

## POSTONIA

Laughing Asian faces  
Sparkling almond eyes  
Greet me ev'ry morning  
Neath Arizona skies  
Noisy, happy children  
Scurrying to school  
While I, their teacher, undertake  
To teach the Golden Rule

Sturdy little bodies  
Active little minds  
Eager with the questions  
Of lessons I've assigned  
Busy, ever-searching  
    Knowledge is so sweet  
Stumbling o'er a strange new word  
They may chance to meet

Morning passes quickly  
Time again for play  
Out they go to run a race  
Beneath the sun's bright ray  
Their faces cloudless as the sky  
Above their own small heads  
What time have they to think of war?  
Or fear a tyrant's tread?

Trusting me completely  
Crowding 'round my desk  
Daily bringing little gifts  
By childish love I'm blest!  
Helpful, loving, giving  
Kindness in itself  
Polite, co-operative  
They all seem little elves!

When once our school is over  
Release is then complete  
And off they go - to barrack homes  
Dear mother keeps so neat  
Within the block, oft can be heard  
Their childish, ringing laughter  
Dear child, when camp life is no more  
Oh what, will then, come after?

Must children suffer for the faults  
Of elders, race or creed?  
To me, this wonderland of ours  
Was founded for a need.  
Small Kiddies, innocent and sweet  
The future's teins may seize  
Let's hope our fairness leaves a niche  
For American - Japanese!

V. L. H.  
8/8/44

Written while a teacher in W.R.A. Camp #1,  
Poston, Arizona