



'tis autumn

When the leaves begin to turn
 Yellow, red, and brown;
 When the cold wind blows and blows
 And scatters them around;
 'Tis autumn!

When the spacious deep blue sky
 Is designed with clouds of mirth,
 The clouds do careless somersaults
 And spill rain on the earth.
 'Tis autumn!

When farmers harvest all their crops
 In the fields, so gay.
 When asked the reason for their joy
 They smile as if to say,
 "'Tis autumn!"
 --Humi Hanashiro

the rain

The angry clouds
 Chase madly
 In the skies
 Soon
 Perspiration.

-- Humi Hanashiro

our life is what we make it

Life in the assembly centers or relocation areas is what we make it. To me, this one sentence deserves a second reading. Just how does it affect us?

When we entered these Centers, we were forced to leave our homes, our businesses, our friends---all that had been dear to us in the years gone by. Those were big sacrifices for anyone to make, let alone a whole race living on the Pacific Coast. American citizens of Japanese ancestry, with their parents, "aliens" through the misfortunes of war, willingly co-operated with the authorities because of military necessity. The right or wrong of this mass evacuation is not for us to decide. Other individuals and groups are doing their part in the war effort; trying as it is, this is our part. Yes, those were big sacrifices--sacrifices which I hope no other group or race will ever know again.

If we can make such sacrifices as these, surely any that we are asked to make, or make willingly, within these centers is small indeed. No longer are the individual gains, self-satisfying egos, and the "all for me" attitudes prevalent now. If there are, let's forget them now and work for a common cause and community. This life affords us a chance to do the many things we never had time to do before. It shows us how important is the term--doing the most good for the greatest majority.

Now we live in groups of thousands, where a co-operative spirit among the residents of the center is most necessary. Any single sacrifice we are asked to make benefits so many, that in reality, it is not a sacrifice at all--but just a good turn for the neighbors.

We who have grown up with the outside world must bide our time and take matters in stride, but our children who have been suddenly cut off from the world and thrown together in this "foreign atmosphere" deserve any sacrifices we can make, so that after the duration, life can be made easier and more comfortable for them. Let's teach them that even in a life such as this, our hearts do not despair, that, although we left behind many material things, we did not leave our courage, our fortitude, and our ability to do the best with the least.

It is what we make our life in here that will pave the way for us in a post-war world. We must meet the crises to come also with chins up and hearts filled with those indomitable characteristics, for the era to come when peace shall reign once more will be the stiffest test of our people.

CHIN UP! CHEERIO! CARRY ON!

--Sam Nakano