DEFENSE

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SEASONS GREETINGS

THAT HOPE STILL LIVES

Oh Lord, I cried in deep despair,
My heart is burdened with grief and care,
Mourning, misery, oppression and fear
Destruction surrounds me far and near.

Groping I walk as in darkness of night,
Confused and perplexed by my bitter plight;
As shouts of hatred at me are hurled,
Dark clouds of confusion fill this world.

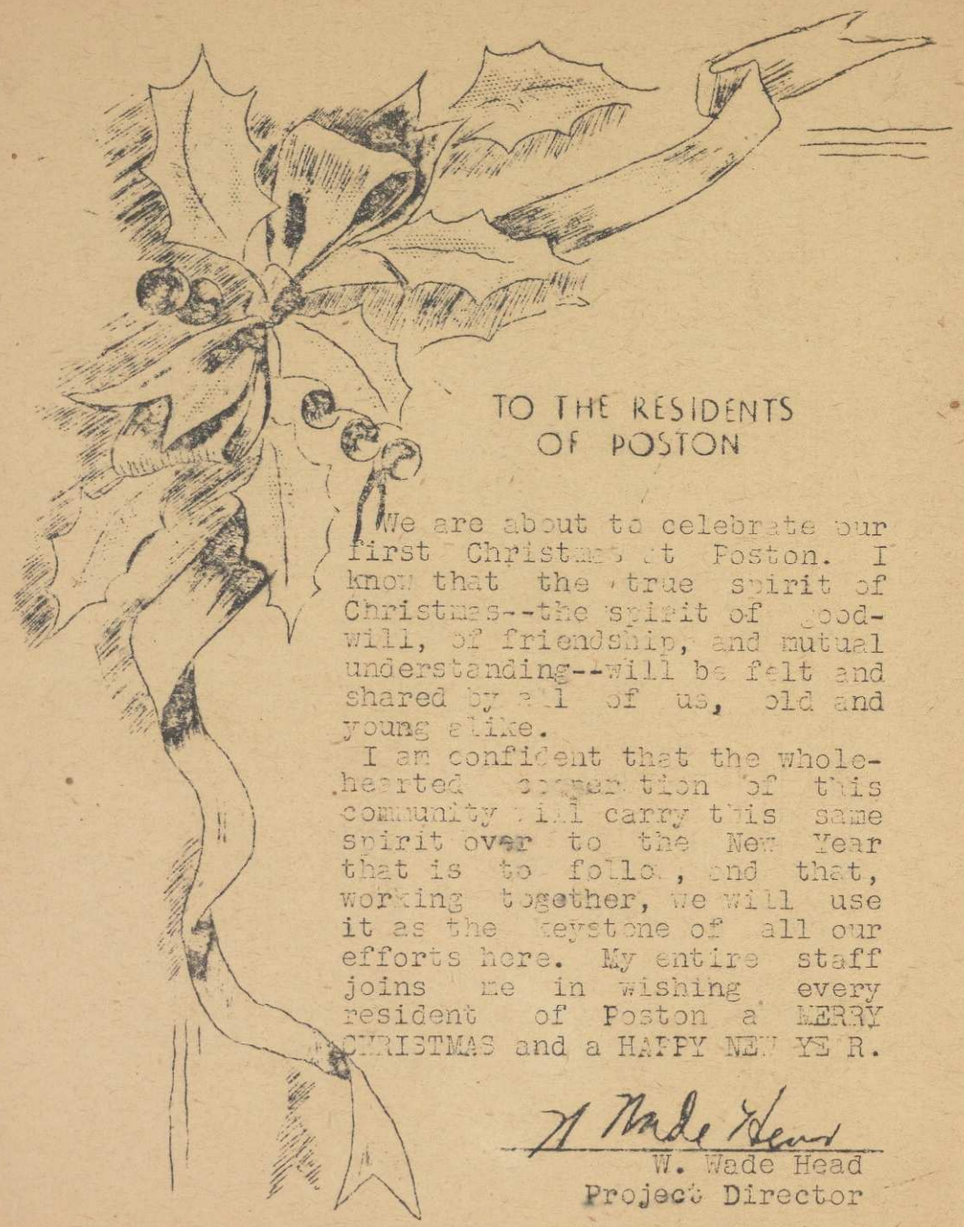
Stumbling in darkness, I knew not where,
Till suddenly a light appears in the air,
Then clearly and brightly I see the way
For its guiding beams as I thankfully pray.

That light is my hope, it makes me grow strong,
A light that guides a weary soul along,
As a candle it shineth out thru blackness,
By this light I shall go thru darkness.

Yet in the dark street shineth bright
Our hope, our faith, the everlasting light,
Beaming in the heart of man it lives,
Continual comfort and peace it gives.

As the star that shone so long ago
Out from shadow it will lead us, I know,
For it loudly proclaims again as then
"Peace on earth, good will to all men."

Tsugi Ieiri

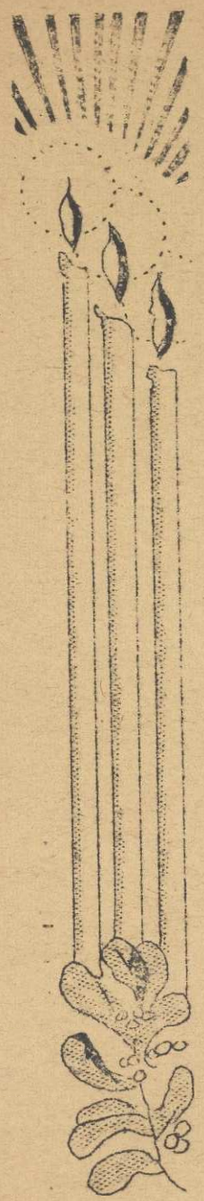


TO THE RESIDENTS OF POSTON

We are about to celebrate our first Christmas at Poston. I know that the true spirit of Christmas--the spirit of good-will, of friendship, and mutual understanding--will be felt and shared by all of us, old and young alike.

I am confident that the whole-hearted cooperation of this community will carry this same spirit over to the New Year that is to follow, and that, working together, we will use it as the keystone of all our efforts here. My entire staff joins me in wishing every resident of Poston a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

W. Wade Head
Project Director



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Publication of a literary magazine for Poston was long conceived by the unit 3 press bureau staff, which was finally able to realize its plans with the issuance of this forty page Christmas edition. For days and nights many hours of patient work went into the compiling and editing of the special issue, and it is with some satisfaction that the staff offers the magazine as our Christmas expression of appreciation to the residents for their faithful support.

Acknowledgement is made to Larry Ogino whose fine cover design and other illustrations are outstanding features.

EDITING STAFF, PRESS BUREAU 3
DECEMBER 1942

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WAY

BY JUNE TERASAKI

With a low creaking sound the old sleigh began to move. We were on our way! Shouts and laughter filled the cold winter air. Someone began to sing-"Hail, hail the gangs all here", and eventually everyone joined in and sang in unison. I made myself comfortable on the fresh dry hay piled upon the huge flat sleigh. I could see Rory as he sat at the head of the sleigh with the reins clasped firmly in his mittened hands--his face all aglow from the cold biting wind, and his breath forming clouds of puffs in the brisk air. Beside him sat my eldest sister Yuri, talking and laughing with him. She was radiant and was lovelier than ever in her colorful skating outfit. It was only the evening before that Rory had arrived to visit us from Denver, where he was attending college as a medical student, and already Yuri has practically won him over with her vibrant personality. Scattered on the sleigh I could see Kay and Frank, Mary and John, and all the rest of the neighborhood gang. Huddled close beside me was my other sister Amy. She was strangely quiet and the twinkle in her eyes was not there. Her pensive brown eyes focused far away to the beautiful snow capped Rockies beyond. I watched her and found myself following her gaze. Suddenly her eyes shifted towards Rory and a peculiar expression came into her dreamy eyes for a moment. Then she turned around to me and said, "Isn't it the most beautiful Christmas ever?" I merely nodded my head for I found myself reminiscing.

The joyous scene of the evening before and the morning following, was turning over and over in my thoughts. It had really been a triple significant evening being Christmas Eve, my fifteenth birthday, and Rory's arrival. It was to be the first time my two sisters and I were to meet him, although our parents were old friends of Ralph's folks. We had all been expecting a serious, dignified Ralph Okada, dressed in "city clothes". So when he had arrived dressed in casual sports clothes--straight and athletically built with the friendliest smile we were all taken by surprise. Yuri practically swooned. That night as we sat around the blazing fireplace and lighted Christmas tree, he had told us of his college life, his home town in California and of his mother and his sister in Poston, Arizona. With tragedy in his eyes he had told us of his brother who once wanted to be a surgeon just like himself.

"There was a riot in the street one day and Fred was in the fight," he had said "He came home with a broken hand. We thought it was nothing serious at the time but his hand--his whole arm has been paralyzed ever since."

My reminiscing suddenly came to an abrupt ending for the glearing frozen lake finally came into view. Everyone on the sleigh became excited and noisier than ever. We could see a small group already there having their fun. The snow had been taken off the ice and with the aid of the morning wind the ice was as smooth as glass. Before long our crowd was on the ice, and a game of tag and "last couple out" was in full swing. A bonfire was built in the center of the lake and weiners and marshmallows were brought out. Amy in her navy and red snowsuit was gliding in and out on the shining

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RESOLUTION

We shall not sigh, we who came here by order
From near and far, mixed, across the border,
With a feeling of sadness, knowing the fact
That we salute our nation by doing this act.

We shall not cry, by the tightness of bondage,
For men have courage, and we too can manage
To bring in every way more comfort and joy
For young and old, the bold and the coy.

We shall not comply, impatience with patience,
As serenely as the stars' bright maintenance.
And though things may seem monotonous,
Our undaunted mind will be cautious.

We shall not deny, in our faith and aspect,
That bad things will go in every respect,
Much sooner than good, as time has revealed,
And Heaven will smile again, it is concealed.

We shall not defy "The Self Rule and Law,"
That men created for the justice of all.
Undefying, as we shall, "The Guiding Light,"
Undefying, as we shall, the Lord's delight.

We shall be pure, passing confusion in time,
Unforgetting goodness and shunning crime,
For here is our wisdom, here our virtue,
In extolling our country by endless value.

The Postonian

Dear Joe:

by Yoshiye Takata

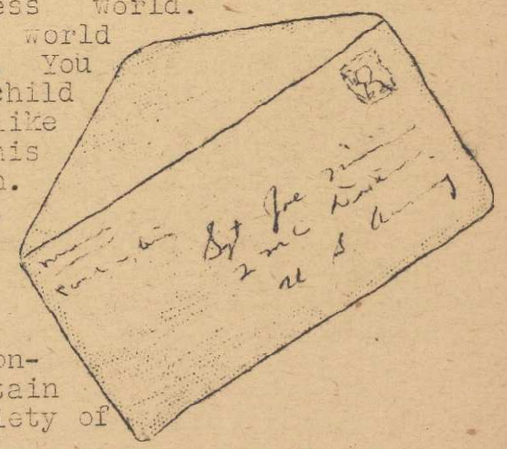
If I were to write you a letter it would be difficult to express everything I am feeling and experiencing this moment...this blessed, blessed moment.

Our son, Joe, arrived during the night when the world was hushed and wrapped in soft dreams of that long ago night when the Holy Child arrived. My heart has been lifted up, and my cup of happiness is brimming over. I feel strangely akin to Mary, the mother of Christ Child. With wonder and awe I held him for a few moments in my arms, our son, a sacred symbol of our love.

Joe, the doctor says he will become as husky as you. He seems to be such a healthy baby!

The carolers have just finished singing "Silent Night..." Prayerfully that beautiful carol drifted in from the streets below. Somewhere in the distance the muted notes of the Christmas bells are pealing.

Our baby arrived amid the comfortable surroundings of this hospital, embraced with love and adoration. But for the other Mary--there was no room for Her and the Child. The Holy Babe arrived in a hopeless, godless world. Our son arrived when the world is locked in a bitter war. You were afraid to bring a child into a world for people like you and me amidst all this suffering and devastation. That is only natural. But, I, Joe...I'm a woman and now a mother... All the fears I've had before the baby arrived has banished, and now not only contentment but a certain peace has replaced the anxiety of the long wait.



Joe, we must give our son a decent, better world than what you and I are experiencing. I do not desire to send my son to bear arms and be crucified on the cross of ignorance, hate--fighting the battle for which he is not responsible. For two thousand years the prayer for peace has been uttered on the lips of humankind. It must be answered! The peace that we desire within must become manifest without. Joe, they nailed that Holy One on the cross at Calvary to atone the sins of the world. We crucify that Holy Child of Bethlehem over and over again in the spirit, if people like you and me who only ask for a share to build a decent world are thwarted of that opportunity.

There must be a new world for our son! For all the sons who will someday walk this earth! Joe, this Christmas means more to us because of our son...but it should be our incentive of the ushering in of peace on earth among men. What we desire with our hearts should not be left in the vague realm of wishful thinking where much of the good will toward men finds its source and permanent storage place.

As we practice it toward all people we hasten that day when in some measure where we build up ourselves a lofty, generous spirit that has no taint of bigotry or pettiness. Peace will be established wherever our thought of peace has gone forth and continues to go forth without ceasing.

Once again the Christmas bells sound strangely clear, as gloriously, as splendidly as on the other Christmas night...and so, my beloved, I give you--our son--He's my gift to you.

With love,
Mary

"PERMIT to LEAVE"?

BY TSUGI TERI

Living in camp was no "bed of roses", therefore, Emi as well as many others were filing papers which would eventually permit them to leave for the "outside" where they might again have their inalienable right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Altho others grumbled of things in general while waiting impatiently for their permits, Emi quietly lived each day, giving to it the best in her. For Emi was one swell girl; in the slang expression, she was really o.k. Aside from her striking youthful beauty and winning personality, there was something wholesome and clean, something which others vainly sought but only a few found; a thing called a "good, clean soul."

Her philosophy was the ideal of others, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Emi invariably thought of others first, making it her duty to give that little extra courtesy or service which assists in overcoming life's many obstacles. When others were in low spirit, she went out of her way with a smile and a cheery word, never failing to lift them out of the depths of despondency and discouragement. Anyone speaking to her, always felt happy and pleasant. She was considered a special friend, an individual worth their friendship.

New happenings continued to break the monotony of daily living. School children were holding classes

outdoors around bonfires in the cold mornings. People walked about bundled up, sniffling and coughing as more and more cases of influenza developed. An epidemic of chicken pox swept the center along with a few cases of scarlet fever. Youthful football players were injured and little arguments broke up many softball games in the course of its series. The occasional funerals made many wonder what Life was all about.

Then Christmas came to camp, bringing along cold nights and chilly winter mornings. Shivering in the freezing weather, the populas continued to grumble about the heating devices which failed to come. Idlers loosely gossiped about neighbors, the barbed-wire fence, better conditions in other centers and about everything under the sun.

Christmas came with songs over radios--"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas"--"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"--"It came upon the Midnight Clear". Church Choir practices were causing sleepless nights while little tots in Sunday School were feeling the importance of the few lines they were to recite for the Christmas program. Christmas meant songs and glad tidings as young and old alike went about humming and whistling famous Christmas carols.

While others talked excitedly about their plans, Emi didn't seem to talk about her coming departure, never explaining where she was going. Her plans remained a mysterious secret.

Emi's permit arrived two days before Christmas, resulting in enthusiasm and excitement among her friends. Emi, on the contrary, turned white when she heard the news, her lovely face ageing with wrinkles and sadness,

Her friends waited patiently for some explanation as to her destination. It came as Emi was leaving camp, when she handed them a bulky envelope and told them to open it on Christmas morning. Then with a final farewell, a goodbye and a smile, she was gone.

On Christmas morning, when they were feeling the significance of the joys of the day, they gathered to read her letter. With the note they found a few crum-

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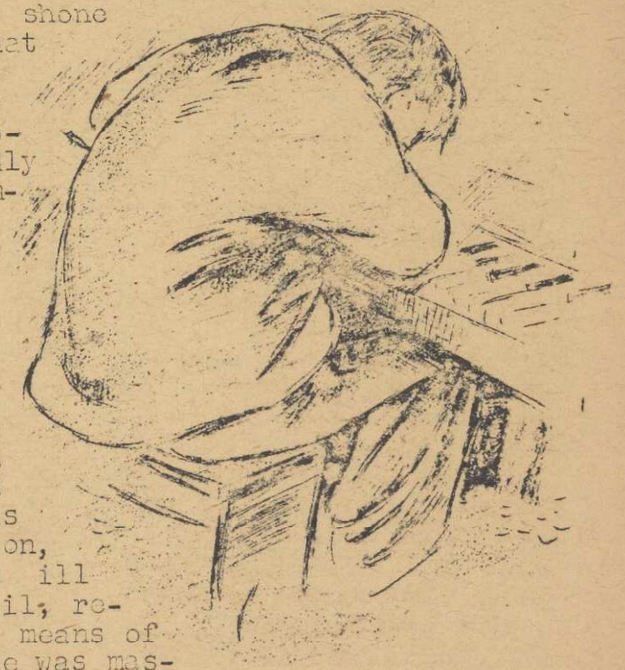
IMAGERIES

BY IRIS TANAKA

Serene, Serene was the expression on his face; serene the music he created. Rippling, graceful, and buoyant, thru half closed eyes, he saw his sensitive fingers playing, fascinatingly, with the keyboard.

His mood was changing--exquisitely sweet, languid pensiveness, then elegiac thoughtfulness--fleeting--evanescent.

Dmitri was his name; music, his profession. At first glance, he would appear to be a slight, dark haired, olive skinned fellow with the hatchet face of a street urchin. But a close observer would notice, though he was bowed, haggard, and weary, that he was young and that his eyes, thoughtful and far-off, shone with a strange light that revealed untold suffering and horror. Thus in a trance-like composure, Dmitri sat, idly brooding over the gleaming ivory.



Despairing, complaining, sluggishly snake like, the wailing of his music underwent a metamorphosis with his moods, changing from a poignant plaintiveness to a pulsating passion. Then with a reckless glint in his eyes, he rushed madly on, boldly expressing his ill stifled rage, his turmoil, revolt, and conflict by means of music--music of which he was mas-

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—WITH THE DEPARTMENTS—

AGRICULTURE, M. Matsumoto; produce food in Unit III to supply need of community and ship surplus.
BARBER SHOP, Fusaye Tagomori.
BEAUTY SHOP, Yone Yamaguchi
BLOCK MANAGER SUPERVISOR, Tom Sakamoto
CANTEEN, Yo Nakamura
CARPENTER, Mr. Uyeda; make necessary equipment for offices and schools.
CENSUS, Dora Mori; keep permanent records of each individual for personal identification.
COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES, Susumu Takao; keep up morale of people by providing recreational needs.
DENTAL, Dr. H. Takao
EDUCATION, C. Potts; work in cooperation with Mr. Powell's Dept., including library, pre-school and physical Ed.
EMPLOYMENT, George Furuta, placement of people in jobs, both inside and outside of center.
FILES AND TYPING, keep Master Calender in order to avoid conflict.
FIRE DEPT., Chief Togioka and his crew watch over for control and prevention of fire.
GARAGE, George Rokutani, keep vehicles in good running condition.
HOUSING, Bill Kuroda; takes charge of the people's housing needs in changing residences and satisfying them.
INDUSTRY, Susumu Togasaki; aim to serve the people and give them an outlet for those not entering agriculture.
MAINTENANCE, Mr. Asami; take care of plumbing, electrical appliances and boiler works are in smooth running order.
MEDICAL CLINIC, Dr. George Wada, Dr. Teru Togasaki.
POLICE DEPT., Ken Sato
POST OFFICE, Art Takemoto
RED CROSS, G. Ikuta; formation of First Aiders and work toward improving of health, prevention of diseases and mitigation of suffering.
SANITATION AND PUBLIC HEALTH, Ed Takahashi
SOCIOLOGICAL RESEARCH, is set up for the purpose of (1) making a scientific record of the development of the Colorado River War Relocation Project (2) assisting in the running and planning of the project through recommendations based on sociological research.
STEWARD, Handle food subsistence and take care of all mess problems.
SUPPLY, Kandy Mimura; distribution of all supplies to Blk Mgr offices.
TIMEKEEPER, accurately record all working hours of Poston III and check with Poston I at end of month.
TRANSPORTATION, Charlie Nakamura; handle all transportation for Unit III.
WAREHOUSE, Mike Takusagawa; store food and hardware for the community.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WAY

ice. She was a wonderful skater, giving even the boys some stiff competition. Rory and Yuri were everywhere together, a striking two-some. Joe Ono and his gang were there and I instantly regretted seeing him. Although he was one of Yuri's boy friends--I despised him. "If he doesn't cause some kind of trouble today, my name isn't Patsy Mori," I said to myself. They seemed to be having a grand time so I stopped and watched. Half way down the slope was a projection which made the sled fly through a short space of nothing before landing on to the snow and gradually onto the ice as far as one could glide.

Approximately an hour later I knew that trouble was brewing upon the slope. I hurried to the top. A lump formed in my throat. There was Joe Ono flushed and contemptuous, standing over his sled. There was Kay, Jim, Yuri, and Rory. Kay came bounding beside me a worried expression on her quiet face. "Who are you to say that I can't take her down on my sled?" Joe was demanding in a turbulent voice. "Not down this bank," Rory was saying in his even steady voice," It's dangerous especially for a girl. After all I brought this group here. In a way I'd be responsible if any-

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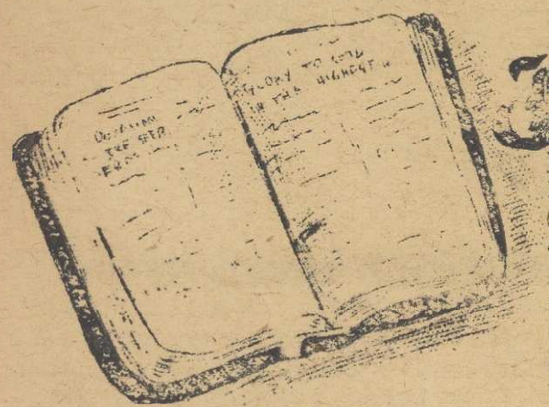
CHRISTIAN Churches BUDDHIST

"O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL"

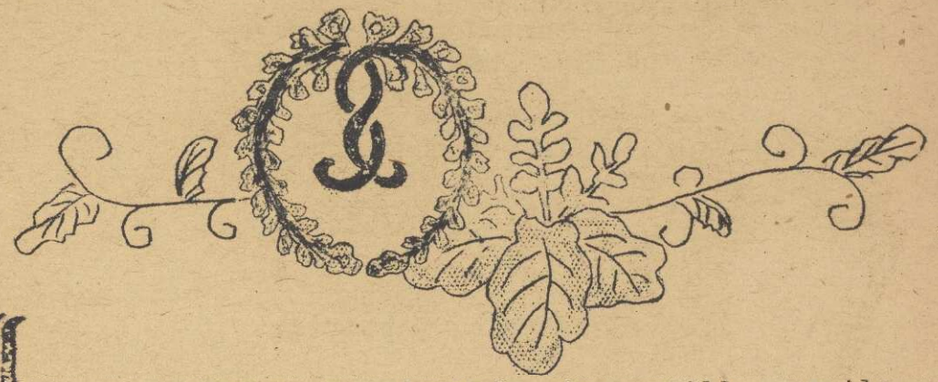


Joining millions of people throughout this civilized world, the Christian Church of Poston III will especially celebrate Christmas this joyous holiday season, which is in proclamation of the birth of Christ in Bethlehem exactly 1942 years ago. They will conclude their many activities with a Mass Choir performance, Sunday School Christmas programs and caroling on Christmas Eve.

Although the Church is comprised of residents from all parts of California and of all denominations, they have united together as one body to worship God.

The Church is conducting its programs through three divisions; namely, Sunday School, young people, and adult groups. Among the numerous undertakings are included Vacation Bible School, weekly singspiration, Junior Church, Choir, and Evangelistic services.

Through the efforts of issei ministers and the nisei pastor as well as the individuals who make up the membership, the group is growing steadily in membership and in spiritual knowledge. Nisei Pastor is Paul Nagano and Music Director is John Miyabe, while Issei Ministers are Rev. Kikuchi, Rev. Okimoto, Rev. Asano, and Rev. Imai.



In America, where religious freedom still prevails, the Buddhist group has formed its churches, Y.B.A., and Sunday Schools to keep alive through gassho, the teachings of Lord Buddha. Having a tremendous membership, three churches at Rec 306, 316, 322 are the gathering places for childrens and adult Sunday School, Issei services, Y.B.A., women's services, etc.

Among the accomplishments of this church was the highly successful Bon Odori on September 25 with four hundred kimono clad young people participating in the colorful ondos. Hi-lighting the weekly Y.B.A. nights are the devotional services, panel discussions, socials, meetings, and songfests. Impressive Bodhi Day Service was held on December 8. The children's play day was also given in conjunction with the end of the year program. These programs are in charge of the Y.B.A. cabinet members and board of directors.

Three Reverends who take charge of services are Rev. Onoyama, Rev. Sakow, and Rev. Kawasaki.

"NAMU AMIDA BUTSU"

GIFT OF WINGS

We must not let one thought of sorrow
Mar our love, my dear,
No walls can keep us closed apart,
We need not ever fear!

The arid tomb in which you claim
Your soul's been sealed forever,
Is merely stuff of frightened fancy;
If you would remember,
One year ago, how, fearlessly,
We tested love's new wings,
And found there strength enough to scorn,
The cowardice of partings,

We'll soar above the highest walls,
And pay no heed to fuss,
What petty gossip might concoct
Is not enough to harm us!

I.F.

SONNET

Sand, sand, and sand again, and more sand still,
As southward rolls the desert's gaining tide,
Far as the eagle's flight beyond the hill,
Far as the eyes can view on every side,
Sand, sand, and sand again, and more sand yet,
This endless stretch of barren cactus land,
Wide as an ocean whose shores have never met,
A boundless space of all engulfing sand,
Sand, sand, and sand again, and sand once more,
Man shrinks before this dry immensity,
To less than one small grain of its vast store,
Which gathers on to near infinity,
Yet one soul's untold grieving of a day,
Exceeds the desert's vastness by far and away.

by Isao Fukuba

CHRISTMAS ON THE SAND

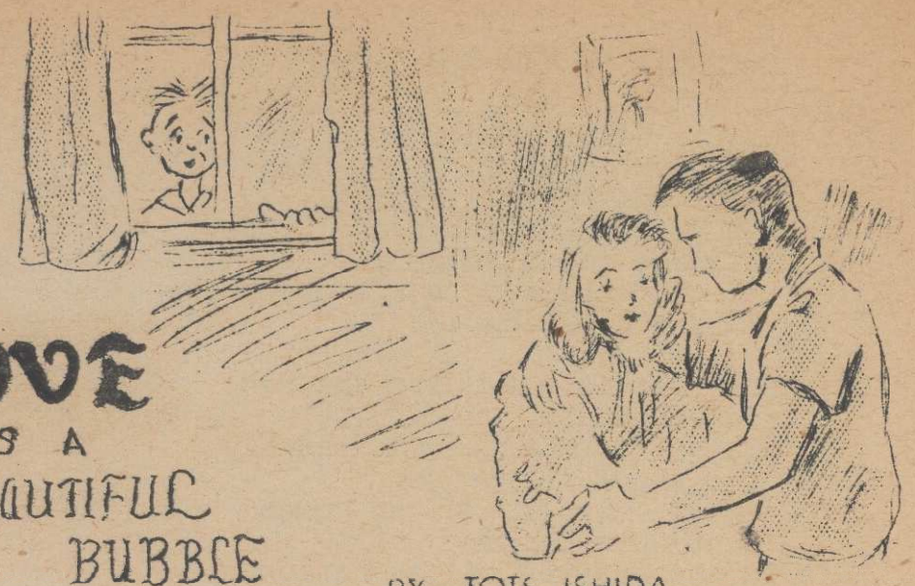
Once more the festive Christmas time
Has come to us on earth,
To honor with great joy and cheer
The Christ child's holy birth.
With candy, nuts and toys and gifts,
And Christmas cards so gay,
With words of cheer we shall observe
This grand old holiday.

But Christmas is not quite the same
As the ones we used to know,
For things have changed so suddenly
Since two short years ago.
Now as we gather 'round our homes
There's someone missing there,
He's in the service of the nation
And stationed far somewhere.

There are no brightening fireplaces-
No Christmas tree lights glow,
"The cactus is our Christmas tree"
The dust takes place of snow.
Tho' Christmas spirit be with us
There is less joy and mirth,
For the whole world's in a great turmoil
And "There is no peace on earth".

But in our hearts there is a flame
Of hope, which we'll keep high
For the glorious day when peace
Shall reign, and strife forever die.
So until the final victory comes-
And vanquished be the foe
We'll always yearn to have with us
The Christmases we used to know.

June Terasaki



LOVE IS A BEAUTIFUL BUBBLE

BY TOTS ISHIDA

My regrets of having to attend school were lost in a flurry of soft silkish ink-black hair and a beautiful oriental face. Indeed she was the girl of my dreams, and in my core studies class at that. Honestly, I could admire her beauty all day.

I lost no time in gaining her acquaintance. Boy, she had everything. I revered the very ground she trod on. After class, I never failed to escort her to her following class and often times I would seek her company between other class periods to hold a conversation or to carry her books.

It was obvious that I was infatuated and it was no secret to anyone. My friends continually taunted me and though actually liking it I acted displeased. I was a happy man.

Then came the Junior Jubilee, the first big social event of the school year. Two weeks before the date, I asked her to honor me by allowing yours truly to escort her to the Jubilee. She accepted. I swooned. For two weeks I was walking in the clouds, my mind in a daze.

Finally the time came, and I proudly entered the dance hall, arm in arm, wishing with all my heart that all would notice me. That they did and my name was mentioned along with hers in the TEEN TALK column of the school paper. Everything was working out swell. Now I was confident that she cared. Each day when I returned home from school, all my friends would hear from me was about my "dream gal".

My affections toward her grew, day by day, and nights I would stay awake in bed thinking about tomorrow and a whole new day with her. My grade averages in school plunged from "A" to "C" plus. But those insignificant things mattered little now. All that did matter was that she was mine.

And now, the biggest social event of the year, the Senior Prom was just around the corner. My hopes were high and again I planned to be the main attraction at the dance. Each day at school my hints of the Prom would bring a sweet smile to her lips and her cheeks tinted red. Certainly she would want to attend with me.

A week before the Prom I strode over to her block to pop the question. Nearing her apartment, my ears grasped a conversation. I recognized her voice and listened intently hoping to catch some word from her, wondering how proudly she might be boasting of me now.

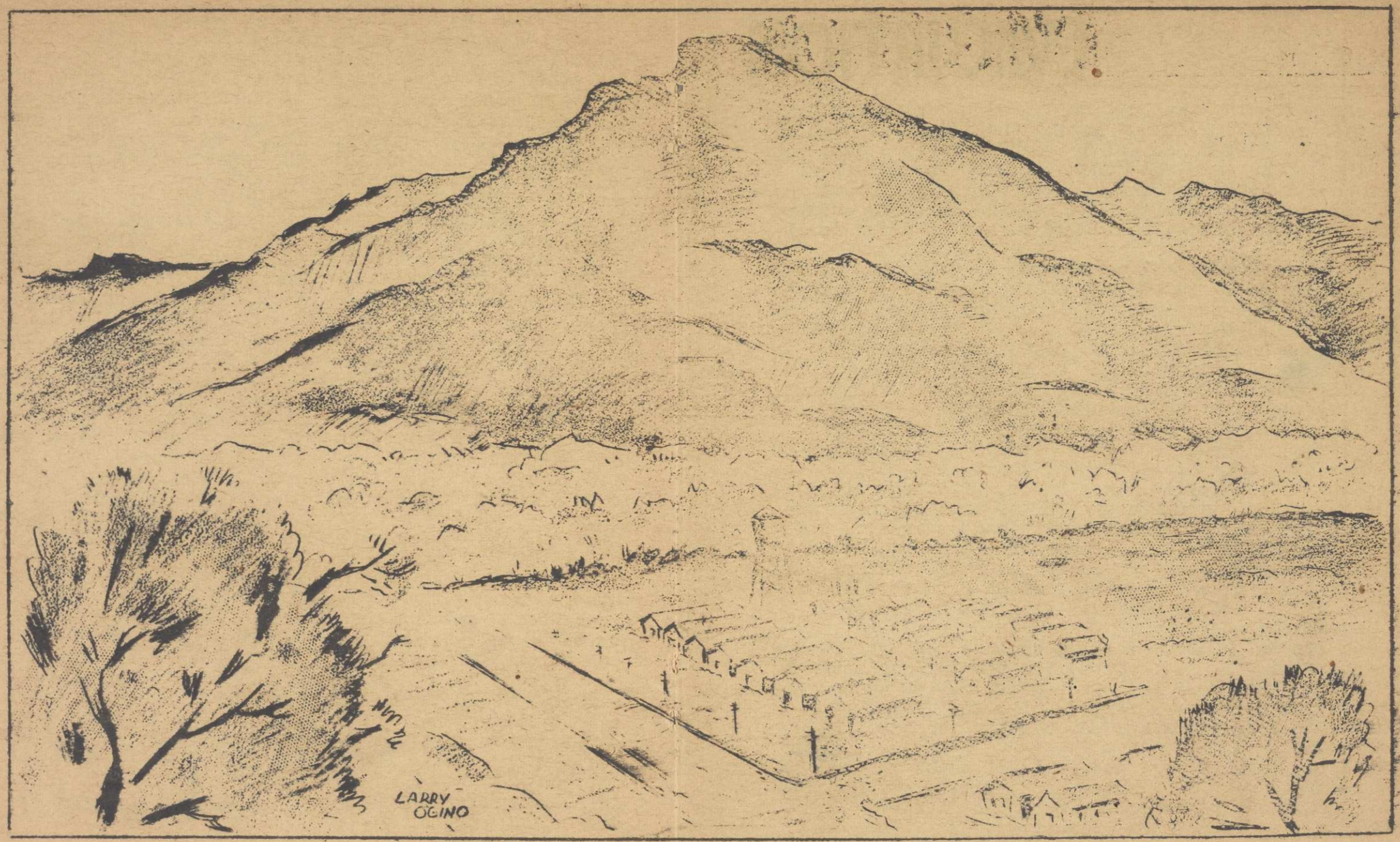
Her voice was bubbling with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you came home from Idaho in time to take me to the Prom. Some little schoolkid has a few silly notions about his affections towards me."

No, that couldn't be her .....impossible! I crept up closer, stood on a stool I found nearby and my eager eyes peered into the dimly lit room. Her dreamy eyes, which I once thought beautiful were gazing into those of a fellow tenderly embracing her.

I was stunned. My dream bubble had burst. How, I do not know, but I managed to drag myself home that night and crawled into bed, struggling to forget...

Today my grades are rated excellent and in three subjects I stand at the head of my class. Today I am a really happy man.


LARRY
OGINO

This essay has been chosen as best among those written in core study classes at Poston III High.

EVACUATION

I was attending San Luis Obispo High going through the same routine without having the slightest idea of evacuation. After school I went home on a bus, as usual with the same old bunch. I was dropped off at a dirt country road leading to my home located about one-half mile away. I walked home on the same old crooked path, and everything looked and seemed peaceful as always.

As I neared my home I could see my dad and mother running excitedly in and out of the house. I began to wonder what the fuss was all about and ran to find out. I puffed into the house and found all the furniture and kitchen utensils turned upside down. I asked my sister, who was carrying an overpacked luggage, whether the house was going to be remodeled. She looked at me disgustedly and shouted, "No, we're moving out by tororrow morning so get busy!"

I was so dumbfounded that I didn't know whether to believe her or not. I glanced about, and noticed the San Luis newspaper on the floor. Picking it up, I read about the mass evacuation of the Japanese from coastal area which General DeWitt had ordered. I still couldn't believe it. I was born here and had lived in the very same house ever since, never dreaming of moving out. Now like answering a great fate that had befallen us, we had to evacuate within two days or go to an assembly center.

With lumps in our throat we bade our neighbors and friends farewell. We started for the inland, never to see our beloved home for the duration. We headed for a little town called Reedley, following many other Japanese caravans evacuating to the same place.

Reaching Reedley we rented a small house in the suburbs which was situated a few blocks away from the high school...After two days of cramming and arranging furnitures in the house, I enrolled in Reedley high school. There I finished a very enjoyable last quarter of my Junior year.

During the summer I went to work in the grape harvest for the first time. Even though I did a terrible job in thinning grapes, it was lots of fun; for this work was all new to me. After a month of this work, I had earned enough money for a wonderful time in town. Some days we would go to the Sierras to play in the snow or fish in the streams. All these happy moments were soon broken up by a second evacuation which uprooted every Japanese from California.

Finally, on August third, we left Reedley and the state of California and arrived in Poston III. Here we have to go through much more hardship, but we are trying to make the best of it by cooperating with others. We hope that this terrible war will come to an end soon.

George Nagano

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WAY

one in my group got hurt." "She can if she wants to. Joe argued, "You're just jealous! Jealous! It was plainly evident that he was the one that was jealous. "Take him on!" his gang was urging him, "We're behind you. Show the old city slicker where he belongs." As Rory and Joe stood face to face I could see that they were about the same height but Joe was much wider and heavier. Rory flushed a little and stiffened. I was almost certain that he would start giving Joe his much needed walloping, but he didn't. Instead he unclenched his long and slender fingers and glanced at them for a fleeting second. "O.K." he said suddenly, "I guess she can if she wants to." He then proceeded to walk down the slope. I was puzzled and disappointed. What was wrong with him? Why hadn't he given Joe a fight? Was he afraid? With a shower of remarks the crowd was disbanding and Amy and I began to follow. Suddenly Amy turned around facing Yuri who was still standing there with a funny expression on her face. "Don't be a fool," Amy

CONT. P. 28

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

H. A. MATHIESEN

Shortly after the arrival of evacuees from the various coastal regions, plans were being formulated by the various WRA and local executive administrators to commence large scale agricultural farming for home consumption as well as for outside markets. Until a few weeks ago, that plan was the basis of the agricultural department. However, according to the statement by Mr. Dillon Myer, the future plan of the WRA is to cultivate approximately 5000 acres primarily for local subsistence. Confronted with the realization of ever increasing difficulties in purchasing fresh vegetables from outside produce markets, the WRA wishes to make Poston as self sustaining as possible, by growing its own vegetables, and raising its own cattle, hogs, and chickens, according to needs.

At present, the department is estimating the raising of 2500 hogs, 40,000 poultry, and 8000 to 10,000 heads of cattle, the last of which is being anticipated for later date. This amount, again, is for local subsistence, which includes all three units.

With the plan of using evacuee personnel in every strategic position, the present program of operation is to have each unit maintain its own agricultural Executive Board, which is in direct supervision of all agricultural plans and workers. A total of 800 employees are now working together with Supervisor of Farm Management, Mr. Tsuno, the only Caucasian employed in this department. The landscaping department, also under agriculture, recently obtained cuttings of 10,000 oleander trees and 10,800 Chinese Elms for the units. Tamarisk cuttings will be used in the near future.

One decided advantage Poston has over other relocation centers is owning on hand many farm equipments which are badly in need at other relocation centers. A sufficient quantity of seeds for planting was purchased during the summer, and will be used according to the planting seasons.

DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRY

H. A. MATHIESEN

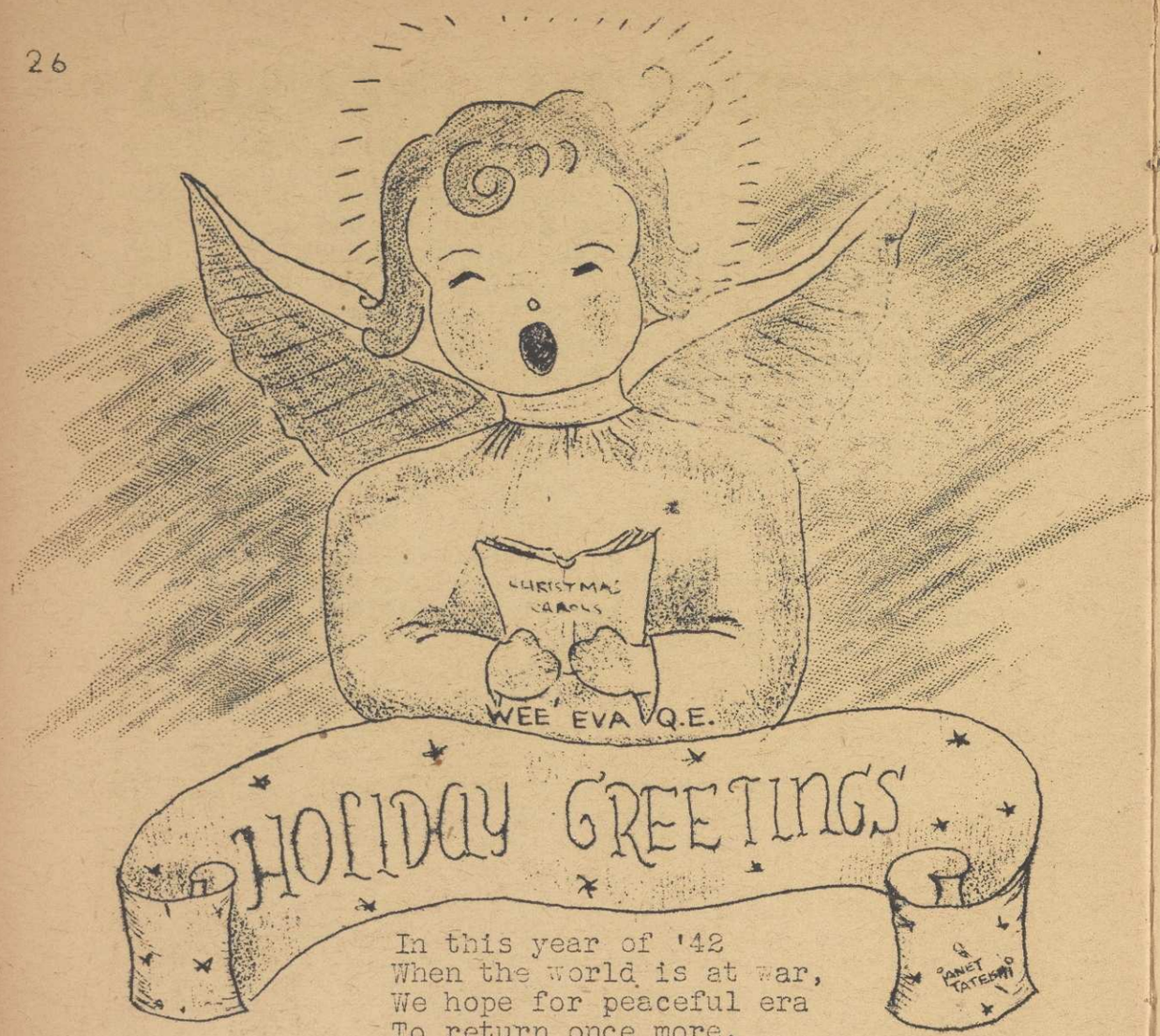
The transition period of the Industry Department from the embryo stage to the present status is one of cooperative coordination between the evacuee and the administration. Patiently working against the difficulties of physical and material elements, the Industrial Dep't constantly strove ahead with plans to make the Poston Industry the best in all relocation centers.

Several months after the arrival of the evacuees, need for the Japanese type of food was noted to be a necessity. Therefore, the initiative was taken to produce a manufacturer of such food stuffs as miso, moyashi, tofu, soy bean sauce, and noodles. Today, after much energy expended by the Dep't, noodles and moyashi have materialized successfully, the other subsistence products no being at conclusive stages and, in the very near future, expected to be an actuality.

The recent speech made by Mr. Dillon Myer somewhat changed the aspect of the plans previously formulated by the Industrial Dept. The first plan was to bring into Poston, in large scale, commercial products suitable for work involving the young as well as the old of the entire Poston units. Inasmuch as the plan of the WRA is to relocate the people of Poston into the outside areas, it was necessary to modify the previous plans in order to cope with those submitted by the WRA. The plans of industrializing products for outside markets was eliminated to the minimum and products for local consumption was mainly considered. Each unit therefore studied the needs of its own community and endeavored to manufacture such products.

Unit I, at present time, is concentrating their efforts in producing charcoal for local and outside markets. Unit II is planning to make ice cream for the units, while unit III is devoting their major efforts in making novelties for gift purposes.

In combining the efforts of the three units, the Industry Dep't will continue to improve its working capacity to aid all concerned.



In this year of '42
When the world is at war,
We hope for peaceful era
To return once more.
While living in Poston
We can not give much,
Just a hearty greeting
From Feminine Touch.

—— o ——

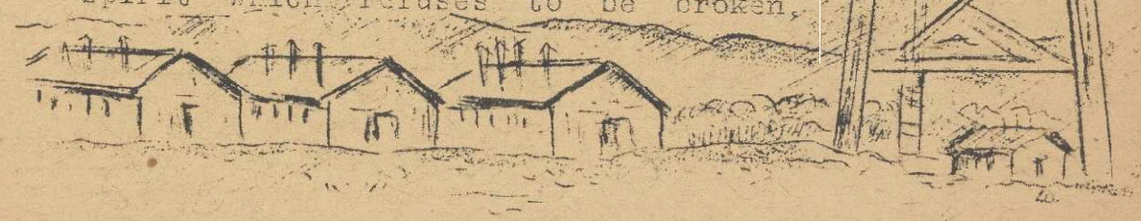
REMEMBRANCE

BY KENNY MURASE

You are alone in a strange distant city, far removed from home and friends and things familiar. You feel utterly lost and forgotten and as you lean back in your chair to ease a mind weary from study, you cannot help but remember...a face that smiled, a simple gesture of friendship, a spoken word, an unforgettable instance--they are there before you.

You remember the bleak, barren hills far away, the scrubby mesquite trees beyond the firebreaks, the patches of blackened, cinder earth and the sunken craters where trees had been felled and burned; you remember the monotonous rows of barracks, the unpainted wood becoming bleached and shabby under the withering blasts of the hot sun; you remember the fuzzy, orange glow of the street lights at night, cutting cery cones out of the darkness; you remember the big cold slab of a yellow moon as it came bounding up and went riding high, the stars in the sky shining bravely, and the puffs of clouds as they slid over the face of the moon, turning gold and butter-like.

You remember these things, but you remember more so the people who are there. You remember them for the inconquerable will with which they are seeking to understand and to embrace a situation for which no honest justification is possible. You remember them for their spirit which refuses to be broken,



and for the savage tenacity with which they cling to visions of a better day and a better order. You remember them for the imperishable courage with which they face and master the endless adversities of each day of living.

You sit and you think like this and your mind becomes a stream choking with fragments of remembrances, sharp and clear.. there was the arrival in camp and the zest with which everyone attacked their strange new life; the spontaneous organization of the kitchen crew the digging of stumps and the leveling of land with pick and axe and shovel in the burning sun; the quick incredible improvitations that made the bare, empty apartments at once personal and liveable; a potted plant here and gardens there with flowers and vegetables struggling fiercely; latticed porches and stonelined walks, a cottonwood sapling from the river thrust into freshly spadded soil--for shade, perhaps? but how long must it wait? What a will to see the future!

But your mind lingers there not long, for it gravitates always to the lone and precious memory of the girl you left behind. She has become to you symbolic of the unfaltering, courageous humanity that stirs inside the camps, and in your vision of her you see beyond to a people who will come out of their experience tempered and wiser and nobler....

And so you lean back in your chair to ease a tired mind and you find that you cannot help but remember, always.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WAY

cried, "Come on!" "What for?" Yuri said, "If he had the stuff in him he would have put up a fight." "He's a coward-that's why!" Joe chimed in. "You don't know what you're saying," Amy exclaimed and her anger was surging, but her voice was even and clear. Her eyes were fixed disappointedly upon that of her sister's. "Did you think he'd take a chance on ruining his hands like his brother did--and on a selfish, stupid, fool like him?" And her eyes rested on Joe for a moment before she turned and walked away.

As I followed behind her I wondered for a moment just what she meant. Then I remembered the tragic incident Rory had related to us of his brother. I suddenly remembered that his own greatest ambition too, was someday to become a surgeon.

Amy was so deep in thought that she didn't see Rory coming across the lake. He gripped her arm, smiling and said, "What's on your mind?" "She just doesn't understand things," Amy was saying, "She really didn't mean what she said." "I know", Rory said simply and unconcernedly. He was smiling into a pair of puzzled brown eyes. She blushed and was about to say something when suddenly excited voices reached our ears. "Some one's hurt!" Rory exclaimed and hurried to the scene. There on the ground was a young lad-blood spurting from his leg. Joe Ono was faltering around helplessly, his face white and desperate and his sled a wreck upon the ground. In a flash Rory was kneeling beside the injured boy with a first aid kit unfastened from his belt. "Holy Mackerel," he exclaimed. "It's an artery!" Rory worked quickly and calmly with nimble, steady fingers. It was then that I fully realized that his hands were truly "surgeon hands." In a moment a tourniquet had been placed on the boy's leg--the wound covered up and Rory was giving hasty instructions to Joe who had started the motor of his car. I heard snatches of the conversation. "Where does the doctor live?" "Not very far from here." I can make it in about five minutes! You're sure he's home?" "Yes" Finally the car sped away with the injured boy and the tense atmosphere gradually turned to normal. Rory was quiet and deep in thought when Yuri came up to him and said "I'm sorry I---" He just smiled and interrupted, "Forget it. It wasn't your fault."

During the excitement, dark clouds had gathered swiftly in the sky." "Another snowstorm, gang!" "Let's go home" Rory exclaimed and motioned for everyone to load up. Slowly, steadily the soft white snow began to descend. The team of horses tramped around restlessly and were eager to go. Rory took the driver's seat and with its

CONT. P 30

PERMIT to LEAVE

bled bills over which they gleefully exclaimed. Then the note was hastely read. And as they read, the room turned from one of boisterous laughter into one of quietness, solemness, stillness! It read, "Dear girls, I write thru eyes blurred with tears, not for the camp that I am leaving but for you my dear friends whom I shall never see again. For when I leave here, I leave all the joys of living, its laughter, its heartaches!!

Many of you envied me for being able to leave this place you call an "ole hole", and many were jealous. But none of you knew the real reason for my departure: I am returning home. No, not to my home in California, but in Heaven, for I am going to die. Just as I was preparing to evacuate, I learned that I was suffering from a disease for which there is absolutely no cure, that I would die as the old years rolls by.

None of you know the terrible agony and turmoil that I went thru when I heard this shocking horrible news: I always knew that my days on earth were numbered, that eventually I would have to die, but thought it in the distant future. I was terrified to know when.

I had to decide whether I should be a mental derelict or a Man, courageous and strong. I decided to face it for I remembered that verse that I had to memorize when a child--"Tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I shall fear no evil for thou art with me---". I hope that I have been able to help some regain what faith they may have lost in God, in democracy; that just one was able to say, "Emi, you helped me a lot". I leave all my worldly possessions with you for I cannot take them with me. On this beautiful Christmas Day, remember that it is the birth of Christ the world is celebrating--that God gave his only begotten Son to the world that its sins might be forgiven. May God bless you on this day----Emi".

In the stillness, faint sounds of weeping were audible, tears of regret on loosing the best friend they had. For Emi's permit didn't bring new Life, it brought Death!! And Emi had been ready, facing it with great faith and courage which none now possessed but which each one determined to have from that minute.

PC3A FOR ITS WORK IN SPORTS

The PC3A didn't do all the work, but it performed the most important task, that of pioneering and babying the athletics in this community from its infancy nearly five months ago into the well-functioning body it is today.

Orchids to Karl Taku, acting head of the PC3A since its origin and to his staff of workers in their respective departments.

Their test of achievements would be difficult to enumerate here. Their services rendered to this community has been invaluable but without verbal renumeration.

They were conducive in developing sportsmanship and a friendly atmosphere in athletics through participation in well organized sports.

May their future endeavors meet with equal success.

FIRST SOFTBALL LEAGUE

The Senior A league got off to a blazing start on August 31 and coming through with flying colors were the 325 Rookies, 308, 309, 307 and 326-7 Indians.

The highly favored teams to top the league were the 326-7 Indians, 306, and 307. The complete collapse of the favored teams surprised the fans and gave the "Dark Horse" teams a good chance of winning the title.

The snappy and hard-socking Rookie team breezed into the league leadership early in the season with 6 consecutive victories while the surprising 308 team playing steady ball streaked into the crucial home stretched game by upsetting 309 and gaining a tie with the league leading 325 Rookies.

The sensational playoff tilt with two thousand rabid fans watching ended in a no-contest game due to disputed decision.

Due to the Double A League starting PC3A declared 325 Rookies and 308 as Co-Champs.

SENIOR B LEAGUE

The Senior B League starting late in August, although minus future Di Maggios and Ruths nevertheless provided the spectators with thrills galore.

In the first round, 318 emerged as victors over 306, 325 and 309 and claimed the title of first round champs.

Then in the second round, with the addition of 308 and 328 in its schedule, 306 edged out 318 for the second round crown.

Then the first and second round champs, namely 318 and 306, clashed to decide to whom the season's title would go; 306 trimmed their opponents 11-9 in a thrilling slugfest to cop Sr. B League Championship.

JR. BULLDOGS & YABOES SHARE SPOTLIGHT

With Junior boys under 15 participating in the 5 circuit league, the 317-25 Bulldogs swept into an early lead to win the championship of the first round.

The spectacular comeback of the rejuvenated Jr. Yaboes was the big surprise of the second round. The Junior Yaboes finished the league by streaking into the home stretch by winning all the games.

In the crucial playoff tilt the inspired Junior Yaboes played errorless ball to set back the 317-25 Bulldogs by pulling through in the clutches.

"318" MIDGETS CHAMPS OF MIDGET LEAGUE

The Midget League was sponsored by the Jr. Recreation Dept. for the benefit of younger boys who were unable to qualify for the upper leagues.

The 318 "Midgets" won the 3 circuit league by defeating the combined Roku I team and the 325 Rattlers to easily cinch the championship.

VOLUNTEERS CHAMP OF DOUBLE "A" LEAGUE

The 328 Volunteers and Willies 9 shared the highlights in the fast double A league. The four teams that were drafted into the upper 8 team circuit were the 325 Rookies, 308, 309, and 326-27 Indians, who were formerly in the single A league.

The new arrivals from the Santa Anita Assembly Center made up the other four

teams, namely; Nestors, Cubs, Willies 9, and Volunteers.

Due to the sensational and confident pitching of "Killer" Takeshita of Willies 9 they tied for league leadership with the 328 Volunteers. The hard-hitting Volunteers led by the masterful pitching of Y. Shimbo, volunteers won the decisive championship game by squeezing out a 7 to 6 victory.

306 UNDEFEATED IN 2ND SINGLE A LEAGUE

The second single A league was a 6 circuit affair composed of the second division teams of the first single A league. The highlights of the league were the no-hit pitchings by B. Inouye of 307 and S. Shiraishi of 306, and the undefeated season for 306.

The runner-up 307 team lost only 2 games in both rounds to the powerful 306 team, who having won both rounds were automatically crowned the second single A champs.

OLD TIMERS LEAGUE HAS CLOSE FINISH

Providing the Poston III residents with a galaxy of entertainment and thrills galore, the Old-Timers League got off to a flying start.

Manager Frank Hiratsuka Sr. hustled his hard-socking 317 team into the play-offs by only losing a single game and that a costly upset by the ageing 325 O-Ji-sans. In the play-offs the 317 Old Timers triumphed over the equally aggressive 328 Old men.

CHAMP HICKORY WIELDERS OF DOUBLE "A" LEAGUE AND 2ND SINGLE "A" LEAGUE

The batting crown of the "A" went to the hard-slugging Hy Takano of 308 with the fancy average of 583. He was closely pressed by F. Morikawa and J. Mano of the 325 Rookies who socked the apple at a sweet 529 Pct. respectively.

The second single A league batting crown went to Pat Nagano of 306 nine who hit a nifty .533 average and led his teammates to the league championship. He was followed by S. Kajioka of 305 who hit a .455 average.

PRESS PICKS "ALL STARS"

The Poston III Press has, after much discussion, picked the following players for their 1942 All-Star teams. The players were picked according to their sportsmanship, hitting and fielding ability.

"AA" ALL STARS

POS.	PLAYERS	TEAM
1-B	A. Kitahara	328
2-B	J. Mano	325
3-B	H. Takano	308
S-S	B. Honda	W's9
L-F	H. Sakamoto	328
C-F	F. Yamagata	325
R-F	F. Morikawa	325
C--	S. Sakamoto	328
P--	Y. Shimbo	328
P--	A. Takeshita	W's9

JUNIOR ALL STARS

POS.	PLAYERS	TEAM
1-B	I. Shiozaki	309
2-B	M. Shimoda	305
3-B	R. Kurotsuchi	317
S-S	J. Hayakawa	306
L-L	J. Inouye	307-8
C-F	Joe Mano	317-25
R-F	B. Uchiyama	317-25
C--	B. Shiba	309
P--	S. Mitsuoka	306
P--	J. Morioka	305

SINGLE "A" ALL STARS

POS.	PLAYERS	TEAM
1-B	T. Naito	307
2-B	F. Yamane	9 Pins
3-B	M. Osato	305
S-S	P. Nagano	306
L-F	W. Hayakawa	306
C-F	T. Sakata	9 Pins
R-F	Y. Niino	307
C--	M. Fukuhara	318
P--	S. Shiraishi	306
P--	B. Inouye	307

OLD TIMERS ALL STARS

POS.	PLAYERS	TEAM
1-B	B. Hiratsuka	317
2-B	S. Kamiya	317
3-B	D. Namba	317
S-S	T. Yabuta	328
L-L	M. Otani	316
C-F	K. Hashimoto	326
R-F	R. Hiratsuka	317
C--	H. Mimura	325
P--	T. Santo	316
P--	J. Ota	328

POSTON 2

SOFTBALL

Easily the outstanding softball team in Poston II was the Shamrocks of 221. With George Nishikawa on the mound, the Shamrocks made easy meet of all "AA" opposition with the lone exception of the 227 Vigilantes. Vigilantes made the Shamrocks scrap till the last man was out. Both league games were won by the Shamrocks by identical 1-0 counts. T. Kiyohara, Vigilante chucker, seemed at his best against the champs.

By taking the "AA" league with 12 straight wins, no losses, the Shamrocks easily earned the right to get into the playoffs for the Poston City Softball Championship.

In the first playoff, the Shamrocks knocked off the Volunteers, Unit III "AA" champs by 17-0 score.

Shamrocks then played Orange County, Unit I "AA" champs and were outlucked to take a 3-1 loss.

G. Nishikawa was by far the outstanding softball chucker in the league.

G. Inagi, 211 Penguin, led the league with a lusty 440 average, taking the batting crown.

In the "A" league, blk. 220 took the title. Shig Morimune of 213 was batting leader.

Jrs. of 213 won the crown by blasting the 213 Jrs. 2 out of 3 in a playoff.

The Old Men's League, found the 220 Bombers, American League champs, taking undisputed claim to the title by knocking off the 214 Oyajis, National League title holders.

BOXING

At the first boxing card in Crawford Arena Porky Takata's leather pushers came through undefeated when Kaz Oshita, 129 lbs. Ted Tsuyuki had the best record with 2 wins and 1 draw. Tsuyuki's wins came in inter-unit matches.

SUMO

The "grunt and groan" division is represented by B. Sato and R. Mori, the "wrassling" blk. Mgrs. In the inter-unit matches, Mori and Sato always came home victorious.

UNIT 2

TABLE TENNIS

While there are no inter-unit table tennis matches, interest is quite high. Under the direction of C. Iwanaga, 15 teams, both men and women, are engaged in competition.

SWIMMING

In the swimming meet held during the County Fair, the squad comprised of Jimmy Sakamoto, E. Fukunaga, Iwata, and Yamamoto took 2 firsts and 4 seconds.

FOOTBALL

Due to lack of equipment, football was relegated in a minor spot. Seven class A teams were divided into a Northern and Southern division. 207 took the Northern div. title. In the Southern div. the winner of the 226-227 battle will determine the title holder of that division. Two division champs will meet on Christmas Day.

BASKETBALL

League play has not yet started, but the 213 Terrors are favored to win with the 211 Penguins, 216 Caissons, and 214 Green Devils and 221 Shamrocks also competing for crown.

UNIT 3

GRUNTS AND GROANERS

Among the major sports that created much impression was the sumo under the instruction of M. Araki. Classes were conducted nightly for the Jr. and the Sr. divisions. Aside from the daily practices, there were two big tournaments where more than 200 wrestlers participated.

BOYS LEARN JUDO

Late in August under the tutorship of K. Shoji more than 70 enthusiastic boys turned out for their initial practice.

School has been open daily except Sunday with separate classes for boys in the no age limit, Jr., Sr., and the sho-dan up.

SELF DEFENSE

Under the leadership of S. Kasai, ex pro boxer, boxing classes were started in early September. At the present time H. Matsumoto is the instructor.

The first tournament was held here on Sept. 27 between Units 1, 2, and 3 with 2,000 clamoring fans witnessing the bouts. Second tournament was held at the Christmas Bazaar on Dec. 12.

- - - - - - -

GIRLS SPORTS

Amidst the dust and heat of August, the girls athletic department was organized to provide outdoor recreation for all girls. The lack of equipment which still exists did not prevent the girls from getting their games under way. Now under the leadership of Kei Takemoto, the department is improving its system and endeavoring to give all girls the chance to play good game as well as develop sportsmanship.

Accomplished are softball tournaments which was handled by Helen Ota and Barbara Yokota and was won by 307 and 305 in the senior and junior leagues, respectively.

With fourteen teams in the Sr. league and eight teams in the Jr., the volleyball games started on October 12, with Suma Himaka, in charge. Barbara Yokota and Katherine Uyegi took charge of the Jr. league which ended with Aiko Tashiro's 305 girls on top, while Jr. Postonettes came in second.

Ruth Takahashi and Kei Takemoto, both Esdee star players are responsible for the Sr. league. Leading and expected to cop the title are the 305 Coeds, lead by the Kodama sisters whose teamwork and alertness in the games hasn't been surpassed by others. Esdees are in close second. Crusaders stood out for their sportsmanship and smiles. A social and awarding of plaques will be held on Dec. 20.

In the married women's league, 329 Matronettes, captained by Mrs. Toyama claimed the title.

The popular sports among Nisei girls, basketball, will begin after completion of the volleyball league. The Esdees will consist of the cream of San Diego casaba tossers while Shinobu and Akiko Kodama, tricky manjiette players, 1941 state champs will form a team. Lorraine Fujino, Salinas Bluette's star will be in charge of the 317 team. To prevent bad feelings among blocks teams will be formed through groups of friends.

CHRISTMAS 1942

A better world to live in is the Christmas wish of all of us, and to be given a more active share in promoting this objective is the prayer of the Catholic Church.

We, as Catholics, believe the world to be purposeless unless it is attuned to that other world shown to us in the mystery of Christmas. We of Maryknoll offer our lives and labor for a better world through a better understanding of the teachings of Christ.

And to every man who prays and labors for the true welfare of humanity, we offer a Christmas wish:

Peace in your heart, courage in your struggle,
and patience in your time of trial.

FATHER CLEMENT, M.M., Catholic Chaplain

IMAGERIES

ter, music he loved more than anything else, music for which he had worked and slaved and suffered--he, the Poet. Dynamic, the outburst - continued for brilliant, perilous minutes. A sudden discordant crash of something falling on the keys--a deep silence more dramatic and grandiloquent than a dozen clashes of cymbals--and the scream of the maid who rushed into the room to find Dmitri sprawled on the keys--then the excited babble of many voices-----

"The master," the maid was saying, "the master wasn't himself." She pointed to her forehead suggestively. "He hasn't been just right ever since he came back from the battle front and had to have his arms amputated."

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THIS WAY

familiar creak, once again the old sleigh was on its way. Everything seemed exactly the same as the previous ride and yet there was something different. The sister sitting beside me was not Amy at all, it was Yuri. I peered up from under my blanket and there at the head of the sled beside Rory I found Amy smiling and laughing, her eyes twinkling as brightly as the sparkling snowflakes. "It should have been this way in the first place," I said to myself..

Faster and faster, the sleigh glided. Thicker and thicker the snowflakes fell, covering up forever the footprints we had left behind upon the snow.....

Merry Christmas

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TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIERS

To the brave lads, our brothers and friends, who are serving their country that "Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth," we hereby pay tribute and homage.

Wherever these boys may be, our thoughts and prayers are with them, with wishes for the most joyful holiday greetings-----"A MERRY CHRISTMAS and the HAPPIEST OF NE YEARS."