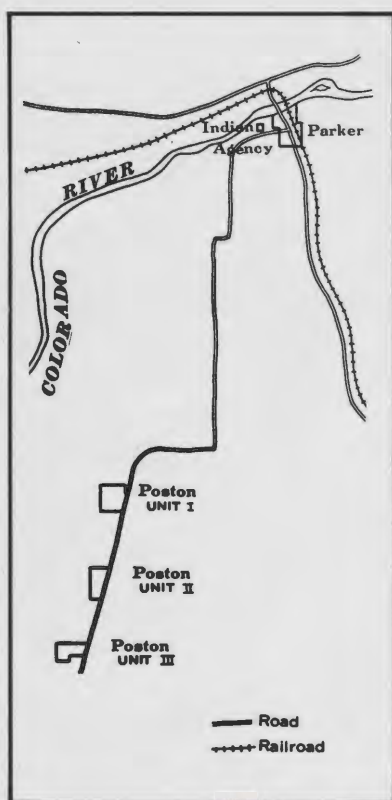
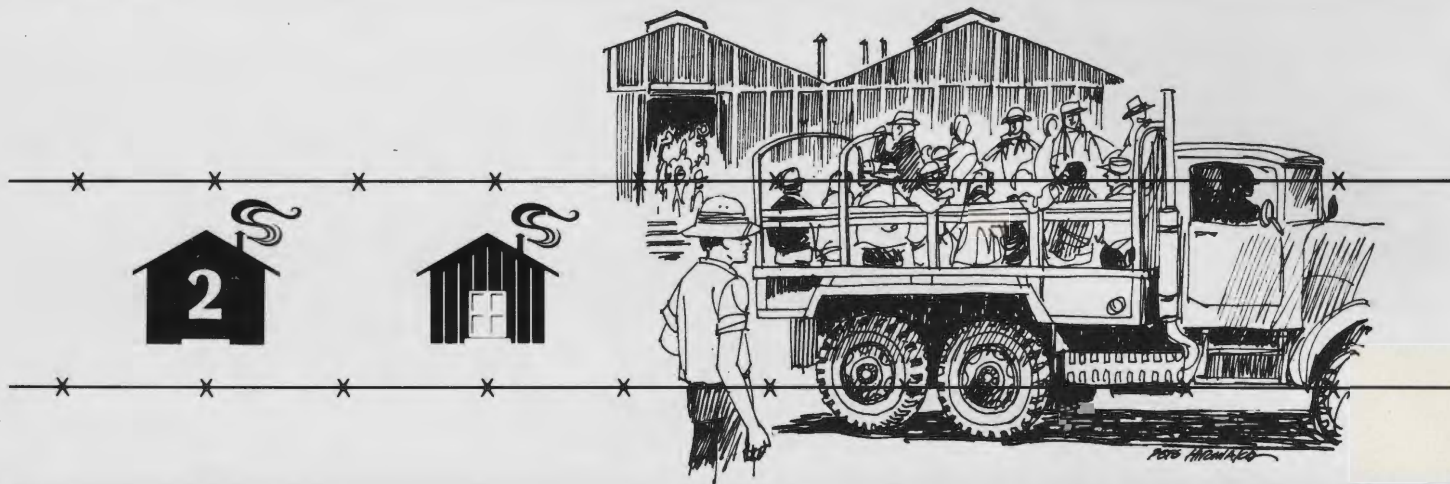




“As time goes by”

POSTON II REUNION

Sacramento Inn August 19 • 20 • 21 1983



PROLOGUE . . .

. . . With a sudden lurch the train slowly started to move . . . ever so slowly at first . . . box cars, tankers, flat cars loaded with equipment moved past our window . . . a "breeze" created by the train movement was ever so welcomed as we "sat" in the passenger train for two and a half hours . . . the date: July 19, 1942 . . . the time, 6:17 PM . . . the place, Bakersfield train yard . . . the temperature, 101°F.

. . . MP's ordered the drawing of window shades as we moved out of the train yard . . . crying children . . . complaining adults as the temperature rose in the rickety train . . . a non-descript sandwich was "dinner" . . . coffee, tea or milk . . . the steam whistle whooping . . . the hastening rhythmic clickety clack as the train picked up speed heading east . . . the chugging engine, as we started our climb . . . cards were gradually put away . . . lights out . . . restless sleep . . . then total silence except for snores . . . people talking in their sleep . . . the train stopped . . . Barstow . . . time, midnight.

. . . sometime during the night the train continued eastward . . . the coolness of the desert night . . . the hollow clickety clack as we crossed on the railroad bridge . . . a gradual slowing . . . then stop . . . total silence . . . time 4:17 AM, July 20, 1942 . . .

. . . gradually the first light of the morning . . . someone said we're in Parker, Arizona . . . where's Parker? . . . slowly rising temperature . . . MP's leggings sighted through a crack in the shade . . . more leggings . . . must be hundreds of them out there . . . confined to the trains . . . out of water . . . rapidly rising temperature . . . finally at 10:15 AM we boarded open army trucks . . . caravaned through dust and heat . . . through the break in the dust we passed the MP gate . . . hot, arid, dusty, hostile, lousy tasting water . . . somehow we managed to stifle our feelings and sobs . . . so this is Poston . . .

COVER

The canal that turned Poston into a "green produce garden" still exists and is enlarged and improved. Canal site Camp II south of former block 229. Cover design by Ron Hitomi.





"As Time Goes By"

Chairman

Roy Hayashi

Finance

George Makishima

Secretary

Sadako Furuike

Registration

Tsugio Yamamoto

Program

Kiyo Sato-Viacrucis

Tom Oshita

Nat Ohara

Jim Sakamoto

Publicity

Joan Kitamura Oki

Decoration

Anne Yagura

Transportation

Tom Matsumoto

Hospitality

Bessie Takehara Hamakawa

Picnic

George S. Oki

Oscar Satow

Exhibit

Dan Inouye

Hannah Satow

Booklet

George S. Oki

and many, many helpers

Area Representatives

San Francisco

Mary Kanagawa Negi

Salinas

Bob Oka

Janice Kitamura Higashi

Central California

Lily Kuwabara Suda

Joe Tsuboi

Los Angeles

Nancy Endo Miya

Goro Kudo

San Diego

Esther Nanamura Nakashima

East Bay

Andy Hashimoto

San Jose

Rod "V" Kobara

Jenny Ito Yoshida

POSTON II REUNION

My Poston II Friends,

Our warmest welcome and greetings to all those in attendance at the Poston II Reunion at the Sacramento Inn, Sacramento, California.

We sincerely hope that you will take every opportunity to renew old friendships and cultivate new ones during this two and a half day affair. We want you to thoroughly enjoy Sacramento so please feel free to ask any of the committee persons for assistance.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the many committee chairpersons and their helpers and the area representatives for their enthusiastic support and effort in making this event a success.

We, of the Poston II Reunion Committee thank you for joining us this weekend and sincerely hope that your visit to Sacramento has been an enjoyable and memorable event.

Domo Arigato

Very sincerely,

Roy Hayashi

Chairman, Poston II Reunion

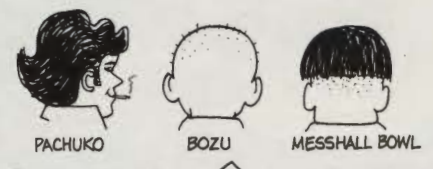
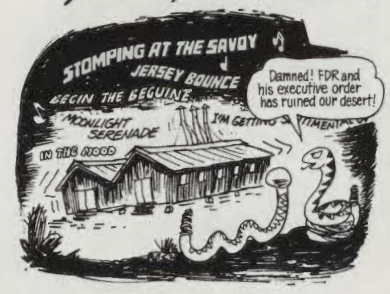
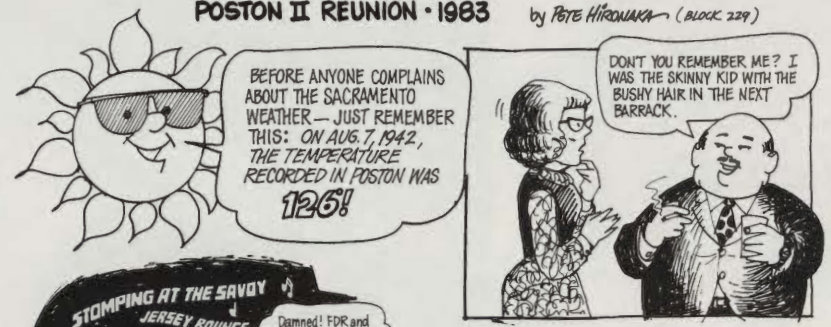


The overview of Camp II Barracks . . . Pete Hironaka's cartoon of "As Time Goes By" Reunion . . . the water tower, that oh so precious water . . . brings back memories of 40 some years ago . . . "As Time Goes By" the heat of the summers, the dust and inconvenience experienced doesn't seem as hostile . . . and at this reunion we think of the time and experience shared at Camp II.



SOME RANDOM SKETCHES FOR POSTON II REUNION • 1983

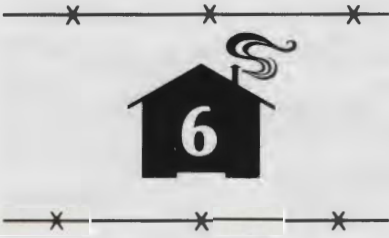
by PETE HIRONAKA (BLOCK 229)



Some outstanding Poston hair styles

MEMORABLE CAMP CUISINE
CHEF'S SPECIAL: SALTED ROSE-RICE AT EXIT OF OUR ELEGANT DINING HALL.





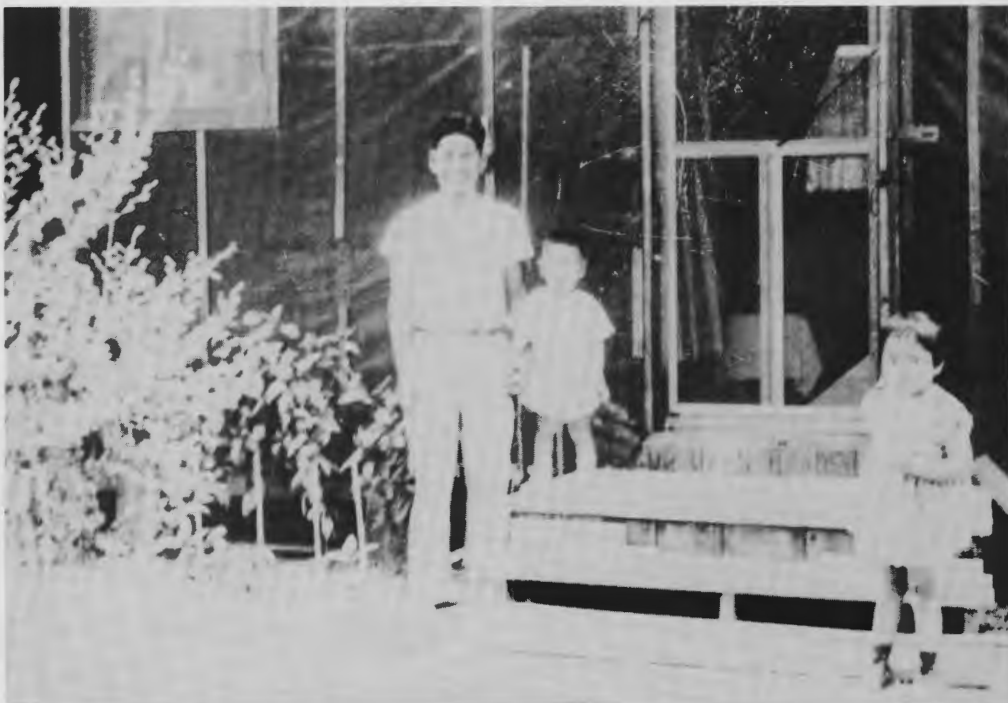
Name tags and family numbers . . . the frustrations of processing . . . the many "lost" baggage . . . the futile attempts to get our quarters cleaned . . . dust storms . . . and we "survive" the first night in Camp II.







"As Time Goes By" gardens begin to spring up . . . and sprucing up our "home" demanded imagination and creativity . . . especially in this town of "look alike".





Graduation . . . young love
. . . and religious activities
. . . Rev. Iwanaga and the
Young Buddhist Association,
YBA, pose after Sun-
day services





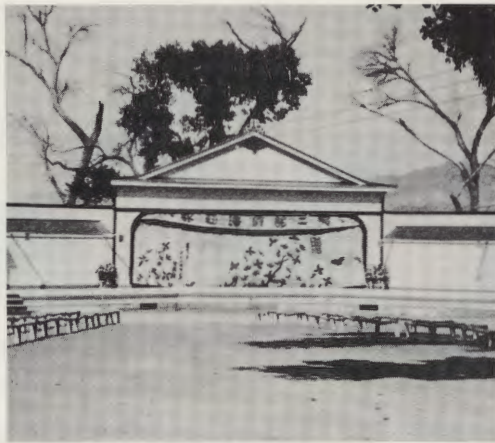
It was a great time for children . . . especially with grandparents with so much time . . . babysitters were never a problem.





Cottonwood Bowl . . . the center of entertainment . . . movies . . . talent shows . . . "shibai" and the 'ole fishing hole down in the slough . . . or at the great Colorado River.





Arts and Crafts . . . the strenuous trip to dig for "iron wood" . . . the constant sharpening of the saws . . . at the 'ole swimming hole.



Basketball the favorite of sports . . . baseball . . . golf . . . ever see a "dusty green".





Boy Scout and Girl Scout Troops . . . carved birds and "things" from the scrap lumber pile . . . Jerry Osumi Camp II "Marble Champ".





A Tribute

We were preparing to go down to Athens, Ohio, to witness son Stan's graduation from Ohio U. in 1975. With the family focus pretty much centered on that happy occasion, it triggered my thoughts towards the graduates of the ten War Relocation Center schools. Thus, the adjoining cartoon was created.

As time goes by, it becomes more and more apparent just what great service our educators rendered during some trying times.

It took a special breed of people who were willing to come to a U.S. style concentration camp and teach the interned Japanese American youths behind barbed-wire fences.

In Poston II, a block of tarpapered barracks was designated as our "campus."

I was a sophomore in 1942 and I remember we were asked to go to our respective messhalls to get empty crates or boxes which were to serve as our chairs in class until classroom furnishings could be built.

In the fall of 1943, a youthful lady from Wisconsin named Joan Smith joined the Poston II faculty. I was in one of her junior Core Studies classes which encompassed English, Social Studies, and U.S. History. After all these years, I consider her the

most dynamic and innovative teacher I have ever seen — the epitome of the teaching profession.

She couldn't have come at a better time so far as I was concerned. Following a fruitful frosh year at Salinas High School, I had become disgusted and disillusioned by the sudden turn of events following Pearl Harbor. I had been programmed into a pre-engineering course in the beautiful stuccoed Salinas High School. Suddenly, we were thrown into a make-shift tarpapered school behind M.P. guarded fences. Aside from the required Core Studies, my sophomore curriculum was

filled with goof-off courses . . . arts and craft, machine shop and the like.

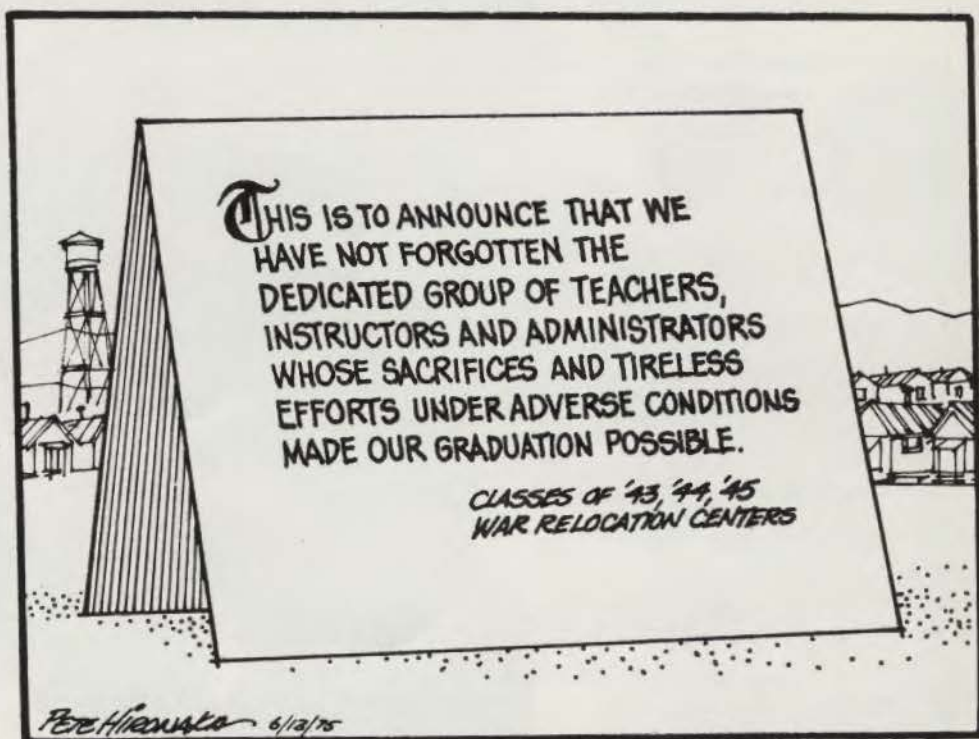
I didn't cut classes like a lot of my peers, but I did drift through that school year without gaining much — academically speaking.

The following junior year, though, was a whole new ball game. Miss Joan Smith came to Poston. From the very first day in her class I knew we were in for some nose-to-the-grindstone studying. She gained immediate respect from all of us.

She threw quizzes at us frequently. And some big exams periodically. We were required to work on

projects outside the regular daily class assignments throughout the school year. I remember one that I handed in was entitled "A Cartoon History of the United States." I drew up the highlights of all of our presidents' administrations from George Washington to FDR. (The one cartoon I recall in the series was the page on William Henry Harrison. He caught a cold the day he was inaugurated and died 30 days later. So I drew his tombstone to symbolize his term.)

Come to think of it, that project must have been my first venture into the realm of political cartooning. Need-





less to say, the light bulb in Barrack 229 5-D burned late many nights that school year. If the bureaucrats in Washington responsible for the running of our camps ever complained about the light bill in Poston II that year, I would have told them to check with Miss Smith.

One of the first things Miss Smith did was to talk to each of us individually. I remember my session with her. She must have had my transcript from Salinas High and the records of my Poston sophomore year. She looked at me in an understanding yet stern way. As near as I can recall, this is what she said:

"Pete, this is ridiculous. You aren't taking any courses that amount to anything. Where are the science courses? What about math? You're just drifting through school. Don't you want to go on to college? You CAN go if you try hard enough and set your mind to it!"

I hardly said anything. Only shook my head in agreement because I knew she was right. She then proceeded to recommend changes in my curriculum to better qualify me for college. What Miss Smith pointed out to me was like a splash of cold water and, being stuck out there in the middle of a barren desert, it couldn't have come at a thirstier time.

Early in the '43-'44 school year, the school moved out of Block 210 to the new adobe school built by the camp residents. I felt some pride in the new classrooms because many of us worked in the adobe factory the first summer in Poston. You might say that the sand, mud and straws were also mixed with our sweat and tears as binding agents.

Mrs. Joan Smith Bodein and her husband, Rev. Vernon Bodein, both retired a few years ago to what sounds like a beautiful spot in Connecticut. Through the efforts of **Joan Oki**, a classmate in Poston, we were able to share a part of an evening with the Bodeins about ten years ago near San Jose when their trip to

the Bay area coincided with ours. It was a joyous reunion and I unabashedly told Mrs. Bodein — no longer fearing taunts from classmates that I was trying to gain brownie points — that she was the best teacher I ever had.

She was tough and expected a 100 percent from all her students. And her grading system was the fairest that I have ever encountered, before or since. Our association was for only one school year but her influence has lasted a lifetime.

In 1957, on our cross-country family vacation drive to California, we veered off old Route 66 in Arizona to the Poston camp site. All remnants of the War Relocation Center were gone except for about three

barracks. The army had scraped the rest of the camp with its bull-dozers and let the chaparral, sagebrushes and other desert growths take over. A new water tower had replaced the old one. And over in what was the west side of Poston II stood the one-story box-like adobe structures that had been our scholastic institution for my junior and senior years. The Indian children were still using them for their school! Even today, over 35 years later, I understand they are still in use.

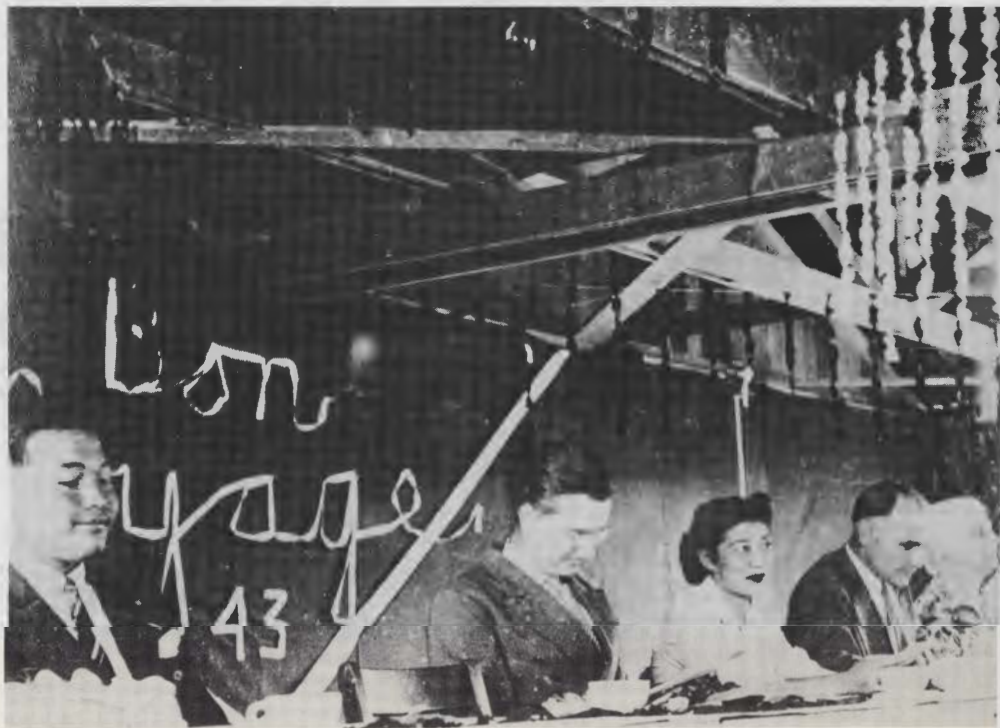
One of the buildings does lack something though. Or its wall, there should be an engraved plaque which reads: "Joan Smith once taught here."

Pete Hironaka '45





Education . . . we are eternally grateful . . . teachers . . . instructors . . . staff . . . students . . . Class '43 the first graduating class . . .



FACULTY, POSTON TWO SCHOOL
Block 210, Camp 2, Poston, Arizona
1942 - 43



- ROW 1: Mrs. Venning; Kay Asami; Mary Courage; Kay Nakamura; Mrs. Burrell; Mrs. Ruby Michael; Mrs. Ruth Harris; Mrs. Gertrude de Silva; Miss Yuri Nishi; Mrs. Harriet Decker.
- ROW 2: Helen Mine; Evelyn Onoye; Aiko Tsuda; May Yoshida; Chiye Sato; Frances Cushman; Thelma Coates; Ethel Manning; Hazel Hall; Ann Wetmore; Minnie Condy Smith; Shigeru Kanai; Richard Nakamura.
- ROW 3: Bill Harata; Robert Kanagawa; Tom Hirabayashi; Minoru Saguchi; George Aihara; Elmer de Silva; William Wakayama; Dallas McLaren; Minato Kawaguchi; Robert Sakamoto
- Missing from photo: Elementary School Teachers

November 9, 1943 . . .
 moving to the "new" campus . . .
 the team effort of students, teachers and staff . . .
 . . . Chiz taking time out.





Education . . .
for the young ones.





The librarians of Poston II

...

Adult Education
English — U. S. Citizenship
class.

...

School Office Staff '43-'44

...

... walking home at the
end of the school day.





Tribute to . . . the cooks,
cooks helpers, stewards
. . . dishwasher . . .
waiters and bus boys . . .

The stove mechanics . . .
truck drivers . . . farmers
. . . tofu makers and all
. . . to feed the hungry
. . .

The clanging bell . . . "din-
ner time".





JUST A LETTER

To a friend:

It was just a year ago when Uncle Sam made a call for Army volunteers. You were one of the first to answer even though you knew your decision would cut your high school education short. Many people were surprised and questioned your decision; I for one. During those days of turmoil, everyone seemed to point the one route that we could and should take. You passed through those days of doubt, excitement, and trial still with your first conclusion. You told me why. This might show some Californians that you were still as good as an American as they were despite the treatment given you; this might show them that you still believed in the Constitution and its promises. You thought maybe now they would give you and our race a place in America.

All the other fellows made their decisions a year ago. Some fellows devotion to their parents were greater than to their country. Others decided to wait for the draft, racing against time to try and readjust their families' forced predicament before their uncertain departure. Whether they had enough time was up to their lucky stars. All these fellows were either

directly obligated to the family. You and a few others were fortunate in having your liberty to make up your minds. I wonder now if your faith and judgment are not jolted a little with still no hopeful change.

During the last few weeks the Army has come uppermost in everybody's mind with the beginning of the draft. This time it comes much closer to mind because of my eligibility. The

same cries and excitement prevails throughout the community. The same questions that probably bothered you are coming to my mind. Slowly I begin to conceive what your soul went through.

I feel sorry for those unfortunate men who have gone to this war without their own reasoning and conviction. I pray for them that our country will at least repay them in part for what

they are doing.

I still have a year before I become eligible. Before my time comes, I pray that my faith in American opportunities and promises will have built up substantially enough that I may join the fight for life and liberty with my soul.

Sincerely,
Just — Me

Rei Irino
'44



- A. The Community Center Crew
- B. Every ready fire crew.
- C. The "well stocked" canteen.
- D. Association of Block Secretaries
- E. Block Dance
- F. Want to relocate in Chicago?
- G. The "busy" Poston II Police.



- A. '43-'44 Homecoming Queen and Attendants
- B. Adult Education Staff
- C. Serenity in the hostile desert.
- D. Adult Education Graduates '44
- E. I love a parade.
- F. "Practicing" for the Cottonwood Bowl Talent Show
- G. Camp II model block 229 left. 207-208 right.



- A. Looking north and west toward 216, 215, 210 . . . cotton planted here.
- B. Kiyo Sato-Viacrucis learning the ropes of growing lettuce from BUD's Domingo Escamilla.
- C. Looking north of what used to be Camp II swimming hole.
- D. Joan Kitamura Oki poses in front of Camp III sewage treatment plant, the only remaining landmark at all three camp sites.
- E. BUD's lettuce harvest in full swing at more than 100 acres per day, March 25, 1983.
- F. L-R: George S. Oki, Hannah Satow, Kiyo Sato-Viacrucis, Domingo Escamilla and George Makishima pose in front of Camp I all purpose building.



- A. Remnants of Camp II water system lies amidst rubble of concrete.
- B. Site of former Cottonwood Bowl yields a crop of honeydew and cotton.
- C. Site of Camp II camoflauge factory, looking NW toward administration buildings and swimming pool.
- D. Poston II High School is no more, site razed several years ago.
- E. Archeologist Kiyo Sato-Viacrucis "digs" for "relics" at Camp II High School site.
- F. Modern buildings replace former Poston II High School.



- A. Fire protection hose reel cart lost in the weeds of Poston I Elementary School.
- B. Poston I Elementary School wastes away "As Time Goes By".
- C. Joan Kitamura Oki "collects" a weathered redwood siding from Camp I's only remaining refrigeration warehouse building.
- D. Camp I SE water pumping station and alfalfa.
- E. Camp I Sewage pumping station "aging" "As Time Goes By".
- F. CRIT Headquarters, Museum and Library at Parker.



COLORADO RIVER
INDIAN TRIBES
HISTORIC SITE
COLORADO RIVER AGENCY
THIS IS THE SITE OF THE
FIRST AGENCY AND
BOARDING SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED IN 1874
ON THE COLORADO
RIVER INDIAN RES.



Acknowledgements

Colorado River Indian Tribes

- Anthony Drennan, Sr.
Chairman Tribal Council
- Charles Lamb
Director Museum
- Weldon Johnson
Ass't. Dir. Museum
- Dean Welsh
Librarian

Curran & Hitomi

Ron Hitomi

Patterson Aircraft

Tosh Oto

Fong & Fong

Mae & Paul Fong

Oki Nursery

Judith Marson

BUD of California

Domingo Escamilla

Bruce Church Co.

Ben Miyaoka

Reedley Camera Shop

Charles Taguchi

Joan Smith Bodein

Peter K. Hironaka

Teruko Shigemoto Koshiyama

Jack "Sansei" Matsuoka

Dallas C. McLaren

Dan Inouye

& Many, many friends

EPILOGUE . . .

. . . as time went by we relocated . . . to Salt Lake City, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New Jersey . . . to further our education or to seek gainful employment . . . to Camp Shelby or Camp Savage to serve our nation . . . some never to return . . . the supreme sacrifice . . .

. . . V-J Day and later peace . . . the imminent closure of Poston, some returning to their former home site . . . others elsewhere . . . to start life anew . . . the challenges were many and enormous . . . but so were opportunities . . .

. . . the Nikkei have done well . . . agriculture, business, doctors, educators, flower growers, lawyers, politicians to zoologists . . . in every walk of life a Nikkei has excelled . . . raised families . . . participated in local civic affairs . . . built new churches . . . senior citizen centers . . . business and professional careers . . .

. . . the Issei population gets "thinner" with each passing day . . . the Nisei grayer, older and retiring from a lifelong career . . . the Sansei approaching the peak of his career or education . . . the younger Yonsei seeped in education and enjoying their grandparents . . .

. . . the great debate of evacuation continues . . . reparation . . . formal apologies . . . whatever the final outcome . . . it should never happen again to anyone in America . . . and the only legacy the Japanese Americans' leave will be found in history books, however written . . . but most important our children . . . and "As Time Goes By" their children . . .

George S. Oki, Class '44
Poston II High School
Editor

