Duty to his young adopted master began to prevail in him.

In the days that passed, neighboring farms were continuously raided by stray dogs. The leading dog fitted Bucky's description. Still more suspicion was cast toward him when at night Bucky broke away from his ropes and chains. The only reason that Mr. Davis did nothing to Bucky was because of his son's pleading and begging.

Bucky somehow had sensed the devotion the boy was giving him and he meant to pay it back when the right day came.

It was that very night after he had made up his mind to pay back his appreciation to the boy, that the country sides and hills were bathed in the yellow beam of the full moon. The air was still as though something had happened. The silence was frequently broken by the long mournful wail of coyotes; and, even though everything seemed quiet and peaceful, lurking in the shadow of the barn and moving towards the chicken pen were five indistinct dark objects.

As the five forms reached the pen and had just stepped in, a sudden gust of a cyclone was

let loose in the form of a furry object. It slashed at the leading raider's throat with fangs gleaming white when struck by the moon beam coming through the overhanging oak trees.

The noise caused by the dogs and the chickens caused Farmer Davis, in his night gown, to come on the run with his trusty 30-30. His son had heard the commotion and ran right behind his father.

The fight had stopped as quickly as it had started. The fight was not between unknown dogs but between Bucky and his mother and brothers.

The fight had stopped, but when Farmer Davis came through the open door he was met with the surprising rush of a dog. This surprise had somehow thrown Farmer Davis off balance and before he could raise his gun, the dog was lunging at his son behind him. As the dog lunged he was met in mid-air by an unnoticed figure which had been watching. It met the other dog in mid-air causing both to crash back against the chicken fence.

Farmer Davis regaining his balance took aim and fired. The loud echo and blazing light of the rifle caused the dogs to flee, leaving a still form of a dog lying on its side.

Before Farmer Davis could strike a nail against the fence post, the dog was down on his knees, eyes on the still form. The small boy down on his knees and with tear-filled eyes looked up to his father and said, 'See pop?' He wasn't a bad dog after all, was he?' Farmer Davis sent his son home, then after turning over the body found it to belong not to Bucky, but to another dog, quite similar, but older.

He then knew why Bucky had broken away every night. He had been guarding the chickens and not raiding them.

As he gazed towards the distant moonlit hill, he saw four dogs go slowly over the rise; the fifth stopped on the top of the rise and after taking one last look back, disappeared slowly over the rise.

SPRING

REVER

CHARLES (MAY)

Little patches of grass, which held the cold, were seen here and there between the bare cobs and out in the wide firebreaks. It was one of those warm, lazy afternoons. The warmth of the sun made me feel like I was taking a nice hot bath. A lot of people were enjoying the sunshine. Jimmie and I were a couple of them. Jim was whittling on a piece of wood, trying to make a propeller for a little kid. I was sprawled on the porch, gazing at the seagulls as they drifted around up in the sky. As I watched them, I thought how happy and contented Jim and I would be just to be like a couple of them.

Spring was here, and it had hit us like it hits every boy of high school age. Of course we didn't like girls. We even had a

bachelor's club of our own in which any member who's had to girls had a slaughter coming. It was a good club; it had two members--Jimmie and me. We thought we'd disband the club for a week and take girls to a dance Saturday night. We couldn't very well have a date and still be members of the club.

We each paid a good two bits a piece for the bids. Everything was functioning on schedule; Jim had a new sports coat to wear, and my shoes arrived from monkeys on Tuesday, but the bottleneck of it all was--dates.

Today was Friday. We had extended our date getting until this late. Jimmie and Jimmie stopped whittling on a piece of wood and asked when I was going to get my date. 'All,' I replied, as soon as I get enough nerve. I

Spring Fever(cont.)



thought I'd never get enough nerve to do that. I'd felt so uneasy I wouldn't know what to do or say. Besides, I did not care for girls anyway. On top of all that I did not know how to ask a girl for a date. Well, I had to learn sometime, so I asked Jim how it was done. He was the smarter of us two. He knew a little about dating even though he hadn't taken a girl to a dance in his life before. At least he thought he did. Jim quit whittling and made believe he was knocking on the door and said, "The first thing you do is to knock on the door; wait till she comes, and say hello. She'll ask you to come in, but you don't. You don't want to meet her mother cause you can't speak Japanese, you know. Then you talk about the weather; you know, you say "nice today, ain't it"; or something like that and get a conversation going. The next thing to do is to look around and see if anybody is watching; if the coast is clear, you ask her very gentleman-like for a date."

"It sounds pretty good except for one thing, Jim. Suppose the old lady comes out, then what?" I

asked.

"That's right, I never thought of that," he admitted.

Well, it made me lose fight. I was beginning to feel like not going to the dance, and I told Jimmie that.

"Oh! Come on! Don't lose fight! It's easy enough. I'm gonna get a date and you're going to get one. Come on, shake on it. Jim urged--and he was serious--"It's a cinch; don't worry. Let's go get our dates right now."

I wasn't so sure of myself, so I told him I wanted to go tomorrow. I didn't like to say I was scared, but I had to.

Jimmie looked me in the eyes and said, "Remember the etiquette book says to give the girl plenty of time to think it over with her parents." And he grabbed me by the arms and said, "Come on! Come on, don't dodge. Let's go."

Well, I figured that it was today or never, so I said, "O.K. Let's go. I got enough nerve. Come on, I ain't scared. Ahem. Ahem-m-m."

In five minutes we were in Mary's block. She was the girl I was going to ask. I said to Jim, "I got that awful feeling coming again; I don't want to go."

Gee whiz! I lose fight in you," he said disgustedly.

"Ah, come on pal, take it easy; you don't know how it feels," I said.

Poor Jim was really disgusted; "If you're so scared to get a date, I'll show you how it's done," and he started walking toward Jane's house. I loved him. We were there in no time. He walked up to the porch very bravely, but as he was about to knock on the door, he hesitated. I knew why, too. He got the same feeling I had. It made me laugh. He came to where I was and said, "I know how you felt now." We walked home very disgusted with ourselves. It wasn't long after that bachelor's club of ours got its members back.



Glamour Ain't Hay!



by
Helen
Kamemasu

As she hurried out of the classroom and down a couple of barracks to her dull study hall, Clare was mumbling, "The old hag, who does she think she is, anyway? Cleopatra?"

"Cockroach!" Jo Ann cried as Clare bumped squarely into her. "Say, buten, what's cooking?" she asked cheerfully when she saw that it was her best friend. "You're getting a bitent-minded as any professor." Then she added sympathetically, "I know, it's that new cookie that just came to camp. Does she still make go-goo eyes at your Casanova in history class?"

"She's an old crew!" she exclaimed loyally as she saw by her friend's unhappy face that she had guessed right.

"You can say that again," Clare agreed gloomily. "I wish she'd stayed in Manzanar where she belongs."

"I say again, pal---give this glamourpuss a run for her money," Jo Ann advised. "You can _____"

"Don't hand me any more of that live! Glamour, honey!" snorted Clare. "It makes me sick just thinking about it."

"Oh, come on now, it's not that bad. It's time you were getting help to yourself. Look at you--no wonder Eddie gave you the brush off. Straight, snarled hair

down in your eyes. Nose peeling and shiny, too. Nails grubby and that costume you have on is enough to scare away any man! But you've got good points if you'd let anybody fill you up."

"No thanks. I've got another plan. Jo Ann, will you do me a huge, enormous favor?"

"Let's have the rest of your speech first, pal," Jo Ann put in suspiciously.

"Will you invite that Betty to your picnic tomorrow?---as a special favor for me?" Clare added as she saw her friend's big, brown eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

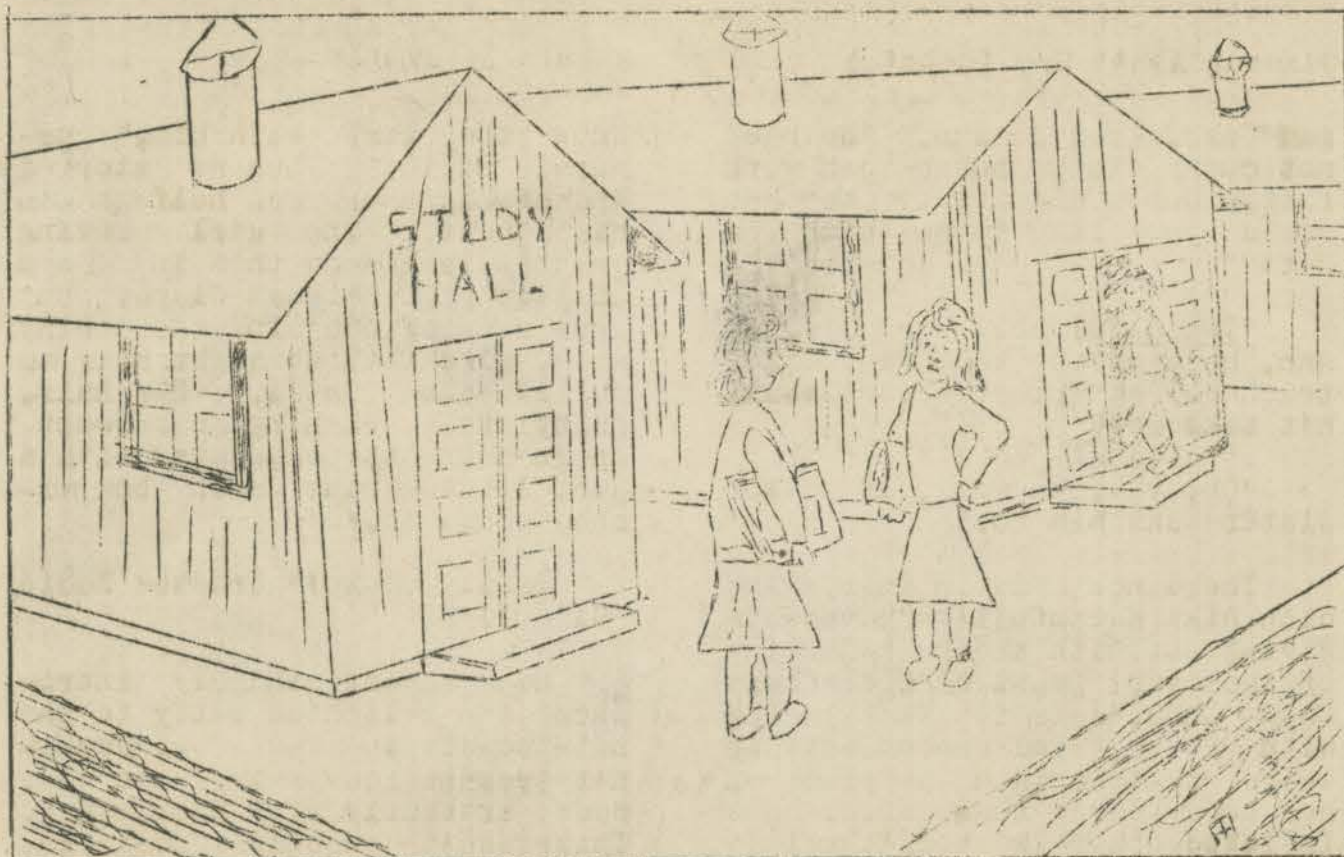
After a few speechless seconds, Jo Ann managed a little shaky laugh, then turned to her pal. "You know what? For a moment there I thought I heard you ask me to invite that cuddle cat we were once talking about, to my picnic tomorrow. I must be going off my beam."

"That's exactly what I said, Jo Ann, please?"

"Well, okay, but why you want that black widow at your picnic is beyond me."

"You'll see tomorrow," promised Clare confidently.

The next day dawned more beautiful than any the Tule Lake co-



(continued) "GLAMOUR AIN' NO WAY

lonists had seen before. In the sky puffy, white clouds were racing like lambs let out to pasture in the spring. In the distance, proud Castle Rock stood erect at attention. "Every thing's going to be wonderful," Clare thought happily.

When the crowd gathered on Castle Rock, all the girls but Betty wore old denim slacks and pullover sweaters. But Betty, arriving late with Eddie, was immaculate in a white sharkskin slack suit, with a pale pink ribbon in her coal black hair. Yes, she was definitely the kind of a girl that men toast---- and women roast.

Everyone was already gathering wood for the camp fire when they arrived. "Come on and help us, Betty," called Clare.

"Oh, goodness!" cried Betty, turning on her music box of tinkling laughter, "I am not good at that sort of thing. Besides, I am so tired from climbing up the hill, I cannot move another step," she declared in her careful grammar. Then she immediately proceeded to seat herself very carefully in the cool shade. She talked all the time the others were busy getting everything ready. Her idea of conversation was to talk to herself in the presence of others.

When it came time to eat, she asked Eddie to roast her frankfurters for her because she was just

not good at that sort of thing." Everyone waited for Eddie to explode, but he didn't. Instead, he even opened her pop bottle and chased away the "nasty little flies" that were buzzing around her.

"Well, cut off my legs and call me shorty!" Jo Ann burst in amazement. "He's getting to be a first class drip. You can just see him softening toward her like a toasted marshmallow."

Before the picnic was quite over, Betty coaxed to Eddie her desire to leave. He flushed a furious red, but nevertheless was more than glad to oblige. She made one of those bumble bee exits, buzzing from person to person on her way out of the circle around the fire.

The rest of the picnic found Clare gnawing on her grievance like a dog on a bone. Her plan had failed. Betty had acted just as she'd expected, but Eddie had loved it. Clare even heard him ask her to the Friday night dance which was being held at the new gym for the first time.

That night Clare flopped down beside Jo Ann and studied her trim figure, neatly curled hair, and well polished nails. "Okay, Jo Ann, you win!" she muttered. "Can you make me glamorous in time for the dance Friday night?"

"Now you're cooking with

Glamour Ain't Hay (Cont'd)

gas!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "We have not much time, but we can work fast. Got a date yet? No? how would you like to go with Tom Sato?"

"Tom Sato! Oolie doolie, Jo Ann, he's one of the Fizz Ed. teachers at Tri State. He wouldn't take me!"

"Oh, yes, he will, if my older sister asks him to."

The dance was in full swing with Riki Matsufuji's "Downbeats" giving out with their rendition of the ever popular "Chataooga Choo Choo." Eddie was dancing with Betty, and uncomfortably aware that he had stepped on her toes more than once. She insisted that she hadn't noticed but her eyes were beginning to stray to other girls' partners. When she saw Tom Sato, she was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Eddie who is that--that Hercules that just came in with the cute girl?"

Eddie craned his neck to see. "Why that's Tom Sato. We played on the same baseball team in Pinedale."

"Then you know him," she cried. "Oh, do let's trade dances with him."

"Well,---eray---but I can't

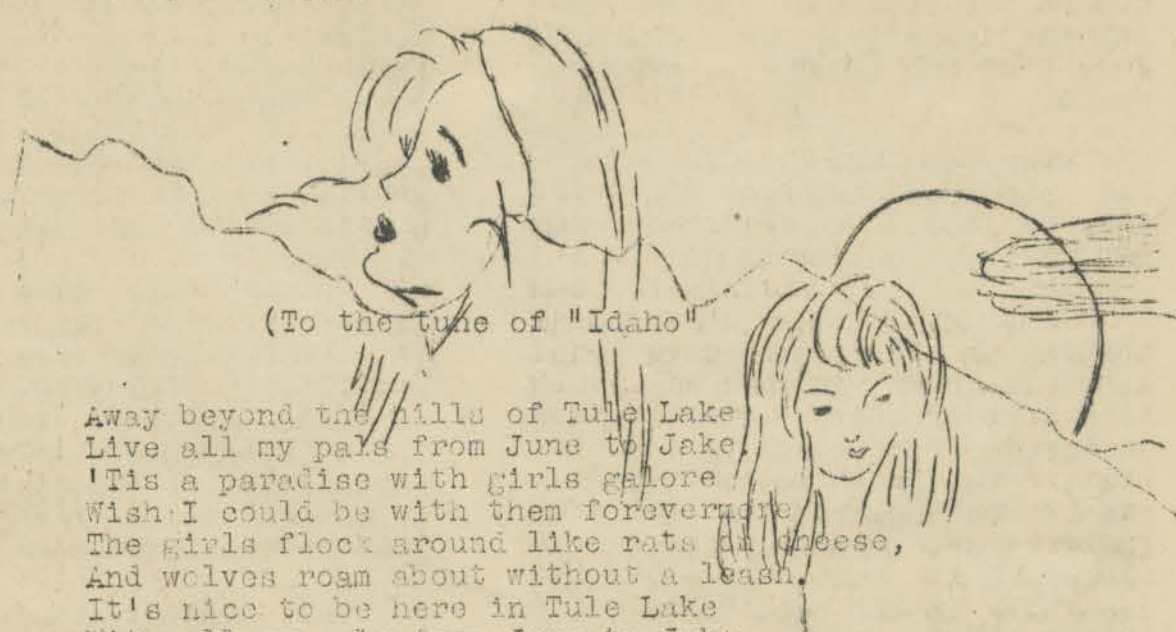
know the girl with him," murmured Eddie. Then he stopped and his jaws dropped halfway down his chest. The girl moving gracefully toward them in a foam of pale blue net was Clare. But any resemblance to the shiny nosed girl with straight hair was purely coincidental. Her hair, shiny from brushing, was swept up in a smooth pompadour with a pert little blue satin bow perched above it.

"Holly smoke!" croaked Eddie, "Clare!!"

He absent-mindedly introduced the delighted Betty to the not-too-displeased Tom, and didn't even notice what a hit they made instantly with each other. This wasn't exactly impossible, for, ever since he had seen Clare, he had not been able to tear his eyes away from her.

He came out of his trance just in time to see Betty and Tom disappearing among the crowd; and he, who was not one to waste any time, whirled Clare off on to the dance floor in his arms with a tender, "Come on worm, squirm."

None of the Shakespear's fancy words could have been more beautiful to Clare's ears.



(To the tune of "Idaho")

Away beyond the hills of Tule Lake
Live all my pals from June to Jake
'Tis a paradise with girls galore
Wish I could be with them forevermore
The girls flock around like rats on cheese,
And wolves roam about without a leash.
It's nice to be here in Tule Lake
With all my pals from June to Jake.

- By Henry Nishimoto

SPECTACULAR FLIGHT

by Mary Furuta

"Contact," yelled the ground crew pilot as he took off the field. I took off, and catching the wind under my wings, I rose into the air. Higher and higher I rose; then I circled the field a few times as I waited for my pals to fall in line with me. The three of us flew to the northwest in a V formation.

We flew for about an hour over hills and valleys. Under us the ground sped fast as we covered about fifty-five miles swiftly, racing each other. As we drew nearer to the battle zone, we could see puffs of smoke rising from the fields. Under us, like ants crawling were the trucks and men supplying food and war material to the men on the front.

As we had to travel over a part of the enemy territory, we were careful not to create any noise above the smoke and rat-a-tat of the machine guns. Yet, all of a sudden, one of the enemy spied us and aimed his machine gun. Just as I signaled my pals to separate, Tim was caught square center, and down he went---a puff of white circling above and behind him.

I don't know just where I lost Jim, my other pal, but he was nowhere in sight.

Without losing speed, I kept on toward my mission. Then "zing," and I saw that the tip of my left wing was missing.

Still I was determined to continue on toward my destination. Swiftly I flew, dodging bullets to my right and left. Suddenly I felt my tail lighten, and I wasn't able to guide myself so well. I glanced back, and to my amazement I saw that a chunk of my tail piece was missing.

I was so deeply engrossed in the dangers below that I barely knew when I was clear of the enemy zone. Soon I came in sight of the friendly landing ground that I knew so well. I was greatly relieved to know that I had safely reached my destination with only a part of my tail and left wing missing.

I circled the field a few times and then as I gazed down on the field I heard people running, shouting, and pointing to me. Not waiting for the "all clear" sign, I slowed up for a landing. As I landed, other members of my unit in the signal corps rushed to congratulate me on my safe arrival.

The lieutenant hurriedly came forward, and reaching for the vital message that the enemy had tried so hard to capture, gave me an affectionate pat on the back.

Ho! Hum! I thought as I settled down to my dinner of choice grains. "It sure is a tough and exciting life to be a carrier pigeon."



Terrific Teens by Rose Hiraoka

"Hey Pete," Mike yelled, "come over here to the door and see a girl who's strictly a knockout, coming down the hall."

Pete didn't care much for girls, though every "Suzy and Sal," who saw him lost her heart to him. But class hadn't begun yet so he gradually raised himself up and went to the door and looked out. Coming his way sure enough, true to Mike's words, was someone who was really a cutie.

He was just stepping out to get a better view of her when Miss Hickles, the history teacher, shrilly called out, "Will the class please come to order?"

Pete had no other alternative, so he went to his seat. The room had quieted down, but Pete, who usually didn't think about girls, was at this moment in a dream about one unknown female he had just seen.

He was still daydreaming when a door opened and there were sounds of "Wows and whistling which could be clearly heard.

For a moment he forgot what he was thinking about, and he turned to see what was causing the commotion.

What he saw was his dream girl dressed in a beautiful brown skirt, a soft pale blue sweater, a white shirt, a pair of saddles, which seemed to cling to the floor, and hair with soft natural, shiny waves.

All the girls were usually attired this way, but somehow

she looked different and the girls seemed to be looking at her with envy.

When she spoke softly to the teacher: "I'd like to register in your class." It seemed as if paradise was found at last. Her voice, but nevertheless, she asked the same monotonous question she asked all the new students "What is your name and where are you from?"

In the same friendly shespoke before, she promptly replied, "My name is Elizabeth William, and I'm from Georgia."

Pete noticed that even if she was from the south, she didn't speak with that kind of southern accent that he hated so much.

"Well, Elizabeth for today you may sit over there, next to the boy with the beige jacket." But that seat became her permanent one. The boy with the beige jacket, happened to be Pete, happy, happy Pete.

Elizabeth came to sit down and said, "Hello," to him with a smile which was simply devastating.

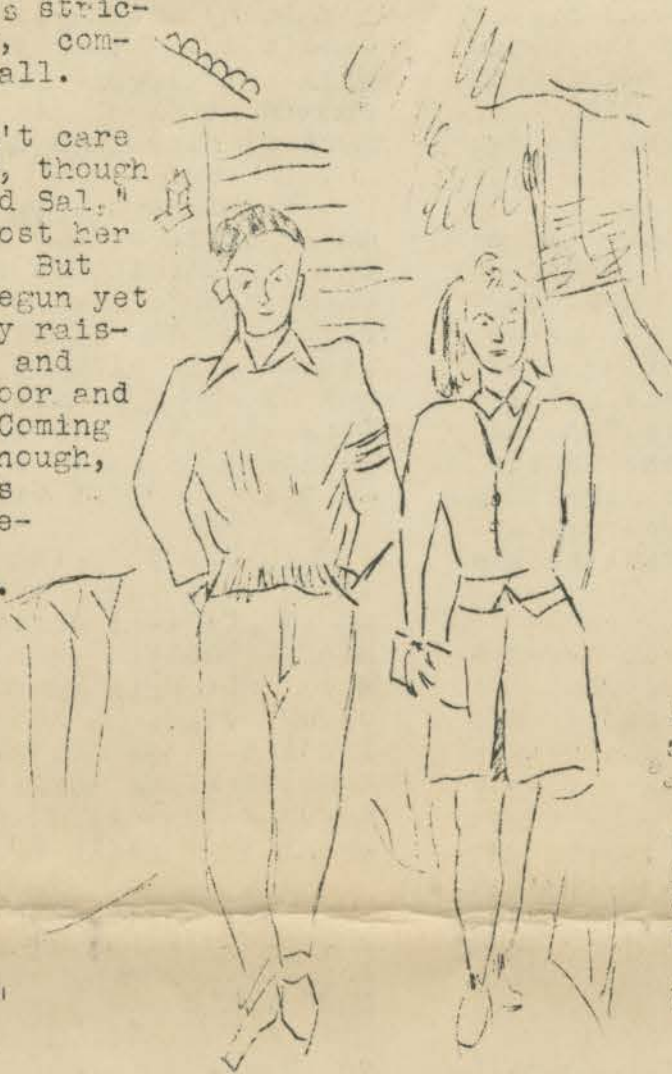
Pete was caught unaware, so he hesitated for a moment, then he simply said, "Hi!"

Elizabeth proved to be just what he imagined she would be; and so by the time class was over, they were practically old friends.

"What subject do you have to endure the next hour, Elizabeth?" asked Pete casually.

"Oh, I'm going to chemistry; and, by the way, just call me "Lizzy," Pete."

"O.K. Lizzy," answered Pete. R-r-r-r-r-ring!



"There goes the warning bell to be in classes," warned Pete. "you'll better hurry up and go; you'll be late."

"Well I'm on my way, Pete. See you later."

With these words, Lizzy hurried into her class and disappeared.

After school Pete was waiting for Mike to tell him that he had become good friends with the new girl, when through the door came Lizzy, looking fresh and pretty as ever. He felt like he was getting hot all over, when she said, "Oh, hi Pete, are you waiting to walk me home?" Pete didn't know what to say or do, but he had to say something, so he jokingly replied, "Oh, yes, 'Sir Walter Ralsigh' at your service, madam."

"Thank you, noble knight," replied Lizzy.

Then both started to laugh and Pete decided not to wait for Mike after all.

Walking her home, he learned many things. He found out that she was a Junior going on sixteen. He was a Senior just turned seventeen. She also lived only about a block away from him. "Well, here's my house. Thanks for walking me home, Pete," said Lizzy. "Come over sometimes."

"O.K., I'll do that," replied Pete. "Well, good-bye for now, Lizzy."

His five feet ten inches, which made one of the most nice-looking figures in school, slowly walked away.

Going home, he saw Mike, who came running toward him as if something special had happened, and it had. He rushed up to him, breathless and said, "Pete, have you heard the news?"

"What news, Mike?"

"Don't tell me you didn't hear that Mervin High School competing with the rest of the schools in the United States bought the most war bonds and stamps according to the number of students in school? So the band voted the favorite in our school in a poll day after tomorrow is going to come to Mervin High to play next next Friday for the War Bond Victory dance. Isn't it

wonderful? Well, I have to go and spread the news around, so I'll see you later. So long." Then Mike turned and hurried away.

Pete couldn't believe his ears, but he practically ran home to make some campaign poster for his favorite band. His favorite band happened to be Duke Ellington, the kind of swing for 1943. He just had to see him play.

While, Pete was making posters, another person, Hank Dowers, whose father was the big shot in the town, was also making campaign signs. Hank hated Pete because he got around more in school even though his family was not rich like Hank's. So Hank was writing signs to make the students vote for "Zeke Hilly" and his Blue Mountain Boys. Hank knew very well that any boy or girl would rather have swing music than mountain music. But he knew he could make the people in the school vote for the one he campaigned for. And he didn't want Pete's favorite to win, so he put up a band he pretended was his favorite.

Election day came. The only two favorites were: Duke Ellington and Zeke Hilly and his Blue Mountain Boys.

The poll booth, which was put up in front of the beautiful Mervin High School entrance, wasn't open yet. Pete and Lizzy were standing by one of the booths, when Hank Dowers came along. Hank was a "Lady-killer," so he went straight to Pete and said, "Hi Pete what's cooking? and who's the cutie with you?"

Pete didn't want to give him a "knockdown" to Lizzy, but he couldn't just ignore the hint Hank was giving, so he K.D. her to him.

Right after the introduction, Hank said, "Well, Lizzy, what goes your way?"

"A lots of things, Casanova," replied Lizzy with that special look.

"Oh, so you've heard about me. Could it be Pete, who told you about me?"

"Well, what does it matter, what anyone told me? All I know is that you're just a great, big, handsome man," replied Lizzy.

At this point she was just ignoring Pete, so he said, "Well,

I guess I better get going," and with his shoulders slumped, and his hands deep in his pockets, he walked away.

The next day when the election results came out, Pete had made "Zoke Hilly and his Blue Mountain Boys", the winner.

On top of being jilted by a woman, his rival's band had won. Even though Pete had asked Lizzy to the dance already and she had said, Yes, she would probably break the date and go with Hank, he thought. But he was very surprised in history class, when Lizzy said to him, "Pete, you better come after, eight-thirty, instead of eight o'clock, cause I don't think I would be ready. O.K. with you? I'm sorry your favorite lost."

Pete was speechless for a moment, but he replied, "Sure, it's O.K." "I'll be after you at eight-thirty."

The night of the "Victory Dance" came, and Lizzy was getting ready. She had just finished brushing her hair and was slipping into a beautiful red and white striped taffeta with a sweetheart neckline, puffed sleeve and a very flared skirt. The dress went perfectly with her black wavy hair. She slipped into a pair of silver slippers, put on a big red bow on the top of her head, used the lipstick again, grabbed her white chubby, and she was ready. Her sight would have made any traffic cop dizzy.

Pete came after her about eight-thirty. He had a tuxedo on and really looked grown-up.

Because of gas rationing, they walked to the dance, which was being held at the woman's club, four or five blocks away. At eight-thirty, the moon was high in the sky, seemed to be smiling and nodding her bright round head in approval at each couple walking by. Every boy and girl was just as gorgeous as the moonlit night.

The moon seemed to cast a special light on Lizzy and Pete as if they were the stars in a great play.

When they finally reached the club, there were hundreds of boys and girls, each in his best clothes. When they walked in, they could smell the powerful odor of powder, hairoil, perfume, and lipstick combined together.

As soon as they entered, Hank rushed over and said, "Hi, Pete, Hi, Lizzy!" He then turned to Lizzy and said, "Why did you give me that fast brush off the other day? I didn't do anything."

Lizzy replied rather hazily, "Did I give you a brush off? I'm sorry if I did."

Hank spoke again and said, "How about saving every other dance for me?" Lizzy did not answer, but Hank was already writing it down on his program.

Pete said, "Shall we dance, Lizzy?" "O.K." They went out on the floor to dance. The band was trying it's best to play smooth music, and the dancers were trying their best to dance with the music, but neither were doing so well.

When the first dance finally ended, Lizzy told Pete, "Gosh, Pete, I can't dance to that kind of music. Let's go over to my place and listen to the radio and dance. If we hurry up, we might be able to get Duke Ellington's weekly program."

Pete tried to be calm: "If you want to, it's all right with me. Let's go."

They left the bright, hot and crowded place and went out to the dark, cool streets where they could feel the cool spring breeze hit against their face as it went by.

Mr. Minsch was showing a party of tourists over the Full-lake United Church.

"Point the altar," he told them, "lies Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary, Queen of Scots; also Henry the Eighth who, he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, "do you think is a lying here?"

"Well," answered Mr. Billingsmeier, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

TOO YOUNG by TOSHI IWASAKI

"Johnny! Johnny! Get up!" called Mother, while switching on the light. It was a cold morning and Johnny rolled around in his G.I. cot with a sleepy groan as if he did not want to get up. The room was cold. The roofs of the barracks and the ground were white with frost.

"Johnny, have you forgotten that your brothers are leaving this morning?"

The few minutes of struggling trying to get out of the warm bed ended. Johnny put on his clothes with a frowny-looking face. His clothes were so cold that they chilled his body. Walking to the cabinet to get his toothbrush, tooth powder and towel, he stumbled over some duffel bags. He dropped his feet and tramped outside to the latrine. When he pulled his shirt collar up to protect his neck from the cold. He was wondering why his mother had awakened him so early. A few lights on in the barracks lighted his way. Johnny entered, and the heels of his shoes echoed through the stillness of the room. He turned the tooth powder on the brush; some of the powder fell into the sink. Standing on one foot, he brushed vigorously. He splashed his face and with his tongue opened wide he was trying to reach every part of his mouth. He gargled his throat again and again sounding like a motor boat trying to start. John turned on the faucet, cupped his hands and rubbed his face with the ice cold water. Goose pimples seemed to pop out from his beard at the touch of the cold water. When he faced again, it dawned on him that this was the day Mas and Tom were to leave camp for work outside. Grabbing his towel and partly wiping his face, he walked hurriedly out the latrine, slamming the door with a bang.



He awoke now and knowing why his mother had awakened him so early, he ran into the house, leaving the door partly open. Stopping over suitcases, duffel bags and bundles, Johnny put his toothbrush and things away.

Mother called from the other room, "I'll bat you, Johnny." "Yes, Ma," replied Johnny.

"Hurry and get ready, for your brothers will be leaving pretty soon."

While mother was a wiper that Johnny was straightening the covers of his bed. The bed was bumpy all over and his pajamas were still lying on the chair. Johnny walked into the other room where mother was busily making a lunch for the boys to eat on the bus.

"Mother," asked Johnny, "where are Mas and Tom?"

"They are at the mess hall eating their early breakfast."

A few minutes passed.

"Mother," said Johnny, in a low tone, "don't I go out too?"

"Don't be silly!" replied mother. "You are too young to go out. You are only 14 years old."

"But mother, I might be young and everything, but I'm old enough to take care of myself. Really I am."

With a pleading voice Johnny tried to convince his mother that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"Johnny, you are still going to school and you must continue, cause it would not be right for a young boy to quit."

"I can study and work at the same time. I could work in the day time and study after work."

"Johnny, I don't want you to go to work. You are too young to work. You must stay in school."

Johnny's mother was firm.

Besides, I don't want to stay in this camp any more. All my pals have left already, and I'll be the only one left."

"No, you won't, you have other friends of your own age to play with, such as Eric and Bill."

With a disgusted look and a big sigh he walked away into his room. Not knowing what to do with himself and fighting back his tears, he sat on the bed. Thoughts ran through his mind how unlucky he was and how misunderstanding his mother was. A few minutes later mother walked softly up to Johnny, and putting her arms-around Johnny, and in a low monotone said:

"Johnny, I know how much you want to go out and how you feel for not being able to go. You are a big boy now, but not big enough to leave mother. Maybe, some day you will be able to leave camp."

The hot tears on Johnny's cheeks were rolling down in big drops. Mother gave him a hug and walked away. His sniffling and snorting could be heard in the other room. Johnny's mother felt sorry for him because she knew how much he wanted to go out. The door opened and slammed shut. Mas and Tom entered, looked at Johnny and noticed his tear-stained face.

"What's the matter?" asked Mas inquisitively.

Johnny gave no reply but kept on sniffling and snorting. Mother walked in the room and explained.

Mas and Tom laughed, but they knew how Johnny felt to be the youngest of the family and to be left behind.

"Well, Mom, it's time for Tom and me to leave."

They took their suitcase and departed. Later the bus was at the gate. People were bidding their friends good-bye. There was a group of boys around Mas and Tom. The time was getting closer for them to board the bus. Their parents came to bid them good-bye. Suddenly, Mas missed Johnny, wondering why he hadn't come to see them.

Looking around, Johnny was not in sight. All of a sudden a

roar of laughter arose among a group of people. They looked toward the section where the laughter was coming from; there was Johnny among the crowd, his face red with shame. As Johnny approached, Mas noticed his bulging body. Walking up to him Mas asked, "What in the world have you under your jacket?" Inquisitively Mas opened his jacket to Johnny's embarrassment, down fell some underclothes and a sweater. The crowd's attention was now on Johnny, red with shame and fighting back his tears. Johnny stood there speechless. Mas took hold of his arm and walked Johnny to the road away from the crowd.

"Well, Johnny, I know how you feel to be left behind. But maybe later on during the summer when school is closed, you can come and join us. I'll try to get leave clearance for you. So chin up, Johnny, and take care of Mom."

Johnny gave a big breath, smiled and watched his brother board the bus.

TULE LAKE

Out on the desert, storm swept with wind and dust,
A new town is born.
Here we are forced to smile with tears, for we must;
This is where we toil for the duration, with our hearts all torn.

Dust clouds, like brown smoke, rise and blow,
From distant hills, towering high.
Out yonder, Castle Rock stands high and bold,
And stretches her arms to touch the sky.

The thirsty hills are choked, with the sun's hot rays.
The scent of sage, the wild rose perfume rare,
Out to the distant horizon we gaze,
Wondering if our Caucasian friends still care.

.....Hatsuye Miyamoto

Marvin Uratsu was a chemist, but Marvin is no more;
For what he thought was H₂O was H₂SO₄.

ROW ROW ROW

By CARY OR

"Calling all cars--Calling all cars. Be on the lookout for escaped convict known as Big Joe. Outstanding descriptions: A long slash across right side of face, six - feet - two inches tall, accompanied by a tall blond woman known as Sandra. Last seen headed for Ant Island. That is all-----"

The shores of the tiny island seemed miles away as Sandra and Big Joe rowed awkwardly amid the rippling waves. On reaching the island, tired and and desperate, they made their way to the tiny shack surrounded with tall needle slashing shrubbery. As they crept cautiously between the shrubs, the rays of the sinking sun cast a gigantic shadow across the dry ground. Big Joe had bulging eyes and a temper to match the mean slash across his right cheek. Never conscious of his terrifying features, he nervously turned the rusted door knob. Sandra, tall, blond and beautiful, without hesitation followed Big Joe inside only to faint, crumbling into his arms. Looking up, he was conscious only of the sun rays disappearing, and darkness approaching. "Had she fainted after the strenuous rowing or could there still be more ghostly occurrences? Realizing what had happened, Big Joe turned just in time to see the door slam, shutting him within the walls of a dark and desolated room.

"Could this be the same mysterious shack? Where are all the tall candles, the tables, chairs and even the secret knobs?"

Many strange thoughts fill Big Joe's mind in a whirling daze.

Sandra, fully conscious now, means, and for the second time drops helplessly to the floor.

Clenching his fist, he turns, coming face to face with a long white article suspending in the air. With balls of sweat dropping from his forehead, he courageously lifts his arm in a desperate effort to grab this

small, ghostly figure. He slowly brings forth his tightly clenched arms realizing that within his grasp is only the sticky sweat of his palms.

Dashing excitedly towards the door, Big Joe with a crash fell head first to the floor. Though filled with fear, he realized it was only the body of beautiful Sandra lying on the floor that had tripped him. Yet in a daze, he again catches a glimpse of the long white article suspending in the air. Chills marched up and down his spine.

The tumble jarred Sandra back to consciousness. Determined to find out what the figure was, Sandra and Big Joe approached it slowly. To their relief it was only the missing candle suspending from the ceiling. Relieved, they slept on the hard floor, never realizing what the morrow was bringing.

Days passed as Sandra and Big Joe nervously kept a steady lookout on the sides of the island. With little food, composed of hard dry bread, water from a dusty, spider-webbed well, they selfishly counted their thousands of bank notes under the pale yellow moonlight.

Were all these bank notes worth their agony and starvation? Too bold and confident that all would be over, neither spoke nor complained. Thus on a cloudy and windy morning, Sandra and Big Joe set foot on their precious tiny row boat, their only chance of returning to civilization. Once more with the will power to succeed in a dangerous money making business, Big Joe gave his command to row-----

Sandra too, in a desire once again to wear beautiful, alluring clothes, sip cocktails in the moonlight and dance to the rhythm of jazz, fought against her strengthless body to row.

Between the island and civilization, Big Joe was like an eternity of lost hours to Sandra, whose slender body crumbled with the echoing of Big Joe's command to row.

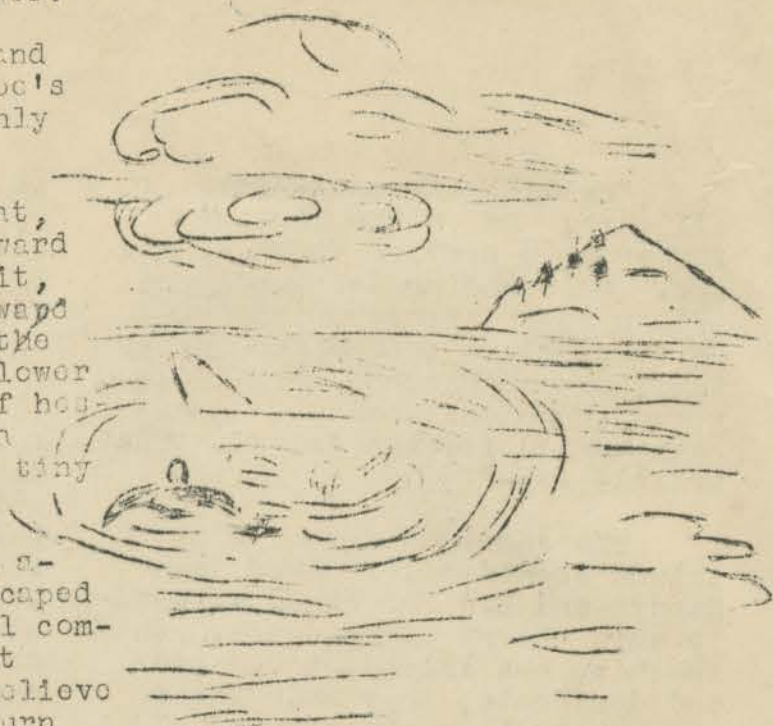
Row, Row, Row (Cont'd)

Big Joe's bulging eyes were no longer noticeable. The slash, too, was no match for his temper.

As the dragging minutes and seconds crept up on him, Big Joe's determination to row formed only on his thin white lips.

Lying in the tiny row boat, Sandra and Big Joe drifted toward nature's most ghastly death pit, a swift swirling whirlpool toward the center of the river. As the minutes dragged, death came slower and slower. After a second of hesitation, the whirlpool, like a hungry monster, swallowed the tiny row boat.

"Extra! Extra! Read all about it----. The bodies of escaped convict, Big Joe and beautiful companion, Sandra, found near Ant Island. Police authorities believe they were in an effort to return to civilization and were caught in the whirlpool a mile down the river from their hideout island. Read all about it-----"



17-A BOY

By Mitsu Nishimura

Br-r-r-r-r-r-----

The low toned bell rang as school was over for the day. The door of 13-A opened with a bang as Miss Studimore's World History class rushed out, relieving themselves from the dates of King Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth.

Ann Suzuki and Carolyn Tanaka walked out hurriedly. As they passed 17-A, the boys' P.E. room, one of the boys shouted to Carolyn, "Hi--good lookin!! What's cookin'? Going to the 'jit session' to-night? If you are---save me a dance!"

Carolyn was awfully popular. It wasn't just because of her pretty hair done in small fluffed out curls, drooping down on her shoulders. She possessed everything that a nisei girl should have---personality, brains, looks, nice figure. Police authorities believe they were in an effort to return to civilization and were caught in the whirlpool a mile down the river from their hideout island. Read all about it-----

figure and clothes. Beside that, she was one of the best jitterbuggers in her block.

Ann sighed, "Gee---I wish I could take a permanent like yours. Then, maybe I'd be more interested in dancing and things like that."

"Well, your mom doesn't want you to go jumping around here and there. Since your father died, she's been awfully worried about what type of girl you are going to be."

The Suzukis' lived in Ward 111 ever since they moved into Newell from Camp Walerga. It had been a tough time for them since their father died a few days before evacuating from Sacramento. Mrs. Suzuki and Ann now lived all alone in a small apartment.

When Ann reached home, the door was locked, so she looked

17-A Boy (Cont'd)

for the key hidden in the corner of the porch. As soon as she went in, she quickly opened her algebra book deciding to study before the mess bell rang. "3x-x+ 4 = ----- ho-hum--am I sleepy." The big alarm clock was ticking off as Ann continued on her homework. Suddenly a pencil dropped on the floor, and Ann was soon off to dreamland.

In dreamland, Ann was asking Mrs. Suzuki, "Mother, may I get a permanent? Then I'll be popular and be going to dances like Carolyn."

Without hesitation, the supposed-to-be- old-fashioned Mrs. Suzuki had replied, "Why yes, Ann. I don't see no reason why you can't."

"Oh--Goody! I'll go get an appointment from the beauty salon to get it next Saturday." Ann jumped with joy.

Saturday, finally came, slowly even in the dream, and Ann went to the beauty salon. After a few hours of uncomfortable time under the dryer, a new looking girl came out of the beauty salon, feeling as if she was the only beautiful girl in the camp.

Monday, at school, Ann met up with Carolyn.

"Hi--Carolyn!"

Carolyn glanced at her for a minute, then said, "Why, I couldn't recognize you. So you finally did cut off your pigtails."

Ann was expecting her to say, "How nice you look," but no further comments.

They were passing 17-A when one of the boys whispered to another so loud that Ann could hear.

"Hey--who's that dead looking fish walking home with Carolyn? I thought the other one with pigtails was bad---- this one beats her!"

Oh--how Ann hated these boys!

Why don't they mind their own business sometimes!

Plank--plank--plank-----

The mess bell was ringing and Ann jumped up.

"Oh--what a dream!" she shouted as she ran to the mess hall where her mother was waiting.

As they were eating, Mrs. Suzuki glanced at Ann's pigtails and then said, "I've been thinking it over; and since you're going on sixteen, I thought you might want to get a permanent."

Remembering the dream she just had, Ann replied, "It's going to be awfully hot this summer, and pigtails are so easy to take care of. I guess I wouldn't want to get one just yet."

"Oh--I thought you wanted to. Well--I guess pigtails aren't so bad. I could just imagine you with short curly hair."

Ann pulled out the fish bone from her mouth and then said, "Yeh--I'd be looking just like these dead-looking fish!"

Just then, Mr. Sakimura, the block manager, called the attention of the young people of the block and reported that Friday would be the block's youth club night, and all youth members are requested to attend.

As Mrs. Suzuki and Ann walked out of the mess hall, Mrs. Suzuki asked Ann, "Are you in the youth club, Ann?"

"Nn-n-n---I haven't been to any of the meetings. They always have 'jit session' and since I don't know how to dance, I don't go."

Mrs. Suzuki had noticed that her daughter really didn't go around very much, so she suggested to her, "Why don't you have Carolyn teach you how to dance? It might do you good--I

17-A Boy (Cont'd)

mean make you more busy and alive."

That night, following her mother's suggestion, Ann went over to Carolyn's, who lived on the other side of her block.

Carolyn was willing to teach her. "Why, I'll be happy to teach you. First, you'll have to get the rhythm of the music so you wouldn't dance any faster than your partner. Dance on your toe and -----" Carolyn taught her like this for several nights, and soon Ann was as good as Carolyn.

Friday night, Carolyn took Ann to the youth club's weekly 'jame session'. The first half of the evening, Ann stood in the corner as Carolyn danced away. Ann sighed to herself, "Gee---- I wish I hadn't come. I'm just not fit for this kind of thing. Here I am only making a "pretty picture on the wall".

Just then a tall boy came up to Ann and said, "There seems to be a rationing on suet, May I have this dance?"

Ann excitedly said, "Why-- surely!"

From then on Ann thought she was in another world. Slow dance and even jitterbugs, Ann was burning the floor with her partners. One of the boys she danced with was the boy of 17-A. He introduced himself as Eddy Mizuno and even told Ann, "Gee---You're a smooth dancer."

Ann was awfully happy! Here she was dancing with that boy of 17-A; having a wonderful time.

Next day at the World History class, Ann was day-dreaming of the night before's jam session and Eddy, when Miss Studimore asked, "and who was the king of France at the beginning of the 12th century?" Ann, caught with surprise, shouted, "Eddy the Fourth", instead of Henry the Fourth. A laughter burst out of the class as Ann's face turned red. Just then the low toned bell rang.

Br-r-r-r-r-r-----

"Saved by the bell", shouted Ann as she rushed out not to be late.

listening to Miss Studimore, who was telling her, "Don't forget to study more on King Henry IV."

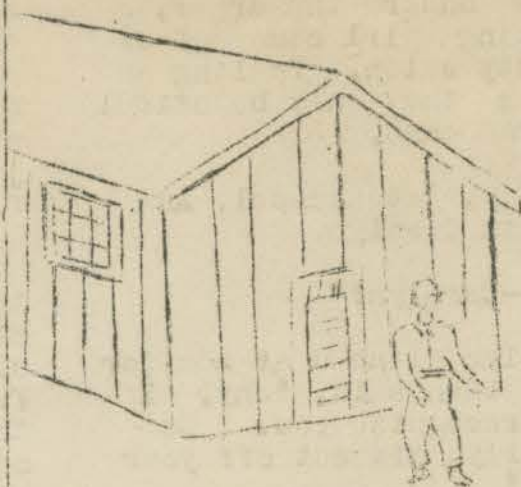
She was passing by 17-A when just then Eddy walked out.

"Hi---Ann. Remember me? Where's Carolyn today?"

"Hi---Eddy! Carolyn had to go to a meeting. Their English class is publishing a magazine for the school carnival and she's the business manager." Ann's face turned red as she recalled the incident she just had in World History.

"Oh---well, I wanted to talk to her about something but I guess I can't today. Well, so-long--good looking. Gotta be going!" Eddy said with a smile as he went on.

Ann's heart started to beat fast as she trotted back, "so-long--Eddy". Ann was happy; he had just called her 'good looking' and he was the first boy ever to say that to her. She went in a daze and sighed to herself, "Gee---a boy sure changes a person."



ANISEI LEARNS TO SMILE AGAIN

TEIKO HAMAGUCHI



It was a bright spring morning. As usual, everyone in the barrack was already awake, although it was only seven o'clock, busying themselves with their daily chores by the time Jerry awoke. Here and there voices could be heard mumbling unintelligibly.

"Everything's the same old thing from morning till night every day," thought Jerry as he moodily began dressing. "What a life! I wish I were out of here. This camp life is getting me down. The idea of waking up early, going to work by eight, and spending the rest of the day driving a truck around to and from the warehouse every day gets monotonous. After work, nothing to do unless you go to some dance or see some old movie. I guess that's a little better than nothing. I'd give anything to be outside again, enjoying good movies, baseball games, and fishing, to mention just a few things."

Although he knew perfectly well why he couldn't leave camp, Jerry kept asking himself why. "I'm nineteen and old enough to take care of myself. The only trouble is, I have to care for Mary and Shirley and Mom, too, besides myself. Ever since the FBI men took my Dad away to an in-

ternment camp, Mom hasn't been herself. Maybe I'm selfish thinking about my comfort all the time, but if Dad were only here, things would be so different." Jerry had been without any enthusiasm ever since evacuation. Even when he played basketball, a sport he had excelled in back home, his heart was not in the game. How he had counted on going to college in the fall. But now-----

"Whoops! Seven-thirty. I better hurry and go to work. If I keep sitting here, this argument can go on and on, with my conscience getting the best of it." So thinking he hurried to the washroom saying "Good - morning" to fellow late waker-uppers who hurriedly brushed past him as they nodded.

While he was finishing his toilet, he saw a young boy, barely seventeen, who was all dolled up. Jerry hadn't known this boy very well except just to say "Hello", but he wanted to know why he was wearing good clothes. It isn't every day or every person who wears their Sunday-best around here.

"Say, Bill, you getting married?" asked Jerry jokingly.

"Gosh no," answered Bill.

"I know I have enough of a happy look to get married in, but that isn't it. It's just that I've finally got a chance to clear out of here. It's been a swell break for me. Ever since the first day I've been put in here, I made up my mind to leave as quickly as I could. Now, I got my chance. You see, I'm going to Utah to work in the beet fields. Maybe now I can breathe good fresh air. If I could, I'd send you some."

That last remark bit through Jerry like a needle, but pretending not to have heard, he asked, "But what about school? Aren't you going to continue it?"

"Well, at first I wasn't going to, but Mom and Dad said they would let me go on one condition. And that was to continue my education attending night classes or something of that sort. You know how parents are. Did they get mad when I first told them I was quitting school to work. I'm sure I wouldn't mention that to them again. Say, by the way, do you know what time it is? I've got to be in front of the Administration Building by eight."

"Why it's quarter to eight now. I'm supposed to be at work by eight, too. I'm sorry I detained you, Bill, but I just had to talk with you. You're a lucky one. Some people get all the breaks," added Jerry sulkily.

"I know how you feel, Jerry. Being in here gives a person a cooped up feeling. That's how I felt. Some people like you, for instance, can't do anything about it. Family complications, isn't it?"

"Yes. If Dad were here, I know I would already be outside leading a normal life. And maybe I could have gotten a good enough job to send for the family. That would have been my goal, but it seems as though everything's working against me. I guess we better stop talking now, or else you'll miss your bus. You can't afford to let that happen. Well, Bill, thanks for letting me talk with you."

"That's all right, pal. I'll drop you a line some time. Maybe we could exchange news. That is, until the time you'll be going out. You see, I've got a feeling you will be, sooner than you think."

Just have more confidence and do your darndest."

"Thanks, Bill. I'll write you, too. Good-by and lots of luck."

"Good - by, Jerry. I'll need all the luck."

The boys looked into each other's eyes as they shook hands. One saw bright outlook toward the future, shining and confident, while the other saw a future which wasn't quite as bright. Jerry thought for sure that there was no chance for him leaving this dreary camp life and make himself and the family a decent living.

After Bill had gone his way, Jerry stood watching him enviously with a feeling of emptiness in his stomach. He wondered whether he'd ever meet Bill again. Jerry, a Washington boy, and Bill, a Californian, who probably wouldn't have otherwise met, in a short talk had become good pals. Yes, you can make friends here, maybe everlasting ones. That was an advantage, and it was the only one Jerry could think of then.

Suddenly Jerry broke out of his pensive mood and looked at his watch. "Gosh, five minutes to eight. I better hurry, but I wouldn't have missed that talk with Bill for anything." With that he ran back to his apartment. There he was met by his mother who had just returned from the laundry room. She didn't reproach him for his lateness, but had everything he needed ready for him.

"Good - morning, Mom. I guess I'm late today, but I had a talk with Bill Oda who's leaving today for Utah." As he said that his mother tried to catch his eye but Jerry painfully avoided hers. For quite a while now, Mrs. Kido had suspected that only she and her two small daughters kept Jerry in camp. "Oh, if I could only give him my permission to go," thought Mrs. Kido. If he goes, I could work washing clothes for the mess-hall workers or something like that. But that would mean neglecting my duties with Mary and Shirley. Maybe, as a last resort I may do that, though. Anyway, I'll speak to Jerry about this tonight.

By this time, Jerry had already flung his jacket on. He shouted "Good-by" and hurriedly rushed out so as to avoid any ques-

tions his mother might ask.

At the warehouse, Jerry quickly started work, and his fellow workers hardly noticed his late arrival. If they did, they didn't show it. But his foreman came toward him and said, "That's all right Jerry. I didn't come to scold you. I just want you to know that we're kind of rushed today. You see, quite a few workers left this morning for work outside, so we're sort of short-handed until new workers can be had. I hope you don't mind, Jerry."

"No, I don't mind at all. The harder I work the less time I have to think and feel sorry for myself. Those workers that left, they certainly must have been happy."

"I bet they were," agreed the foreman. "If I didn't have a sick mother to take care of I'd take any job they offer outside, even to washing dishes in a cafe. Well, no time to talk much today so go-long."

"Go-long," answered Jerry. The talk with the foreman made him feel worse than he had earlier in the morning. Getting himself in his truck, Jerry quickly drove away, mindful of the fact that he had a full day's work ahead of him.

The day wore on and now it was five o'clock and time to quit for the day. "What a busy day it was," thought Jerry. "I had to drive back and forth almost twice as often as on ordinary days. Now for home and a quick shower before dinner."

"Jerry," someone shouted.

Jerry looked around to see fellow worker in a truck motioning for him to come.

"Hop in. We'll give you a ride home."

"Thanks," shouted Jerry appreciatively and hopped on.

When the truck reached his home, Jerry thanked him again and waved the driver good-by. He ran into his apartment, and saying "Hi" to his younger sisters he sat down beside them. They were playing with paper dolls which they had bought at the canteen.

After talking with them a while and watching them, he noticed the absence of his mother.

"Where's Mom?" inquired Jerry.

"Over at Mrs. Ito's place," answered Mary, the older of the two girls, disinterestedly, as though hating to be interrupted.

Seeing that they thought him a nuisance, he picked himself from the floor and decided to go take a shower. Realizing that there wasn't much time left, he grabbed a towel and soap and rushed out.

When he came out of the shower-room, cool and refreshed, he met his best friend, George Ito who seemed excited about something.

"Hi, Jerry, guess what happened? No, I better tell you. You'll never guess. Well, here goes. Mom and Dad finally consented to my going away to school. They certainly held out long just because I'm the only son. But this noon-----"

George was talking so fast telling his good news to his best friend that he, at first, had not noticed Jerry's crest fallen expression. But when he did notice it, he immediately felt ashamed of himself.

"I'm sorry, Jerry. I shouldn't have told you just yet, since I'm not going right away. I should have known how you'd feel."

"Don't worry about me, George. I feel all right. It's great news, and I'm glad that you finally got a chance. When you find out which college you want to attend, you tell me, huh?"

And with that Jerry slowly walked back to the apartment, feeling sort of ashamed that he couldn't help share George's good news as he usually did. "I'll make it up to him somehow, but right now I just couldn't listen to it." Jerry felt empty again just as he did when he had said good-by this morning to Bill. Only it was worse this time. Hadn't George and he been good friends ever since grade-school days? Hadn't they been practically neighbors before evacuation? Hadn't they planned on going to college together when they were

outside? They had been more than good friends, almost like brothers.

Then the mess hall gong sounded. Jerry didn't feel much like eating, but he went anyway. It was fish again, but he did not mind it. He liked fish. He hadn't been home, but you grow to like anything around here.

Going out of the mess hall he met George again. The two boys looked at each other and grinned.

"George, I'm sorry I voted that way. I'm the guy who's supposed to share your news with you, whether it's good or bad. Even with you gone, I ought to know that our friendship will always last. We can write each other, and it'll seem almost like old times again." Jerry carefully avoided the other's eyes as he tried to convince himself that everything was all for the best.

"Wait a minute, Jerry. If you hadn't talked so fast, I could have put in a word or two. You see, I've changed my mind. I'm not going. What kind of a friend am I to leave you in here without me? From now on it's like this. If either one of us goes out, the other one goes with him. Is that okay with you, Jerry?"

"Not going out? But George, you're letting a good chance slip through your fingers just on account of your selfishness. It isn't worth it, George. Besides you've counted on going to college. Why shouldn't you go?"

"No. You can't make me change my mind. I've decided to stay here with you. I wouldn't enjoy school without you anyway. Who'd help me out before exams? Nope. You stay, I stay. That's all there is to it."

"All right. That may be, but on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That if I can't go within the next few months, you're to go without me."

"But-----"

"No buts about it."

Then the boys looked at each other in mutual assent. Happily they put their arms around each other's shoulders and walked toward the door.

That night after Jerry had come home from playing baseball with George, his mother beckoned him.

"Jerry," his mother called gently. "I've got something to tell you about. Come sit by me."

"Okay, Mom," answered Jerry as he obediently sat down on the bench beside her.

"Well, son, I want you to know I wasn't eavesdropping this afternoon; but I had just turned the corner when I heard you and George talking. The minute I heard something about leaving camp, you acted as if the world had fallen. I know that partly it was because you were losing a friend, but I also know that it was mostly because you wanted to go, too. Well, I've thought it over and over and I've talked it over with Mrs. Ito, and we both agree that the best thing for us to do is to have you go with George."

"You mean I can really go?" inquired Jerry unbelievably.

"Yes, you may," answered Mrs. Kido.

For a moment, Jerry was happy and exhilarated. But later, he knew that he couldn't and wouldn't go. His father had given him a responsibility and he wasn't going to let him down. Jerry slowly tried to make her understand.

"Mom, all the things you've suspected are true. I've wanted to leave camp for a long time. At first, camp life was something new-different-exciting, but in a few months a person gets tired of it all. That's the way it was with me. I got tired of it. But right now when you gave me permission to go, I suddenly felt that I didn't want to go. I wouldn't be happy outside, knowing that I let Dad down. I'm sorry I caused you so much worry but it won't happen again. Anyway, George decided he wasn't going for another few months yet. Something may happen by then. Can you understand me now, Mom?"

"Yes, son, I think I understand. You're a good boy and your father and I are proud of you. Some day we hope to repay you."

"Gosh, Mom. That's the least a fellow can do for his parents. Oh, oh, look what time it is. Eleven o'clock. I better turn in. You know this talk with you helped me a lot. This morning I felt pretty low but now I'm actually sitting on top of the world. It's funny. Most people are happier in the morning than at night, aren't they, Mom?"

Without waiting for an answer, Jerry was off in the corner by his bed and preparing for bed. So many things happened today that Jerry, being exhausted, fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. His mother softly snapped off the light and tiptoed across to her bed. After quietly undressing, she slipped into bed. All was serene for the night.

The next day was Sunday. When Jerry awoke, sunlight was streaming into the room alighting on top of a varnished table, giving it a store-bought appearance. The room was all in order. "Mother certainly wakes up early," thought Jerry. He jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed in his Sunday clothes which his mother had laid out for him. "Good thing there's no work today or else I'd be late again."

By the time George came Jerry was all ready to go to church with him. They attended church and spent the rest of the day together enjoying basketball games and other activities. Jerry told George about his conversation with his mother and George agreed with him that he did the right thing.

Monday morning Jerry was up a little earlier than usual. Having plenty of time, he started off for work whistling as he went. That day seemed pretty short for Jerry as he heard someone shout "A witting time." He got a lift home again and so arrived home early. He ran in and found his mother and sisters sitting around looking at a piece of paper. When they heard him come in, they rushed toward him and shouting in unison, "Daddy's coming home!"

Jerry could not believe it. "Is it really true? It isn't a joke?"

"No, Jerry, it isn't a joke. It's the real thing. This telegram," she handed it to Jerry, "is from your father. It says that he is being released and will be here by the end of the week. Isn't it wonderful?"

Jerry read and reread the telegram catching every word and still hardly believed its meaning. "Wonderful isn't the word for it. It's super-colossal news. It means that-----"

"Yes, it means that you can go to college after all," interrupted his mother. "Run along, now. You'll probably want to tell George."

But Jerry was already heading toward George's place, taking the telegram with him as proof in case George wouldn't believe him.

His mother smiled happily as she watched Jerry's retreating back. "It's good to see him happy again," thought Mrs. Kido. "There couldn't have been better news than this. Well, I better get started and prepare for Dad's homecoming."

Jerry barely knocked as he rushed into his friend's house. George looked at him with a startled expression, but smiled when he saw Jerry's radiant look.

"George, everything is going to be all right," began Jerry without preamble. "We can go to school together after all. You see, Dad's coming home by the end of the week. Look! Read this telegram. Quick! Jerry pushed it to him roughly, as if the words in the telegram would change meaning if George didn't hurry and read it.

George stared at his friend for a second and then looking down to the telegram where Jerry was pointing insistently, he realized that at last his pal had come into a streak of good luck. "I'm glad for you, pal. Now we can both go out together. What a lovely break for both of us. I can hardly wait to see your Dad again, too, Jerry."

The two of them spent some time after that discussing their plans for the future.

"You know, George, I just remembered that I hadn't told you about a boy I talked to in the washroom the other day. He must be psychic, because before he left for work outside, he told me that he was sure that I'd get a chance to go out, too, sooner than I think. Well, now I know he was right."

A MISER LEARNS TO SMILE AGAIN.

(cont.)

"think, I'll write a letter to him tonight and let him know that he predicted came true."

"Yes, that's a good idea. I'm sure he'll be glad to hear that his hunch was right."

The next few days were busy ones for the family. They planned to have a party in honor of their Dad. Every one and he enjoyed every minute of it.

Then the day of the arrival came. Jerry, his mother, Mary, and Shirley woke up especially early, dressed in good clothes, and were by the outside gate half-an-hour before the bus was scheduled to arrive. Many enthusiastic friends were waiting with them including George and his mother.

It was a happy and expectant crowd which awaited the bus. When it finally showed itself to the crowd, a shout could be heard. Jumping up and down, Mary and Shirley shouted, "Daddy's here. He's waving his hand."

It was true. Their Dad was home. When the bus stopped, Mr. Kido was greeted by his family, running toward him and getting a hold of him in order to actually feel that he was home. Everyone was too happy for words. A lump came into Jerry's throat as he looked at his father who hadn't changed a bit except that he had gotten a little fatter.

After the excitement had died down, Mr. Kido and his family hustled into a waiting car. Sinking comfortably into the seat, he was attacked by a barrage of questions, but his wife quieted.

During the excitement, Jerry had hardly been able to talk to his Dad; but his Dad looked at him and winked.

"Well, son, I hear you've been the man of the house. I know I could leave all the responsibilities to you. Now you can rest for a change. Your Daddy had a nice vacation."

Mrs. Kido and Jerry looked at each other and smiled, knowingly. The family was together again.

That night after the party was over and everyone had gone home, Jerry and his father had a long talk late into the night.

"Jerry, I heard from your mother some of the things you have sacrificed for the family. I want you to know that I'm proud of you. I'm glad to hear that you think higher education so important. It's also good to live in America where they offer such institutions. When I was a kid your age, everyone thought that finishing high school was enough. Some didn't even attend high school. But today, everything has changed for the best." He sighed as he related to his son his childhood experiences, which he had repeated many times before, but which Jerry had never tired of hearing. Every once in a while Jerry would interrupt him to ask a question, and his father would answer in his usual, quiet manner, appreciating Jerry's interest of his childhood days. They sat and talked for sometimes, the father and son, getting sort of drowsy, but still enjoying each other's company.

"You know, son, when I come right down to it, I've got a lot to be thankful for. A wife, good children, a place to think and say things freely." He paused; then said softly, "America, the land of the free, and the home of the brave." As he repeated that single line of the national anthem, he relaxed and smiled at his son. To hear his Dad give those words with such a deep feeling, made Jerry's skin tingle with pride. A pride of his father, who even though an issei, could feel and be thankful for what America had done and given him; a pride of his country that can give a man a fair trial and return him to his loved ones. Both of them sat in silence for a moment. Then Jerry broke the silence.

"Gosh, Dad. Right now, I feel as if I can lick any invader who dares to harm America in any way. You know, that's an idea. I think George and I better hurry up and finish school so that we can join in with other Americans in straightening out this momentarily topsy-turvy world. We can help out after it's straightened out, too. I'll talk to George about it tomorrow." It was then that Harry couldn't hold back his yawn any longer. Under any other circumstances, Jerry would have loved to continue this conversation with his Dad, but today he was exhausted both physically and mentally. He rolled over on his G.I. cot and finished the dream in his sleep.

"Jerry, I hear you've been the man of the house. I know I could leave all the responsibilities to you. Now you can rest for a change. Your Daddy had a nice vacation."

A CHANCE AT BAT

The afternoon of July fourth was the day of the High School Championship game between Wilson and Parker High Schools.

Arthur Williams pushed his horn-rimmed glasses up on his forehead and looked at the grandstand filled with rooters for the Wilson High School. His last year in school was coming to an unsatisfactory end. He would graduate at the head of his class, but Arthur had been toting the score book for the Wilson High Baseball team for two years without ever getting into a single game.

"Every time I get a chance to play," he told Buddy West next to him, "I have to bone for an examination."

"Too bad," Buddy told him. "And this is a championship game, too. But you've given the coach and the boys some nice pointers. That little notebook of yours has the dope on every player in the Public Schools Athletic League."

Arthur nodded. He had been doing his bit for the team, but unless he played in a game and contributed something to the victory, he wouldn't get his letter.

While the Wilson team was on the field, Coach Grady sat down beside Arthur to consult the score book. It was the eighth inning and Parker High School was trying its best to unknot the 5-3 tie.

"We've got to do something," the lad said. "I'd like to get in there just once."

Coach Grady was worried. If



By Geo. Sakamoto

Wilson High had been leading, he might have given Arthur his chance. The poor kid pushed his nose into all kinds of baseball books. Maybe he could do something. He knew all the trick plays from way back.

"If the boys knock over a run or two, maybe I'll let you go up in the ninth!"

Arthur Williams nodded. The eighth inning dragged by. When the Wilson nine went over to the field for the beginning of the ninth, the score was still tied. The only

thing that brought the game nearer to Arthur was that Grady had used up his last three substitutes as pinch-hitters before, to try to score the tie-breaking run.

One of the Parker High School hitters came up with two men out. Arthur signalled to Buddy West. The batter leaned into a pitch. There was a sharp crack of wood.

"That one's a home run," Grady groaned.

But Buddy had caught William's sign, and he was streaking for the concrete wall in left field. He whirled to watch the dropping ball, then leaped and speared it. The ball struck in his glove and the third out; but as it did so, Buddy's head struck the concrete and he fell in a heap and was carried off.

A poor Wilson nine came to bat. Coach Grady watched the

A Chance At Bat (Cont'd)

batters. Arthur was his only pinch hitter, but there were five men ahead of him.

Then things began to happen. The Parker pitcher had a little trouble and five men came to bat. When the smoke cleared, three of them were on base, and two were out.

"Williams batting for West," Grady said with a shrug.

Arthur Williams came up to the plate; his mind was compiling the various trick plays he had studied and read about in his books and newspapers. The Parker pitcher warmed up, and the first pitch came down.

Williams couldn't see it as it whizzed by. His bat swung; the next ball was a clean strike, but Williams missed it again. Grady groaned. The three men dancing up and down on the bags prayed for the one single that would win the game.

The next ball came down way wide of the plate, but a sudden light flashed in Arthur's mind. He knew the catcher would never be able to reach the ball, so he missed by a mile, and as the ball went away from the catcher's fingertip, Arthur started for first, and the runner came drum-

ming down from third with the winning run.

Coach Grady shook hands with the kid when he came back to the dugout. "Fast thinking," he said, "You sure pulled a fast one, and I'm proud of you!"

"If it was good enough for the Yankees against the Dodgers," Arthur declared, "It was good enough for me."

The following day, the Student Body meeting was held. The president of the Student Body stood up and announced to all that today is the day for handing out block letters so they will now leave everything to Coach Grady.

Coach Grady walked up to the front and started calling out names for the ones who were to receive letters.

Arthur was wondering whether he was going to get a block, but finally he gave up hope.

Just as Arthur gave up hope, Coach Grady finished handing the blocks, all except one.

"I have here one more letter to hand out," the coach declared. "The person that will receive this is the hero for the championship game between Parker High and us, and his name is," Grady continued, "Arthur Williams!"

Alone With Brother

By

Natalie Nakamura

Just down the street three houses from the corner was a rather cheerful looking house. It was white with green trimmings. It reminded one of Holland with its well-kept lawn and was surrounded with shrubbery and flowers. The white picket fence added to its enchantment.

In the back yard a Packard sedan was just backing out of a tiny white garage. A mother was giving advice to a girl of about 16 years of age. "Now Cornelia," she warned, "don't let anyone you don't know in, and keep Johnny out of mischief as much as possible."

and oh yes, don't forget to out "Stinky" out.

"All right, all right," groaned Cornelia, "I won't forget; now hurry or you'll miss the beginning of the show." Climbing into the front seat beside her husband she smiled and waved sweetly to her daughter.

Cornelia stood there watching the familiar car quickly vanishing down the quiet suburban street. (This was of course before gas rationing.) As she stood there, she reminded one of a typical teen girl. She turned and entered the kitchen.

ALONE WITH BROTHER (Cont'd)

The kitchen was the most cheerful part of the house; the fresh chintz curtains, the kettle whistling on the stove, and the Dutch windmill clock ticking merrily. Cornelia ("Corny" to her friends.") Stopped to survey the kitchen, and seeing everything was quiet, turned to go upstairs. She paused at the foot of the stairs listening to the quietness of the house. Resolutely she climbed the stairs. It was so quiet she shuddered at the thought of being alone. Not exactly alone, as her kid brother was sleeping.

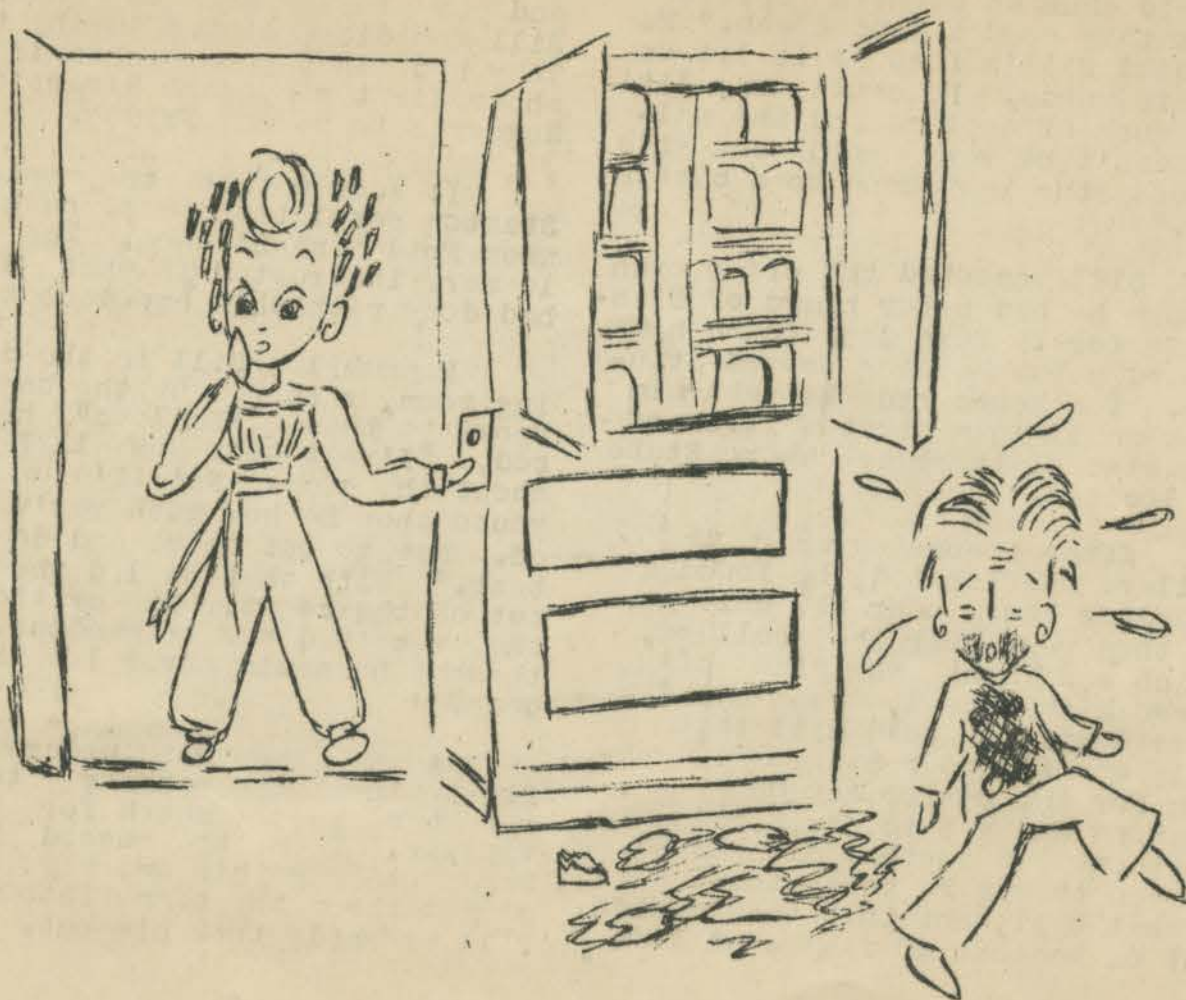
The house was usually noisy and tumbled. Johnny's toys all over, mother running around looking for something to do, and father-as usual holding the paper upside down half asleep. Then she stood in front of the mirror, tried a few facial expressions, and failing to look devastating,

What did the coffee
say to the coffee-pot?

Pore up, you Grip!

she sighed and smiled sweetly at the picture on her bureau (her boy friend of course.) She sat thinking of her love life and her life in general, her bratty brother always reading her letters and diary. Her brother, an 8 year old, had a squeaky voice and a mischievous look on his face all the time.

Corny look at the clock, and seeing it was already near 9:30, she pulled down the shades. (No, not because of a blackout, just because it was dark.) As she was preparing for her bath, she heard a noise in the kitchen below her room. It was a stealthy, creeping noise across the linoleum of the kitchen floor. Too frightened to move, she stood listening with her mouth wide open. Then forgetting her fear, she crept slowly down the stairs. She reached the kitchen door, and not daring to look, stood there. A loud crash shook the house. She peeked in to see a sly, slinking figure creeping across the kitchen floor--a scarlet substance trailing after it. Swiftly switching on the lights she stuck out a shaking finger, her eyes wide with surprise, crying, "Johnny! how many times have we told you to keep out of the jam!"



PAY OFF FOR VICTORY

by HENRY OGAWA

Bill was a typical American youth with a desire, more than normal, for basketball. His ambition since childhood was to be a coach in a large university. He graduated high school with his spectacular playing. In order to make a name for himself so the other colleges would give him an offer, he entered the nationally famous State University.

Now, four years has elapsed since he first stood before this institution. Lying on the greens of the university, he viewed the surroundings. Thought of the happy moments spent on the campus, the thrills of hearing the spectator's ovation as he led the State University's basketball team to two Conference Championships, and his own ambition, ran through his mind.

Suddenly a light tap on his shoulder awakened him from his momentary spell. He turned and saw the grinning face of Coach Larson. He surprised Bill as he quickly seated himself beside him. Before Bill could say a word he spoke.

"Bill, I've got great news for you. I just got word from my old chum at Stanton College that they need a good coach." He studied Bill's face as it lit up at his words. He continued, "It's not much of a place and the salary won't be very good but it's a good stepping stone to a better job."

Bill accepted the offer even though he had never heard of Stanton before. Next day found him aboard a bus heading toward Stanton. Ten hours ride brought him to a small town about a fifth of the size of the place where State is located.

After inquiring where the college was located, he found a boarding house near the college. He then went over the college, which was about the size of a large high school, and met the president. He told Bill that this was the year Stanton is running for the Conference Champion. Stanton had yet to win a flag and if there was another disastrous season they were going to abandon basket ball; not that they wanted to, but on account of financial difficulty.

The college and the loyal followers of Stanton were pinning their hopes on Bill so they could get the name of Stanton on the front page.

He then went over to the gym to see what it looked like. There was little equipment and the place wasn't up to the standard. Financial difficulty made them unable to fix it.

As the buzzer sounded, the boys came into the gym eager to see who the new coach would be. The president came in and introduced him to the players. Except for one veteran, they were all green and inexperienced. Nevertheless, their enthusiastic faces gave him hope.

The next few days found him cutting the squad and picking players for regular berth. He had to teach the green players all the fundamental and they obeyed order and squawked. The only trouble he encountered was from Butch, the only veteran of the team. He thought he was tough and always interfered with Bill's coaching. He scared the other players so they would not do the way Bill showed them.

After six weeks of practice, they were getting nowhere. They were scared of the bully, Butch and were laying down on their job. Bill was disappointed in the team. They had eight games scheduled and their first game with Rivers College was to be on Friday.

It seemed that the whole Stanton population was on hand when Friday night came. The people were interested in what Bill had done with this hopeless team.

Meanwhile, Bill in the dressing room, gathered up the boys and spoke to them. "Fellows," he started, "I've taught you all I know about the game. Now it's up to you to show me how much you've learned. Now go out there and do your best." With that he led the team out on the court. The ovation they received was tremendous. He thought he could never let them down.

As the game got under way, Stanton's fourth working team was more than a match for the visitor. Then the rugged Butch began playing his own way and almost threw the team into wreck. Bill promptly took him out. He

knew he had to tame this guy or his hope would be shattered. They steadied down and went to win by the score of 42 and 38.

After the game, he went over to Butch and demanded the reason for his playing the way he did. Butch passed him up, pretending not to hear him. Bill grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back. "Look here, you. Either you explain or put your dukes up and fight. If I lose, you could play your own way but if---" before Bill could finish, Butch struck out his left. Sensing this, Bill ducked and threw his right which got its mark. Butch flung at wild right which grazed Bill's chin. Bill found Butch wide open and sent his right on his jaw. He went down cold. He turned to the boys to keep this incident under cover.

Two days after the game, Butch came around to Bill's place and told him how sorry he was and that he would never cross him up again. They shook hands and they both smiled.

After that incident, the team began to click and rolled up impressive victory in a row and only Creighton stood in their way for an undefeated season and the Conference Champion.

Creighton was the defending champion and their reserve made them the favorite for the crucial game.

The gym was packed to every inch when the night of the crucial game came.

Bill was in the dressing room gathering up the boys. He gave them a pep talk.

"Fellows", as he cleared his throat and continued, "This is the chance we've been waiting for a long time. Just win this one for old Stanton. I know it's been grand working with you. You've been cooperative and the best bunch of kids I've ever known."

Bill broke the silence, "Okay, fellows, good luck."

The game got under way in a slow start with both teams working very careful. They matched basket for basket. Slowly the reserves strength of Creighton began to pull away and at half time they led 24--18.

In the dressing room no one said anything. They were all crying----crying because they were failing their coach and school. Bill saw this and was filled with emotion that he couldn't speak.

Suddenly Butch got up shouting "C'mon, fellows, we still could do it. Let's go."

Everyone joined in the shouting and they ran out to the court. Creighton not knowing of Stanton's rejuvenated team thought it was a easy victory for them. Stanton led by Butch started the fireworks and before Creighton could pull together they had tied the score up. They were tired but they just slow down.

With a minute to go Stanton went ahead on Butch's field goal which they managed to hand on. Stanton had won 40--38 and the Conference Championship.

Papers and hats filled the air as the spectators went wild. For an hour this went on.

While in the dressing room Bill helped the exhausted boys to their lockers. They were too exhausted to celebrate. They just blinked their eyes trying to catch their breath. He shook every player's hand and all he could say was "nice going."

While this was going on, two strangers came in with the president of the college. He introduced them to Bill. They were from a large university as large as State, offering Bill a job as coach. The president looked at Bill. He said, "Take it, Bill. There's more money than we could offer."

There was silence among the players. Tonight they had played their heart out for him and he was going away.

Bill thought of this opportunity, but when he looked at the boys, he quickly responded.

"Sorry gentlemen. As long as Stanton need a coach, I'll be here."

There was a sudden burst of shout from the players. Here was the opportunity of his lifetime and he turned it down because these players had captured his heart.

Somebody started singing and everybody joined in. Bill looked at them and smiled. He listened to it, smiled to himself and started singing.

He was happy to stay, too.

Kiyoshi-"Hey, Sam, there's only a half day of school this morning."

Sam-----"Oh, boy, how come?"

Kiyoshi-"Cause we have the other half in the afternoon."

Murder in Black

by Nobu Tomita

The girl dropped the book which she was reading onto her lap. She could not seem to concentrate because an uneasy feeling that a hidden figure was watching her assailed her. She looked nervously around the large, high ceiled room expecting to see someone else in the room with her but she saw no one.

The room itself, with its heavy, oak paneled book case shelf and dark old furniture, heightened her nervousness. The glow from the dying fire threw an eerie light upon the furniture, sending large, frightening shadows dancing along the walls.

Again she looked around the room and saw nothing. She picked up her book, and after giving the room a third glance, started reading, but a sixth sense told her that danger was near. She stopped reading and glanced behind her just a second late to see the black figure quickly duck behind a large chair. She turned back to her book again. The figure rose, and resumed creeping toward her, getting closer, closer, closer. Then it stopped.

closer, until it was only a foot away from her. Then it stopped and from the blackness of its cloak, two long, clawlike, hairy hands reached out to grasp her slender throat. The long black, pointed sharp fingernails were only inches away from her neck.

Then.....

"Junior!" Shut off that radio and go to bed," called his mother from top of the stairs. Junior had been listening to "The Murder in Black."



Tri-State Carnival

