The Newsletter for the Japanese American Historical Society of San Diego

Spring Issue 1998

Volume 7 Number 1

GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN SAN DIEGO

By Yukio Kawamoto

Your Footgprints editor, Mich Himaka asked me to write an article about my recollections of my grammar school days in San Diego. We're talking about over 60 years ago; that was a long time ago and my memory ain't what it used to be, but I'll do my best to recall those days.

I went to four grammar schools in San Diego. The first school I went to was a kindergarten only school, which was located behind the old Neighborhood House at the cornor of Beardsley and Newton. I don't remember what the name of the school was and I doubt that it's even there anymore. The next school I went to was Burbank Elementary at Sicard and Marcy. I was only there a short while before our family moved from Fish Camp to downtown. Then I went to Lincoln Elementary, which was located on 12th between E and F. After about a year, our family moved to a house near Fish Camp and it was back to Burbank. Burbank only went up to 4th grade, so after 4th grade, I transferred to Logan Elementary which was 2 or 3 blocks away at 28th and Ocean View.

I hardly remember anything that happened while I was at kindergarten only school, except that they made us brush our teeth every day, but I do remember something that happened to me on the playground a couple of years later. One of my chores when I was a kid was to buy bread at a grocery store every morning to make sandwiches for lunch. There being 5 of us hungry kids at the time, we had to make alot of sandwiches. I used to cut across the kindergarten playground to and from the grocery store. The playground had a see-saw that was broken off on one end but still held up by a pipe at the center. This one morning as I was cutting across the playground, I decided to walk up the see-saw. I walked up the plank and just as I stepped onto the stub on the other side of

the center pipe, the plank swung all the way around and hit me right on the top of the head. This was a 2-inch hardwood plank. Talk about seeing stars! I was lucky I didn't get a concussion. I like to say that I was really smart until that happened and it explains why I haven't been very smart since.

See Grammar School page 2

DATES TO REMEMBER

March 21: VFW Post 4851 Semi-Annual Fund Raiser 5:30 P.M. VFW Hall National City,

April 5: VFW Post 4851 - Annual Easter Egg Hunt 1 P.M. Balboa Park

May 25: Memorial Day Community Observance 9:30 A.M. Mt. Hope Cemetery

June 7: Buddhist Temple - Bazaar 11 A.M. Buddhist Temple

June 28: JACL - Annual Picnic 11 A.M. East Crown Point Shores

JACL Annual Kids Day
Watch Your JACL Newsletter For Date

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CAUGHT DOING SOMETHING NICE

The board and the membership of the JAHSSD would like to recognize and thank the following individuals for their thoughtful donations to our ever growing collection of artifacts on the Nikkei connections in San Diago County.

experience in San Diego County.

Our thanks to Mrs. Roxana Phillips of Phillips Research Services: Historical and Archaeological Consulting for her generous donation of a painted lug end of a tree produced at Poston. On the reverse of the lug-end is the name Tomi Uchiyama who we believe to be Tomiko Uchiyama of Block 317 at Poston. The lug end was purchased some years ago by Mrs Phillips at a small antique store.

We would like to gratefully acknowledge the donation of two panoramic photographs by Mrs. George Fujito of Chula Vista. The two historic photographs, which were donated in the memory of her late husband Mr.George Fujito, and show the Chula Vista Seinenkai baseball team in the early 1930s and a Wakayama Kenjinkai picnic, dated July 21, 1940.

Our thanks also to Mr. Shig Yamashita, Mrs Kimiko Fukamizu, Mrs. Hisa Koike, and Masaaki Hironaka for their invaluable assistance and active participation in our oral history ReGenerations resettlement Study.

We appreciate the efforts of Hideko "Bubbles" Shimasaki, Mich and Naomi Himaka, Susan Hasegawa, and Don Estes who presented a panel and later discussed the San Diego relocation with about fifty students at the annual Day of Remembrance held at UCSD on February 19th.

We are also grateful for the efforts of Mich Himaka and Ben Segawa who volunteered to share their relocation experiences with seventy junior United States history students who are enrolled in Karen Kawasaki's Mount Carmel High's classon March 6th.

CORRECTION: In the last issue of *Footprints*, we misidentified Mr. **Shig Matsushita** as "Blackie" Matsushita, his brother, on the donation of a carved and painted panoramic view of Poston III. We regret the error.

Grammar School continued from page 1

When I first went to Burbank, I was enrolled in a prefirst grade class. I think they put kids who didn't speak much English in pre-first. At fish camp, Japanese was all anyone spoke. I was still in pre-first when I transferred to Lincoln, but they didn't have pre-first so I was put in first grade. However, at the end of the year when everyone else was promoted, I was held back. I like to think that it was because I was supposed to be in pre-first that I was held back, not

because I was dumb or anything.

One of the things I remember about Burbank is assembling in the playground every morning before class for the raising of the flag. We used to recite the Pledge of Allegiance and sing "My Country' Tis of Thee" (never could figure out what those words mean). In those days when we recited the Pledge, we started out by holding our right hands over our hearts, and when we got to "to the flag" we extended our arms palms up, towards the flag. I think they eliminated the extending of the arm during WWII, because it was too similar to the Nazi salute. We had a principal named, I think, Mrs. Barber. When ever anyone was sent to her office for punishment, she would grab the kid by the shoulders and shake the hell out of him. How do I know? I went through a couple of those shakings. Another thing I remember about Burbank is that on the last day before Christmas vacation, the custodian would dress up as Santa Claus and pass out popcorn balls to all the kids. The custodian had a speech impediment where he would always say "Ollie, ollie" before he could get the first word out. When he would come into the room and say "Ollie, ollie, Merry Christmas," it was a dead give away as to who it was. Lincoln was where all the kids who lived in the downtown area went. That's where I met my life long friend and fellow JAHSSD board member, Masato Asakawa. I was at Lincoln for only a year. One of the things I remember is that the restroom closest to my room was in the basement and we always referred to the restroom as the "basement" as in "Can I go to the basement?" For the longest time, I thought that the word for the restroom was basement. unforgettable experience I had there was getting lost after school. A classmate invited me to go home with him to play. When it was time to go home, I thought I knew the way, but I didn't - I got lost. I was standing on a corner bawling away when some man asked me what was wrong. When I told him I was lost, he took me to the police station, which wasn't too far away. A policeman took me home in a squad car and walked me into the house (a hotel that my parents ran, actually). You should have seen my mother when the policeman brought me in - she almost fainted. I guess she thought I had done something really bad.

My fifth grade teacher at Logan was the meanest teacher I ever had. She really had a temper. When she got mad you had better be ready to duck fast, because she would throw stuff - blackboard erasers, keys, whatever she could get her hands on. Once when she was exasperated with my work, she said I was the dumbest Japanese student she ever had. It was

see Grammar School page 3

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Recently, I had the privilege of being a panelist at the new Public Library in Phoenix. The Arizona Humanities Council sponsored, Transforming Barbed Wire, a Remembrance/Conference. As one of the speakers, I was honored to have the opportunity to make "small talk" with the other participants, who were all exceptional people.

Dr. Gordon Hirabayashi, who was the central figure in the landmark Supreme Court case challenging the

Curfew

Law and Exclusion Order, was one of the speakers. He is a typical Nisei, quiet and reserved. conversation was wide and varied. I felt like I've known him for many years. Conference attendees showed much respect to this sociology professor.

Peter Irons is a Harvard graduate and now a professor at UCSD in Political Science. Professor Irons discovered evidence that had been surpressed in the Hirabayashi case that ultimately allowed the case to be

re-opened. He is a very learned man.

Judge Mary Murphy Schroeder of the U.S. Court of Appeals wrote the decision for the Court's ruling that eventually exonerated Hirabayashi. A caring and compassionate judge, she brings credit to the Courts. I was most impressed with Gordon Hirabayashi's determination to challenge the injustice brought upon our people. He made me even more proud to be a Japanese American.

It was a memorable conference with which to be involved. I received much more than I gave. Being part of it was rewarding, and I encourage each one of us to share our thoughts and time with others. You,

too will receive more than you give.

Ben Segawa President

Grammar School continued from page2

probably in arithmetic at which I was never very swift. She was probably comparing me to Masato, who was a whiz at arithmetic and everything else. Masato's family moved into our neighborhood about the time I started going to Logan in the fifth grade and we've been classmates and good friends ever since. I used to envy Masato when we were going to Logan, because he used to get money to buy lunch every day. There was a candy store across the street from school where he would stop every morning on the way to school to buy some candy with his lunch money. I'll bet he never told his mother what he was doing with the lunch money. A couple of incidents while I was at Logan probably added a few more gray hairs to my mother's head. Once right after school, I was horsing around with a friend and we started throwing rocks at

each other. One of the rocks he threw hit me right on the forehead and it bled pretty good. The guy who ran the recreaction center at the school playground stopped the bleeding and wound a white bandage around my head - I looked like a walking wounded from the war. When I walked into the house, my mother again just about fainted. Another time, I was playing softball at recess or lunch. I was pitching and the batter hit a hard line drive right at me, hitting my thumb. It swelled up and hurt like hell. The nurse put a splint on it and put my arm in a sling. My mother was working at a fish cannery at the time and the nurse took me there so my mother could take me to a doctor to get the thumb taken care of. When my mother saw me with the nurse and my arm in a sling, her eyes got big and probably thought, "What now?" As it turned out, my thumb was just dislocated.

I don't know if the 6th grade kids still do it, but in those days, a week or two before the end of the semester, the graduating sixth graders wore a long ribbon made of the school colors and had the ribbon autographed by classmates and teachers. something all the kids looked forward to while they were in grammar school.

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TRACING YOUR NIKKEI ROOTS II: The Trail From Japan

Most of the Issei immigrants who entered the United States legally either came through the Angel Island Immigration Station in San Francisco; sometimes called the Ellis Island of the West Coast, Port Townsend (Seattle) Washington, or San Pedro, California.

As you research your Nikkei roots you may wish at some point to check out the National Archives - Pacific Sierra Regional Center - located at 1000 Commodore Drive, San Bruno, California 94066 (415) 876-9009. This branch of the National Archives has some of the following types of information:

- a. Immigrant files with questions and answers for Angel Island 1910 to 1940.
- b. Name index binders of Japanese immigrants passing through San Francisco, CA.
- c. Microfiche passenger lists of ships arriving at U.S. Ports of Call 1851-1957.
- d. Japanese departure lists 1883-1913. It is important when working with immigration records that you know the spelling of your ancestors name at the time of immigration. The Meiji era spelling of some family names may be spelled significantly different than today's spelling. As an example: Meizi (Meiji), Yositosi (Yoshitoshi), or Hasiguti (Hashiguchi). It can also assist your search if you know the date of arrival at the port of entry. Sometimes this information can be gleaned from old passports.

To some degree similar information may be obtained by visiting the Regional National Archive Center of Southern California located at 24000 Avila Road, P.O. Box 6719, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677. (714) 643 4241. U.S. Census records for 1790 to 1920 are also available at Laguna Niguel.

Locally you can obtain assistance from the Latter Day Saints (LDS) Family Center, 4195 Camino Del Rio South, San Diego, CA (619) 584 7668. Hours: Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday 9 a.m. To 5 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Non-Mormons are welcome to work at and use this facility.

Researching your family records in Japan requires patience and some degree of perseverance. Relatives in Japan are your best source of information since they may have a copy or will know the location of your family record or *koseki*... The *koseki* is a legal document listing all birth, adoptions, marriages and deaths of family members. Since the *koseki* is a government document it's probably easier to obtain a copy from relatives since the government has privacy

concerns to deal with.

Here again the LDS Family History Center in Japan may be able to assist. Letters may be addressed to, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Family History Center, 5-10-30 Minami Azabu, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan. Phone: 011-81-3-3440-2764 (Japanese), 011-81-3-3444-4834 (English), FAX: 011-81-3-3440-2774.

Good hunting.

IN MEMORIAM

The JAHSSD notes with sadness the passing of the following San Diegans and former residents of our community. We extend our condolences to their families and friends.

George FURUYA Sr. - January 16, 1998 Haruko IGUCHI - December 15, 1997 Roy S. IWASHITA - February 7, 1998 Yoshiko Iwama KIKUCHI - January 30, 1998 Eileen Judith OKA - January 7, 1998 Iwao YAGURA - Febuary 2, 1998

IN GRATITUDE

The JAHSSD Board acknowledges receipt of monetary donations to the society from:

Phillip Klauber, in memory of the late Mrs. Yoshi Iwama Kikuchi.

Mrs. Sakiko Kada, in memory of her late husband, Carl Kaoru Kada.

(Editor's Note: Bob Wada, brother of San Diegans Frank Wada, Hank Wada and Mary Marumoto was keynote speaker at Poston I's 55th year reunion held last October at Torrance. The following excerpts are from his speech.)

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...was quite an experience for me. (The Wadas lived in Redlands where only four JA families lived.)

Who among you...remember filling your mattresses with hay the first day and finding a gopher snake in the bale of hay?

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 the simple cone-shaped light shades, green See Poston I Memories page 7



Tokunosuke Abe, fishing entrepreneur and political activist in his office 1940

"He Was An American In His Heart...."

by Don Estes

Political activism is not a new phenomenon in the Nikkei community. Despite the fact that they were denied United States citizenship because of their race, many Issei did not hesitate to become involved with the political processes of their new land. One of these pioneer Issei was Tokunosuke Abe, a San Diego fisheries entrepreneur and political activist.

Abe was born in 1885 in Iwate prefecture, an area long known for its skilled fishermen. After graduating from high school and marrying, he immigrated to the United States arriving in Washington state in 1905. Ultimately relocating to Los Angeles, Abe picked oranges while he took courses at Woodbury College in accounting and finance.

In 1916, Mr. Abe accepted employment of the San Diego Vegetable Growers Association and moved his growing family south. Three years later, he resigned his position with the vegetable growers and joined the M. K. Fishing Company owned by Masaharu Kondo.

With the onset of the great depression, Mr. Kondo's company failed in 1931. Abe restructured the company and incorporated the new entity as the Southern Commercial Company. Beginning with three employees and one 10 ton boat, he was able over the next five years to increase the company's holdings to twenty-five boats and over 200 employees.

Abe's personal success in San Diego was counterbalanced by an increasingly hostile forces in the California state legislature who had dedicated themselves to driving the Issei out of the state's

fishery, an industry they had in large part created themselves.

Between 1919 to 1935 seven separate bills were introduced in the legislature to deny fishing licenses to the Issei. All of the proposed legislation cited U.S. citizenship as the criterion for obtaining a commercial fishing license. Since the Issei were classified as "aliens ineligible for citizenship," the sole target of these laws was readily apparent. As president of one of the state's leading fishing companies, Abe played a major role in defeating the proposed legislation.

In 1933, the anti-Japanese forces in the legislature succeeded in amending section 990 of the State Fish and Game Code to add the offending citizenship requirement. Immediately, California's Attorney General Ulysses S.

Webb, the man who had co-sponsored the state's 1913 alien land law, filed a legal action against Abe and his boat, the *Osprey*. Abe in turn sued the fish and game commission citing the equal protection of the law clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Abe's contention was upheld in a San Diego Superior Court. Webb immediately appealed but lost at both the state appeals court level and in 1935, in the California Supreme Court.

Abe's last major legislative battle was fought in 1938 when Assemblyman Samuel W. Yorty, later to be the mayor of Los Angeles, introduced Assembly Bill 335 which would have excluded three out of every four persons of Japanese ancestry from the state's fishery. Fighting the Office of Naval Intelligence, the American Legion, the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, and a coalition of labor unions, Abe and lawyer Walter T. Tsukamoto of the fledgling JACL ultimately defeated the bill, but only after a long and expensive fight in both time and money.

Tokunosuke Abe died of a massive stroke on January 3, 1941. He was thus spared the agony of seeing the destruction of the Japanese tuna fleet he helped pioneer when war broke out between the two countries he loved equally well.





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WHAT WE DO?

In our pursuit of new members we are frequently asked, "Just what is it that you

people do anyway?"

We thought we might take a minute just in case anyone who is pondering that question might not have received an answer. When it comes right down to it you might say that we're involved in three races that we're running at the same time.

The first race is the one to save almost any artifacts we can lay our hands on that relates to the local Nikkei experience. Here we're constantly seeking books, documents, photos, clothing, uniforms, paintings and other works of art produced locally by Japanese-Americans.

This first race is the one we're especially concerned about because every day, items that are important to the JA experience in this area are slipping

away and being lost - forever.

Our second race is to educate not only the non-Nikkei population on the JA experience, but our own children and grandchildren as well. We need to run this race because we believe it is important for every individual to have a sense of continuity - to know where they are on the historical continuum.

To this end, we participate in panels, and make presentations to classes and to all kinds of other organizations. We sponsor public programs. We arrange photo exhibits, and develop audio visual materials, we serve as a resource to those who publish, and of course we have our own annual

meetings.

The last race we're in is the one to record the life histories of the people who have been a part of the rich history and tradition of our community. We're running this race with our ReGenerations committee who have already collected ten Nisei interviews. This race is a long distance race, because we are always going to want to be interviewing people, because everyone's story is important to our understanding of our community.

Just in case you wondered, with your help and the help of others - that's what we've been doing.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

By Yukio Kawamoto, Membership Chair

Welcome to new life members Mr. & Mrs. Hiomi Nakamura, Ken Nishi and Emi Shimizu. We also welcome Isamu Nakamura and Karen Kawasaki who joined recently as annual members. We appreciate all of your support.



THINGS WE DO - Members of the Buddhist Temple search for familiar faces at a JAHSSD photo exhibit.

At the dedication of the Buddhist Temple's new Sangha Hall.

NEW MEMBERSHIP CATEGORY

At its November, 1997 meeting, your Board of Directors voted to establish a new membership category for full time students. Effective immediately any full time K-12 student, or a student currently enrolled for at least 12 undergraduate units or 9 graduate units may join the JAHSSD for \$15 per year.

This is a perfect chance for young people to

help preserve the Nikkei past for our future.

The new membership, like all memberships will date from the time of joining. You might consider a gift membership for a child or grandchild. Give a loved one a gift of history.

MAILING LABEL

With this issue, we are using the new mailing labels which show, in the upper right hand corner, the date your membership expires. For example, if the date shown is 05/28/98, your membership expires on May 28, 1998. We will send renewal reminders about one month before annual memberships expire. We hope you will respond promptly and send your dues when you get the reminder.

Sample label:

05/28/98

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A DAY of REMEMBRANCE

On Feb. 19, 1998, about 40 members of the UCSD Nikkei Students Union met a the campus Price Center to observe its annual Day of Remembrance-- The signing of Executive order 9066. JAHSSD board members Don Estes, Susan Hasegawa and Mich Himaka and former board member Hideko "Bubbles" Shimasaki participated in a panel discussion concerning the effects of internment. Don served as moderator while Susan told of interviews she and other members of the ReGeneration team have conducted in connection with the project. Mich talked about the internment of San Diegans and the effect it had on the internees and Bubbles talked about her Crystal City experiences after she and her parents were incarcerated there. The panelists spent a great deal of time after the discussion talking with the students, whose main concern seemed to be the reluctance of their relatives, especially parents and grandparents, to discuss the evacuation in general.

On March 6, 1998, JAHSSD Presdent Ben Segawa and Mich Himaka spoke to combined history classes at Mount Carmel High School at the invitation of their instructor Karen Kawasaki to discuss the evacuation. About 70 students attended. There seemed to be a lot of interest on the part of the students, whose question were quite insightful. It was Ms. Kawasaki's classes who last year visited the 100-Year Road exhibit and wrote poems that ran in the recent Footprints editions. Their main concern also seems to be the lack of information on the evacuation. In this appearance, Ben served as "historical Exhibit A" and Mich as

"Exhibit B."

In a line with those speaking engagements, the JAHSSD would like to establish a speakers bureau to fufill many requests we get to have community members volunteer to speak to olrganizations, school class and other gatherings. You won't be asked to appear alone but panels with other speakers. Don Estes might even be able to loan us props to put on display sometimes thereby cutting down on the time we need to speak!

But this is a call for volunteer speakers to put the Nikkei story out there. If you are interested in participating, call one of the board members whose phone numbers are listed elsewhere in this We encourage married couples or publication. family members to participate together. You might enjoy the experience, especially speaking to the

young people.

Poston I Memories continued from page 4

on the outside and 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 or you-know what...obviously with no privacy.

(Bob remembered the mess hall where gongs called diners to breakfast, lunch and dinner.) How long did it take you to distinguish your own block's

unique sound of metal against metal? Block 30's was a

hanging steel concrete reinforcing rod.

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 humid air during the hot summers?

...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 had been wanting to dance with all evening...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.

...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 blonds 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 have

AIDS in those days!

And how many of you remember the parade for the volunteers of the 442nd?...We must never forget all those volunteers from Camp I who served while their parents and families were in camp. Many never returned...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, graying hair, losing their hearing and all those good things that come with growing old.

... No TV's, no VCRs, no computers, no microwaves, no frozen foods, no plastic, no (you know da kind) pills, no credit cards, no dishwashers, no McDonald's, no video games and no AIDS.

...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. Formost of us here tonight, time has taken our precious parents. We must 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? The memories of camp are slowly beginning to fade away now, but the developed friendships will remain forever.

NANKING CAFE By Mich Himaka

If you've lived in San Diego long enough, you've got to remember Nanking Cafe at the corner of Fifth and Island Avenues. Who could ever forget it?

Recently, The San Diego Union-Tribune had an article on the oldest restaurant in town featuring the old Sun Cafe, formerly operated by the Obayashi

family at 421 Market St.

The old Nanking Cafe had to be about the same age, if not older. I think every Japanese wedding reception, family party, parties of all kinds were held there.

What memories I have of that old place. The high ceiling. The fans that hung from the same high ceiling. Lime green walls. Partitions that separated booths.

Nanking probably served the best China-meshi in town. At least, it was the most aromatic food I could remember.

On occasion, Papa would order chow mein to be delivered to our home down the street at 437 Fifth Ave. The waiter, a white apron wrapped around his waist, would come out of the restautant carrying a large oblong pan that was covered by one of those baking pans covers.

I would watch him to see which direction he was heading. If he went north on Fifth, I knew it wasn't ours. But if he went south, I knew where he was going. (I don't think anyone south of us would order that much chow mein! Not with the big eaters

we had in the family.)

Our present generation of kids are no different, which brings me to the BIG CHOW MEIN REVOLT.

I forget the occasion but the clan gathered at Nanking for a get-together once. (It must have been in the 1960s or so.)

The adults ordered what you might call the formal China-meshi, the one where you order so

many courses for so many people.

It turned out that that menu did not include chow mein. As each course came out, the Kids took small portions and waited. And they waited. And waited. Until the waitress, Lillian, said, "That's all."

The Kids looked at each other and, almost in unison said: "WHERE'S THE CHOW MEIN?"

The parents all answered: "We didn't order

any this time."

And the *Kids* (led by one particular *KID*) began a silent chant: "WE WANT CHOW MEIN! WE WANT CHOW MEIN!) Until it began to get a little louder. (Some of them even took forks and spoons in hand and began lightly tapping on the table. But not the BIG KID.)

Guess what? They got their chow mein after the brief protest. And you know what? The adults, I think, wanted chow mein, too, cuz we took some of the food home in those little boxes but no chow mein. It was all gone!

And to this day, those Kids still remember the Chow Mein Revolt. Just another memory of the old Nanking Cafe.

(Editor's Note: This issue includes the JAHSSD membership list of both life members and annual members as follows:)

LIFE MEMBERS

George & Toshiko Asakawa Masato & Dorothy L. Asakawa Moto & Florence Asakawa Charles & Elaine Bowers Jessie Burrows Mizue H. Copple Johnny Dunkle Jeanne K. Elyea Donald & Carol Estes Michio & Naomi M. Himaka Masaaki Hironaka Maya Honda & Wayne O'Neil Stan Honda & Ann Levin I quch i Isen Ned Iguchi Rvo Imamura Betty Inahara Arthur & Lillian Kaihatsu Paul T. Kaneyuki David H. & Carol Kawamoto Yukio & Mitsuko Kawamoto Jeffrey T. Kida Michiyo Kira Philip M. Klauber Terry & Hisako Koike Thomas T. Minamide Hatsune Mukai Norris S. Nagao Hiomi & Marie S. Nakamura Dorothy T. Otsuka Aiko Owashi Aileen Oya Margaret Iwanaga Penrose John Rojas, Jr. Min & Emma Sakamoto & Mary Takasaki Ben & Grace Segawa Randall Segawa Emi Shimizu Elsie Sogo Yo Takehara Francis I. & Patsy Tanaka Magotsugu K. & Masako K. Uyeji William R. Vetter Ruth U. Voorhies

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