

EL

CORRIENTE



FOREWORDS

EL CURRIENTE

PRESENTS

WHAT A LIFE

POSTON II HIGH SCHOOL
POSTON, ARIZONA

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FOREWORD

We have chosen to devote the pages of our first EL CURRIENTE to the trials and tribulations of Adolescent Life. No subject is of greater interest to us. We live with it twenty four hours a day. It is our hope that the authors herein presented may throw some light on the perplexing problems of this age that we share with the youth everywhere.

Keep the water clear in the steadily flowing stream----

Mary Nomi
'45

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DEDICATION.....

TO THE YOUTH OF ALL NATIONS

May they never fall
in defeat, for in
them lies the future
of the world.

YOUTH AND WAR

Great heroes of the past
Solemn in stillness lay;
Their duties done, their tasks fulfilled,
Lead us not astray.

They fought and died for freedom,
Preserved democracy;
Shun they not the call of duty,
They wanted liberty.

Once again the call to arms
Repeating a bloody war;
Youths are summoned everywhere,
Freedom to restore.

They will fight and die for freedom,
Dictatorship defeat.
Shun they not the call of duty
History to repeat.

I. Herkins
'44

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, everything 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 mind. 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

WE

Adolescent life is the most important period of our life. It is the turning point from childhood to man hood.

It is the time we look for fun. There are many things that interest us; the neighbor's girl with her cute eyes, and the jalopy that is so well camouflaged and laden with gadgets.

This is the time when we feel so gay and happy and everything around seems beautiful and all the worries are forgotten. This is the period for most of us to lie down and don't give a darn for the future.

If all this happiness can continue through life, all is well. But life is not only color and happiness, it is also sorrow, hard work and lots of fighting so we must not think of adolescent life as only love and fun, but it is the time to plan our future. For aren't we the world of tomorrow?

So fellow adolescents, let's not only indulge in fun and forget our responsibilities to create a better world.

Dan Inouye
'44

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

There's lots of things in this world for joy,
For one-the thought of girl and boy;
Let me just tell you a short story
Or call it a precis or summary.....

Now what is a girl, you want to know--
It's something from some where, the so
and so!

A cause for trouble all the time:
The way they treat boys--ah, it's a crime!

A boy's a boy, a girl's a girl--
That's true throughout this screwy world;
A boy's ha-ha; a girl's tee-hee--
A boy's loud OUCH--a girl's EE-EEE!

A boy's a guy, a girl's a gal--
A boy is handsome, a girl's a belle:
A boy is sane--a girl is not,
Because they put you on the spot!

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree--
I'm off of girls--but definitely--
They're just not the thing for me!

Mike Shiratsuki
'44

TRIBUTE TO YOUTH

Reggie Smith typifies the American boy facing the crisis of today.

He's seventeen and going strong toward eight teen and filling the gapes of maturity both physically and mentally. Proud to be healthy and vigorous, strong in mind and the will power to take a stand when the time comes.

His parents are respectable--dad's not rich but he's doing all right--mom, she considers him a baby but he doesn't mind that. Fred, he's an officer somewhere in the Pacific and he's really a swell brother. If he ever got into a jam any time there was always Fred to turn to. Sis she's working at the defense factory and putting plenty of hours at the Red Cross.

And there's a girl---Toni Flowers---just as the words describes, sweet and fresh as a flower and yet he's got her just around his fingers. Beautiful? Words can't describe her---smooth white skin, irresistible lips, cute blue eyes, long chestnut hair with a pompadour, well anyway everything that goes with it to be called a typical American girl. Maybe someday she'll be the one--but heck, she's only a kid and who's going to be supporting childrens and paying installments yet!

There he is--better than any Greek God--facing the time-table today as it is--was--with all the agony difficulty, tears, and heartbreak that goes with war. Before that dreadful Pearl Harbor incident, you were looking at the clear vision of the future---career, family, college, responsibilities, and now that clearness and visi-

bility has changed to a dim, subdued future.

You looked forward to many a thing-sometime just for an evening stroll with her, maybe to a dance, bull session, or to a Saturday game--but you passed them and didn't consider them because up in the skies you saw more stars and more hope --~~These~~ these were milestone.

Now, with the war in a destruction, devastating, and plundering stage, the stars are dim, and the future in a fading distance behind your reach--far away.

You are wondering whether your foot is stepping on the ladder of adolescence or maturity---this is the most difficult time in a man's life.

This is how Reggie Smith faces the dark future, and all of us are on the same boat, but with determination, initiative, to create and teach truth, we will be able to make that lightless star shine forever with a glorifying radiance throughout the universe.

Yoshimi Kobara

'44

SWEET SIXTEEN

The beautiful age of sweet sixteen,
When all the girls are seen,
With bright red lips and bright red nails,
And letters from those certain males.

The age of smart sophistication
with oh, so many complications,
Of dates and beans, you make and break,
And the many mistakes you always make.

Quite a miss, you'll be then,
And all around you there'll be men,
They'll swoon and sigh at your sight,
Ye gals! I'd think you're dynamite!

To all of you greenhorns I say:
Let nothing you dismay
For you have only yet to wait,
Before you really start to rate.

Tayeko Kitamura
'46

TEMPUS FUGIT

Every year when the summer is near,
You are almost always sure to hear
Oh, boy, at last the school is out
That's what the kids all seem to shout
But, for the high and mighty Senior Class,

All they could say is alas, alas,
For their "high school" days are things
of the past.

And I'm sure most of them will
regretfully say,

"Gee, those good old days sure
went by fast.

They'll enter their new life with big
hopes and ambitions,
Some will be farmers, engineers, nurses, and
physicians

But what ever they'll do or where
ever they may be,

There'll always be a beautiful light to see.

Henry Terao
'46

A DOG'S LIFE

Have you ever felt like the gum stuck on somebody's shoe? Well, I have.

Has anyone said, "What do you want?" in a disgusted tone of voice? They always say that to me.

Have you ever felt like the fly in the ointment? Well, I have. Plenty of times.

I'm accused of emptying candy boxes that I didn't even touch. I get the blame for tracking in the mud especially when I haven't even been out of doors. I'm the one that always gets told "You're too young"; for parties, movies at night, dates, love stories. I run all the errands, do all the dirty work like chasing of some unwanted guest, and telling the bill collectors pay or Mom aren't home. I answer the phone and say, "Mary or Johnny aren't home" when they hang over my shoulder and tell me exactly what to say.

I wear cast-off clothing that are miles too big or I wear clothes that are too small. My hairs a mess, my shoes a wreck, but nobody pays any attention to me. But when I have something they want or they want something out of me, I'm treated like the queen of England. Then they say "Don't you want some candy?... You know that new red sweater of mine? Well, you can have it. ...I'll treat you to an ice-cream soda..."

I'm known as that specie of human being that is forever getting underfoot. I am considered a pest, a scourge of the earth. People look at me and wonder what catastrophe brought me into the world. Nobody really loves me, nobody cares what happens to me; why I bet if I ran away from home they'd never even miss me. At night I cry buckets of tears into my pillow because I'm so sorry for myself. Nobody pities me. After all, I'M ONLY THE KID SISTER:

Ickey Miyanaga
'44

YOUNG DAZE

I think that I shall never be
A youthful boy as I used to be
A boy whose shirt was inside out
And after school would roam about.

A youthful lad whose pants were torn
And one whose shoes were ragged and worn
A boy whose hair was all messed up
And he was always with his pup
Youth is made of boys like us.

Tomio Hirota
'47

HOT DOG

I had a little doggie
I tied him to the heater
And every time he turned around
He burned his little seater.

This doggie grew up
From a little tiny pup
Now he can stand on his hind legs
If you hold his front one's up.

"Swiped"
'44

SENIORS!

Lots of little "zeroes"
Not so very quaint
Makes my graduation
Looks as if it ain't.

Beverly Hills
'76

PLAIN JANE

She was just another girl and it was her first date. What made him ask her no one seems to know. He could have done better, for she wasn't beautiful; in fact some called her Plain Jane even though she wasn't what you'd call ugly. She was just a quiet sort of girl, minding her own business, going her own way. She wasn't hep; she wasn't cuddle bunny; she didn't jump and give. She was just a quiet Plain Jane. If she'd thought or dreamed of dates, and boys, waited for a telephone call that never came, no one knew.

What made him ask her, no one seems to know. Perhaps he had noticed her, pitied her, (God forbid) and asked her.

He didn't have to. He could have had the pick of any girl in school. He was that way. He had everything in way of brains, looks and appeal. He wasn't like her, but he'd asked her and it was her first date.

Could it be a case of love?

Sachi Mizuki
'44

ODE TO AN ADOLESCENT

Dear child, so sweet and unaffected,
To silly ideas you are subjected
With a song on your lips
Of jaberwocky drips.
You are the joy of this generation.

You shall be grown-up be;
(At least a reasonable facsimile)

In your hands the nation's plight
All depends on your foresight,
You are the hope of our generation.

Thou art a walking question mark,
Periods, dashes, and exclamation mark,
To parental heads you are a nut,
To them you don't give a hoot.
You are the heel of our generation.

I. Herkins
... '44 ...

FIFTEEN PLUS ONE

SIXTEEN--The age when you seem so world-wise and
grown up to yourself.

SIXTEEN--The age when mother meets all your re-
quests with "but you're only a baby!"

SIXTEEN--The age when your brothers and sisters
are a nuisance and parents never understand.

SIXTEEN--The age when you love the world one day
and hate it the next.

SIXTEEN--The age when you face the world with a
chip on your shoulder because "the whole world
is against you."

SIXTEEN--The age when "I know what's best for me"
and blame everybody else for your mistakes.

SIXTEEN--The age you'll never forget and always
want to relive.

Unknown
'44

FOR THE FIRST TIME

I looked at myself in the mirror. A face looked back at me. I looked at the object I held in my hand. I raised it to my head, and lowered it again. I had made a great decision. I tried to discuss the matter with my parents but they just make fun of me by saying, "You're too young yet. You got a long life ahead. Don't do that just for one girl."

But my mind was made up. I was sixteen now. Why shouldn't I take matters into my own hands. Anyway she'll be a much happier girl after I'm finish I'll do anything to make her happy. I'm sure my parents won't object after it's through.

I raised the object to my temple. I started to think of the last time we were together. She was in my arms, her black hair glistening with moonlight, her red lips parted in a beautiful smile, her brown eyes twinkling merrily; I was holding the most precious article in the world. All of a sudden her smile disappears. A surprised look comes into her eyes. Then she said, "Precious, you got a fuzz on your face!"

Yes, I hate to admit it but, I got the "five o'clock shadow." So I had to do it. I had to shave for the first time.

Omar Darllyn
'44

SOLUTION

Seven dull hours I spend each day
Learning the essentials of education.
Seven useless hours I must say;
Gosh! Isn't there some solution.

I report to class at eight-fifteen
With a case of malnutrition.
At twelve o'clock I'm hungry again
Gosh! Isn't there some solution.

In the afternoons I get very sleepy
And miss my notes on the Revolution
It seems I'm no wiser when three-thirty come;
Gosh! Isn't there some solution.

Sleep like a king in the morning
Forget that new proposition
And go for a swim in the afternoon;
There! That's the solution.

Mitsuo Ikeda
'45

WHAT GOES ON

What goes on in a girl's mind?
I've often wondered,
'Tis gossip, I surely think,
And new designs of dresses, too.
Ideas of the ideal boy is a surely there,
And the fun she had on New Year's Eve.
But, I've often wondered,
What goes on in a girl's mind?

What goes on when two girls talk?
I've often wondered,
My, but the stories I think they tell,
Of May's last operation and all.
And the trip to New York is always a thrill.
And the visit of Tyrone Power will always last.
But, I've often wondered,
What goes on when two girls talk?

What do girls think of boys?
I've often wondered,
My, but isn't he handsome,
Yes, he looks like Victor Mature.
And you can always depend on him,
Yes, he is awfully rich isn't he.
But, I've often wondered,
What girls think of boys.

Why do girls wear make-up?
I've often wondered,
The face powder hides the dirt, I think,
And the perfume takes body-odors away.
Or, is it to be attractive,
to be the girl the boys go after.
Tho' I've often wondered,
I think I'll never know.

Goro Kudo
'45

FAREWELL TO YOUTH

There is a time in every student's life, be it late or early, when he must bid farewell to the fascinations and pleasures of adolescent life. Now, more than ever, these youths are maturing at a quicker pace.

In a world of general turmoil and conflict, the American youth is forced to shoulder responsibilities of an adult. In anticipation of acting all the silly things heretofore done by the youngsters.

How are we to resume the role of a youth, once we are relieved of our responsibilities? Truly, we would be fully matured adults--War has made it so.

So now I bid goodbye to youth.

I. Herkins
'44

ALL OR NOTHIN'

There comes a time in every boy's life when Dan Cupid sends an arrow speeding thru his heart. I am by no means an exception. I have a scar on my chest to prove it. Perhaps you would like to know how it happened. It was this way. I was sitting on the porch half asleep minding my own business not thinking of anything in general when something stepped into my line of vision. Note: Daniel is now aiming his shaft at my heart. Then the arrow hit--something flashed in my brain--my heart skipped a beat--I was now wide awake. In her powder blue form fitting sweater and knee length skirt, she was an answer to every George Petty admirer. And what do you know--she was looking at me through those dark lips parted into one of the most beautiful smiles I ever saw--wow!

"Hello," she said.

I sighed and kept on looking.

"Um--is this where you live?" she asked.

I finally managed to stammer out "yes."

"Then you must be Mr. Darllyn," she said in a musical way. "You see, we freshmen have to interview a senior, and they picked you for me."

I couldn't sleep a wink that night. The next day I looked her up and asked her to the Vogue Tea and so it was for a long time.

But one day, tragedy struck as it does to all happy lovers.

She was coming down the walk with a dreamy look in her eyes--acting completely out of this world. She ignored me completely---yes---there

was another man.

God--why doesn't somebody shoot that Frank Sinatra.

Omar Darllyn

'44

THE SAME OLD STORY

You go to school and sit in core,
Homework, homework, nothing more.

You sit in class and start a wishin'
That you were at the slough a fishin'.

The bell rings; one period's gone.
But OH, the next drags on and on.

The teacher crams Shakespears into your head,
Then you come home and forget what she had said.

In the library you talk behind your book,
And the librarian gives you a dirty look.

Gosh, the same routine, day after day,
I wish vacation would come to stay.

Chizu Kaneno

'47

DO YOU KNOW

What makes them that way
smug, so very sure
Haughty to the point
we can't endure?

What makes them wear
their wire that way
"pachukes" or dutch with
essence, oh! I say!

What makes them prize
those filthy slacks
Caked with dirt and
baggy like sacks?

What makes them flaunt
those brazen shirts
They'll ruin my eyesight
I'd wish they'd convert!

What makes them gather
in knotty groups
And gab till late 'bout
those slick Ford coupes?

What makes them so strange
when confronting a girl
When before they'd bragged they'd
give her a whirl?

What makes them so silly
When they spot a new "skirt"
And treat the old regulars
Like any old dirt.

What makes them so flustered
when dressed for a date
With suspenders, bow tie, could
it be fate?

What makes them that way
a major mystery?
Why should we comprehend
when neither can they.

Sachiye Mizuki
'44

FACING FACTS

Facing the problem of adolescence
Are many young boys and girls,
Confirming of a mature pretence
To achieve a status in society
Joyed in independence and self-reliance
Tho' naive they may be.
Striving for their perfection
Without their parents' guidance,
They often run into difficulties
Which is sometimes quite a handful,
But soon they begin to realize
That it's all a waste of time.

Emptee Kaye
'44

IT'S THE TRUTH

After we, the American boys of Japanese ancestry, came here in camp, our whole life has been altered to a very certain degree.

This lazy camp life has made us loafers, dough brains, and everything but good "boys". Once we go out to the outside, it will take us quite a time to regain our equilibrium.

When I first came into this camp I was quite an assuming young man. I was, in "them days," what you would say a "good" boy, but "them days" are gone forever.

If there were no universal war we would have been still playing with our American friends. Some day I hope to return to my native town of Exeter and have the same opportunities that the others have, and I hope that I shall never again land in a camp of the sort I am in now.

Fib Hirayama
'47

CONFIDENTIAL

This question was asked by a girl I know, "What goes on in a boy's mind?" She asked. I'll tell you something I heard one day. The thought, I think, will not be good. For this is what you shall hear, I said.

Who's the dame who comes to school,
All dressed in red, I hear,
But a gusher she is they say.
"Oh, my how beautiful," and all that slush.
Egads! But that language can't be stood by boys.

She has the curves of old Mae West.
The eyes and hair of Veronica Lake.
She has what Betty Grable has.
Curves and form and legs to match.
But gushers can't be stood by boys like me.

Who's the droopy girl with the homely map,
Who sits behind you in Business Math.
She's smart as smart can be, they say,
But a droopy looking dame she is.
She's your sister!!!! Oh! I'm sorry.

You mean the girl who comes to school,
With a pile of books upon her arms.
A regular Dorothy Lamour she is, I hear.
I've never met her, but I hope I will.
And when I do, the others can go to H---!

Goro Kudo
'45

HIS HIT-PARADE DATE

Over the phone:

- B. MARGIE, HAVE I STAYED AWAY TOO LONG?
G. SITTING HOME WAITING FOR YOU, I'VE GOT THE RATION BLUES.
B. MY IDEAL? AT LAST, I CAME IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER--I TOOK THE CHATANOOGA CHOO-CHOO--JERSEY BOUNCE--then, tough luck, JAM SESSION at TUXEDO JUNCTION. Meet you IN THE BLUE OF EVENING by the SLEEP LAGOON.

On date:

- B. Here's ONE DOZEN ROSES.
G. Don't throw bouquets at me, PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE. Oh, what A LOVELY WAY TO SPEND AN EVENING BY THE RIVER OF ROSES.
B. FOR THE FIRST TIME (and the last time.)
G. OH JOHONY, I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT.
B. I KNOW WHY. THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD.
G. Walkin' by the river, STROLLIN' BY THE HARBOR LIGHTS. It's SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES.
B. HOW YA' GONNA' KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM?
G. THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.
B. Are you IN THE MOOD?
G. MY HEART TELLS ME THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER.
B. LITTLE DID I KNOW--SOMEBODY LOVES ME. HOW SWEET YOU ARE.
G. WHEN THEY ASK ABOUT YOU--
B. SPEAK LOW, when you speak, love. DON'T SWEETHEART ME.

- G. JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE.
B. I'VE HAD THIS FEELING BEFORE--NO LOVE, NO NOTHING.
G. JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS--YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
B. IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT?
G. Just not IN THE MOOD.
B. MY MELANCHOLY BABY, CAN'T YOU DO A FRIEND A FAVOR?
G. STAREYES, TRY ME ONE MORE TIME, I LOVE YOU. I'LL BE AROUND. DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME.
B. so goodnight. Sweet Slumber.
G. DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU DREAM. MY HEART ISN'T IN IT. GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART.

Kouichi Tanaka

'44

INFORMATION

Ye who live earnestly are men,
Ye who live on laughter are wastrels,
Ye who laugh at life are fools,
Ye who fool with me are flirts.

I. Herkins

'44

MY DREAM GIRL

I think that I shall never see,
A girl refuse a meal that's free,

A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed,

A girl who likes to read good books,
Instead of junk to improve her looks,

A girl who doesn't like to wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair,

A girl who doesn't want to kiss,
Instead of girls who enjoy this bliss,

A girl who likes to play good games,
Not sit around like other dames,

Girls like this are loved by me,
For who the heck would kiss a tree?

Mits Ikeja
Haruo Yuki
'45