

# Manzanar Free Press Special Anniversary Edition, March 20, 1943

## Special Edition Manzanar Free Press

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Out of the desert's bosom storm swept with wind and dust;  
Out of smiles and curses, of tears and cries, forlorn;  
Mixed with broken laughter, forced because they must;  
Toil, sweat and bleeding wounds, red and raw and torn.  
Out on the desert's bosom a new town is born.  
Dust clouds, like brown smoke, rise and swirl and blow.  
From hidden lairs in icy crags, towering high,  
Like hungry pack of wolves, the gale sweeps low,  
Fangs sharp and bared, shrieking to the sky.  
The guardian peaks emerge, serene and high.  
Summer with long, parched nights and days;  
And heaven's bowl a shimmering blue of heat;  
The thirsty hills are choked. The sun's hot blaze  
Before encroaching autumn, once more retreats.  
King Winter reigns upon his icy seat.  
A year is gone.

A quickening in the air.

The desert stirs beneath the freshening rain.

The scent of sage, the wild rose perfume rare,

The tumbling brooks break forth in glad refrain.

Another spring perhaps new hope, new life again.