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PORTWATER

HI

LIGHT



SH207-110

1933



INTRODUCING POSTON TWO



## INTRODUCTION

Resettlement has been the main underlying thought during the course of study for Mrs. Courages' Junior core classes. Our development by the process of accumulating knowledge is based primarily on the stepping stone of actual experience.

These small contributions which were accumulated and made into "The Poston Hi-Lights" have been written about actual experiences of the hardships that were encountered when we first came here and of the present life of Poston.

In order to resettle outside we, who are on this side of the fence and you who are on the other side, must understand each other. Contacting each other is one of the best methods of promoting better understanding and friendship.

This album; which covers the record of events following evacuation, is sent to you with the hope of accomplishing that purpose.



## FOUNDING OF POSTON

Charles Poston suggested this "Great Valley of the Colorado" be an Indian reservaion and that the government should assist the Indians in building the canal, so they might be self-supporting. In 1867 and 1968, Congress appropriated large sums of money for the canal, but it did not succeed. Pump irrigation was tried and final installation of pumps were made on 1911 and 1918. The Indians of Colorado did not like the invasion of their tribal land.

General John L. DeWitt had to have a place for the evacuation of Japanese without delay and memorandum agreement was the answer to the Indians, In behalf of the Indians, the W. R. A. must vacate the land in six months after the war and all buildings, improvements, canals, and apputenances of the project should revert to the Indians without cost.

One of the largest single item inthe 1942 - 43 budget for the operation of the Colorado River Relocation Center is the \$1,000,000 for the irrigation construction and \$200,000 have been set aside for flood control. This is a little of the program for improvement to be done.

Many traditions have been established here. One is the Poston Artumn Fair.



## The Community Council

In order to insure the needs and treat the complaints of the population which comprise the community the W.R.A., in planning the evacuation and relocation of Japanese, made provisions for a body which today has become the Temporary Community Council. At the present time, this is the only group of its kind officially recognized by the W.R.A., and whereas all other representative bodies are under the Community administration of the W.R.A.

The Council consists of one Representative and one Advisor from each block of the community and are chosen by all members eligible for the War Relocation Work Corps, that is, anyone over sixteen years of age.

The qualifications require that each block representative shall be a citizen of the United States over 20 years of age and a resident of the block he represents. Through the efforts and vigilance of those men, the adjustments of problems affecting the community is made possible.

Because of the great experiences and knowledge of community life, problems etc., among the older generation, an Advisory Board of the Temporary Community Council has been organized to aid the Representatives in their work and decision. the qualifications for Advisors are the same as Representatives except that the former must be an Issei (citizen of



of Japan). All of the member offer their services voluntarily.

In our community of Poston Camp 2, this body has chosen Mr. John Maeno as their chairman, to lead in the work of the group, for the efficiency of the council, seventeen Committies has been formed. The Fair Practice Board, Agriculture, Food, Community Enterprise, Labor and Employment, etc., each with its specific function and duties. In acting as the recommendation Board for the mutual benefit of the Community, all matters pertaining to revisions, recommendations, suggested projects, etc., are investigated by one of the committies before definite action or decision is taken. Thus this group has proved very instrumental in the well being of the Community and this year a permanent Community Council will be elected to continue the work of the present organization.



## Poston's Vital Statistics

1. Poston Relocation Center possesses the one and only Amphe theatre.
2. The dust here is know as Poston Fog.
3. Wednesday nights are ~~Al~~ways reserved for the free movies shown at the Cotton Wood Bowl Amphe Theatre.
4. There are no worries for medical services. You can have six teeth pulled out or see the doctors twenty times and still it would not cost you a cent.
5. Even though it is the third largest city in Arizons with the population of 17,000 residents, it has:
  - a. No place of special interest.
  - b. Not a single bath tub.
  - c. No paved streets.
  - d. Was built in a very short while.
  - e. Not located on maps or mentioned in encyclopedias.
  - f. No one has private car.
6. Although you see nothing but buildings not a skyscraper is in sight.
7. The residents here are of one racial group.
8. Radio station, cameras, liquor, or airport are unseen in this city.
9. For both the rich and the poor, the homes are alike.
10. The traditional school houses are nothing but barrack buildings.
11. Japanese students are taught by Japanese teachers, to some of them their own brothers, sisters, or relative.
12. Without working one is able to live.
13. Both the American and National League in basketball are composed of Japanese players.
14. A new fad--getas are frequently worn by the residents, day and night.
15. Wooden christmas Greeting cards were effectively made for the Christmas Holiday.
16. From little tots to grandpas, the residents receive clothing allow~~ances~~ances.



POSTON FOR ME

We came to Poston, and you know why,

On a day of roast'n, the Fourth of July;

We came across the river border;

The Colorder--made to order.

And then by bus, through the dust,

To the heart of this city--

A place of heat, that can't be beat,

A Desert Camp of Pity.

And yet today, I can say,

We can now see skies of blue

In Nature's hands, amidst the sands,

Our Poston rendezvous.

Mike Shiratsuki  
11th Grade Core  
Mrs. Courage



## CUPIDS ARROW

T'was the first of that month  
That bleak December month  
When it struck me again,  
An early attack of Spring Fever.

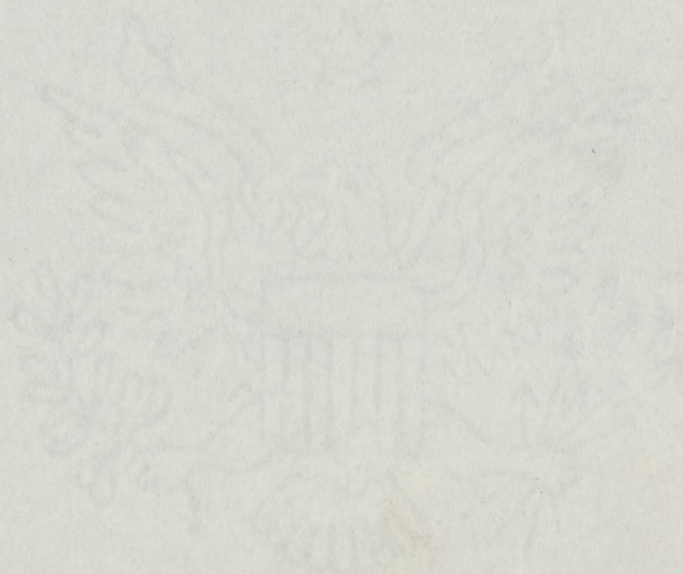
The impending spring is coming.  
But why three months too soon?  
For n'er before my life it struck  
As it did this bleak December.  
The heart beats dreary and I  
Feel mighty weary. Can it be,  
Oh, is it by that dreaded fever  
My heart so impetuously pounds?

Ah! it struck me deep  
And how it did!  
That lousy little Cupid,  
Darn him anyhow.

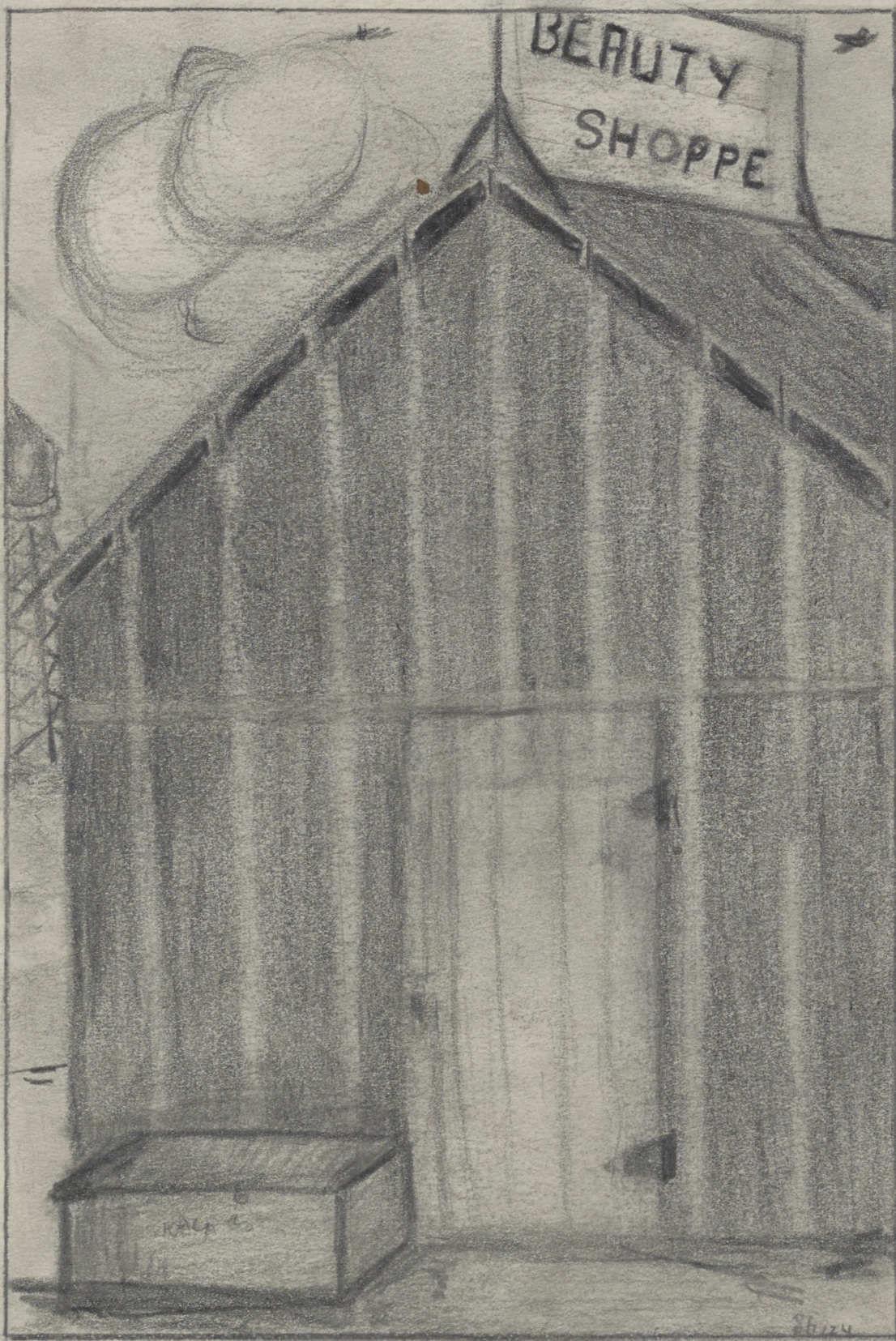
(Anonymous)  
12th Grade  
Mrs. Burrel



POSTON HOLLYWOOD STUDIO









## THE RED CROSS OF AMERICA

The Red Cross in America is very helpful not only to America but to other countries as well. The Red Cross is the greatest mother in the world. She is the greatest mother, because she helps the poor and the wounded. The Red Cross is spread through other countries and its members are working to full capacity in this war.

We, the people in the Relocation Center of Poston, Arizona, are studying first aid for the Red Cross. Young girls enjoy it greatly.

The Poston II High School is helping the Red Cross by making things which are needed by the crippled children. They will enjoy having these toys to play with.

Before I came into camp I was in a club, which was helping the Red Cross make things for babies and children who needed clothes.

I am very grateful and thankful that I am in America where there is a Red Cross trying to help others who need it badly. It is over seas, too, helping the wounded and praying that some day the war will be over.

Sadako Okamoto  
Ninth Grade  
Miss. Coats



### Poston Weather

Dust of Poston is not surprising  
It always blows now and then.  
It's so familiar here.  
We call it snow of Poston.

In Summer the heat is terrific  
Like a blazing fire,  
And each step we take as we move,  
We say, "Gee it's hot."

As days and weeks go by  
We sorta get acquainted with the weather,  
Even though it's dusty or hot,  
We just don't mind it, I guess.

Ted Akahori  
Ninth Grade  
Miss. Coats



### Day of My Arrival

The day I arrived in Poston  
The weather was so hot  
I felt as if I were standing on  
A heated red hot pot.

That night I spent in Poston  
I heard the coyotes wail  
They howled so near this relocation  
They nearly turned me pale.

But how I wished we were back home,  
That day I had arrived!  
Home was the place I longed to be  
And always will long to see.

Helen Kobayashi  
Core Study  
Freshman



## HOME LIFE OR BLOCK LIFE OF POSTON

Poston is very hot, roasting everyone like a chicken in an oven.

In our block we are fortunate to have lights for night basketball games. Practically every night there is a game going on that I can enjoy. I enjoy night games very much. I am quite sure others approve of them too, since most young boys and girls are then off from their work and they give them an evening. Pleasure is a hard thing to get in Poston.

Every night I watch the games and I think it is very exciting to play under the lights before many spectators.

We, Junior Girls of Block 229, played a game under the lights of our court and I felt very excited and nervous before the game. But after we started to play it wasn't so bad. That night was the first basketball game I ever played under lights and in front of so many spectators. I hope to play again sometime.

I also play in a ping pong tournament for our team. I usually go to our Recreation Hall to practice for our tournament.

The open field in front of our barracks is cultivated and it is very dusty when ever we have a south wind. They are planning to plant corn and alfalfa to keep the dust down.

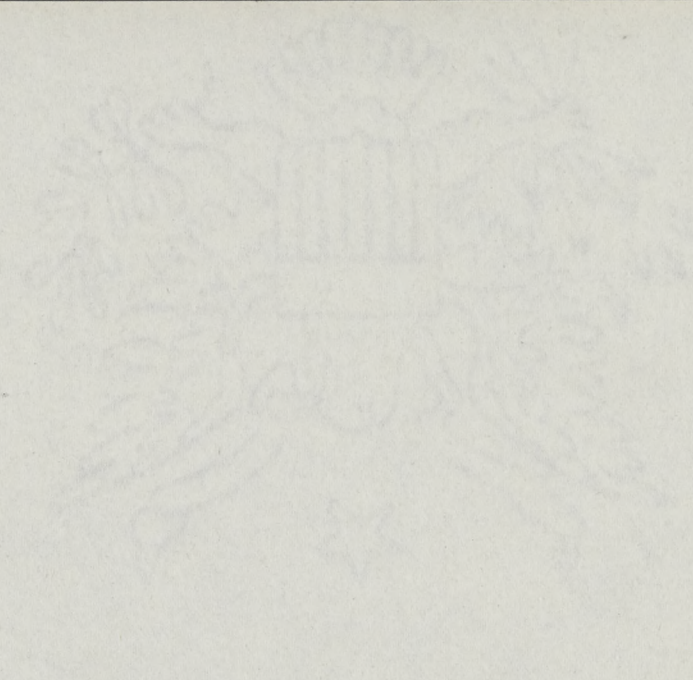
Our mess hall gets so stuffy that I always lose my appetite to eat.

Our apartment is also dusty for I live right in front of the open field. Everything in our apartment is all covered with dust.

On Saturdays I help mother with some washing and at evening I attend the Girl Scouts' meeting.

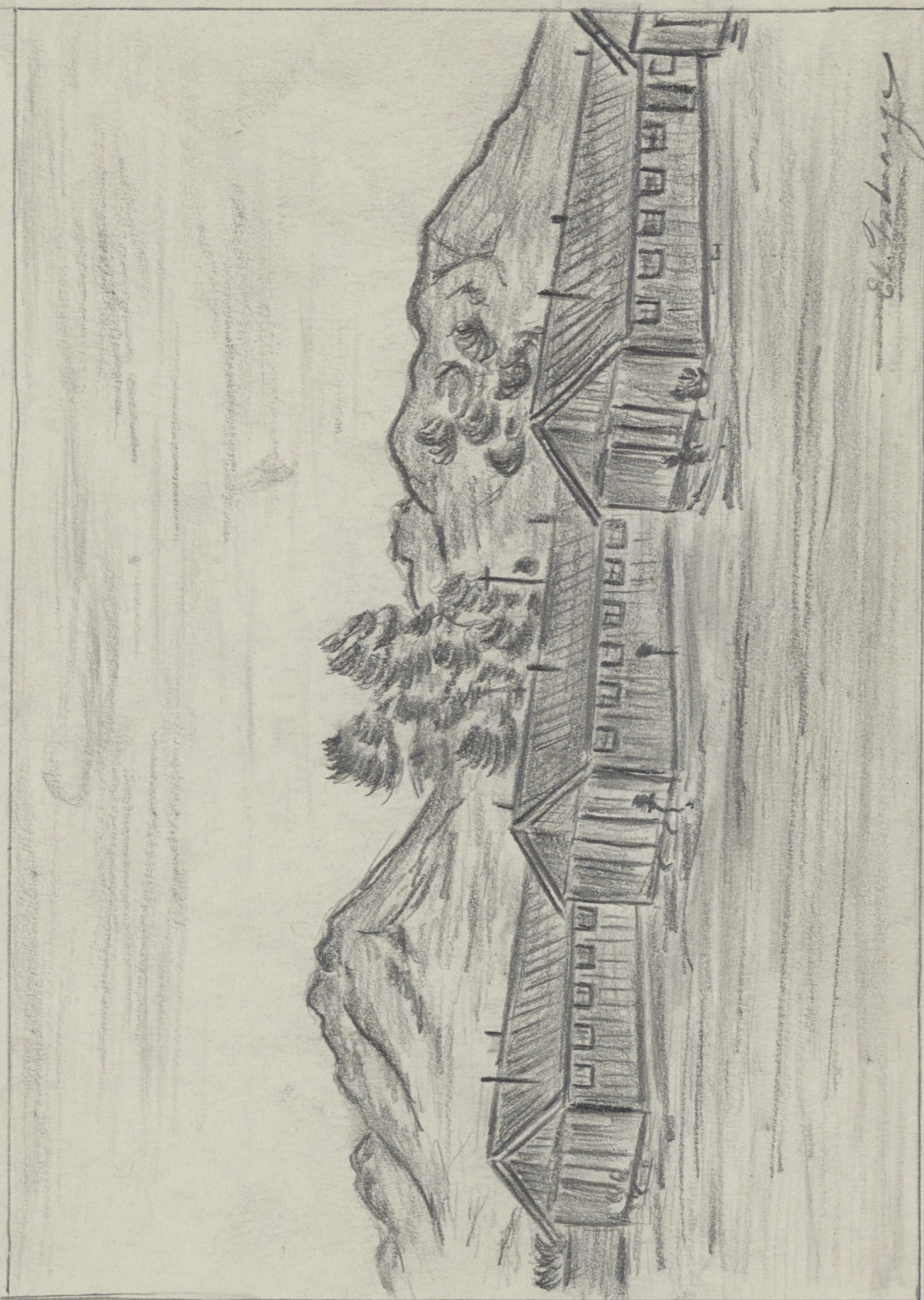
Yoshiko Matsuo  
8th Grade  
Miss. Banning





OUR BARRACKS AND MOUNTAINS





Chas. G. G. G.



## THAT FLAG

I see that flag before me  
Amidst this blistering heat,  
I see Bataan before me  
And the men that couldn't be beat!

Yes, here I am in Poston  
To sing with you this hymn,  
There're many people, not just one  
That see that flag before them!

The heat out here is terrific,  
The dust and I play tag,  
But across the Atlantic and Pacific,  
We Americans love that flag!

Mike Shiratsuki  
11th Grade  
Mrs. Courage



## Night In Poston

As the sun sinks slowly from the day,  
The barren hills to the west nearly  
Are silhouetted 'gainst the western horizon.  
And darkness creeps into the town of Poston.

The bonfire glow all along the trails.  
When people gather to tell their tales;  
They tell of how they had carried on,  
Before they were forced to come to Poston.

The stars glittering in the sky above.  
The moon still behind the distant cove.  
The coyotes howling a gruesome tone,  
Comes echoing to the town of Poston.

Peace and quiet lie all about.  
The work for the day has beendone;  
The purple mountains fade from sight  
As darkness comes on the wings of night.

Marilyn Miyake  
Core 3&4  
Mrs. Courage



### FIRSTSAND-STORM ENCOUNTERED IN POSTON

On June 29, 1942, I reached Poston to live here indefinitely. It was only three days later when I felt the worst misery in all my years. It was a dust storm; the biggest dust-storm they ever had in Arizona for a "heck of a long time", so the Indians told us.

Having come from the coast with cool weather of 80° and then coming to Poston of 120°; I was stricken in bed from the terrific change of weather. It was just at meal-time when the other members of the family were out at the mess hall and I was home alone. All of a sudden the wind blew, a dreadful wind that blew all the loose sand right into our apartments. It felt as if the barracks were coming down. I got up to close the windows, but it was no use for the sand blew right into our apartments from the cracks. I couldn't keep the door closed because the latch was not put on as yet.

When the wind died down about ten minutes later, the room was filled with dust about an inch thick. My hair felt as though I had rolled it in dust. Everything was covered with sand.

During those several minutes of turmoil, my mind went back to the weather of California. The wonderful cool Breeze; the sun shining through the clouds, to give us just enough warmth; no dirty sand ever blowing around. Oh! how I longed to be back in our home in California. Way down deep in my heart, I was crying for our home life and the things we had enjoyed most. Just how I felt during those minutes is hard to explain in words. It was too horrible.

We "evacuees" are not the only ones leading a new life with a completely different type of weather, but we do hope that the war will be over soon so that we may all go back to our normal life and that "Peace on Earth" will once more be back.

Chiyeiko Hibino  
12th Grade  
Mrs. Burrell



## Nightfall

Over the majestic mountain high  
Slip the golden rays of days;  
The elders rest with a sigh,  
And little children meerily play.

Darker and darker the wide skies grow,  
The silvery stars all aglow.

All the houses soon grow dark  
Silence rules through the night.  
Now and then a falling star  
Leaves a path all sparkling bright.

Through the desert coyotes cry  
As the moon floats gently by.

John Oda  
12th Grade  
Mrs. de silva



## INSOMNIA

When I'm in bed at night,  
When mother puts out the light,  
And all is dark and still,  
I try to sleep with all my will,  
  
But alas! All will is vain;  
For memories stir within my brain.  
Sad memories of long ago,  
Of my little doggie I loved so.  
  
He's a small, cute thing,  
Black and white, such a darling!  
He's small with that curly tail  
He carried in the air.  
  
T'was on that sad, sad day  
On a certain Wednesday,  
That I bade my Puppy goodby  
E'ven now I heave a sigh.

Ruth Ogawa  
Ninth Grade  
Miss Coats



## FIRST SAND STORM

On July 16, when we first arrived in this blazing desert of Arizona, we thought we would never live to tell the tale of it. A few days later the wind started to blow and the wonderful Poston powder started to shift. Then all of a sudden a shout went up, "Dust storm! Dust storm!." I, following the suit of everyone else, dashed into the house, slammed shut the door, banged the window into lace and settled down to watch one of nature's phenomena.

Soon the air became stuffy so we wet towels and put it over our nose and mouth so we could breathe a little clean air. Looking out the window we tried in vain to see the barracks next to ours.

After the storm was over we all dashed out of the apartment to see what effect it had on the outside. Everything was the same as usual except a little dustier. Later we learned that the storm lasted 30 minutes.

My definition of a dust storm is--a high wind taking with it the upper layer of the earth's surface and coming back laying it down again.



MEMORIES OF HAWAII  
(With apologies to Robert Browning)

Oh, to be in Hawaii  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in Hawaii  
Sees, some morning, unaware  
Dark, black clouds rushing  
I know not where,  
Soon big rain drops start splashing  
On the ever-green Isles there  
In Hawaii.  
And after April, when May follows,  
Dancing maidens with flower leis,  
Greet their laughing, dancing fellows  
For May Days are lei days  
In Hawaii.  
When moonlight and shadows fall  
Upon the white shining sand  
No spot could be more romantic,  
Compared to this barren, dusty desert land  
In Poston.

Alice Yamaoka  
12th Grade  
Mrs. Burrel



Where's the Place?

Land of mesquite and sand,  
Where the sun beats cruelly down  
Upon the weather beaten land  
Who came from places not renown.  
Where's the place?  
Poston.

Where the dust storms rage,  
And the coyotes howl  
Round the darkened sage,  
And where sits the wise old owl.  
Where's the Place?  
Poston.

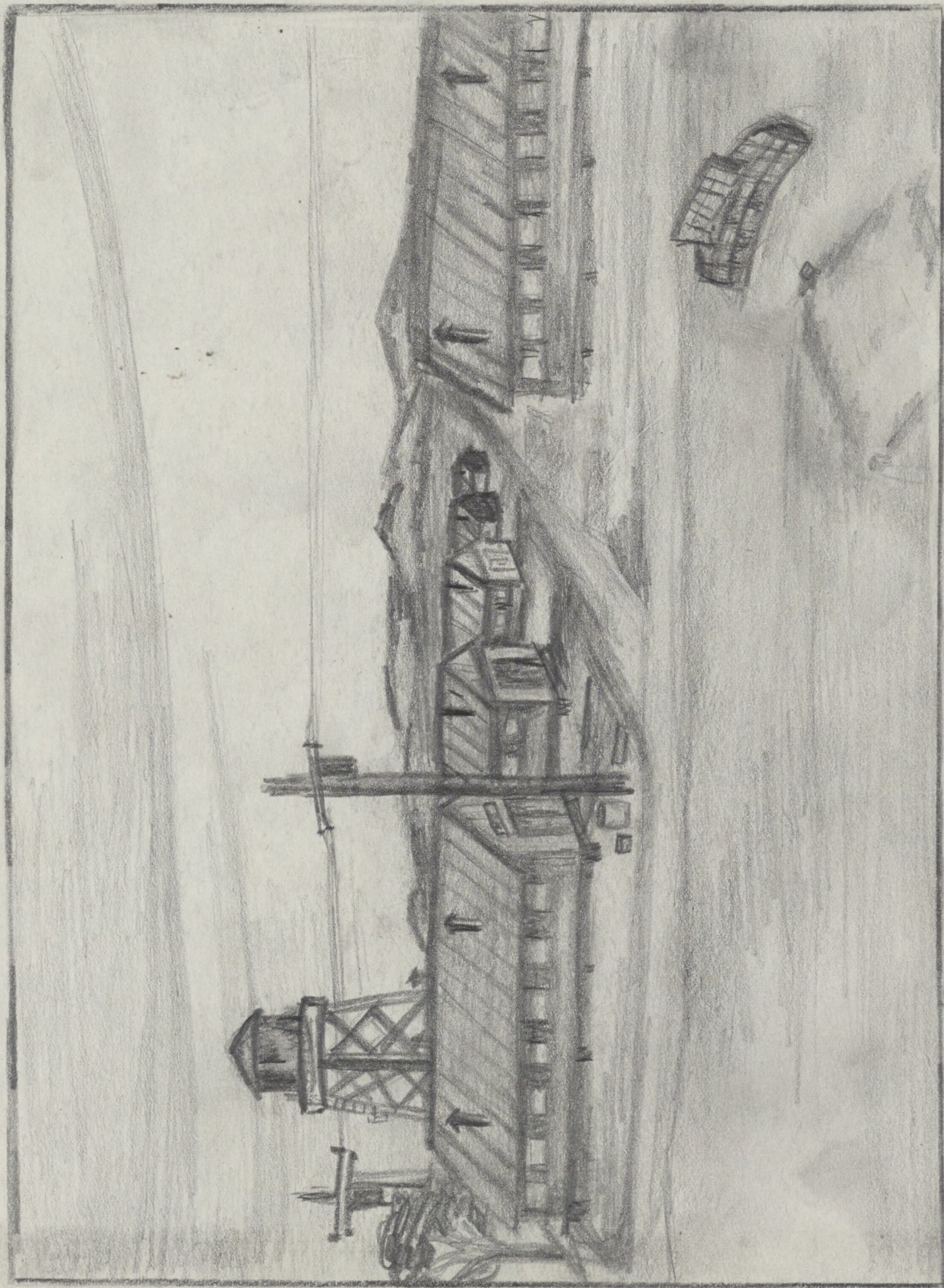
Where life is life and love is love  
Where the cool night breeze  
From the great sky above  
Strengthens us and seems to say,  
This is the place.  
Poston!

Alice Watanabe  
12th Grade  
Mrs. Burrell



THE POSTON VIEW





*Nancy Yoneda*



## OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS IN POSTON

December 25, 1942, was a day that will be long remembered by the residents of Poston and all the other relocation centers. I think it was more sad than merry, as it should have been. I had always celebrated before at home, in a place really called home. I had enjoyed presents from those whom I knew and loved, and had no idea how fast the world could change in a few years.

But here, Christmas was like any other day. We didn't have the usual Christmas tree in our living room. We didn't see our friends with whom we usually spent Christmas. Instead, we woke up to find our usual dusty bare, barebacks. I sat up thinking, "This is Christmas morning. I wonder what my friends up in Tule Lake are doing? I wonder how Uncle George down in Arkansas will spend the day?" I got up, dressed, and went for breakfast, eating with the rest of the block. I kept repeating to myself, "Is this Christmas?"

That night we had a party in our respective mess halls. We received gifts from friends whom we had never met. It was so kind of them to send gifts to total strangers. That night I went to bed, having experienced a completely different kind of Christmas.

Mary Taketaya  
Freshman  
Miss Coats



## OUR LIVES

How often we dream of the days back home  
Of the friends and fun we knew.  
For since that time we moved from there  
Have changed our life and view.  
The first days in Poston with sunken hearts,  
We worked to make our abodes,  
The heart to meet and conquer hardship  
Has lessened many woes;  
Our lives now smooth and hardships scorned  
As obstacles toward happiness are scaled.  
We dream and reminiscence of the days of old  
And the Day of our return.

Geo. Kanamori  
11th Grade Core  
Mrs. Courage



SETTING UP A BASKETBALL COURT



Feb 11

