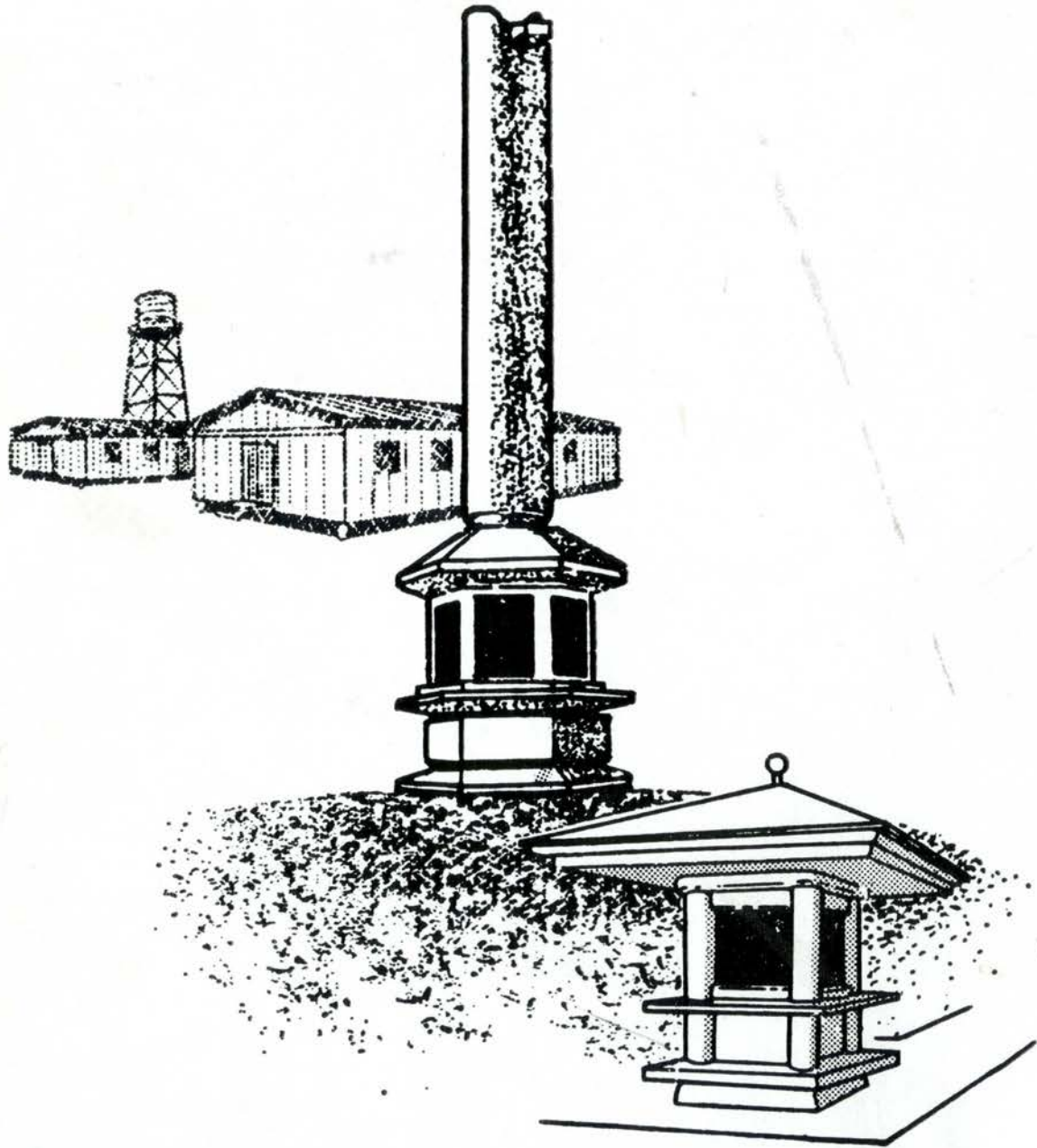


# POSTON I

1942-1997 55 Year  
Camp Reunion



**POSTON I REUNION IV**

**“OMOIDE NO TABI - MEMORIES OF A JOURNEY”**

*to*

**THE COLORADO RIVER RELOCATION CENTER**

**55 YEARS AGO**

October 24 - 26, 1997

**TORRANCE MARRIOTT HOTEL**  
3635 Fashion Way  
Torrance, California 90503-4897

October 26 - 28, 1997

**GOLD RIVER RESORT and CASINO**  
Laughlin, Nevada

**POSTON MEMORIAL MONUMENT SITE**  
Poston, Arizona

## == LETTER FROM THE COMMITTEE ==

### *Thank You*

On behalf of the Poston I Reunion Committee I would like to thank each and every person who attended the 4<sup>th</sup> Poston Camp I Reunion. Thank you also to the many who were unable to attend the reunion but participated by purchasing raffle tickets, ordering the Souvenir Memory Booklets and others who sent in their photos to be included in the booklet.

1942 was a very devastating year for 120,000 plus persons. The turmoil of the *unknown* - When?, Where?, Who?, Why? The mass evacuation of all persons of Japanese Ancestry on the Western Coast of the United States, some from Arizona and Hawaii and others uprooted from counties in South America.

All of us were put into camps. Called by several names "assembly centers", "concentration camps", "relocation centers", "segregation camps", etc. No matter what the name of the camps .....they all had barbed wired fencing around the total parameter and soldiers in guard-towers with rifles. Yes, many terrible situations happened and some people have not yet overcome this tragedy in our lives.

**BUT** - There was also "good" that came out of being evacuated. The best was the making of new friends and lasting friendships. The reunions that Poston I has had in the last 5 years has proven this fact. The purpose of reunions is so that people may renew friendships and see classmates. Our reunions have also instigated family, block and regional reunions.

I would like to thank **all of the hard working committee** for all of their time and efforts this past year in preparing and planning for this reunion. Their efforts were the results of this much enjoyed reunion. It was **A GREAT BIG SUCCESS!**

The other committee members are listed with the committee photo. The event committees were:

#### MIXER:

Chairperson.....	Mary Kawabata
Master of Ceremony.....	Susumu Mori
Line Dance Instructors.....	Florence Niwa & Marion Yoshiyama

#### LUNCHEON:

Co-chairpersons.....	Nancy Nakamura, Liz Tsuchiyama & Aya Yawata
Master of Ceremony.....	Kei Kokubun

BANQUET DINNER:

Co-chairpersons.....	Mary Higashi, Fusae Nishina & Aki Yagi
Master of Ceremony.....	William Manaka
Sharing Experiences.....	Akira Loveridge-Sanbonmatu, Atsushi Miyamoto & Robert M. Wada

BRUNCH:

Co-chairpersons.....	Shiz Fujimoto & "Setchy" Okada
Master of Ceremony.....	Tosh Tsuchiyama
Raffle Chairman.....	"Bones" K. Fujimoto
Speaker.....	Alexander G. Leighton, Ph.D.

A special thanks to **George Nakano** of the Torrance City Council for the presentation certificate in honor of the late **Paul Chikahisa**. To **Akira Loveridge-Sanbonmatsu, Ph.D.**, **Atsushi "Archie" Miyamoto** and **Robert M. Wada** for sharing their camp experiences with us. **Dr. Alexander G. Leighton** for speaking to us during the brunch regarding his experiences while on a project for the United States.

**Hats Off to Dan Worthington** of Worthington Reunion Photos for making this souvenir memory book possible and **Gary Miyatake** for taking the classes and table photos. Thank you to the many persons for the loan of your photos.

If there are any omissions from the list of persons who should have been acknowledged, please accept my humble apologies and my grateful thanks.

I will try to maintain the Position I mailing list as current as possible. I am asking for your assistance. If you would let me know by phone or mail the names, addresses and block number of any persons not on our list, any change of addresses and the name of persons who have expired.

Gratefully,

Nancy M. Matsuda, Co-Chairperson  
Poston I Reunion Committee

1323 Masser Place  
Montebello, CA 90649-3311

Phone: 323-888-9922  
Fax: 323-725-0869

# POSTON I REUNION 1997 COMMITTEE



Front Row: L to R

HARU (ITO) WATANABE  
 SETCHY (KUWAHARA) OKADA  
 SHIZ (TANAKA) FUJIMOTO  
 NANCY (MATSUMOTO) MATSUD  
 MARY (KINOSHITA) HIGASHI  
 FUSAE (KIKUMOTO) NISHINA  
 SETS (KOBATA) SHINTO

Middle Row: L to R

SHIGEKO (KIKUMOTO) HIRAI  
 NANCY (SAKAMOTO) NAKAMURA  
 MIYE (KARIYA) IOKI  
 KAZ (KAWANUMA) NAGASAKI  
 TAK MURASE  
 SUS MORI  
 MARY (INOUE) KAWABATA  
 RICHARD SHINTO  
 AKI (NISHIMOTO) YAGI  
 LIZ (KUWAHARA) TSUCHIYAMA  
 TODD NISHINA  
 TOSH TSUCHIYAMA

Back Row: L to R

AYA (YOSHIDA) YAWATA  
 ELAINE (MOMITA) MORINAGA  
 HELEN (CHIKAHISA) SAKAKI  
 SUMAKO (INOUE) NISHINAKA  
 TOK YAMADA  
 'BONES' KIYOSHI FUJIMOTO  
 DONALD SAKAKI  
 SUS IOKI  
 BILL MANAKA  
 ED AKAMATSU  
 KENJI MATSUDA

Missing from phot

ARNOLD FUJITA  
 GARY T. MIYATAKE  
 TAKAKO NISHIZAWA  
 AKIKO SAKUMA



## **DEDICATED TO PAUL CHIKAHISA**

**December 6, 1929 - August 25, 1996**

This reunion was dedicated to **PAUL CHIKAHISA**. It was Paul's wish that we have another reunion. He said that he had promised many persons after the first reunion in 1992 that we would have another one, in at least five years. Although we had several events in Laughlin & Poston, to many it was not the same as the "big" one in 1992..

Paul was the one person who quietly worked the hardest for all of the reunions. Everyone else worked as needed, but Paul worked for the committee all year long, inputting data into his computer and taking care of all of the printing. One cannot imagine how many hours Paul must have spent on the "Poston Files". .

Paul took over the chairmanship of the Poston I Reunion Committee when the original committee decided to disband after the 1992 reunion. He said he was willing to take on the job so that he could fulfill the promises he had made.

Paul . . . we did the best we could to fulfill your ideas and wishes.

WELCOME







MIXER



LUNCHEON



BANQUET















BRUNCH





**Poston: Bitter and Sweet Memories**

By

**Akira Loveridge-Sanbonmatsu,  
Associate Professor, *Emeritus*  
State University of New York, College at Brockport**

( The following is a copy of the speech as originally written)

The trauma of Poston, the impact of that tragedy still remains with me.

I'm deeply grateful for this high honor to speak to you; thankful to the reunion committee for doing the arduous and difficult task of organizing these Poston reunions. I too, wish to celebrate the life and work of Paul Chikahisa.

At the Library of Congress, I came across Paul Chikahisa's testimony to the WRIC given on Aug. 6, 1981. He said, "By May, 1942 when all of the Japanese were evacuated from our small town...my experiences and feelings of being an American of Japanese ancestry were shaken apart. In camp, I found dust, confusion, and a great feeling of not wanting to be there...(and) in this strange setting we were classified, tagged and identified as the enemy." His attitude towards school, church, activities changed to a sense of boredom and drifting. "When the war ended, and we were told to leave camp," he explained, "I felt unprepared and unable to put myself into going. It seemed to be a combination of the shock of the war ending, and the fear of going out into or back to the real world. It took me quite some time to come out of my immobilized state, and I know that I was quite a burden on my family during that period of time."

Paul's words indicate tremendous insight and awareness of our predicament at a very young age and help me reflect on the experiences we faced during the war and its aftermath.

I, too was in a movie theatre in Imperial Valley, when I read the announcement at the bottom of the screen about Pearl Harbor. I broke into tears while my childhood friends comforted me. Shortly after, there were many disruptive events affecting the Imperial Valley Japanese community of 3,500. Curfews, harassment, FBI searches

and seizures, occurred. Fathers were arrested. There were some 87 isseis imprisoned for being leaders in the Japanese community during February 1942. And then came the internment.

On a cloudless day on May 21, 1942 we climbed aboard the Greyhound bus near El Centro's Japanese Buddhist and Christian Churches. As the day wore on on it became a blistering hot day. *The Imperial Valley Press*, May 23, reported that the "first innocent victim of the evacuation of Imperial Valley Japanese..." was Kinni Kubota. "At about 12:30 p.m. yesterday (May 22) Kinni died of a sun stroke." The last words Kinni had spoken to El Centro mayor Hatton as she waved farewell, were "I'm afraid."

Camp started out to be busy and exciting. I pulled out of my depression as we kept active. Terry Ishimaru told me that they were hiring just about anyone, since nobody wanted the jobs. So I put on some charcoal for a mustache and told the women at the personnel office that I was 16. They snickered and accepted my application, putting me on Yoshio Shigemura and Roy Ohta's survey crew. As you know, the salary scale was \$12, \$14, and \$16 a month then, whereas the *hakujin* pay was \$140 a month. However, my monthly allowance had been 50 cents so when I received my first check of \$14 that summer, a 2000% increase, I was ecstatic.

I remember Kay Kokubun and Paul Chikahisa from the summer Bible Schools. I mentioned to Kay today that I found something in the Cornell archives on Poston, that reminded me of the ecumenical nature of the ministry, the unity between the Buddhist and Christian church. I found this Buddhist hymn on a mimeographed sheet of paper:

Buddha loves me, yes I know

For the Dharma tells me so.

Reading this gave me a feeling of comfort.

Remember the dust storms? The government had leveled the crust off the soil, so all you had was silt, powdered dirt. When a dust storm hit this sand and clay soil, dust clouded up like a snow white out and when you opened your mouth to talk you had a mouthful of gritty sand. My mom would have a pan of water and wet towels to

put over our mouths so we could breathe. I remember one storm. We heard the sounds of the tar paper flapping, the nails squeaking loose on our roof and a louder sound of cracking boards came from the next barrack so we looked out the window. The Nishikawa's roof started to flap and with the next powerful wind, the timber cracked and broke as the roof flew off landing 50 feet away. The winds subsided, the rain started, , finally stopping. Since the government would replace the roof with fresh lumber, Block 39 neighbor's such as Oscar and Harry Kodama went out of doors and started utilizing the pine lumber, hammering and sawing. Only the tar paper and some cracked 2 X 4's were left.

One of the benefits of these reunions, are the stories that are shared. At the *Omoide dedication* in Poston, Richard Omori told Ben Sanematsu, "You gave me a C but I deserved it. And I said, " Ben, you also gave me a C, but since the other's gave me D's, I knew I deserved a D, so thanks for the C. But, my mother straightened me out and I improved my grades.

To me, some of the best parts of camp included the block and class dances, hearing Tats Nagase sing, the sports activities, going to movies, and sitting by bonfires with friends.

And then there were the Poston romances, feeling the things that teens go through. For fellows, we were like the leprechaun in Finian's Rainbow, who said, "When I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl that's near." Our romantic lives proved to be rich in imagination, if not in fact. But I've always wondered about those handsome Saints and Cougars, and all others who had the courage to go outside of their block for dates. That's courage, even if you get a date. But, can you imagine walking from block 60 to block 2, asking a girl for a date, getting rejected and then walking all the way back? Those of us in block 39, were farmers, we stayed home.

But there were many romantic endings. Yoshiya met Mary Mitamura - the Mitamura sisters were very popular. Yosh and Mary dated, went steady, Yosh went into the army, they lost touch with each other and several years after the

war, they met again and married.

So, life went on. My sister Ruri Tsuchiya Ishimaru never lost hope in camp, and said, that "after we plant trees, the birds will come." She gave birth to Mikio, a brighter spot in our days at Poston. Later, she and Tsukumo would leave camp for the east. Tsukumo, an intellectual who worked for the voice of America, taught Einstein how to play go. (Ruri passed away in July and Tsukumo in November)

Although I coped, my mother didn't seem to do as well. Her thyroid problem reoccurred and she became bedridden. But as the war started to wind down, she regained some strength. Perhaps, it was the opportunity to return to the valley to begin farming again. However, Imperial Valley, one of the richest agricultural areas of the country, was faced with a problem. Were they going to let the Japanese return? On Dec. 7, 1944, the shippers and growers organized a mass rally to stop the Japanese from returning. Thirty-five hundred people out of a total county population of 55,000 attended. They formed committees, petitioned, lobbied Washington and Congress, sent a delegation to Poston and succeeded in getting Imperial Valley declared off limits. We should not go back to Imperial Valley. My mother, who owned the Holtville Packing Company, felt compelled to fulfill her dream of re-establishing the business to its former viability. Yoshiya and Mitsuo brought my mother back from Poston and started farming. What we faced there were bullets flying overhead every week, one bullet hit the kitchen window. Then the packing shed burned down. Shortly after that my mother passed away, but Mits and Yoshiya kept my mother's dream alive. They both farmed. Later, Yosh and Mary established Sanbon, Inc. and after years of struggle their growing and shipping flourished. They with their son Bruce, kept the vision alive.

In closing, I'd like to ask, so what about our Poston memories, stories and experiences? Victor Frankel, an existentialist Psychiatrist who survived the Nazi holocaust, wrote, that those who survived the concentration camps had a meaning in life. He survived by

determining to write the book, In Search of Meaning. And that's what the Poston Reunion committee has done, what Paul Chikahisa and you have done, you've given our experiences in the camp a meaning, a determination that what we went through will never happen again to anyone else in this country.

## MEMORIES OF A TRIP - THE GRIPSHOLM STORY

I WOULD LIKE TO SHED LIGHT ON A LITTLE KNOWN EPISODE IN JAPANESE AMERICAN HISTORY THAT HAPPENED 54 YEARS AGO, AND SHARE MEMORIES OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD I TOOK FROM POSTON THAT LASTED FIVE YEARS.

SHORTLY AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR, THE U.S. AND JAPAN ENTERED INTO NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE RETURN OF THEIR DIPLOMATIC PERSONNEL AND OTHER NATIONALS. EACH SIDE CAME UP WITH A LIST OF PEOPLE THEY WANTED BACK. THE U.S. USED THE GRIPSHOLM, AND THE JAPANESE PROVIDED THEIR OWN SHIPS. THE GRIPSHOLM WAS A SWEDISH PASSENGER LINER. THERE WERE TWO EXCHANGES AND THE GRIPSHOLM WAS USED BOTH TIMES.

THE FIRST EXCHANGE TOOK PLACE IN 1942, IN AFRICA. THE GRIPSHOLM DEPARTED NEW YORK ON JUNE 19, 1942, WITH 1,083 JAPANESE EXCHANGE PASSENGERS. THE EXCHANGE TOOK PLACE AT LAURENCO MARQUES, MOZAMBIQUE.

AT LAURENCO MARQUES, THE GRIPSHOLM TOOK ON THE AMERICANS AND RETURNED TO NEW YORK. TO JAPANESE SHIPS WERE INVOLVED, THE ASAMA MARU AND THE TEIA MARU.

THE SECOND EXCHANGE TOOK PLACE IN 1943 AT GOA, INDIA. I WAS ON THIS ONE. THE GRIPSHOLM DEPARTED NEW YORK ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1943, WITH 1,340 EXCHANGE PASSENGERS. THE PASSENGER LIST DID NOT DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN JAPANESE NATIONALS AND ISSEI FAMILIES.

OVER HALF OF THE PASSENGERS WERE FROM PERU AND OTHER SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES: THE MAJORITY OF THE LATIN CONTINGENT WAS FROM PERU. OTHER LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRIES INVOLVED WERE PANAMA, COSTA RICA, ECUADOR, NIAURAGUA, EL SALVADOR, HONDURAS, CUBA, AND MEXICO. ABOUT 150 WERE CHILDREN.

FROM CANADA, THERE WERE: 61, AND FROM HAWAII: 150 WHICH INCLUDED 51 CHILDREN. THERE WERE 391 FROM THE UNITED STATES. 126 OF THAT NUMBER WERE MINORS, HALF OF THEM UNDER 10 YEARS OLD.

THE GRIPSHOLM SAILED FROM NEW YORK TO RIO DE JANEIRO, THEN TO MONTIVIDEO, URUGUAY. FROM THERE IT CROSSED THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TO PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA, THEN ON TO GOA, INDIA.

THERE THE EXCHANGE WITH JAPAN TOOK PLACE, AND THE GRIPSHOLM RETURNED TO NEW YORK. THE GRIPSHOLM DID NOT GO TO JAPAN!

AT GOA, THOSE GOING TO JAPAN WERE BOARDED ON THE TEIA MARU. THE TEIA MARU PROCEEDED FROM GOA TO SINGAPORE, WHICH WAS UNDER JAPANESE OCCUPATION. THERE, SOME 150 PASSENGERS DISEMBARKED. FROM SINGAPORE, THE TEIA MARU PROCEEDED TO MANILA, AND FROM THERE TO YOKOHAMA, ARRIVING IN MID-NOVEMBER.

THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO YOKOHAMA HAD TAKEN SOME 70 DAYS. THAT IS IT, BUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO CLARIY:



THERE WERE ONLY THE TWO GRIPSHOM EXCHANGES DURING THE WAR. THERE WERE NO OTHERS. THE GRIPSHOLM EXCHANGES DID NOT INVOLVE THOSE SEGREGATED AT TULE LAKE.

THE LIST OF THOSE TO BE EXCHANGED WAS PREPARED BY JAPAN. IT WAS NOT OPEN TO VOLUNTEERS. THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT DECIDED WHO THEY WANTED BACK.

AS FOR THE MINORS, THEY REALLY DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE. THEY WENT WHERE THEIR PARENTS WENT. HOWEVER, NO NISEI, MINOR OR ADULT, WAS REQUIRED TO GIVE UP THEIR U.S. CITIZENSHIP. THE ISSUE WAS NEVER RAISED. AFTER THE WAR, THE GRIPSHOLM NISEI, UNLIKE THOSE FROM TULE LAKE WHO HAD RENOUNCED U.S. CITIZENSHIP, HAD NO PROBLEM IN GETTING PASSPORTS TO RETURN TO THE U.S.

THERE WERE 23 TEENAGE NISEI BOYS FROM THE U.S. ON THE GRIPSHOLM. TWO DID NOT SURVIVE THE WAR, AND 11 ARE KNOWN TO HAVE SERVED IN THE U.S. MILITARY DURING THE OCCUPATION OF JAPAN AND THE KOREAN WAR. THAT HAPPENED TO ME AND MY TWO OLDER BROTHERS. WE WERE TEENAGERS ON THE GRIPSHOLM. WE RETURNED TO THE STATES AFTER THE WAR, AND ALL THREE OF US WERE ATTENDING COLLEGE WHEN THE KOREAN WAR BROKE OUT. ALL THREE OF US ENDED UP IN THE U.S. ARMY.

NOT EVERYONE ON THE GRIPSHOLM MADE IT TO JAPAN. SOME OF THOSE WHO GOT OFF AT SINGAPORE DID NOT SURVIVE THE WAR. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THIS SUBJECT HAS BEEN BROUGHT UP. I WILL MENTION THOSE I KNOW OF, AND THERE ARE PROBABLY MORE I DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

CALVIN ISHII (15), THE AGE IS THAT GIVEN AT THE TIME THE PASSENGER LIST WAS PREPARED. IT MAY BE A YEAR OFF.

JOSUKE IKEDA (20)

ISAO MATSUURA (17)

TOM AKIRA YAMADA (29)

NATSUKO KONOMI (24) AND HER PARENTS

AND HAROLD ASAMI KONOMI (7) AND HIS FATHER, SHOICHI KONOMI. THEY WERE FROM HAWAII. IN APRIL, 1945, THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY FROM SINGAPORE TO JAPAN ON THE RED CROSS SHIP, "AWA MARU," WHEN IT WAS SUNK BY MISTAKE BY A U.S. SUBMARINE OFF TAIWAN.

IT WAS ONE OF THE BIGGEST MARITIME DISASTERS IN HISTORY, SURPASSING EVEN THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC. THE AWA MARU WENT DOWN WITH 2,044 PEOPLE. THERE WAS ONLY 1 SURVIVOR. THE AWA MARU HAD TAKEN RED CROSS SUPPLIES TO SE ASIA FOR ALLIED POW'S AND WAS ON ITS WAY BACK TO JAPAN. IT HAD BEEN GUARANTEED SAFE PASSAGE BY THE UNITED STATES. THERE MAY HAVE BEEN OTHERS FROM THE GRIPSHOLM ON THE AWA MARU.

ASAMI'S MOTHER AND TWO SISTERS WERE ON ANOTHER SHIP AND MADE IT TO JAPAN. ONE OF THE GIRLS, ALICE, IS THE MOTHER OF THE RAFU COLUMNIST, BRIAN NIIYA.

WHAT HAPPENED IN WARTIME JAPAN TO THE NISEI WHO WERE ON THE GRIPSHOLM ARE UNIQUE IN EACH CASE. SUFFICE IT TO SAY MOST OF THEM HAD A ROUGH TIME.

I THINK MY BROTHER PUT IT BEST WHEN HE SAID,

"I WOULD NOT GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN FOR ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY, BUT IT WAS AN EDUCATION THAT MONEY COULD NOT BUY!"

WHILE I AGREE WITH THAT, I WOULD LIKE TO SAY I NEVER HARBORED ANY BITTERNESS AGAINST ANYONE, NOT AGAINST THE U.S. AND NOT AGAINST JAPAN, AND I NEVER BLAMED MY PARENTS FOR WHAT HAPPENED, EVEN DURING THE FIRST YEAR, WHEN IT WAS ROUGH, REALLY ROUGH!

THERE WAS THE COLD, THE LACK OF FOOD, THE STRANGE SCHOOL, AND THE HUMILIATION, AND I SUFFERED FROM TERRIBLE STOMACH CRAMPS FROM THE DIFFERENT DIET. TO THIS DAY, I CANNOT BEAR THE SIGHT OF KABOCHA OR SWEET POTATO, WHICH WAS ABOUT ALL THERE WAS TO EAT!

THE FIRST YEAR IN JAPAN WAS THE WORST IN THAT SENSE, BUT I SOON ADJUSTED. THEN THE WAR TURNED DEADLY, WITH ALMOST DAILY AIR RAIDS. BY THE TIME THE BOMBINGS GOT SERIOUS, I WAS ATTENDING MIDDLE SCHOOL AND COMMUTING TO THE CITY, OVER AN HOUR BY TRAIN, AND SOMETIMES DURING AN AIR RAID, THEY WOULD STOP THE TRAIN AND WE PASSENGERS HAD TO TAKE TO THE HILLS. SOMETIMES, THE TRACKS WERE DAMAGED IN ATTACKS, AND I WOULD WALK HOME, CASUALLY WALKING AROUND UNEXPLODED ROCKETS OR CRATERS FROM THE ATTACK. IT IS AMAZING HOW WELL WE ADJUST! AND THROUGH IT ALL, SCHOOL CONTINUED.

THE FORMAL EDUCATION I GOT IN JAPAN WAS PRICELESS, AND I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT JUST LEARNING THE LANGUAGE. I WAS 14 YEARS OLD WHEN I WENT TO JAPAN. I ENTERED THE SCHOOL SYSTEM AS A JAPANESE, NOT AS A SPECIAL STUDENT.

I HAD GONE TO KYUSHU WITH MY PARENTS. EXCEPT FOR MY MOTHER AND A YOUNGER SISTER, I WAS PRETTY MUCH ALONE! I SPENT A YEAR IN PRIMARY SCHOOL TO PREPARE FOR MIDDLE SCHOOL EXAMS. I DID EVERYTHING THE JAPANESE KIDS DID, INCLUDING RUNNING MARATHONS BAREFOOTED, AND SITTING "SEIZA" ON HARDWOOD AUDITORIUM FLOORS UNTIL ONCE YOU GOT PAST THE PAIN, THE LEGS WENT NUMB. IT IS JUST LIKE THE HARDWOOD OF THIS DANCE FLOOR. AFTER THE PAIN, THE LEGS GO NUMB, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!

NO SPECIAL ALLOWANCE WAS MADE OF THE FACT THAT I WAS A NISEI FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. WE HAD ARRIVED IN MID-NOVEMBER; BY EARLY DECEMBER I WAS LOOKING AT SNOW FALLING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. BUT JUST LIKE THE REST OF THE JAPANESE KIDS, IT WAS UNHEATED CLASSROOMS, NO SOCKS, NO GLOVES, NO HANDS IN POCKET, AND NO SHOES, ONLY STRAW SANDALS OR WOODEN GETAS WITHOUT SOCKS. EVEN IN THE DEAD OF WINTER!

I GOT TERRIBLE FROST BITES, WITH OPEN SORES AND PUS RUNNING FROM MY SWOLLEN AND DISCOLORED TOES AND HANDS, EVEN FROM THE TIPS OF MY EARS. WHAT COLOR? THE COLOR IS PURPLE! ON MY WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL, I WOULD STOP BY THE HOSPITAL. THE DOCTOR OR ONE OF THE NURSES WOULD CALLOUSLY RIP THE BANDAGES OFF MY TOES, TAKING SKIN AND ALL, EXPOSING RAW FLESH, BRUSH ON MERCUROCHROME, AND SLAP ON ANOTHER BANDAGE. NOTHING KAWAII ABOUT THESE NURSES. I SOON QUIT GOING.

YEARS LATER, WHEN MY ELDERS ADVISED ME NEVER TO MARRY A NURSE OR SCHOOL TEACHER, I WOULD RECALL THOSE NURSES, AND THINK, HOW TRUE! LUCKILY, AFTER THE FIRST YEAR, I DIDN'T GET ANY MORE FROST BITES.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE WAS HARD, BUT AFTER ABOUT A HALF A YEAR OF TOTAL IMMERSION, ONE DAY IT CAME TO ME! LIKE A BOLT OUT THE BLUE! I HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THE CLASS! I KNEW EVERY KANJI THEY KNEW! PRETTY SOON, I WAS MADE THE CLASS LEADER AND TEACHING THE OTHER KIDS MATH WHEN THE TEACHER WAS TIED UP ELSEWHERE. I LIKE TO THINK THAT MY CLASSMATES' RIDICULE HAD TURNED TO ONE OF AWE AND RESPECT BY THE TIME THE YEAR WAS UP, BUT YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER, THIS IS ME TALKING!

AT THE END OF THE YEAR, I FORMALLY GRADUATED FROM PRIMARY SCHOOL, NOT AS A SPECIAL STUDENT, BUT AS A REGULAR STUDENT! THE HARDEST PART HAD NOT BEEN THE COLD, THE LANGUAGE, OR THE FROST BITES - THE HARDEST PART WAS THE HUMILIATION AND PUTTING UP WITH THE FACT THAT I WAS A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN THE OTHER KIDS AND STOOD OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB! I WAS ALONE AND "ON PARADE" FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR! IT WAS LIKE BEING A GEEK IN A CAGE!

I ENROLLED AT A MIDDLE SCHOOL WHICH HAD APPROVED MY TAKING A TRANSFER EXAM AS A SECOND YEAR STUDENT. THE SCHOOL WAS IN THE CITY WHICH WAS ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF BY TRAIN, AND THEN IT WAS ANOTHER 40 MINUTES OF WALKING FROM THE TRAIN STATION TO GET TO THE SCHOOL. IT WAS SO FAR THAT NONE OF THE KIDS FROM MY VILLAGE WENT TO THAT SCHOOL, SO MY SECRET THAT I WAS A NISEI WAS SAFE. ONLY THE DEEN OF STUDENTS KNEW WHO I WAS, SINCE HE HAD BEEN BRIBED, AND BECAUSE I HAD SKIPPED A GRADE, I WAS NO LONGER THE BIGGEST BOY IN CLASS! SO I DIDN'T STAND OUT!

WITH THE WALKING AND TRAIN, IT WAS OVER FOUR HOURS COMMUTE EACH DAY, BUT I WAS HAPPY BECAUSE I WAS NO LONGER A FREAK! I WAS ANONYMOUS, JUST ANOTHER JAPANESE STUDENT! I WAS NO LONGER ON PARADE! BUT THAT DIDN'T MEAN BETTER TREATMENT - IT JUST MEANT EQUAL OPPORTUNITY TO GET BEAT AND SLAPPED AROUND LIKE THE OTHER KIDS!

MIDDLE SCHOOL WAS A COMBINATION OF OUR JUNIOR HIGH AND HIGH SCHOOL. MIDDLE SCHOOL WAS FIVE YEARS, BUT YOU COULD TAKE EXAMS FOR UNIVERSITY LOWER DIVISIONS FROM THE FOURTH YEAR. THE WAR ENDED WHEN I WAS IN MIDDLE SCHOOL. IN MY FOURTH YEAR, I PASSED THE EXAM AND ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM. JAPANESE KIDS HAVE TO CRAM FOR EVERY LEVEL OF SCHOOLING. THE EXTENT OF STUDY IS UNBELIEVABLE AND THE ODDS ARE INCREDIBLE.

I RECALL MY EXAMINATION NUMBER WAS 8,420, AND THEY WERE TAKING 440, IN EACH OF TWO DIVISIONS. AS SOON AS I REGISTERED IN THE UNIVERSITY, I APPLIED FOR MY U.S. PASSPORT AND SIX MONTHS LATER RETURNED TO THE STATES AND ENTERED COLLEGE OVER HERE. MY TRIP FROM POSTON TO LOS ANGELES HAD TAKEN FIVE YEARS.

I WAS A TEENAGER WHEN I WENT TO JAPAN, AND WAS STILL A TEENAGER WHEN I RETURNED TO THE STATES.

I ENTERED COLLEGE IN THE STATES AND PICKED UP AS IF I HAD NEVER BEEN GONE. BUT, I HAD MISSED GOING TO HIGH SCHOOL IN THE STATES, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT. INSTEAD, MY TIME IN MIDDLE SCHOOL HAD CONSISTED OF MILITARY TRAINING AND INDOCTRINATION, WHERE BEING SLAPPED, CUFFED, AND BEATEN WAS COMMONPLACE, AND THERE WAS ALWAYS THE HUNGER, AND BEING CAUGHT UP IN A NIGHTMARE SITUATION OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.

WHEN THE WAR ENDED, OUR TREATMENT IMPROVED, BUT JAPAN WAS STARVING, AND THE FOOD SHORTAGE WAS STILL ON-GOING WHEN I LEFT.

IT HAD BEEN A PRICELESS EXPERIENCE, BEING ON THE SPOT TO SEE AN EMPIRE CRUMBLE, TO WATCH A COUNTRY GO DOWN IN DEFEAT, AND THEN OBSERVING A BEATEN PEOPLE PUTTING A DEVASTATED COUNTRY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN - AS ONE OF THEM! AND THROUGH IT ALL, I HAD NEVER LOST MY OBJECTIVITY, AND I COULD JUDGE! THAT WAS AN EDUCATION!

BUT CONSIDERING WHAT WE WENT THROUGH, I WOULD NOT WISH THAT EXPERIENCE ON ANYONE. BUT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, AFTER THE FIRST YEAR, IT REALLY DIDN'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE, AND I WAS ENJOYING MYSELF. SO WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, I LEFT AND FORGOT ABOUT IT. THE UNPLEASANT PARTS ANYWAY.

HOWEVER, I SPEAK ONLY FOR MYSELF. OTHERS MAY NOT AGREE WITH ME. TO THIS DAY, MY YOUNGER SISTER WILL NOT TALK ABOUT IT, AND IF ASKED, IT BRINGS TEARS TO HER EYES.

MANY OF YOU KNOW I SPENT A LIFETIME AS A CAREER MILITARY OFFICER IN THE U.S. ARMY. HAVING BEEN ON THE GRIPSHOLM DID NOT HAMPER MY CAREER, BUT KNOWING JAPANESE DID NOT GIVE ME AN EDGE EITHER. IT REALLY DIDN'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS!

NORMAL ASSIGNMENT FOR A REGULAR OFFICER IS ONE TO THREE YEARS, THEN YOU MOVE ON TO A NEW ASSIGNMENT. AS A RESULT, I ENDED UP WITH NINE DIFFERENT OVERSEAS ASSIGNMENTS IN FIVE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, AND SOMETHING LIKE FIFTEEN STATESIDE ASSIGNMENTS IN 11 DIFFERENT STATES.

I GOT TO SERVE IN JAPAN TWICE, ONCE IN THE EARLY 50'S FOR A YEAR AS A YOUNG PARATROOPER LIEUTENANT IN BEPPU, AND THEN SOME TWENTY YEARS LATER I FINALLY GOT A REGULAR THREE YEAR TOUR IN TOKYO. AFTER RETURNING TO THE STATES FROM THAT ASSIGNMENT, AN AMERICAN COMPANY ASKED ME TO RUN A PROJECT FOR THEM IN THE MIDDLE EAST. SO I SAID GOODBYE TO 29 YEARS IN THE ARMY AS AN INFANTRY OFFICER, PARATROOPER, AND ARMY AVIATOR - AND BECAME A CIVILIAN.

WHEN I FINISHED UP THE PROJECT IN THE MIDDLE EAST, I CAME HOME AND JOINED A JAPANESE COMPANY IN LOS ANGELES. RECENTLY I WAS APPOINTED CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT OF THAT COMPANY. I MENTION IT MERELY TO MAKE A POINT, TO POINT OUT THAT WHAT I WENT THROUGH AS A YOUNG TEENAGER FINALLY, AFTER 50 YEARS, FINALLY PAID OFF!

THAT MY TIME IN JAPAN HAD NOT BEEN A WASTE AFTER ALL!

BUT MAYBE, MAYBE IT HAD BEEN PAYING OFF ALL THESE YEARS, AND I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE IT!

BECAUSE, IF YOU WANT ONE WORD TO DEFINE WHAT THE TRIP ON THE GRIPSHOLM TAUGHT ME, THE WORD IS NOT "GAMAN" OR "SHINBO" OR "PERSEVERANCE" OR LEARNING "NIHONGO"

THE WORD IS "SELF-RELIANCE."

BECAUSE OF THAT TRIP ON THE GRIPSHOLM,

I LEARNED TO WALK ALONE AND TO WALK WITHOUT A CRUTCH!

I KNOW SOME OF YOU WOULD TEND TO AGREE WITH MY WIFE, AND SAY, ALL IT DID WAS MAKE ME A SELF-CENTERED, CONCEITED, ARROGANT, THICK SKINNED, EGOTISTICAL S.O.B.!

MANY THINGS I COVERED NEED FURTHER EXPLANATION. WHEN YOU SIMPLIFY THINGS, IT SOMETIMES LEADS TO MISUNDERSTANDING, BUT THE LAST TIME I TALKED ABOUT THE GRIPSHOLM, WE HAD TO CUT IT SHORT AFTER THREE HOURS BECAUSE WE HAD TO VACATE THE BUILDING. SO, WHILE ABBREVIATED, I HOPE MY SHORT PRESENTATION GAVE ENOUGH BACKGROUND INFORMATION SO THAT YOU NOW HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING OF

WHAT THE GRIPSHOLM WAS ALL ABOUT,  
AND WHAT IT WAS NOT ABOUT,  
AND WHAT IT MEANT TO ONE OF THE PASSENGERS!

THANK YOU.

ATSUSHI 'ARCHIE' MIYAMOTO

POSTON, ARIZONA, CAMP I 55TH YEAR REUNION  
TORRANCE MARRIOTT HOTEL  
OCTOBER 24-26, 1997

Before I begin, I would like to thank the Reunion Committee for giving me this opportunity to speak before this distinguished audience on my personal camp experience. It is indeed an honor and a real privilege. Everyone should have an opportunity to present their camp experience in some way. Join me by sitting back and putting on your memory caps for the next few minutes.

December 7, 1941 was a day we can never forget. To most of us here tonight, it meant being abruptly forced from our homes, separation of many families, selling our property or furniture at lower than rock bottom prices, packing personal belongings in boxes or bundles tied with rope and, like a herd of animals, go to the bus or train stations to be transported to various internment camps throughout the United States.

Pearl Harbor meant going completely blindfolded into a beginning of a new way of life. The shock of suddenly seeing so many other Japanese Americans, when you come from a small town like Redlands where there were only 4 families, was quite an experience for me.

Then to hear everyone talking about this real bad group of Japanese Americans coming to Camp I and to our Block 30 from Boyle Heights where we heard they were all yogores or pachucos who wear zoot suits and fight all the time was another frightening thought. Especially to the small town Redlands' families who were the only occupants of Block 30 at the time.

Who among you here tonight remember filling your mattress bag with hay the first day and finding a gopher snake in the bale of hay - Well, I remember it. Not quite as bad as Ike Sanbonmatsu's encounter with a rattlesnake.

What about the black tar papered barracks over pine boards with knot holes in the floors for air circulation; the strands of wire hung from the overhead beams with simple cone shape light shades, green on the outside, white on the inside, or the various essential buildings of our blocks like the men's latrine with one big room for the showers and a long metal trough for you know what men do best standing up - Obviously with no privacy. I don't know how the women's latrine was set up, but it couldn't have been any better than the men's.

Do you remember the laundry room, ironing room, recreation hall and, ah yes, the mess hall? Apple butter, tongue and all. Block 30 was lucky, our chef was Tamiko and Yoshiye Akada's father who I heard was a chef at Clifton's Cafeteria before coming to camp. He made even the tongue taste good - I remember it was prepared in a tomato sauce with chopped onions. And what about the noisy gongs that announced when each block mess hall was open for meals - Every breakfast, noon and evening. How long did it take you to distinguish your own block's unique banging sound of a metal against metal. Block 30's was a hanging steel concrete reinforcing rod. An always special welcome sound to all of us in Block 30.

Don't forget the mayor of each block - Your block manager where you got all your vital

supplies.

As for the weather, how about those dust storms that you could see coming from the east like a big cloud? And the cold winters and trying to light those crummy coal oil heaters. And how about those boxes with water dripping down excelsior sides on the outside of your barrack room with a fan blowing in the damp and humid air during the hot summers?

I can vividly remember coming home from the hospital with my mother, after visiting my father who was very ill, and getting caught in the open during one of the more violent dust storms. We ran behind the little canteen building across from the fire station and with debris and lumber flying all around and over us, we watched the upper roofs fly off many of the barracks. It was a nightmare and it appeared at first that entire barracks were being lifted up in the air.

How about those getas - Heck, I had never even seen a pair till I went to camp, let alone walk on them for three years.

Then there were the movies - Ah yes, an outdoor drive-in movie without cars, only a folding chair, blanket and small hibachi can with burning charcoal to keep warm. For the macho guys, it was no hibachi, just the issued black navy P-coat. The charcoal for the hibachis was made by burning logs of woods, then dousing it with water.

One day during school, an older man made a bag full of charcoal and leaned the bag against a barrack wall. It reignited and burned an entire barrack in Block 6. Seeing the smoke and hearing the fire trucks from the classroom, Homer Kinoshita whispered to me, "I'm going to yell, 'It's my house,' then let's leave just to get out of class." When he yelled, we ran out of the classroom and as we got close to the fire, we all became genuinely frightened, especially Homer, because it really looked like his barrack but it turned out to be the next one.

What about school? What are your memories of school? We all had our own classes and friends. How did you like your teachers? Some were good and some were not so good. I'm sure those of you who went to school in Poston all have a lot to remember and a lot of memories about school. I always felt that the best looking school girls were all in Camp I, except there was one in Camp III, my wife.

And how about all those holiday block parties? Block 30 had a stage and all kinds of props made by a superb carpenter Ed Kurushima. Remember all those ponds between barracks with animations and moving boats?

How many of you went to the mountains to the east to gather ironwood for the older Issei men who used to carve and shine them for lamps and other novelties.

Or going west to the Colorado River to go camping and swimming as the Boy Scouts did to earn our merit badges. Or go fishing just outside of camp in the tules and have something crawling up your leg. You shake your pant leg and a live scorpion falls to the ground?

For some of us younger ones, work was always available since the older guys had left for the service.

Who worked at building the high school like I did and worked up on the roof of the new auditorium? I don't know if it was true or not, but I remember being told one adult worker up there slipped and grabbed a wire and was electrocuted. This was followed by the stories of the "Hi-no-tamas" or balls of fire that were presumed to appear in camp prior to or right after a death. There were also ghost stories of Hi-no-tamas over the nearby Indian cemetery. How many of you stayed up all night to try and get a glimpse of one?

Or working in the administration buildings personnel mess hall? The workers sure ate good but I always felt we earned it. How many of you worked in the camp newspaper office publishing "The Chronicle."

Who worked at the camouflage net factory? Or should I say, who survived the burlap and asbestos dust at the factory?

What pay category were you in? Professionals such as doctors and lawyers were paid \$19.00 per month, regular jobs, such as cooks, truck drivers, swampers, firemen, were paid \$16.00 and us youngsters were paid \$14.00 a month. With your clothing allowance of \$3.00 per month, we sure weren't living "high on the hog."

And the sports - softball, basketball, football. Remember the rivalries between the Mohicans who later became the Cougar Cubs, the Apaches, the Navajos, Cherokees, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Pawnees, Comanches and the Iroquois who later became the Red Devils? And how about the older players' teams like the Golden Bears and the Bakersfield Oilers with guys like Danny Fukushima, Tok Yamada, George Tatsuno, George Nakamura, Min Nitta, George Mizuno and Kaz Sato. Idols to many of us. Remember the dirt baseball fields with broken down wood backstops or the outdoor dirt basketball courts or playing tackle football on bare ground? The ground was watered down to control the dust with the camp fire truck. The fire station was our so called gang hangout.

I remember I used to check the Fire Station Inspector's list of events and go to the scheduled dances--Stay outside and wait till the "rough guys" would bring someone outside and then begin to fight. In those days, I can safely say they were all clean punches and no one bit anyone's ears.

Speaking of dances, remember the "Music Makers?" Our camp dance band? They used to practice at the fire station. Members like Paul Matsuda, George Yoshida, Fozzie Fujisawa, Frank Oshima, Hide Kawano, Osam Takahashi and my oldest brother Jack.

And how about the block or the school dances at the auditorium? All the girls lined up on one side of the room and all the guys on the other side. Then just before the dance was over, the guys scrambled to go ask the girl they been wanting to dance with all evening. To get dances started early, I remember the "program" dancing, where you signed up ahead of time and the girls would ask the guys to sign the program for a particular dance.

Remember the sit down strike at the police station and the big stuffed dog painted yellow hanging by the neck outside the station doorway? Each block set up at the strike had tons of food and my friends and I went from block to block feasting and at the time didn't even know why we were there.

But one of my best memories of camp life was the almost daily swimming in the canal



swimming pool between Blocks 28 and 30. Our skin became very dark from the hot sun and some guys even became blondes when their hair became bleached from the hot sun. What fun diving into the pool amidst the floating moss and other debris. Once in a while an aids protector would come floating by and we didn't even have aids in those days.

And how many of you remember the parade for the volunteers of the 442nd? Our Boy Scouts and I believe the Girl Scouts marched in the parade. Our small but mighty Boy Scout Drum & Bugle band led the parade and carried the colors.

We must never forget all those volunteers from Camp I who served while their parents and families were in camp. Many never returned - Michio Teshima, Tom Nishimoto, John Ogawa, Joe Shiomichi, Paul Horiuchi, Fumitake Nagato, Daniel Tsukamoto and Eugene Inouye gave their lives for our freedom.

And who can forget Louis M. Hirata? Louie served with E Company of the 442nd and was wounded twice. He volunteered from Camp I for the 442nd even though his mother was of Mexican decent. When the Korean War started, he reenlisted and three months after the war started, he was reported as missing in action in Korea during a roadblock ambush and later reported as killed in action.

I also want to pay special tribute to a Poston classmate, Ray Ito, from Chino. Some of you may remember Ray. During the Korean War he became an Air Force pilot and, after many combat missions over Korea, was killed in an air accident just at the end of his tour of duty in Korea.

All these young men volunteered to show the loyalty of the Japanese Americans and they gave their lives doing just that. They never had the opportunity to enjoy the thrill of parenthood or ever hear the words "grandpa." They never had the opportunity to grow old with us and suffer arthritic pains, sore backs, greying hair, losing their hearing and all those good things that come with growing old. They must never be forgotten for their sacrifice.

Here's something you will have fun remembering. Which of these people did you know or what other names can you add to: Fudge, Sleepy, Deadeye, Boner, Pygmy, Beaver, Bones, Sappo, Gopher, Tweego, Tamacho, Manila, my dad's nickname given to him by Boner Nakashima, Frisco, Homer, Mustacio, Pancho, Hot Dog, Wimpy, Fatso, Chop Chop, Pluto, T-Bone, Spider, Pearhead, Cootie, Cheese, Cyclone, Zombie, Tarzan, Catfish, Shorty, Joker and I'm sure there were others.

When you think of the days of Camp I, there were those who were known as the No-No Boys...but as we think back to those days there were many many other no's.

No TV's, no VCR's, no computers, no microwaves, no frozen foods, no plastic, no (you know da kind) pills, no credit cards, no dishwashers, no McDonalds, no video games, and, as I said before, no aids. I could go on and on.

In those days and for years after the war, it was a time when couples got married first and then lived together. Time sharing meant togetherness, not condominiums, a chip meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word. "Making out" referred to how you did on your exam. It was a time when grass was mowed, coke was a cold drink and pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was a grandma's lullaby and

aids were helpers in the principal's office.

But whatever we didn't have, it seemed we could order it from Sears, Roebuck or Montgomery Wards catalogs. Like macho genuine Levis with the red tag, buckled engineer boots or the short skirts for the girls.

But life today is a reflection of progress. And with progress, we lose the most important item of all - time.

Time has taken so many of our loved ones. For most of us here tonight, time has taken our precious parents.

We must always cherish the memory of our Issei parents. We must give thanks and remember the pioneering Issei for having the guts to leave Japan and come to America and bear us so we could enjoy the fruits of life that we enjoy today. How can we ever thank them?

We should sit back tonight and give thoughts to the irony of WWII. Was it fate or the hand of your own God or Buddha that placed most of us who are gathered here tonight together into one camp during WWII and to later become new lifelong friends. Those here tonight who were not in Camp I, you too must be here by some reason far beyond our comprehension. The memories of camp are slowly beginning to fade away, but the developed friendships shall remain forever.

In closing, I leave this last thought with you. Don't take life for granted. We only have one life to enjoy on this earth and by the grace of the powers that may be, we are gathered here tonight, visiting and reminiscing about a very important chapter in our book of life. Enjoy the evening and may we all continue to enjoy a long life among friends of Poston I.

Thank you.

Robert M. Wada  
Buena Park, California

BLOCK 59



## CLASSES



### CLASS OF '43

*Front row (L-R):* Nobi (Miyaya) Okubo, Aiko (Tanamachi) Endo, Alice 'Sugar'(Miyake) Yamamoto, Ruby (Murata) Takeshita,

*Center row (L-R):* Tsuyaru Sue Nishijima, Miye (Kariya) Ioki, Shizue (Nakatsukasa) Mukai, Sue Sumako (Inouye) Nishinaka, Sachi (Tashiro) Watanabe, Shigeko (Sakamoto) Kawano.

*Back row (L-R):* Frank Nakashima, Sus Ikeda, Fred Kishaba, Joe Minami.



### CLASS of '44

*Front row (L-R):* George 'Mas' Kawanami, Nancy (Sakamoto) Nakamura, Masako (Inouye) Fukuhara, Kazue (Tsuchiyama) Oye, Terry (Ishimaru) Itano, Etsuko (Kikumoto) Nakano,

*Center row (L-R):* Chiyeko (Tajii) Takemoto, Masako (Oba) Sugita, Viola (Uyehata) Hori, Ruth (Ikeda) Matsuda, Alethea (Yasukochi) Nagata,

*Back row (L-R):* Ken Onishi, Henry Horikawa, George Ikemiya, Jim Hamai, Sam Morinaga, Kei Kokubun.



**CLASS OF '45**

*Front row (L-R):* Eleanor (Kushida) Komai, Florence (Ohmura) Dobashi, 'Setchy' Setsuco (Kuwahara) Okada, Aya (Sakamoto) Otsu, Mitzi Kohatsu, Hiroko (Nishida) Manaka, Pauline (Takahash) Hayakawa,

*Center row(L-R):* 'Wimpy' William Hiroto, Shiro Furukawa, Tak Murase, Kikue (Ikuma) Sugai, Grace (Morimoto) Carich, Kaz (Kawanuma) Nagasaki, Lillian (Nishijima) Sakurai.

*Back row (L-R):* Jack Nakano, Sus Mori, Bill Manaka, Richard Shindo, Harry Kishaba, Frank Hori.



**CLASS OF '46**

*Front row (L-R):* Shirley (Nishioka) Nishiwaki, Haruko (Kobashi) Ueda, Misa (Masumoto)Morihiro, Bernice (Setsuda) Goto, Ben Sanematsu (Class Advisor).

*Center row (L-R):* Tae (Omori) Kinjo, Grace (Ishida) Hatchimonji, Mary (Inouye) Kawabata, Taye (Okamoto) Yamaguchi. .

*Back row (L-R):* Roy Uyetani, John Saito, Mich (Sakon) Fujishin, Akira Loveridge-Sanbonmatsu, Arlene (Eddow) Kishi, Donald Yamada.



**CLASS OF '47**

*Front row (L-R):* Sam Hideo Kawanami, Naoko (Tanaka) Tanaka, Shiz (Tanaka) Fujimoto, Lilly (Yonemoto) Tajii, Lilly (Ikeda) Berchem, Chiyeko (Sato) Harada.

*Center row (L-R):* Ben Omoto, Donald Sakaki, Sadao 'Sappo' Emoto, Jeannette 'Fuzzy' Fusako (Yoshioka) Sugimoto, Chiyoko (Ochi) Suzuki.

*Back row (L-R):* Atsushi 'Archie' Miyamoto, Bob Yoshi Morinishi, Raymond Sasaki, George Kohatsu, Gene Shimamoto



**CLASS OF '48**

*Front row (L-R):* Tomoko (Ikuma) Tao, Fumiko (Ushiyama) Sawamura, Kazuko (Nakata) Takemoto, Sets (Kobata) Shinto, Haru (Ito) Watanabe, Grace (Sawahata) Matsueda, Sadako Lorraine (Tsuchimoto) Soyama.

*Center row (L-R):* Helen (Chikahisa) Sakaki, June (Kawabe) Kuwahara, Elaine (Momita) Morinaga, Phyllis (Hirata) Mizuhara, Hiroko (Kawanami) Yamamoto

*Back row (L-R):* Yutaka Fujita, Yoshio Akiyama, Sakae Kawata, Tommy Uyechi, Bob Wada, Virginia (Eddow) Yomogida.



**CLASS OF '49 - '50**

*Front row (L-R):* Masako (Kobashi) Sasaki, Mary (Ikuma) Love, Fusae (Kikumoto) Nishina, Natsuko (Okanishi) Akiyama, Linda (Fukunaga) Asatani, Alice Nishijima.

*Back row (L-R):* Daniel Morimoto, John Sugita, Robert Asatani, Henry Chikahisa.



**CLASS OF '51**

*Front row (L-R):* Nancy Chizuko (Matsumoto) Matsuda, Sally Sachiko (Tsuchimoto) Miyamura, Masako (Nakatsukasa) Mukai, Etsuko (Sakuma) Saito.

*Back row (L-R):* Joe Tani, Takeshi Kohatsu, Ruth (Ohmura) Nishida, Shigeko (Kikumoto) Hirai, Edwin Sachio Fujinaka (missing in the photo)..



**CLASS OF '52 - '57**

*Front row (L-R):* 'Tucky' Takeko (Sakuma) Fukunaga, Masako Hirata (teacher), Ruth Sundgren (teacher), Aiko (Miura) Yamane, Chieko (Taniguchi) Whittemore.

*Back row (L-R):* Gregory 'Pancho' Yamamoto, Robert Fukunaga, Akiko Kuratomi, Albert Eddow.



**BUREAU OF SOCIOLOGICAL RESEARCH GROUP**

*Front row (L-R):* George Yamaguchi, Toshio Yatsushiro, Mrs. Jane (Murphy) Leighton, Dr. Alexander H. Leighton, Florence Mohri, Iwao Ishino.

*Center row (L-R):* Juichi Jay Sato, Joe Abe, Hisako Abe, Mary (Kobayashi) Ishino, Gertrude Yatsushiro

*Back row (L-R):* Florence Yamaguchi, Marion (Uyetani) Doiwichi, Akiko (Nishimoto) Yagi, Mary 'Meg' (Kinoshita) Higashi.



































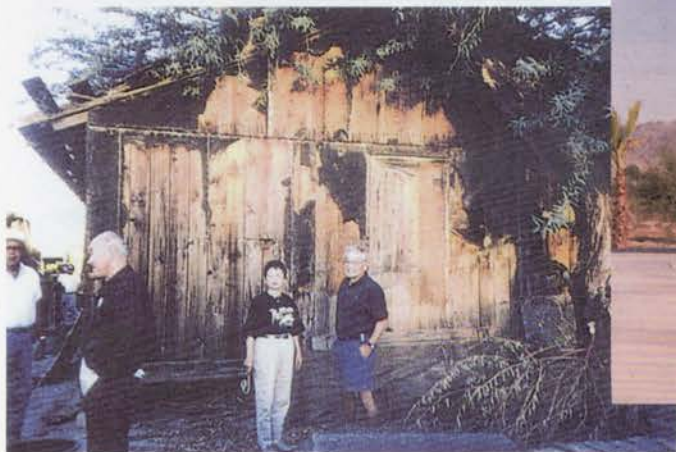
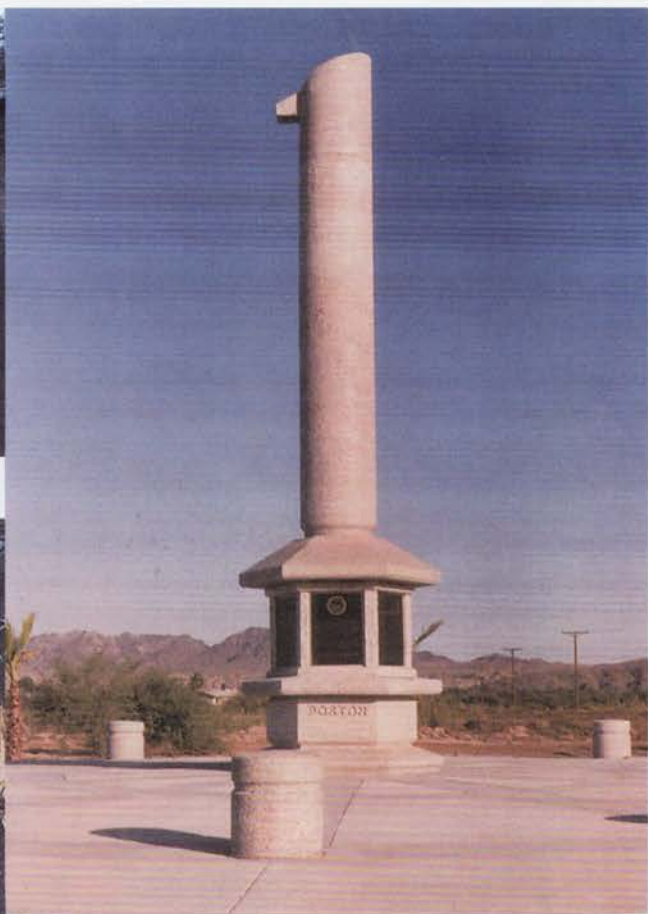






POSTON







JOHN AKAHOSHI



ED & MICHINOUE  
AKAMATSU



YOSHIO & NATSUKO  
OKANISHI AKIYAMA



Tom Tosh &  
MASAKO ARITA Ishioka



ROBERT & LINDA FUKUNAGA  
ASATANI



SAM AZUMA



HARRY & KYOKO SAGAWA  
BABA



YEIKO BABA Sakuma



Kazuo & MITZI MITSUKO BAN  
Ikeda



Richard Y. & YONE BAN-SAKA  
Sato



HANK & Patti CHIKAHISA



Woonsun & MARGIE Y.  
CHIKAHISA Park



ALBERT & Janice EDDOW



ARLENE EDDOW Kishi



VIRGINIA EDDOW Yomogida



SADAO (SAPPO) EMOTO



EIZO ETOW



HARU FUJII Okuma



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CHIYEKO FUJIMOTO Iwasaki

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LILY FUJIMOTO Taka



MABLE FUJIMOTO/TAKEDA  
Bristol



TOMIKO FUJIMOTO Kawashiri



ARNIE & Darleen FUJITA



YUTAKA & Tomie FUJITA



JACK & PAT HIRABAYASHI  
FUJIWARA



KOJI & Kazumi FUKAWA



HIROSHI & Frankie FUKUDA



ROBERT YOSHIO & TAKEKO  
(TUCKY) SAKUMA FUKUNAGA



MIYOKO FURUKAWA



SEI FURUKAWA



SHIRO FURUKAWA



JAMES & Dorothy HAMAI



MASANO HAMASHIMA Kamiya



HENRY & Tomiko HARADA



SETSUKO HARADA



LEON & Esther HASHIMOTO



SAB & MARIE OGAWA  
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HARUKO HATADA  
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SHIGERU HAYASHI



Kaz & HARRIET HIRABAYASHI  
Watanabe



Rey & EDITH HIRATA Sonoda



MASAKO HIRATA



PHYLLIS HIRATA Mizuhara



PATRICIA HONDA Sevart



S. HENRY HORIKAWA



TAKASHI HORITA



FRED HOSAKA



KAY IKEDA Yamamoto



Julius & LILLY IKEDA Berchem



RUTH IKEDA Matsuda



SUS & Sadako IKEDA



GEORGE & Kikuyo IKEMIYA



HELEN IKEMIYA Cook



ROY & Nancee IKETANI



James & KIKUE IKUMA Sugai



Gerald & MARY IKUMA Love



TOMOKO IKUMA Tao

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SUE IMAMURA Sakamoto



SUMI IMAMURA Yasuda



KIYO IMAZU Tanaka



AMY EMI INOUE Yoshimura



Merianne & JUNE WAKAKO  
INOUE Nakagawa



MARY INOUE Kawabata



George & MASA KO INOUE  
Fukuhara



SUMAKO INOUE Nishinaka



MAKO & Haru ISHIBASHI



FRED & MARGARET ISHII



KUSUTO GEORGE &  
KIYOKO ISHIMARU



IWAO & MARY KOBAYASHI  
ISHINO



Sus & KINU ITANO Terasawa



GRACE ITO Kodama



HARU ITO Watanabe



Hiroshi & FUSAKO IWAGOSHI  
Odaka



TETSUO IWASAKI



GEORGE & MIKO NAKAMURA  
KAIHARA



HENRY KAJIYAMA

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