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THE STORY OF POSTON

Poston was named after Charles Poston, who is called the father of Arizona and who is known as the one person who did the most to have Arizona made into a territory.

When Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and war was declared between the United States and Japan, President Roosevelt, through his executive authority, ordered that all persons of Japanese ancestry be removed from the military areas and put into relocation centers!

This evacuation was not only to remove Japanese from military areas, but also for the protection of Japanese from angry persons.

Since all centers must be on Federal land, the War Relocation Authority, which was established by President Roosevelt to be responsible for the camps, chose the middle-western section of the Colorado Indian Reservation in Arizona for one center. This place was picked because it is an agricultural country and the land has not been fully developed as yet by the Indians. The Japanese evacuees at Poston are to grow crops and develop the land.

Poston is divided into three camps - camp 1, 2, and 3 with a population of 10,000, 5,000 and 5,000 respectively, making a total of 20,000. It is the third largest city in Arizona.

The three camps were built by contractors using materials bought and furnished by the Army and according to Army blueprints under the supervision of Army engineers.

Since the day the first evacuees arrived here three and half months ago, Poston has been run mostly by the Indian Service instead of the Army or War Relocation Authority.

The Indian Service appoints the head administrators. They also furnish the educational facilities as books, papers, etc.

Although the camp is run by the Indian Service, the Army does all the purchasing of trucks, cars, coolers, etc. This is very convenient because the Army has priority in many things, and can therefore purchase things otherwise impossible to buy.

The Army also provides guards to prevent unauthorized persons from entering camp.

These relocation centers are to be the homes of the Japanese evacuees for the remainder of the war.

MY ARRIVAL AT POSTON

On Saturday morning, as I was feeding the fish in the backyard, I heard the telephone ringing. Then I heard my mother answer it and say, "Hello----No, Doctor is not home." When I heard this, I thought it was just another patient calling, and went on feeding the fish. But as soon as I heard the receiver being hung up, my mother came out and said, "William, that was from the office from where they pick out volunteers for Parker Dam. They said that we're going to get on the bus in front of the International Institute and leave for Parker Dam Monday morning."

That night we started to pack our belongings and clothes into suitcases and trunks. We also spent Sunday packing, but in the evening we went around to say goodbye to our friends.

On Monday we all awoke at three o'clock and got ready for the bus. At six o'clock many of our friends came and helped us get our belongings to the International Institute, which is just across the street from

our homes. At seven-thirty the bus came and we piled out belongings on it. At eight o'clock we said our partings to our friends. When the bus started to move slowly, a strange feeling came over me. It was a feeling of excitement and lonesomeness. When I thought that I was not going to see my home anymore, I felt very lonesome; but when I thought of my future life here in Poston, I felt very excited.

At last we were on our way; I expected to see a hot sultry desert, with heat waves shimmering all over; but most of the way, it was so cold that we had to wear sweaters. About 175 miles from Poston, it started to grow warmer and warmer until we came here to Poston.

When we reached Poston we stopped at Block Six and many people came to see us. When I first saw them, I thought that these people had not seen another person for years, but as we got off we were greeted warmly and were fed supper. After supper we had registration and were shown to our rooms.

POSTON RECREATION DEPARTMENT

When I first arrived in Poston, there were no forms of recreation. This was because there was no recreational equipment except that owned privately. Soon, however, each individual who owned private equipment donated his share; and in a few weeks, since enough was gathered a Recreational Department was formed. The members in this department developed various softball leagues for the enjoyment of the fans and players and in each four blocks one recreation hall was used for ping-pong, checkers, chess, horseshoes and pool. Then, groups of ambitious boys voluntarily, constructed swimming pools. This, however, was not sufficient for these boys so they went on and built basketball, baseball and football fields. Then the government donated many goods for the Athletic

Association, which are helping to promote the progress of the Recreation Department. In a few weeks the progress achieved was so remarkable that no person in camp at any time was found without a thing to do. Little tots as well as older folks enjoy themselves. Today the Recreational department is in full swing, so nobody is ever caught idle again, thanks to some of the ambitious groups in the city of Poston.

FUN AT THE COLORADO RIVER

Two weeks ago the people in my block decided to build a sort of shade in the block so the children could play without fear of getting sunstroke.

On Sunday about twenty-five people were to go to the river to cut timber and materials which we needed. I volunteered to go too. We bought along five water bags, but it was so hot that we emptied three water bags as soon as we got there.

We all got our axes and started to work and after fifteen minutes of hard work we rest. Boy, was it hot! We were sweating so much that we could have taken our clothes off and wrung out enough water to fill two water bags. Even my pants were wet with sweat. The arrowweed was so high that it was difficult to breathe and the cotton trees got into everyone's hair and eyes.

After a while our block manager suggested going to the river, so we took a vote on it and the vote was unanimously in favor of going to the river.

Somebody said that the river was only a few blocks or so away, so we started to walk to the river. When we reached it everybody thought that the current was too swift to swim in. Somebody suggested a certain

place upstream; so following the leader, we walked about a mile to the place. Just as we got there a person joked, "I thought that somebody said it was three blocks to the river." When we were about 200 yards from the river, everybody started to run and I was about the first one in the water.

The water was lukewarm and not very deep, about three to five and a half feet deep. Some of us swam but most of the men just flopped down into the water to refresh themselves. I think they really deserved it. We swam and played in the water for two hours and half.

MY FEELINGS TOWARD POSTON

I, as everyone else, didn't have an idea of what kind of place Poston was; and, like everyone else, I had my own visions of it in my mind. I've had my hopes up that it would be a good place. Never had I expected or realized that it was going to be such a hard place to get adjusted to.

The morning after the day of my arrival, I awoke to the songs of hundreds of crickets. These crickets. These crickets as everyone has now found out, are hungry and eat our clothing. The floor boards are not so close and the crickets come crawling into our houses through those floor cracks.

My first dust storm was experienced about two weeks after we came and were settled. The dust that we get every day from passing trucks is nothing compared to one of the dust storms. At times we get a shower with the dust storms which makes matters worse, because after these showers it is very sultry.

THE ARMY

Many of us here in Poston do not realize what the Army had to do with our camps and what they are doing for us now.

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First, the Army had to go all over our country and look over the land that was owned by the government. Next, they picked out a spot which was most convenient for the evacuees, which in our case was Poston. Then, the Army had to get permission to build our camps here from the owners, which is the Indian Service. After permission was obtained, the Army set up plans for our camps, (which is similar to other Army camps) and arranged contract with the constructing companies. Then the materials were bought, and the building started with the Army engineers supervising. When the camps were finished, the Army had to arrange for the transportation of the evacuees. But, as soon as the evacuees came into camp, it was the job of the War Relocation Authority to get the people settled.

In Camp most of our materials are bought by the Army because they can buy things that the War Relocation Authority cannot due to the priorities. Another thing that the Army does for us is to protect us. We people in Poston see the Military Police standing at the main entrance of our camps with guns in their hands. They are not there to guard us but to protect us from the people outside. For there are some people who would want to harm us in Poston.

There may be people who would like to know who is the head of the Army here. He is General DeWitt, who is also the head of the Fourth District. His word is law under the President. He was also the one who set the dates for our evacuation.

GOVERNMENT AND MANAGEMENT

Poston was established by the executive order of the President. He established the War Relocation Authority to construct and to manage the camps.

All the relocation projects are located on Federal land. The reason for this is because if it were located on private land, after the war is over, all the improvements made on that land at the expense of the Government would all go to one man or an organization.

The operation and management of the relocation camps are usually in the hands of the WRA. except for Poston, which is in the hands of the Indian Service. This is the only relocation project run that way. The purchasing of material is done by the army.

There are four main branches to this Administration. First, there is the Community Service with Miss Findley as its head. Under that there is health, education, and recreation. Next, there is the Engineering branch. Mr. Rupkey is at the head of this branch and under that is the Construction, Irrigation, and land development. The Agriculture and Industry Branch comes third with Mr. Mathiesen at its head and under that there is agriculture, Community Enterprise, and Factories. The last and the most important is the Administration Branch. Mr. Empie is at the head of this branch and under that comes the Purchasing, Payment, Transportation, Warehouse, and Subsistence.

The people have a lot to do with the running of this Government. They select their Block Managers and their Block Representative to the Council. This group is like a city council with Dr. Ishimaru acting as mayor.

The government is democratic. The people are given a right to vote, and elect their block managers and block representatives. They have the right to make complaints. The minor complaints are taken up at the block managers' meeting and the more important ones are discussed at the Administration meeting. The people are given many other rights which the Constitution of the United States offers them. Since I have been here,

I have noticed that the people have quite a bit of freedom which shows that we have a democratic Government in this relocation project of Poston.

I love a little trickling stream
 Its lilting lovely form;
 And, oh! its friendly fragrance
 Like springtime under trees;

Its skipping, hopping, bubbling dance--
 There's not a thing more beautiful
 Than a little trickling stream.

--Ben Yasuda--

OCCUPATIONS IN POSTON

I. Administration Department

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Typists | 6. Janitors |
| 2. Stenographers | 7. Guides |
| 3. Bookkeepers | 8. Auditors |
| 4. Timekeepers | 9. Telephone operators |
| 5. Messenger Boys | 10. Receptionist |
| 11. Male Clerks | |

II. Agricultural Department

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Landscapers | 6. Laborers |
| 2. Foremen | 7. Truck drivers |
| 3. Irrigation Engineers | 8. Dust Control |
| 4. Surveyors | 9. Cattle & Hog |
| 5. Tractor Operators | 10. Poultry |
| 11. Gardeners | |

III. Census Department

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Secretaries | 4. Messenger boy |
| 2. General Manager | 5. Clerks |
| 3. Janitor | 6. Interviewers |

IV. Construction Department

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Tractor operators | 5. Electricians |
| 2. Carpenters | 6. Adobe |
| 3. Draftsmen | 7. Bookkeeper |
| 4. Plumbers | 8. Stenographers |
| 9. Laborers | |

V. Educational Department

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Teachers | 4. Librarians |
| 2. Secretaries | 5. Bus drivers |
| 3. Janitors | 6. Nurse |

VI. Employment Department

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Typists | 5. Stenographers |
| 2. Interviewers | 6. Office Manager |
| 3. Secretaries | 7. Supply man |
| 4. File clerks | 8. Information desk |

VII. Maintenance Department

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. Carpenters | 3. Scraper Operators |
| 2. Foremen | 4. Grader Operators |

VIII. Police Department

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Police Chief | 2. Policemen |
|-----------------|--------------|

IX. Procurement Department

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. Manager | 3. Timekeeper |
| 2. Foremen | 4. Swampers |

X. Recreation Department

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Manager | 6. Ground crew |
| 2. Hall Custodians | 7. Instructors |
| 3. Umpires | (sumo, judo, etc.) |
| 4. Dramatics | 8. Entertainment |
| 5. Musicians | committee |

XI. Registration-Housing Department

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Filing clerks | 3. Bookkeeper |
| 2. Office Manager | 4. Stenographer |
| 5. Typists | |

XII. Sign Department

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1. Printers | 4. Clerks |
| 2. Cartoonists | 5. Editors |
| 3. Manager | 6. Painters |

XIII. Social Welfare Department

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Senior Social Welfare | 7. Assistant Manager |
| 2. Junior Social Welfare | 8. Secretaries |
| 3. Community Enterprise | 9. Chief Cooks |
| 4. Clerks | 10. Cooks |
| 5. Block Managers | 11. Stewards |
| 6. Custodians | 12. Waiters |
| 13. Gardeners | |

XIV. Sanitary Department

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Sanitary Engineers | 3. Garbage collectors |
| 2. Machinest | 4. Janitors |
| 5. Supervisor | |

WAGES IN POSTON

Professionals	\$19.00 per month
Skilled	16.00 per month
Unskilled	12.00 per month

SPORTS AT POSTON

Clang!

"A ringer for us. Put on 3 points," shouted a friend of mine as we played horseshoes. Horseshoes develop the body physically.

Other games that are being played at Poston are ping pong, basketball, baseball, volleyball, checkers, football, and handball. The little children are playing speedball, catch, running etc. For other boys who are idle, they may do "judo" and "sumo". The idle girls may do knitting or sewing. They also play baseball, volleyball and other invigorating sports that teach leadership, cooperation, and make new friends. It also keeps up our morale. Games of this sort are very good for the body in ways of health such as developing the body and giving the body strength. Horseshoes are a very good game. It develops muscles. It creates competition, and is very exciting.

(Note: Judo--A way of wrestling in Japan
Sumo--A way of wrestling in Japan.

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BASEBALL AT POSTON

Some type of recreation is needed for the older folks, so we have started a baseball league at Poston. At the beginning of the baseball league, we played a game with the Colorado River Indians and the Poston All-Star team. Poston won by about a twenty-five to one victory. The team of Poston had the upper hand/because of the great number of players she could choose from including substitutes. Poston's team had much more practice and the Indians had hardly any. Many league games are being played at Poston every evening. They teach leadership, cooperation and are being played for health and competition. Baseball also helps us to make new friends.

Cool Air Opinions

I like cool air,
That comes with ocean breezes;
I like cool air,
That billows quietly and fair
I like cool air,
Where stay the great Polar Bears.
I like cool air,
That blows from our cooler.
But I like cool air,
From anywhere. Don't you?

---Richard Hamada

LIVING QUARTERS OF POSTON

The city of Poston is divided into blocks. A block consists of 14 barracks, women and men's shower rooms, Mess Hall, Recreation Hall, Laundry and Ironing Room.

Each barrack, 100 feet by twenty feet is divided into four apartments or rooms, which are lettered "A", "B", "C", and "D". Normally a family of 6 occupies each apartment.

Each room is twenty feet by twenty-five feet and is constructed of second grade Douglas Fir, Black roofing paper is nailed on the sides and on the roofs. Each barrack has two roofs in order to help keep the heat out.

There is water faucets on the outside of Apartment D. Running hot and cold water can be obtained at the showers and laundry rooms.

Each apartment has two electric outlets and the wires are stretched across the length of the barrack. Each room was furnished with army cots, with straw mattress, and army blankets.

There is no ceiling in the barracks and the windows slide. The A and D doors are double and the B and C doors are ordinary size. The people in order to improve the barracks have made tables and chairs out of empty barrels and wood which were found in empty lots.

They are also planting trees and shrubbery between and in front of the barracks so it will be more lively and like home.

POPULATION

Poston will be the third largest city of Arizona. When it is completely filled, it should have a population of 20,000.

In Camp One there are approximately 9,483 people, the capacity of the camp is 10,000. In Camp Two are 5,952 people and in Camp Three 2,987 people. The capacity of these two camps is 5,000 each.

There are approximately 3,278 people working in Camp One. Of this number 2,300 are men and 975, women. There are 6,205 people who are not working because of old age, chronic illness or children.

HOW WE LIVE

When we first came to Poston, the place looked so lonesome. There weren't any people around and the hospital looked like the barracks which the people live in.

Poston is the third largest city in the State of Arizona. People are working as carpenters, kitchen helpers, nursery helpers, clerks, and secretaries in the administration building and are filling other important jobs too.

There are many things of interest such as talent shows, quad clubs, churches, and canteens. The canteens are well supplied with canned goods, sodas, ice cream, clothes, shoes, and many other things that people need.

There are many different churches in Poston and the ministers work very hard because they have vacation schools which are for the children. So the ministers have to work every day except Saturdays.

The barber shops have many customers and are well equipped. We have picture shows in Poston and they show very good pictures. Poston

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is making plans for schools so that the children can go to school.

The buildings are going to be made out of adobe.

The mess halls are furnished well and there is one mess hall in each block. Our blocks have latrines which are cleaned every day. We have a laundry house and ironing place in each block too. The laundry and ironing places are used very much.

There are about 75 or 80 mess halls in Camp I and 200 people eat in one mess hall.

For recreation we have baseball, basketball, volleyball, pingpong, checkers, and many other games so that children can have fun and stay out of mischief. There are many more things I like in camp; for instance, our swimming hole, Canteens, parks, and the Recreation department. The thing I don't like in Poston is the heat. Things we would like to have changed are to have more canteens and to plant many things around Poston so it will not look so dry.

OUR LIFE IS DIFFERENT NOW

We live in a 20' x 25' room. It is one of four rooms in a barrack which is made entirely of wood and covered on the outside with tarpaper. All the things in our room were either brought with us, bought from stores, or made by us in Poston.

There is a mess hall in each block where the people of the block eat all their meals. Those that are sick in bed have their meals taken to them at home.

For recreation we have movies that are held outdoors every week and are sponsored by the Community Enterprises from their profits. We also have athletic clubs and games in the recreation halls.

Because the church has not been built yet, Sunday School and church services are being held in the recreation halls. Different social organizations and adult education classes are also held in recreation halls and mess halls.

The schools will be built of adobe blocks which are being made by Japanese workers. The grammar school will be built where the adobe workers are now and the Junior and Senior high schools will be located on the outskirts of camp.

At present the canteens, barber shops and beauty shops are the only businesses that are making a profit for the camp. They are supervised by Japanese.

There are three canteens in Camp 1, the main store in Block 28 and two others, near Block 15 and Block 35. Another building which is being built in front of the main store will be a department store where they will sell dry goods.

Although this life in Poston is new and different to most of us, I think that if we all cooperate and do our best to get ahead we can make Poston a very pleasant place.

PLACES OF INTEREST

This section of our book takes up the places of interest in Poston such as the canteen, library, parks, swimming hole, schools, churches, and clubs. The following paragraphs will be our description of these various places of interest in Poston.

Gang Away!

A cloud of dust and a hearty "Hi Ho, Silver!" and we're off to the canteen. What can we buy? Most anything!--from clothes to tooth brushes and from tooth brushes to cold drinks. During the hottest part of the day, one can see many people trudging along the dusty road; their steps leading toward the canteen.

The daily income at the canteen is used for the community entertainments and necessities for the people.

The city of Poston will soon have new canteen which will be twice as large as the present ones.

Book Worm

When you enter the Poston libraries, you see shelves of books, hear the low murmur of voices, and the flipping of pages. One might wonder where we get our books. Most of the books are discarded books from the libraries in California, while others are donated by the people of Poston. The libraries are furnished with Poston-made tables and chairs and they are arranged with a "homelike" atmosphere.

Swimming Hole

Our swimming hole is merely a large round hole dug in the canal which is used for irrigation. Although you hardly ever see any girls in

this swimming hole, it is well occupied by the boys as well as the older men.

This hole is out in the open without a shade; but during the hot afternoons when the sun is blazing down, one can hear splashes and voices echoing through the hot stillness.

Churches

If Poston we have a variety of religions; the chief faiths being Christian and Buddhism. The recreation halls are used as chapels and they are partitioned with bedspreads and blankets. From this description, you can see we are not equipped with the best, but somehow we are making out with the help of community leaders. The offering is taken voluntarily, and it is used to buy the supplies for our churches and Sunday Schools.

Schools

We have nursery and vacation schools. There are two different kinds of vacation schools; the Buddhist and the Christian Schools.

The nursery schools have no partitions. Also they have no books but are taught by having the teachers tell them what they read out of the library books. They play games and sing.

The Buddhist school also have no partition or books. They have arithmetic tests and spelling bees which the teachers teach. The adults collect the offering and buy crayons, papers, tablets and other materials.

The Christian Schools have partitions but they are not for each class. It is just like church service, but they have handicraft hour

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during which they make things. That is the only difference between the Buddhist church. They sing hymns out of brown and also blue hymn books.

Plans for the public schools are now in progress.

Clubs

Poston has many clubs for the variety of interests of the people. Boys and girls have their own service clubs for different age groups. In these clubs they have many entertainments and dramas to show what they do in these club meetings. This club is for all age groups.

The Boy Scout groups are also organized in Poston. It helps these boys to build their bodies and to teach them to become better citizens. Their activities are to make Poston a better place to live.

The men have a club of their own in which they play two different kinds of games. They are called "Go" and "Shogi" club. They are board games and very popular both in American and Japan.

The women have sewing clubs where they may gather to make clothes and also to talk with one another. The people who are teaching these people are there to cut out patterns.

All the leaders are from the camp. There are no outside leaders.

Cottonwood Bowl

The open theater in Poston II is called the Cotton-Wood Bowl because there was a dip which was shaped like a bowl and a cottonwood tree nearby. The platform has been built as to stage talent shows and "Shibai" (which is a Japanese talent show). Movies are also shown here.

The people have to bring their own chairs and benches at the present, but they are planning to make seats out of cottonwood in the near future. They think it will seat about five hundred people.

POSTON AND ITS PARKS

In Poston there are five parks --- Wade Head Park, Poston National and Block five Park. The other parks are not named. Along side of Wade Head Park, Poston National and Block Five Park, there is a creek with three bridges over it. Each bridge leads into one certain park. The names of the bridges are for Wade Head Park, Pioneer Bridge; for Block Five Park, Midori Bridge. The bridge at Poston National Park is not named. These three parks are home made tables and benches in them. Wade Head Park has a nice shed. Mesquite trees are the only kind of trees in these parks; and, of course, there are some rabbits, scorpions and birds, and maybe some coyotes at night. The parks do not have any electric lights yet. The two other parks are in Camp Two. They have home made benches and tables and sheds and various kinds of trees. All five parks were made so people could come and relax and cool themselves.

MY FAMILY AND I

[We Came From Orange Country

Before the evacuation my family and I lived in Santa Ana, California, in Orange County.

The climate in Santa Ana is mild and very nice. >

In our family there are six persons. There are nine really, but one of my brothers is in the Army and two of my sisters are married.

I have two brothers and four sisters.

(4)

The occupation of my father is farming, but my brother takes share of the farm. My brother had leased eighty acres of ~~at~~ land from Mr. Croddy of Santa Ana. > We had cabbages and strawberries. We were getting ready to plant about forty-five acres of tomatoes, but couldn't because of the evacuation. After school my sister and I would go out to the field and work.

On March 13, 1942, my sister and I checked out of school to help my brother on the farm.]

Saturday before evacuation my brother got word that we would have to evacuate. So my brother went to register and they said we had to evacuate on May 15, 1942.

We Evacuated From Riverside, California

[We came from Riverside which is considered one of the most beautiful cities in Southern California. It is the home of the parent naval orange trees and the famous Glen of Mission Inn. Frank W. Miller, a former resident of Riverside, was well-known as a friend of the Japanese and originator of the outdoor Easter Sunrise services in Southern California. >

(5)

There are four in our family, my mother, my father, sister and I. My mother, sister and I were born in Riverside; and my father was born in Japan, but came to the United States then he was seventeen and had lived here ever since.

All my life has been spent in Riverside where my father was a produce dealer for twenty years.

< March Field, an army air base, and Camp Haun, an anti-aircraft base, are on the outskirts of the city. As one enters the city the road winds around Mount Rubidoux upon which the first Easter Sunrise Services were held. >

Riverside is a residential city with a population of about 40,000. It has an average Southern California climate just suited for oranges.

In spite of the talk of possible war between America and Japan, we were sure war would never break out between the two nations.

Then came December 7, 1941, the day which was to cause misery and shatter the hopes and plans in the homes of every Japanese on the west coast. >

When we heard the talk of evacuation of all Japanese, we felt that since we were American Citizens, we would not have to evacuate; but when the order that all persons of Japanese Ancestry had to be removed from the west coast came through. I didn't think it was right but later realized that this is war and that we would have to follow orders.

My father sold his business, all his trucks, cars and office
 sold
 equipment. We most of our furniture except our piano, bedding and
 a few other cherished objects.

My father and mother were busy winding up business and home
 affairs, and my sister and I attended school until the day we were
 notified.

Since we had expected to evacuate any day, most of our things
 were stored away. On May 9, 1942 at nine o'clock in the morning we
 left all the things of our past until the day we were notified and
 started on the trip to Poston.]

WE CAME FROM HOLTVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Our former home before coming to Poston was Holtville, California,
 two miles east of holtville on the Yuma highway. The weather is ex-
 tremely hot in the summer but gets quite cold in the winter. In the
 summer the temperature goes well above 100 degrees and the winter be-
 low 32° at night. In the thirteen years that I lived in Imperial
 Valley it snowed once that was in 1935. It does not rain much either.

Before coming to Poston our occupation was farming. We farmed
 a little over 140 acres of land. When the curfew order came, we were
 not permitted to go to it. The other was five miles away so if we
 entered the field we were going too far over five miles. We would
 not irrigate or pack vegetables later than night.

In December, I was out riding my bicycle. When I returned home, I heard of the War. The next day was Monday so I went to school. The school was small so everybody noticed me, but acted as usual. Then we heard the President's speech on the declaration of the war. Everybody acted very nice so I didn't notice any difference. It seems to me that some people noticed me and stared at me more than usual. After a month, conditions were the same but curfew came along. We were in much difficulty then.

Then sometime later we heard that we would have to move. We started to sell all of our equipment. We sold our crop and were ready for the orders. They called for volunteers so we went to register. A day or two later the office telephoned us and said and said it was all right for us to go; but one hour later, they told us they were not ready. We were very much confused, but later they telephoned again and said it was all right to go because it was all a mistake.

[we came from Saltillo]

Our trip started early in the morning. It was very cool and crisp so everybody was in tip top health. As we drove along, I had a queer feeling that we wouldn't be back for some time. As we neared one of our fields, we took one last look at it. The balloons were just going over the tops of the bed and heading downward. We were merely out of Imperial Valley when we sighted the Marine Camp. It was over a mile long. A little later it started to get hot. The sun was up very high and beat down upon us. As we neared Parker, I was the first to see the Colorado River.

When we reached Parker, I was much surprised, I thought it was going to be a town with some cement buildings, but my thoughts differed very much. As we went through Parker, the outstanding thing I noticed was a half-burned shoe shop.

As we drove on, we ran into a blinding dust storm. I thought then life was going to be dreary at Poston.]

Winslow, Arizona was our Home

My family consists of seven persons mother, father, two sisters, two brothers, and myself. Our home was in Winslow, Arizona. Winslow, Arizona, is in the northern part of Arizona in Navajo county. My father's occupation was a machinist for the Santa Fe Railroad.

The climate at Winslow is not as warm as in Poston. In the winter it snows about one foot and is very cold.

My parents, before the war broke out, were in Los Angeles; because my father was ill. Since they were aliens, they could not come back by train--so my brothers and my sisters and myself moved out to Los Angeles.

There we stayed until our evacuation notice came out. We evacuated from Los Angeles on the morning of May 27, 1942.

We departed from the station at 7:30 A.M. heading for our new home---Poston, Arizona. We went past many of the orange groves which we shall never see in Poston. We saw orange grove after orange grove and house after house until we were out of the city into the green fertile countryside of California. Mile after mile we went through the green valleys and then into the desert of Arizona.

Inside the train everyone was wiping his forehead and fanning himself trying to keep cool, but it was useless because the windows had been closed to keep out the dust.

As we went through the desert, all we saw were the sage brush and the mesquite trees growing here and there with the purple mountains in the background. Hour after hour we suffered from the heat as the train rolled on toward Parker.

After arriving at the station in Parker, we rode on a bus which was taking us to Poston, our new home. On our way to our camp, it was very dusty and the sun was glaring at us through the windows. It was very hot inside the bus. There were so many curves in the road that we did not know where we were going.

arr At Last! ! After the long, hard, bumpy eighteen mile ride, we arrived in Poston.

By then the sun was behind the great purple mountains casting a long streak of light across the sky.

We got off the bus and were greeted by our old friends who had arrived before us. After the trouble of registering and getting our belongings, we were assigned to our new home in Poston.

WE ARE FROM EL CENTRO

In the small town of El Centro there once lived a family of nine. This family consisted of five girls, two boys and the parents; but as the years passed by; the oldest brother was killed in an accident and one of the sisters got married, so that left seven at home.

This is a description of me and my family. We owned our home and my father had his own business. My oldest sister worked as a secretary of a Seed Company. The rest of us went to school. Alice was a senior in Junior College, Grace a Senior in high school, Robert my only brother was a fourth grader and I was a ninth grader. My mother kept the house and also helped my father in his work. We were all shocked when the war broke out, but we continued our schooling and did our part at home as well. When we heard we had to evacuate, we felt it might as well have been the end of the world, for we knew we would have to leave our home and the town my parents had lived in for twenty five years. We thought it would be the most terrible thing that ever happened to us, except for the death of our dear brother, Jack. Well, we did leave our home and our town, but we have come to another city and home too. We don't have all the luxuries we used to have, but it's home for the time being and I think we will be happy here.

After three months in Poston we are now acquainted with our new hometown. We are gradually becoming adjusted to our new way of living. When we first arrived in Poston and saw how bare it was around the barracks, we had many plans to improve the view; but as yet we haven't done all we had planned. We have a "victory" garden in one corner of our yard and we have planted plants and gladiolas along the front of our barracks; and we still are making plans for a flower garden. Our barrack is very simple, containing beds and other necessities.

All of our family is working except for mother, Robert and I. My mother is kept very busy though with the house and washing; while my brother and I attend the Summer School. In the evenings after supper we always attend the ball games and other places of interest. When you read this story you can see our life in Poston isn't dull. We are carrying on as we always have and always will.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF MY FAMILY AND ME

My family consists of six people---father, mother a brother and two sisters---one older than I, and one younger.

We used to live in a little town near the coast where all the sea gulls come. This town was in the country of Orange. Most of the people here were farmers, citrus growers, grocers or barbers.

My father and mothers were barbers, so I didn't have to do much work, except clean the house and go to school.

One day, my sister and I came home from school and found our shop closed. Something gave us a funny feeling as if something had happened. I asked my mother what had happened and she told me in a sad voice "We have been given orders to evacuate." We were very sad to hear this for it was going to be the first time, since we were born, that we were leaving our home.

We had a very hard time, packing because we had about five days to get ready.

Finally on May 17th, we were to start on our trip to Poston. Before leaving our home for the bus, we looked in every room of our home for the last time. It was a very sad moment when we left the house.

MY FAMILY AND I

We are from a little town a little below the middle of the San Joaquin Valley. <It is a very fair-weathered place. It is not too hot nor too cold. >

7 There are six members in my family. My parents, three boys and a girl. My father is a farmer. He first came to the United States in 1906. He built his home and planted grapes on the farm in 1917. All his children grew up there. That was the only home we knew. We led a life of many hardships and troubles on the farm, but we still loved it. We wouldn't exchange it for anything.

It was very hard to leave this home. My mother cried and the rest of us had tears in our eyes, but there was nothing anybody could do about it. We just had to leave.]

We were worried about my mother who is sick with diabetes. We spent our last few days on the farm very quietly and on May 23, 1942, we left our beloved home for Poston.

Brawley---Our Home Town

Our home town was Brawley. It is quite a small town, although it has the largest population in the Imperial Valley. The climate is very hot, it is just as hot as it is in Poston.

Brawley is a very good place for growing different kinds of vegetables and grains. It has a good soil for growing things such as these. Where it is quite hot, vegetables grow very well. There are very few cotton growers.

We were farming before we evacuated. We were raising many different kinds of vegetables. My father was taken to North Dakota and so we were very busy. There was no one but my mother to take care of the farm. My sister and I were very busy helping our mother around the house.

At home the nearest neighbors were about two miles away. By this you can tell that we live out in the country.

All of our Japanese friends are here at Poston, but we miss our friends that are back home. All of us are waiting to see our friends and our home we left behind. I am waiting to go home, and start school once again as we have done before.

There are four in our family. They are my father, mother, my sister and I. My father is forty-eight years old, my mother is forty two years old and my sister is sixteen.

We were very much surprised when we heard Pearl Harbor was bombed.
Everybody was excited.

WE ARE FROM MCFARLAND CALIFORNIA

(We came from McFarland, California, where it is a little hot but a very nice place. McFarland is a small town but is a very good place. Many people grow grapes, cotton, alfalfa and peaches and apricots over there. McFarland is between Bakersfield and Delano.

There are five in our family, two brothers and one sister and my mother. My father passed away before evacuation so my mother had to farm before we evacuated. Now my mother works in the agriculture building over here in Poston.

When I was at home, I had to do the housekeeping for our family, because my mother had to work out in the field.

Our neighbors and friends were very kind to us and tried to help us with our difficulties. Our family was really busy when the evacuation order came. We packed our suitcases and went shopping. We had somebody take over our farm. After we left our place we were very sad to go but we had to.

Our Home Town--Bakersfield, California

Before we came to Poston my family and I lived in a city called Bakersfield. Bakersfield is located in Kern County, California. The temperature in the summer gets around 100 to 110 degrees. In our lo-

cality we were engaged in Agriculture. In Bakersfield our most important crops were potatoes, grapes, cotton and livestock.

In our family there are nine people. There are six boys, one girl and my father and mother. My father was a garage mechanic and my mother, a housewife. My sister and four of us boys are students in various schools.

When the order came that all volunteers must be ready to go on May 8, we surely did a lot of work. All of our baggage was brought to the station and tagged.

As we boarded the train, many of our friends came to see us. Among my friends there was a lady by the name of Miss E. Buckmaster. She was at our church for over fifteen years. She was very sad when she saw we had to leave. Finally we felt a jerk and the train began to move. After we got into the mountain, the air became cooler. As soon as we started going through tunnels, the conductor made us close the windows and pull down the shades. After this was done, the air in the train became hot and stuffy. It seemed like hours that we had the windows closed. Finally we reached Barstow, the halfway mark to Parker. We stayed there forty-five minutes. We were allowed to go outside and do anything we wanted. Finally the time was up and we had to go on the train again. By now the train ride was getting tiring so I went to sleep. It was early in the morning when I awoke. The people around me said we were close to Parker. In a short time we crossed the Colorado River. It was pretty and it looked calm. In an instant

we were in Parker. From Parker we rode in a surveyors truck to Poston. Poston was still empty. Only eleven people had arrived before us.

When I arrived in Poston, we had very little in ways of sports. The only athletic equipment we had included a few private bats and balls. Since more and more people have come in, it has become necessary to have more types of recreation to occupy the time of those who do not have anything to do. Since the time of my arrival, we have been making use of the many recreation halls. In these recreation halls we now have ping pong, horse shoes, puzzles and checkers to play. If the recreation hall doesn't occupy all the leisure time, we have baseball games for those under fifteen and leagues for those over fifteen. Swimming is another favorite sport in Poston. When they made the canals in Poston, they also made swimming pools. It is in these swimming pools that many of the people go swimming. It runs along the north side of Camp One. Now you can see how much progress we have gained in ways of recreation since we came here.

OUR TRIP TO POSTON

We received notice one Wednesday morning that we were to leave for Poston on May 2, 1942, that we would be able to take our own car because we had planned to take a Caucasian friend with us and he would bring the car back.

The rest of Wednesday and all of Thursday and Friday were spent packing and bidding our friends goodbye.

As we were just going to leave Riverside, I had a queer feeling

inside of me.--As we got nearer to Poston, I felt as if I had lost all friends and that living at Poston would be a dull and lifeless existence. I decided I would have to try and make the best of it and try to make it a better place.

We stopped at Palm Springs and at Blythe to refresh ourselves and say "goodbye" to some of my father's former customers. When we reached Poston, it was right in the midst of a dust tstorm. We thought it would always be like that, but it soon let up and we changed our minds.

We went to the reception hall where we were given our physical examinations and assigned to our room which was completely bare and made of wood.

LIFE AFTER BEGINNING OF WAR

We lived in Earlimart, California, out in the country. This place is located in Tulare County about the center of San Joaquin Valley. The weather is fine. There are lots of green plants, many beautiful birds, and many domestic animals. My father was a foreman on a pretty big grape ranch. We had many kinds of grape, large and small. I thought that was the best place in the world. We were always happy. My mother did the housework, my Father worked out in the field. I have one brother who is bigger than I am and one sister who is smaller than I am. My brother who is bigger than I am and one sister who is smaller than I am. My brother used to work out in the field

during the summer vacation. My sister helped mother. I did the jobs about our house. I am in the tenth grade now and my brother is in the senior year and my sister is in the ninth. We were getting along happily when one day in late March, my father was taken by the F.B.I. I thought that was the saddest time. We went to live with my Aunt. My uncle was also taken.

On May 23, I was evacuated here to Arizona. It was a dreary feeling to leave our old home. We were in Earlimart twelve years. We came to Poston with the Delano people. Delano is near Earlimart. It was pretty hard to clean up our house with my father gone. But we did it. When we reached Poston late in the evening, we were surprised at the dust. I thought it was a fog at first. We came here by train. It was about six hundred miles from Delano. Next day when I woke up, we settled down here, we built some closets and furniture. We didn't bring any furnitures. My brother went to work in the kitchen and my sister is going to sewing school. I do some work fixing our room and ground around our house. My mother fixed the room up too. Now everything is better then I thought it would be. When we came here first, we couldn't drink the water. It was very bad compared with Delano's. I got sick a couple of times by the water. Now I am used to the water. The weather is now a little cooler than when we came. I got acquainted with many persons. We are getting along fine now.

After my father was taken, we wrote more letters to my father than I ever wrote to anybody in my life. My father is now interned in Lordsburg, New Mexico.

I went to the Buddhist Vacation school until now. I quit because it got too dry and now I hope I could stay in this summer school. I started this school August 23. I believe I like this school. The pupils and teachers seem very friendly.

We have been in Poston exactly three months. We live in Camp One, Block 13, bldg. 6, Apartment D.

LOST AT BARSTOW

At eleven o'clock one night the train stopped at Barstow for half an hour. Barstow is half way between Bakersfield and Poston. The half an hour we spent was very exciting. We went to the part at Barstow and looked at many beautiful things. After we went through the park we walked on a bridge which was a highway.

It was very cold that night so we went into the restaurant and got something hot to drink. On our way back we forgot where our train was so we went to another train and this was a private train. So we tried another train and it was the baggage train. Before we got to our own train, we went into about two or three more trains. When we got to our train, were we glad because it was very cold! After we got on, we were on our way to Poston.

I AM FROM LOS ANGELES

My name is William Murakami, and I came from "The City of the Angels." in good old "Sunny California." As Los Angeles is famed for her climate I do not need to describe it here.

We were a family of five until my grandmother came to America to visit us, exactly a year ago, on the last boat from Japan. Besides her there is my father who was doctor in Los Angeles for twenty-five years, my mother who takes care of all of us and tries to keep our house in order, my brother who is now working as an engineer on a highway from here to Blythe, and my sister and myself. Before we came here to Poston we lived in a house of our own, which we bought and remodeled just two years ago. But because of this war we just enjoyed two years of our newly found paradise.

I will never forget that day of December 7th. My brother and I were listening to the New York Symphony upstairs, and my mother was cooking the Sunday dinner downstairs in the kitchen. Then all of a sudden the music stopped and we heard a person say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have an important announcement for you. Pearl Harbor has just been bombed by the Japanese. For further information please stay tuned to this station." When I heard this, I rushed downstairs to the kitchen and told my mother the news. She said it was impossible, and that it was probably just another one of them radio dramas. (There was one a few years ago that had some people believing the earth was being attack from another planet.) But as we kept listening to the radio the awful truth of it dawned on us. My father was away at the office at that time and when he came home, we told him about it. At first he too refused

to believe it; but as he listened to the radio; he also that it was true.

Then a few months later we heard of Manzanar, which was to be the first re-location center for the Japanese. Then came the Colorado River War Re-location center for which my father registered as a volunteer doctor.

When I came to Poston everything was bare and dusty. When we were shown to our twenty by twenty-five foot room, I didn't know how we were going to live in such a small space. After much figuring we have arranged our baggage and furniture to fit in so we can live comfortably.

In my three months here, many things have improved and progressed, but there are still some things that can improve like the dust and heat. After I was here for a few days I went around to see what a block consisted of. I found that there were fourteen barracks with four rooms in each, two latrines in the middle of the block, one laundry beside these, and as I looked to the south I saw a large building which looked like two barracks put together, which I knew was the mess hall. Then as I looked across the way I saw a long empty-looking barrack. On the sign above the door it said, "Recreation Hall". After looking in I saw a long, dusty room. But as the days went by these long, dusty rooms were made into schools, churches, barber shops, beauty shops, beauty shops, canteens and recreation headquarters. We also have for recreation sports like baseball, and basketball, and once a week a

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