FOOTPRINTS Impressions from where we were to where we will be

The Newsletter For The Japanese American Historical Society Of San Diego

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Tom Yanagihara accepts Kansha Award from JAHSSD President Jeanne K. Elyea, one of three presented at annual meeting.

3 Honored For Community Service

The JAHSSD's 8th annual membership meeting drew a crowd of about 125 people to honor three San Diegans who have contributed to our community through their leadership and service.

This year's Kansha Community Service Awards were presented to Tom Yanagihara, Shinobu Yoshioka and posthumously to the late Joe Owashi.

Harry Honda, editor emeritus of the *Pacific Citizen*, and JACL archivist, was the featured speaker reminding us of our "southern cousins," the Nikkei living in South America.

"Kansha" is the Japanese word meaning gratitude, which clearly is the feeling of community towards

recipients of the award.

Each the awardees were presented beautiful plaques, which were made by JAHSSD board member, Yukio Kawamoto. For Yukio's work, we are again most grateful.

Board executive director Ben Segawa presented the award to Mr. Owashi's children -- Judy Miyamoto, Kathleen Lui, Bruce Owashi and Norman Owashi.

Yukio Kawamoto presented the award to Mr. Yanagihara and his wife, Sumi, without whose approval, Tom acknowledged, he could not have participated in so many activities for which he was recognized.

JAHSSD Vice President Susan Hasegawa

made the presentation to Mrs. Yoshioka.

"The greatest legacy Joe Owashi left us is to be honest in everything we do," Ben said. "He taught me to be proud of myself and my country. Joe didn't just preach his philosophy, he lived it. He was a man of few words but what was memorable were things he didn't say.

"Joe never complained. Not when jobs were not available to him in 1937 after earning an electrical engineering degree from UC Berkeley. Not when he was interned during World War II. Not when he returned to San Diego after the war and couldn't sell the produce he grew on his farm. Not when he developed heart problems. It's not surprising that few people knew of his health condition that ultimately led to his passing.

"But Joe found ways to adjust to hardships."

Mr. Owashi also gained recognition from his peers, including being named San Diego County Farmer of the Year in 1970, being founding president of the Chula Vista Growers Association, founding director of Kiku Gardens, serving on the California Regional Water Quality Control Board and as San Diego JACL Chapter president.

See Kansha Awards page 7

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Mr. Imataro Kawamoto around age 40.

Tales At The Kitchen Table

By Mitsuko Kawamoto

In 1897, **Imataro Kawamoto**, a young man of 20 sailed to the Philippines and China as a civilian cook on a U. S. Navy ship. Curious and adventuresome, he wandered for some years.

Sakayo Kawamoto, whom I used to call Granma, told me many amazing stories about this man, who became her second husband. The stories rolled off her tongue as if it were yesterday.

Many a day, she talked of her life as we sat at the

kitchen table during lunch.

Granma died four years ago at the age of 94 but I can still see her gentle, round face framed with curly silver-gray hair, glasses on her small nose and her remarkable clear complexion.

On her head, she wore a net cap, a throw back from her fish cannery days plus her apron, which completed her uniform of the day. Intending to write a

history some day, I jotted notes as she talked.

Imataro Kawamoto, born in January 1876 in the country village of Midori, Hiroshima-ken, Japan, was the oldest son of Kenosuke and Tomo Kawamoto. He was 5-foot-6 and slim, taller than the average Japanese man of his era, with thick hair, bushy eyebrows and a self-assured look.

There were three boys and five girls in this large

family.

In Japan, only the eldest son inherits the family property. He, in turn, is obligated to care for his parents in their old age and to carry on the family

name. As this story unfolds, this does not happen. His father, Kenosuke, held a high government position but later became a rice merchant selling rice to the villagers. He provided a comfortable way of life for his family. How else could he purchase a horse for his eldest son at the age of six?

I think Imataro's love of horses developed from that time. At sometime in his youth, his father purchased a rifle for

him because he loved to hunt.

"When did he come to America?" I asked Granma.

"He first went to Hawaii," she said. "The Japanese government drafted him into the army. Because of his love of horses, he wanted to join the cavalry but he was refused. They claimed he was too heavy. Instead, they assigned him to work on roads.

"However, Imataro, disappointed and unhappy, complained to his father. Somehow, his father finagled a way for his son to be released from his service

obligation.

"Then, he sent his 19-year-old son to Hawaii with two other young men. During this period around 1895, Hawaii welcomed Japanese immigrants as contract laborers on the sugar plantations. Imataro and his two friends had no contract and no sponsor so the authorities threatened to deport them.

"A friendly Caucasian man came to their rescue as their sponsor and encouraged them to attend school. For awhile, Imataro went to school but eventually working appealed to him more. He held an assortment of jobs working in a mortuary, laundry and as a cook

on a plantation.

How long he stayed in Hawaii, Granma didn't know but one day, he heard that a U. S. Navy ship needed a cook and his adventuresome soul took over.

This young man looking for a new experience, or just a job, signed on as a cook. Perhaps the job lasted as long as that one voyage but it landed him in New York, where he became a houseboy, a servant for a family.

I still remember Granma chuckled as she told the

rest of this particular tale.

"One day, this family gave him a day off and put the home address on a slip of paper, which they gave to him," she recalled. "After he spent his time off, he prepared to return to the house but he had lost the address. What did he do next? He never returned and instead went to work as a cook on another Navy ship.

"So he began the voyage of his life first to the Philippines, where he lived a couple of years, and then

on to China."

My husband, Yuki, said he heard his father See Tales at the Kitchen Table page 6



Sumiyo Hasegawa Kastelic cooks french fries or hungry zoo

patrons July 13, 1963

Moment in Time: Photos from the JAHSSD Archive by Don Estes

Sumiyo Elinor Hasegawa, the daughter of the late Toshiaki and Merrie Hasegawa of San Ysidro, was seventeen years old when she began "flipping burgers" on Monkey Mesa at the San Diego Zoo. She worked at the zoo from the time she was in high school until she became a senior majoring in sociology at San Diego State.

After her graduation from State in 1964, Sumi was hired to manage a multi-city study dealing with public school dropouts. Later, she worked for San Diego County Citizens Interracial Committee (CIC), the area's first attempt to respond directly to the needs of San Diego's varied racial communities. Sumi began working for CIC at a time when San Diego was being described as, "The Mississippi of the West." After several years with the CIC, she was hired as an administrator for a local federal War on Poverty agency. Both organizations focused their efforts on the needs of low income and ethnic minorities in San Diego, particularly the Afro-American and Hispanic communities.

In 1965, she married **Frank A. Kastelic**, who was in the first graduating class at Lincoln High School where he had been student body president in his junior year.

The couple moved to San Francisco where Frank

earned his Ph.D. in Social Work and
Sumi found employment
with a federally funded health agency.
Later, she earned her Masters of Public
Health at the University of California at
Berkeley.

Today, with twenty-five years of experience in hospital administration, Sumi is the director of the University of California at San Diego Hospital, which provides the primary teaching facilities for the UCSD School of In this capacity, she Medicine. oversees UCSD's 400- bed hospital in Hillcrest as well as the Thornton Hospital in La Jolla. She is responsible for an operating budget of \$350 million and a staff of 3,000. She has become the highest ranking Asian American woman in the University of California system.

Sumi and Frank Kastelic are Charter Life Members of the JAHSSD and have been major supporters of the society since it's inception. They have taken a special interest in supporting the

growth and development of our historical photo archiving activities.

Next time you see a kid flipping burgers, don't write off their potential too quickly.

DATES TO REMEMBER

December 17, 2000 Sunday School Christmas Program

SD Japanese Christian Church @ 7:00 p.m.

December 17, 2000 Christmas Program and Pageant

Ocean View UCC @ 10:00 a.m.

December 17, 2000 Mochitsuki Buddhist Temple of SD - All Day

December 31, 2000 Joya-E Year-End Service Buddhist Temple of SD @ 7:30 p.m.

December 31, 2000 Joya No Kane (Bell Ringing Service)
Shelter Island @ 11:30 p.m.

January 1, 2001 New Year Day Service Buddhist Temple of SD @ 10:00 a.m.

President's Message

This year has been a very active and eventful year for our organization. Elaine Hibi Bowers resigned as president and has since suffered the loss of her husband, Dr. Charles Bowers, on Sept. 15. Our

condolences to Elaine and her family

Our 8th annual meeting held Oct. 21 at the San Diego Buddhist Temple was another big success for us with 122 attendees. Our guest speaker was Harry Honda of the Pacific Citizen and the Kansha Awards were presented to Tom Yanagihara and Shinobu Yoshioka and posthumously to Joe The JAHSSD board appreciates the Owashi. continued support of our members and thank you all very much. Special thanks to Naomi and Mich Himaka of Kei Dan Floral Design for their donations of the table arrangements, which also served as door prizes; Yoshihiro Minezaki of Ichiban of Hillcrest for his prompt service and his generous donations of door prizes; and the Buddhist Temple of San Diego for allowing us to use their annex facility.

Extra kudos to Naomi and Mich for their work on our newsletters this past year. We are extremely fortunate to have such a comprehensive and enjoyable

newsletter.

This year, we completed the REgeneration Project through the National Museum of Los Angeles. The completed four volumes (one for each city-Chicago, San Diego, San Jose and Los Angeles) are available from the National Museum. Our interviewees were: Kay Fukamizu, Mas Hironaka, Mas Honda, Lloyd Ito, Umeko Kawamoto, Hisako Koike, Ruth Voorhies, James Yamate, Dorothy

Yonemitsu and Joe Yoshioka.

Our video, "Democracy Under Pressure: Japanese Americans and World War II" featuring Ruth Voorhies and Ben Segawa telling their feelings about their internment experience, especially the loss of their civil liberties as Japanese Americans. The video and the accompanying curriculum guide has been distributed free to all public middle, junior high schools and colleges and universities throughout San Diego and Imperial counties. The San Diego City Council and the San Diego County Board of Supervisors issued proclamations honoring this achievement the day of the premier screening on May 31 at the San Diego Public Library. Our thanks to all the members and friends who made the completion of the project possible by their generous contributions and to the members of the project team for all their work and effort. Copies of the video are available for purchase by contacting one of our board members.

As a follow up to the City Council meeting, with

Don Estes' assistance, Coucilmember Christine Kehoe sponsored a resolution to rescind a racially inflammatory council resolution directed against the local Nikkei dating back to 1943. We extend our thanks

to Ms. Kehoe and Don for taking this action.

Our organization continues to seek a permanent home for our artifacts and photo collection. Liz Yamada is serving on a committee dealing with the use of the former Naval Training Center property for art and cultural displays. We are open to any suggestions about display areas or sites as we are still adding to our collection. Anyone with items relating to our pre-war and post-war Japanese American experience here in San Diego are urged to donate them to our organization. If you are not sure if the item is appropriate, please contact us anyway. "When in doubt, let us check it out."

Speakers from our society made many speaking engagements at schools and before other agencies and we are still in need of volunteers to share their internment and Nikkei experience. Yuki Kawamoto, Mich Himaka and Ben Segawa told of their experiences in camp to Karen Kawasaki's Mt. Carmel High School classes and the students loved the stories of funny and everyday experiences. We ask and urge members to please consider becoming active in our Speakers' Bureau and as a board member.

Lastly, the Poston III Reunion Committee, an ad hoc committee of our organization, is busy planning the event scheduled June 1-3, 2001, at the Doubletree Hotel in Mission Valley. As many of you might remember, the JAHSSD was created from the overwhelming response to our 1991 reunion and our well-received Poston III exhibit.

The committee is soliciting volunteers, memorial, personal or business ads for our booklet, door prizes for the Friday night get-together and Saturday night banquet and cash donations to help lower the individual cost of the reunion. Any such contribution would be greatly appreciated.

Domo Arigato.

Jeanne K. Elyea President

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From left, Harry Segawa, Kumao "Flash" Sugioka, Kiyoshi Nakagawa, Tom Sugioka, Isen "Penny" Iguchi and Sam Itami work

Idaho sugar beet farm during WWII.

Not All Families Went to Relocation Centers

By Shig Oto

I was a teenager attending Southwest Junior High School when Pearl Harbor was attacked on Dec. 7, 1941. Nikkei lives would take a sharp right turn that day and change forever.

One of my best friends was **David Walton**, who lost two brothers at Pearl Harbor. He and I walked to school every day right up to the day we were evacuated.

There were several other Niseis in my grade at Southwest, including Michiko Furuya, Kenji Iguchi, Haruko Itami, Kazuko Ito, Tom Segawa, and Chieko Yano. With the start of the war, we were all subject to curfews. At home, we had to have our shades drawn. Searchlights scanned the skies while sirens wailed in the night.

Mr. Yoshitaro Otsuka of Downey had three daughters. Helen, the eldest, was married to Shozo Narasaki who lived in Compton. Betty was married to Isao Tom Imaizumi, and Mary later married Sam Itami in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Somehow, Mr. Otsuka and his son-in-law, Isao, met **Ben Matkins**, an Idaho farmer, who faced a labor shortage due to the war. They agreed to help him find some laborers.

The Imaizumis, Itamis, Narasakis, Furushiros, who were neighbors of the Narasakis, and the Otos shipped most of their furniture and other necessities by railway freight to Matkins for storage in Idaho.

On Feb. 19, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 which authorized the Army to remove all Nikkei from the West Coast. On April 8, 1942, all the Nikkei living south of Del Mar were put aboard two trains and transported to the Santa Anita Assembly Center.

Since the Otsukas, Narasakis, and Furushiros were from the LA area, they drove to Santa Anita in a caravan of their own cars, which were loaded with family members and all their necessities.

They parked the cars at the assembly center. It was the last time they saw those cars.

Later, those three families were scheduled to be sent to Rohwer, Ark., but because of the prior agreement with Matkins and because they had already shipped their belongings, including a tractor, to Idaho, they were allowed to proceed directly to Idaho Falls.

With authorization of the assembly center officials, we were among the first families allowed to leave Santa Anita. We took a train to Idaho Falls. On arrival, we were transported to the town of Terrington, where each family was assigned to different farmers, who were to provide our living quarters. The **Itamis** arrived later from **Poston**.

Most of the families we stayed with were Mormons. They were very kind to us and appreciative of what we were doing for them. We worked together as a crew on each farmer's land to thin and harvest the sugar beets.

I didn't know it at the time but we were on a piece work agreement. It turned out that I was the slowest one so the others helped me finish my rows of sugar beets.

We also did other work like shocking grain, stacking hay, and picking and sorting potatoes during what we called our "spud" (school) vacation. During the winter months, my brother **Kaz** helped with the feeding of a herd of milking cows. Most of the single girls went into the town of Idaho Falls to do domestic work.

In the fall of 1942, Ken Otsuka, Ted Furushiro, and myself started school at Roberts High School, which was about 20 miles away. We were the last ones on the school bus route so when we got to school, we were just about frozen.

The principal called an assembly to announce to the student body that, while we were of Japanese ancestry, we were as American as they all were. That meeting helped ease our way into the school population and we had no problem at that school.

See Not All Families Went to Relocation Center page 8

cooked for the father of Gen. Douglas MacArthur who commanded the military presence in the Philippines at the time. His sister, Kaz, mentioned her Dad told her, "I sailed around the world."

"How long was he gone?" I asked Granma.

"For eight years, he wandered until his return to Japan on a New Year's Day," she said. She didn't say how his parents reacted to his long overdue return.

Sitting there listening to her, I could only imagine how overjoyed they must have been to see their eldest son. Yet, disappointment must have set in when

Imataro decided to return to America.

After all, being the eldest son obligated him to take care of his parents, inherit the property and carry on the family name. This tradition was important in Japan so I think father and son must have argued and sparks flew. Granma told me that the father had a short temper.

Not only did he return to America but eventually three sisters and a brother also emigrated to America.

Chizu Miyahara and husband settled in Seattle. Shizuko Yorozuya and her husband went to Tacoma and the third sister, Suma Hada, came to San Diego with a married man. Together they ran a hotel in downtown San Diego.

The brother, Shinhichi Kawamoto, worked for the railroad in Nevada, retired on disability and

lived in San Diego.

Of the rest of the family, one sister, Masako Kawamoto, died at age 3; a brother died of war injuries suffered in Manchuria.

That left a sister and the youngest brother,

Matsuji, living in Japan.

Eventually, Matsuji inherited the family home and

today, his son lives in the ancestral home.

If Imataro had stayed in Japan, my husband, Yuki as the son of the oldest son, would be living in that house. When Yuki and I visited Japan in 1981, we met his cousin, the son of Matsuji and his wife. They treated us with such warmth and hospitality.

Stepping into that home gave me this incredible feeling of awe. A connection was made with Imataro's parents -- my husband's grandparents. Their portraits displayed in that home were the exact one Granma had

given to Yuki and me.

Returning to the early life of Imataro Kawamoto, official records indicate that he lived in San Diego in 1906. Still a bachelor at age 30, he decided to settle here after all the years at sea. There were many other Japanese already here at the time, mostly single men. Some were farm laborers or leased land for their own farms in Mission Valley, Chula Vista and other South Bay areas. Others fished or ran small businesses such as barbershops, pool halls, small cafes, dry goods stores, grocery stores and hotels. These businesses were all located in the downtown areas.

My father-in-law joined this group of Japanese pioneers, who became known as the Issei, the first generation to immigrate to America. In 1906, single men were common but single women were a rarity.

"One day, one of the women, Miss Shimoda by name, entered a competition with a man. Each carried a 'yari,' a long bamboo pole with a saber on the end. I don't know any other detail, just that she lost. The thing that impressed me was that this woman actually competed with a man!"

Later, this same woman ran a business, a small eating place near the foot of Crosby Street near the Van Camp cannery. She became known as "Kanta no obasan," the lady who ran the lunch counter. She is an example of a pioneer woman in the early history of

the Japanese in San Diego.

So after all these years at sea, Imataro tried farming. I'm sure that he must have farmed in San Diego, but this next story of Granma's concerns farming in New Mexico.

His wandering soul would take him to New Mexico to grow watermelons. A Mr. Iwashita was to accompany Imataro but he changed his mind so Imataro

went alone.

He lived in a small shack, became acquainted with a Japanese man from his own village in Japan. One year, the farm flooded and all was lost. he owed money, but somehow the debt was forgiven. After that disaster, I would think that he would have given up farming in New Mexico but he persisted.

Granma had yet another tale to relate.

One night, the plinking sounds of a guitar reached Imataro's ear. Water entered his small shack and his friend's guitar floated around. Plink, plink, the sound awakened him.

He also heard someone yelling, "Help, help!" An Indian hanging onto the trunk of a willow tree was in danger of being washed down the stream. Imataro swam out with a rope and rescued him, saving his life. In his gratitude, the man promised help at any time. With everything gone and broke for the second time in the farming business, he returned to San Diego.

Turning to the sea once again, he became a fisherman. My husband mentioned that his Dad had fished in Oxnard up the coast. Eventually, though, he returned to San Diego. Fishing must have been fairly

lucrative for he purchased a boat.

By 1922 at the age of 45, he had led a full life, but now a new and different life awaited him. A marriage was arranged between him and Sakayo Kubota, a widow with two children. This was my mother-in-law, Granma. Her birthplace, Moroki, Hiroshima-ken, was just across the river from Midori, Imataro's home. What a coincidence that she married a man who grew up so close to her own home. They subsequently had four children -- a son and three daughters of their own.

See Tales at the Kitchen Table page 13

In presenting the award to Tom, Yuki said, "When an organization needs to get something done, you give the job to the busiest guy you can find. Tom certainly is that guy (in San Diego.)"

A long-time community activist, Tom currently is serving as president of -- and the driving force behind -- the Japanese Friendship Garden in Balboa

Park for the past seven years.

He spent countless hours on the expansion working with city officials and contractors, solving numerous problems that evolved.

"The garden," Yuki said, "is a tribute to Tom's

dedication and leadership."

Along with his involvement with the garden, Tom is still involved in changing the focus of his nursery business, Ouchi Nursery, to a sales and

service power equipment firm.

He also has served several terms as president of the San Diego Buddhist Temple, chaired the Buddhist Churches of America's Endowment Foundation, vice president of the Japanese Teahouse in Balboa Park, a past president of the San Diego JACL and served on the BCA's Endowment Foundation board as a director for the past 8 years.

"Tom is not your typical, quiet Nisei," Yuki said. "When he has something to say, he says it and with his loud voice, he is going to be heard. Sometimes he says what he calls 'irankoto' but he

always has good intentions at heart."

Shinobu Kobayashi Bender Yoshioka is a relative newcomer to San Diego but that didn't prevent her from becoming involved in the community.

A native of Yamanashi-ken, Shinobu and her family moved to Tokyo where her father, **Keiji Kobayashi**, served in the Konoe, the Imperial Palace guards. She studied English and was employed as a clerk for the U. S. Army.

She met and married Rueben B. Bender in Japan and they came to San Diego where they settled down to raise three children, Charles, Carol and

Linda.

In introducing Shinobu as a recipient, Susan Hasegawa said her community involvement began helping servicemen's wives attending Ocean View United Church of Christ, where Shinobu sang in the Japanese language church choir.

Rueben died suddenly in 1962 leaving Shinobu a widow with three young children. Following her husband's passing, she continued to be concerned for the needs of older Isseis in the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and beginning to the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish and the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had nowhere to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bilingual and biguitable parish the community who had now here to turn for bili

bicultural social services.

Following her marriage in 1975 to JAHSSD director Vernon Yoshioka, she got her new husband involved in JACL activities and helped

organize and start the Union of Pan Asian Communities (UPAC).

When UPAC started Project Pan Asian Senior Services (PASS), Shinobu volunteered as temporary Project PASS Japanese speaking staff member.

"Before she came to America, Shinobu's mother told her there will be people who will be nice to her so she, in turn should be nice to others," Susan said.

"Shinobu's service to the community has been a labor of love. Much of her work also has gone unrecognized because her clients had no close friends or family and they have since passed on."

Shinobu initiated the Japanese Senior Nutrition Program. She remains in charge of that program, which meets every Wednesday at noon at the Japanese

Christian Church, as a volunteer.

Shinobu continued in her capacity serving the community needs for 22 years, much of it anonymously.

For all the service Joe, Tom and Shinobu have provided the community, we thank them very much.

In discussing our "cousins" to the south, **Harry Honda** covered the history of how they arrived at their respective South American homes.

For instance, Argentina Japanese first arrived in 1886, seventeen years after the first Japanese arrived in

the U.S. in 1869.

Mexico celebrated the 100th anniversary of Japanese immigration in 1997 when 34 Japanese immigrant waded ashore from a lifeboat off an American ship, Harry said.

Peru Japanese celebrated their 100th anniversary in 1999 when the first 790 Japanese arrived aboard the *Sakura Maru* as contract workers for sugar plantations.

Bolivia Japanese also celebrated their 100th anniversary since their arrival in that country in 1899.

Mr. Honda noted that Brazilian Japanese arrived first in 1908 with 783 Japanese aboard the *Kasato Maru* to work coffee plantations. Today, he said, that country claims more than nearly 1.3 million Japanese, more than those living in the U. S. (about 875,000.)

Harry said the South American Japanese are making a strong effort at preserving and promoting Japanese language operating private Japanese language schools to augment the public school education offered in those countries.

Through a variety of ongoing activities in South American countries, "one can visualize their steps to preserve Nikkei heritage through programs from a young age," he said. "That non-Japanese neighbors are welcome today to join their activities may be why one sees intermarriage on the rise.

"It was not so forty or fifth years ago when anti-Japanese discrimination prevailed."

Not All Families Went to Relocation Centers continued from

It was when we played basketball or softball against other schools that we encountered racial slurs and guys wanting to pick a fight. I heard that **Haruko Itami**, who attended another high school, had encountered so many racial slurs and problems that she dropped out of school. There were other incidents where potatoes were thrown at us.

Once, a Nisei couple was eating at a restaurant and a cloth napkin was thrown at them. So the Nisei guy, dressed in a black jacket and boots got up, walked over to the offending table and asked, "What's your problem?" There was no response and the

occupants quietly backed off.

Before my senior year in high school, I was drafted into the Army and shipped to Fort Douglas, Utah. There, I joined with other Nisei from all of the relocation camps who also were awaiting induction into the Army. Eventually, I was sent to Fort Sill, Okla., with several other Nisei for basic training.

After basic training, I was assigned to the European Theater of Operations. I would spend about 13 months in France, Germany and Belgium before being discharged at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., on June 26, 1946. From Texas, I moved to Encinitas and settled down.

After the war, the young adults of this area formed a group we called the JANELs (Japanese American Nisei of Encinitas and Leucadia.) We sponsored dances, picnics and Christmas

for the area Issei. Our JANEL group consisted of Masako Ito, the Fujimotos (Akiko, Akiyoshi, Sumiko, Yukie, Jack, Fumie, and Yoko), the Horibas (Masa, Take, Sabe), the Taniguchis (George, Mitzi, Chieko), the Yoshidas (Bill, Betty, Fusaye and Tomi), and my brother, Kazukiyo.

We had a softball and a basketball team and once put on a basketball tournament in the San Dieguito High School gym. We had boys and girls teams from San Diego, the Oceanside-Vista area and Covina participating.

We held a reunion six years ago on Feb. 19, 1994, at the home of **Akiko Fujimoto Hiroshige**. That was the exact date 52 years earlier that Pres.

Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066.

These are memories from over 50 years ago. Most of the heads of these households (Mr. And Mrs. Otsuka, Mrs. Motono Oto, Isao and Betty Imaizumi, Kenji Otsuka, Sam Itami, Mas and Ted Furushiro, Kazukiyo Oto) who went to Idaho have passed on. Much of the memories of events that took us to Idaho went with them. Much of what I have written, I have had to rely on Mary Itami's recollection of what took place at the time.

(Editor's Note: We thank Shig Oto for submitting the above article. We would encourage any and all members to submit similar recollections about their families and friends and their lives in San Diego County.)

IN MEMORIAM

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

Dr. Charles W. BOWERS - September 15, 2000 Iseyo SATAKE - September 15, 2000 Toru HIRAI - September 20, 2000 Susumu "Sam" MATSUMOTO - Sept. 29, 2000 Midori YASUDA - September 29, 2000 Michiko H. MINAGAWA - October 3, 2000 Motoko NIELSEN - October 8, 2000 Takae GOTO - October 19, 2000 Beatrice H. MAYEKAWA - October 19, 2000 Ben AIHARA - October 28, 2000 Miyo SUEY - October 30, 2000 Toshio MIYAHARA - October 31, 2000 Nancy Haruye NISHIOKA - November 1, 2000 Nancie C. Ozaki KASAI - November 7, 2000 Paul Hiroshi HOSHI - November 12, 2000 Sueko HANNAN - November 15, 2000 Susan Lynn FUKUYAMA - November 17, 2000 Fusako MATSUI - November 17, 2000 Judy KURANO - November 27, 2000 Mary E. HARUTA - December 1, 2000

IN GRATITUDE

The membership and the Board of Directors of the JAHSSD would like to gratefully acknowledge the following memorial donation to your historical society.

Judy Miyamoto, Kathleen Lui, Bruce Owashi, Norman Owashi in memory of Joe Owashi for the Kansha Award.

Sumi Yanagihara for the Kansha Award given to Tom Yangihara

Masako Shima's Beiju Celebration

Reaching one's 61st birthday (kanreki) is special. One celebrates the start of their second childhood.

The 70th birthday (koki) also is special to celebrate

the "rarely reached age."

But the 88th birthday (beiju), "the rice year" is

even more special.

On Oct. 28, some 150 relatives and friends turned out to help Mrs. Masako Shima celebrate beiju, her 88th birthday at Bob's on the Bay Restaurant in Chula Vista.

The still spry Masako-san wandered from table to table to greet guests in attendance, including guests

who came in from the midwest.

On hand to help were her daughter and son-inlaw, Hisae and Bob Batchelder of Chula Vista; her granddaughter, Kira Batchelder; son and daughter-in-law, Ken and Jo Ann Shima of Orange County.

The Japanese choir of the Japanese Christian

Church also participated in the program.

Congratulations to Mrs. Shima and may she enjoy many more years of good health and happiness!

We Get Letters

Hello JAHSSD!

I'm sorry that I'm unable to attend your annual meeting, but I would like information about any up coming events. I especially would like to see your video! Wishing you all well. Please give my regards to Ben Segawa and the others involved with the (1996) exhibit at the Museum of San Diego History.

Linda Canada, San Diego Historical Society

Dear Don:

Many thanks for the great package. I've already used the video (*Democracy Under Pressure: Japanese Americans and World War II*) with my teacher education class. The students enjoyed and learned a great deal from the video. In fact one student, Dena, saw a picture of her grandmother and she is going to ask if she's seen the video.

Thanks for thinking of me. Val Pang

Dr. Valrie Ooka Pang is a Professor of Education at San Diego State University.

Dear JAHSSD:

On behalf of the Tom Hom family, please accept our deep appreciation for your kind words and generous gift for remembrance of my mother, Dorothy. As we continue on with our memories, we feel fortunate to have your support. Again, our sincere gratitude and regards.

Kara Hom Newburn

Dear Mrs. (Jeanne) Elyea,

What a wonderful tribute to our father, Joseph Owashi! It was especially meaningful to have Ben Segawa, a longtime friend of Dad's, share the many wonderful contributions of his life that we often took for granted. However, in reflection, to have so many friends and relatives come up to us and recount special moments of how Dad had helped them, is a legacy that we, his children, hope to continue.

The tribute plaque is truly the work of an artisan. To know that Yukio Kawamoto knew Dad in Poston Block 330, makes the plaque even more

personal and significant.

Thank you so much for giving the "Kansha Community Service Award" to Dad. We are certain that he and our mother are looking down from heaven and smiling with gratitude.

Please accept this donation of \$100 in memory of Joseph Owashi, and with our sincere appreciation for a very special day of remembrance.

Sincerely, Judy Miyamoto Kathleen Lui Bruce Owashi Norman Owashi

To the Japanese American Historical Society:

Thank you so much for the Kansha Community Service Award that was given to Tom at the annual meeting on Oct.21st. He was so proud to receive such an honorable award.

Thanks again and please find a small donation to help carry on with the fine work you all do for the Society. It is greatly appreciated.

Sincerely, Sumi Yanagihara

P.S. The frame the award was in is just beautiful.



JAHSSD 8th Annual Meeting Photo Page

Yuki Kawamoto with Sumi and Tom Yanagihara



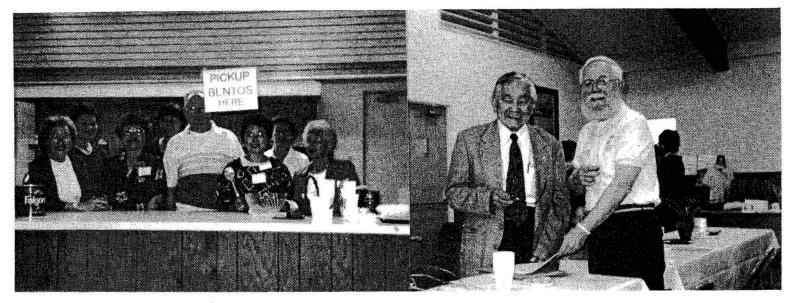
Owashi Family -- Norman, Bruce, Judy Miyamoto and Kathleen Lui with JAHSSD Pres. Jeanne Elyea

Shinobu Yoshioka accepts award.



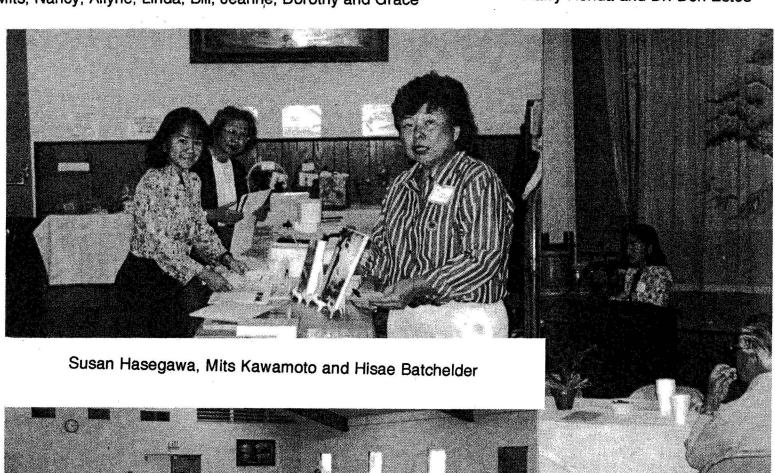
Rev and Mrs Tesshi Aovama

Rev. Norma DeSaegher



Mits, Nancy, Allyne, Linda, Bill, Jeanne, Dorothy and Grace

Harry Honda and Dr. Don Estes



Susan

OVUCC Installs New Minister

The Rev. Norma Nomura DeSaegher was formally installed as minister of the Ocean View United Church of Christ in ceremonies held at the church Nov. 5

More than 250 church members, relatives, friends and guests were on hand for the event, including her husband and mentor, the **Rev. John DeSaegher**, and her brother-in-law, **Dr. James DeSaegher**, a professor at the Point Loma Nazarene University.

The Rev. Dr. Jane Heckles, representative of the Southern Association of the California Nevada Conference of the United Church of Christ, installed Rev. DeSaegher as pastor of the church.

A number of her fellow ministers also participated

in the program.

Jeanne Marumoto Elyea, JAHSSD president, delivered a welcome address on behalf of the organization.

The Rev. DeSaegher succeeds the Rev. Dr. Tom Fujita, who recently transferred to a church in

Hawaii.

The Rev. DeSaegher is a native of Kauai, Hawaii. She received her bachelor of arts degree from Cal State Fullerton with a major in communications and a minor in political science.

She received advanced studies in environmental remediation from UCLA and her master's degree in

divinity from Claremont School of Theology.

She was ordained by the Southern California Nevada Conference United Church of Christ in 1999 and served as co-pastor with her husband at the Good Shepherd Church in Covina, Ca.

In June 1998, she was invited to be a guest preacher at OVUCC and was called by the church to

become its pastor on June 18.

The DeSaeghers have two children, Anne Leiko and Richard Rodger and a grandson, Seth Seidel.

The Desaeghers make their home in Chula Vista.

ROY S. YONEKURA

Certified Public Accountant

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CHANKO-NABE

By Joyce Nabeta Teague

With the holiday season upon us, we will hear the word "tradition" used often. Traditional holiday foods are those familiar dishes we are happy to see on the table when we sit down together with family and friends at annual gatherings and social events. The mere sight and scent of them make our mouths water and cause an upwelling of pleasure that spills into our conversation, triggering memories of previous dinners and dining companions.

Oftentimes, the dish has been passed down through several generations. Occasionally, it is something an adventurous cook tried out which meets with such approval that it will be brought back next year and the year after until it, too, is deemed a tradition. In each case, a food tradition had someone who first concocted it, a core group of folks who began to associate the food with the gathering or event, and today, someone who consciously perpetuates the connection by serving the same things over the years.

So now I want to talk about *kuri manju*. It's a baked Japanese confection made of boiled, mashed and sweetened chestnuts *(an)* enveloped in a tender cakelike shell. It's a typical Japanese sweet cake, usually

served with tea.

In the last decade or so of her life, my maternal grandmother, Hatsue Naka Uyeno, would stay with my parents in El Cajon for several months of each year to escape the awful Chicago winters. Like my mother, Grandma was a tiny bundle of energy who was a good cook and an imaginative seamstress. She also had a sweet tooth, so the Japanese foods I remember her preparing were often desserts — manju, yokan and dried persimmon (kaki.) She even made her own rock candy, allowing the sugar crystals to form along a string she suspended over a tumbler of sugar water!

Making manju is a several-step process requiring ample time, good ingredients, patience and skill. When my grandmother was in the kitchen, she didn't use a cookbook. She had made the manju so often she had the ingredients and the process memorized. She liked to try out new recipes, and apparently learned this one from a friend in Chicago. Instead of expensive chestnuts, it called for inexpensive dried lima beans to

make the delicate an filling.

It's still surprising to me that sugar, a bag of dried lima beans and a few drops of green food coloring can be transformed into a pastry filling at all, much less one that is exceptionally tasty, smooth-textured and pretty as well. But I guess that's where the time, patience and skill come in. If you burn the mass of lima bean an while cooking it over the stove, you have See Chanko-Nabe page 14

Caught Doing Something Nice

Once again we could not have had such a successful annual meeting without the help of so many of our members and friends. Our special thanks to the membership of the Buddhist Temple of San Diego for graciously allowing us the use of their facilities. Thank you also to the Temple's spiritual and Reverend Reverend Aoyama DeSaegher of the Ocean View United Church of Christ for their participation. Big, BIG thanks again to our Kaicho, Jeanne Marumoto Elyea who got everything organized and kept things moving right along in an orderly manner. Helping make the registration run smoothly was Linda Marumoto McLemore and her sister Allyne Marumoto Making sure everyone had their tea and obentos were Dorothy Asakawa, Nancy Cowser, Mits Kawamoto, Karen Kawasaki, and Grace Tsuida. Of course, there wouldn't have been any bentos without the usual hard work of Bill Elyea who made sure everything was picked up on time. Recognition and thanks also to Minazakisan of the Hillcrest Ichiban Restaurant who supported our activity for the seventh year with his delicious obentos and donations. Our ever efficient treasurers, Bob and Hisae Batchelder, oversaw our sales table. They all deserve our thanks. Thanks also to everyone who stayed and helped us clean up the hall. A special thanks to little Jessica and Ryan Himaka, whose artistry decorated the pots for the table decorations.

Special recognition to Harry and Misako Honda who were willing to come all the way from Los Angeles to be with us. Harry's talk on Latin American Nikkei widened all our views of the world in which we live.

We would like to gratefully acknowledge the donation of a wooden Japanese apothecary cabinet and a woodblock triptych published in 1881 by **Dr.** Franklyn Millman of Winston Salem, N. C., and his sister Mrs. Rosalie Grundon of La Jolla, CA.

Our thanks to **Ben and Grace Segawa** for their donation to our archival collection of program books and other valuable memorabilia from both the dedication of the Japanese American Memorial in Washington, D.C. and the Congressional Medal of Honor ceremony held at the White House to recognize the exploits of twenty-two Asian American soldiers in World War II.

Thanks also to one of our long time supporters "Bubbles" Shimasaki for sharing some of her photos of the Tsuida family while they were living at the Hokkaido Fish Camp prior to World War II. These photos offer a unique and rarely seen view of the northern fish camp that was located near where

Solar is located today. Thanks for helping our photo archive grow and for saving a valuable visual memory.

Our costume collection is growing through the recent donations of some of our members and friends. Umeko Kawamoto donated two boxed felt hats that had been owned by her father and husband. Midge Le Clair, a friend of Mits Kawamoto donated a red silk sumo skirt.

At our Annual Meeting, **Rhoda Cruse**, retired city librarian and local history afficianado, donated seven more books on the Nikkei experience as additions to our research library. Thank you, **Rhoda**, for your thoughtful gift.

Naomi Kashiwabara has donated a four, volume oral history published by veterans of Company L, 442 RCT dealing with their World War II experiences in Europe. Thank you, Naomi, for this valuable addition to our research library.

Our collective thanks to our President Jeanne Marumoto Elyea and Don Estes for contributing all of the income from the sales of their books at the annual meeting to our society.

We also would like to express our appreciation to Tommy and Sumi Yanagihara, Lloyd and Emi Ito, Yukio and Mits Kawamoto and Ben and Grace Segawa who took time out of their busy schedules to talk about their experiences in camp with a very attentive and interested sixth grade class at the Creative Arts Academy.

Michi Okuma, another long time supporter has our grateful thanks for donating a series of photographs from the collection of her late husband, Joe Okuma. These are photographs of internees who hailed from Central California and were relocated to Poston, Camp III during World War II.

Tales at tha Kitchen Table continued from page 6

When Granma told me these stories about his early adventures, I was fascinated and began to know him better.

You see, I never knew him except through these stories Granma told me. He died in 1953 before I met my husband.

Now, I also want his grandchildren, greatgrandchildren and generations into the future to know of him, to be proud of him, to know of his struggles, failures and accomplishments, but most of all his dogged determination to succeed.

He was only one of thousands of Isseis who immigrated from Japan to seek riches, adventure or just a better way of life.

There are other stories to be told. My little book is still full of notes jotted down as Granma and I chatted while eating lunch at the kitchen table.

(NOTE: This is a story the author wrote for a creative writing class she was taking.)

to toss it out and start all over.

My grandmother's deft fingers would quickly stretch a small piece of soft dough around a thumb-sized pellet of cooled *an* and pinch and pat it into a perfect oval shape. Her *manju* were lined up on the baking sheets like little pastry sentries. There were always 80 per batch, never a single one more or less.

Before being baked, the Even Eighty all got a careful egg yolk bath. When they emerged from the oven, they had grown a little bigger and acquired a glossy chestnut-shell brown. They were beautifully consistent in size, shape and color — but not so perfect to the eye that you would assume they'd been spit out by a machine. The fact there could be a reject or two turned out to be fortuitous for those of us who just couldn't wait for the *manju* to cool before laying claim to some of them.

The aroma that wafted through the house brought many self-appointed Quality Inspectors into the kitchen. These youthful experts hovered over the table and carefully eyed the lines of little cakes cooling on the wire rack, seeking the rare one whose pale green innards had burst through the delicate pastry. Or the slightly misshapen one higher on one end than the other. REJECTS! Not good enough to serve the guests! Suitable only for the TASTER who would get smiling permission to remove the substandard manju and spirit it away into the living room where it could be consumed in a few bites, thus saving Grandma's day from the terrible disgrace serving a goofy-looking manju for guests!

Mm, these bite sized bundles of flavor were so melt-in-your-mouth delicious, you could describe heaven as a cup of green tea and a plateful of

Grandma's maniu.

After Grandma suffered a stroke and her memory began to fail her, she stopped making *kuri manju*. She rarely ventured into the kitchen to help my mother cook. Even her beloved stitchery was abandoned because she lacked the concentration to see a project through. She preferred to pass the time outside in the backyard, enjoying the garden and picking up wisteria seeds which she would wrap in Kleenex and keep in a dresser drawer. She passed away in November 1993 at the age of 93.

Coming home from college to spend the holidays a couple of years ago, my daughter, Jaime, told her Baachan (grandmother) she would like to try to make Hii-baachan's (great-grandmother's) kuri manju. A written recipe did exist, because during one of Grandma's winter stays, my mother had confirmed the ingredients and how to put them together.

Baachan prepared the an and supervised the preparation of the dough. The two of them were pretty pleased with their first effort which they made one

afternoon before New Year's Day -- even if visually the results did not quite meet Grandma's standards. Theirs

were bigger, varying a bit in size and shape, so their batch only yielded 60. But the *manju* were so tasty that within a few days, there wasn't a single one left over

Last year, Jaime tried to do all the cooking herself, enlisting the aid of Baachan and some of her cousins in the assembly stage. But something wasn't quite right with the dough. She found it wasn't easy to wrap the dough around the *an* without rips and unevenness. That process alone took much longer than anticipated. And she didn't realize the importance of dividing the *an* and the dough into uniform pieces, so instead of 80 manju, she somehow ended up with about half that number! These ranged in size from walnut-sized lumps to camel-backed mounds almost the size of a baby's fist. And *an* peeked out of more than one.

We all derived much amusement from some of the more comical variants. But we were eating as we laughed, because each still had that familiar

indescribable, melt-in-your-mouth flavor.

This December, Jaime will again bring out the kuri manju recipe and make a batch for the New Year. My Mom and I marvel that this urge to make manju somehow skipped two generations. But thanks to a yonsei, (fourth generation Nikkei), this fond tradition continues. Once again, the Nabetas can greet the New Year with my Grandma's gift — a taste of heaven.

Got A Story To Tell Or an Opinion to Share?

The staff of *The Footprints* welcomes contributions of stories, opinion columns, and letters. Don't worry about the form or style. Our editorial staff will be happy to help out with a little gentle attention if that is required. We would appreciate any contributions you'd care to make.

If you have a memory you'd like to share or a story that you've been saving, please share it with us too.

After all the recording of our common experiences is what we are all about. Please give it some thought and write us. You'll feel good about it and someone else's memories and heart strings will be tugged a little.

Membership News

by Yukio Kawamoto

A warm welcome to the following new members who recently joined the JAHSSD: Raymond Uyeda who joined as a life member, Oliver and Michi (Ishimoto) Nishimura of Hayward CA, Steve Sato and Robin Tomi Shimasaki. A big thank you to the following who upgraded their memberships to Life: Frank and Suye Fujikawa, Richard (Babe) Karasawa and Katsumi J. and Yoshiko Takashima.

We also thank the following who renewed their memberships: Toshio and Mary Abe, Frank and Jean Boyd, Teri Campbell, Nancy Cowser, Sue Gerrish, Yoko (Mayeda) Hashima, Art and Judy Hibi, Don Hibi, Maxwell Hibi, Osao and Setsuko Himaka, Miki Honda, Grace Igasaki, Mary Iguchi, Miyoshi and Emi Ikeda, Čecilia Ishibashi, Harvey and Rose Itano, Hiroko Ito, Sakiko Kada, Trace and Mildred Kawasaki, Judy Kikuta, Kikuye Maruyama, Koga. Shizue George Chiyoko Masumoto. Masako Matsuhara, **James** Matsumoto, Ken and Akiko Matsumoto, Kiyo Matsumoto, Kuniteru (Ray) Mayeda, Linda McLemore, Chieko Kiyoshi Moriyama, Nakamura, Fred Nakatani, Richard and Susan Namba, Glen Keiko and Negoro. **Emiko** Obayashi, Norman and Rebecca Obayashi, Charles and Jane Ogino, Jean Okazaki, Michael Okuma, Michiko Okuma, Shig Oto, Ichiro Chieko Saito, Yukiko Sugiyama, Kimiye Tachiki, Les and Allyne Tachiki, Takeshita, Mitsuo Tomita, Masayoshi and Grace Tsuida, Peggy Tsurudome, Tom and Taeko Udo. Kenneth Uyeda, Rose Watamura, Shizu Watanabe, Aya (Hosaka) Yamakoshi, Mary Yamamoto, Mitsuye Yamamoto, Florence Yamashita, Shig and June Yamashita, James and Yuri Yamate and Alice Yano.

50 Years! Who'da Thunk It! By Mich Himaka

It SEEMED like only yesterday...It WAS yesterday...wasn't it?

There I was sitting in the old Russ Auditorium at San Diego High for the homecoming assembly where old-time classes returned to observe reunions.

One of those classes that year was the Class of 1900. It probably was one of the first graduating classes graduating from San Diego High.

Only a handful of their classmates were on hand,

less than 10 for sure. Maybe it was the whole class! We stood and applauded them.

I thought to myself, "My, what are those old folks doing here anyway? Do they not have better things to be doing, like staying home?"

A few months ago, I was talking to my old friend, Sam Amano, and recalling those same thoughts. Sam graduated from Point Loma High the same year I did, I think.

I told Sam, "Remember thinking 'what are those old folks doing here?' Guess what, Sam. Now WE are those old folks."

We laughed.

Then came October and the Class of 1950 of San Diego High gathered at the Bahia Hotel to observe our 50th year class reunion.

About 270 were on hand for that event. We were one of the last big classes graduating from San Diego High. A few years later, San Diego had students siphoned off to attend Lincoln and Morse High Schools.

During my years at San Diego, I did not participate in any of the activities at the school except to be a member of the Nisei Club. No sports, no ASB, nothing.

I really didn't expect to see anyone I knew there but Naomi and I went anyway. She thought it was something I should do.

I was one of two Asian students returning that night. The other was **George Sunga**. Now George went on to do big things in Hollywood. He was executive producer of some big time TV shows like "The Jeffersons," "All In the Family," etc.

I recognized a few faces in the crowd. I think I became more familiar with them after graduation just through working at the newspaper here and covering the court beat for so many years. A few of them became lawyers and one of the classmates, in fact, married a judge, who I knew.

No, none of them -- to my knowledge -- were former inmates. If they were, they may still be in serving time.

One face I did recognize was the still-attractive former Miss San Diego from our class, Mae Entwistle, who later married actor Dean Jones, when he was a sailor stationed in San Diego. He, of course, went on to star in all those "Herbie" movies for the Disney Studios.

Another face in the crowd was George Allen, who was our class president with the great baritone voice.

All in all, it was great to have seen those in attendance. We learned that of the 270 individuals who submitted notes on what we have been doing since graduation, we produced some 700 kids. Those 700 kids produced more than 900 grandchildren!

I thought: Well, we certainly were talented there! Our contribution? Two kids.

FROM YUTAKA'S CAMP COOKBOOK

(Yutaka Kida Block 330 Cookbook)

Jan 1, 1943

Breakfast:

Ozoni

Rice Tea

Dinner:

Bake Ham

Salad

Tsukemono

Tea

2 Orange

2 Apple

1 Fig Bar

Kamaboko

Ground Codfish

Carrots

Cornstarch

Salt

Sugar

Cookies (Molasses)

1 qt. Molasses

7# Short

1/2 cup Salt

10# Flour

6 oz B.P. (baking powder)

6# Oatmeal

Block 330: Our Mess Hall

Yutaka Kida's Camp Cookbook in the adjoining column reminds me of our Mess Hall during the war.

Mr. Koike was in charge and more than anything, his main concern was that the kids ate well.

On those mornings that we would have fried gohan for breakfast, he made sure we knew that.

"Fried gohan tomorrow morning," he'd say. "Tell your friends."

The next morning, we were the first in line -- even before the breakfast gong was sounded.

And if any of us didn't get up, he made sure that our parents took it back to the barracks for us.

Fried gohan! That probably was our favorite food. The cooks usually made it with the leftover chashu we had the night before.

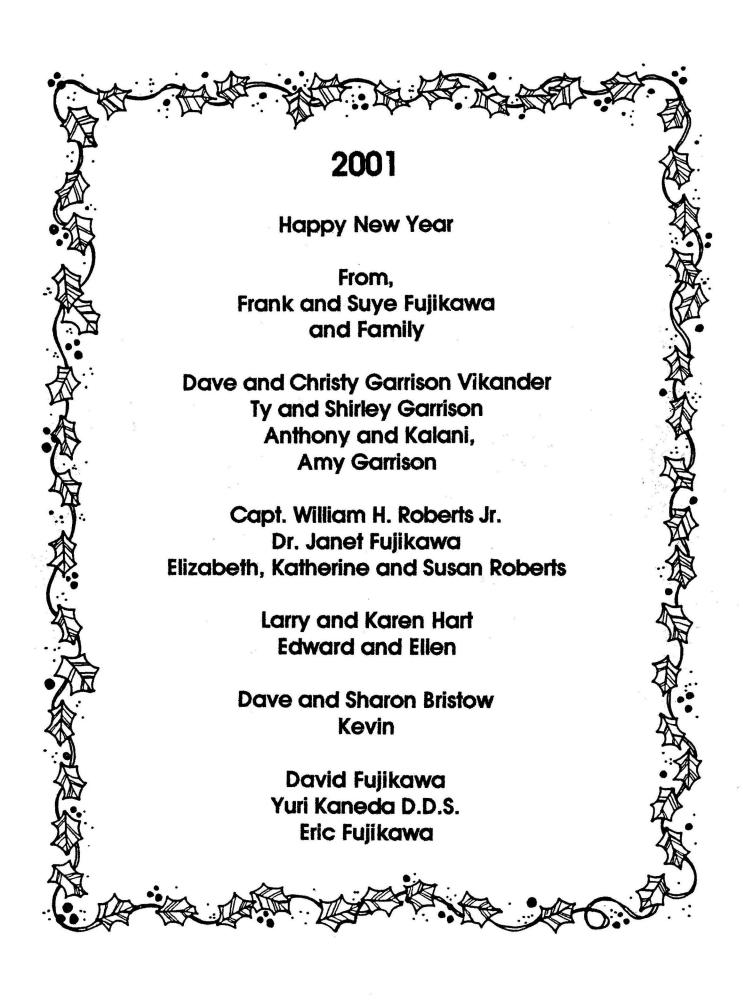
When the bunch of us decided we would go fishing at the water hole between Camp II and III, we put in our order for lunch.

We usually waited until we saw Mr. Koike on duty so we could order from him. We tried to avoid ordering lunch from one of our other cooks (who shall remain nameless).

Why? Because when we ordered through him he usually made us a baloney sandwich (which was okay), a peanut butter and jam sandwich (which was okay) and an egg sandwich, which always wound up being a cold sunnyside-up egg between two pieces of bread.

Ever had a sunnyside-up egg between two pieces of bread when it was cold? You get the picture. We usually fed that sandwich to the fish, which didn't really appreciate it very much. We usually fed the fish at the end of the day.

When we went back to the fishing hole a few weeks later, the sandwich was still there floating in the water. -- MH





Happy Holidays!

Bob and Hisae
Batchelder

We wish you good health and happiness in this holiday season and the coming year.

Yuki and Mits Kawamoto

TO THE STATE OF TH

Happy Holidays!

We wish one and all a healthy, prosperous and joyful millennium year.

John and Tsune Hashiguchi

May 2001 bring one and all much happiness, good health and prosperity throughout the year!

Mich, Naomi, Keith and Daniel Himaka



THE JAPANESE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SAN DIEGO

Expresses sincere thanks to all members for your continued support of our mission

to

Preserve Our Past,

Educate the Present

and

Secure Our Future

WE WISH ONE AND ALL A HAPPY, HEALTHY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR 2001

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		\$15 Senior(over 62 years of age)	Name (please include title, e.g., Mr., Mrs.	etc.)		
	o	\$25 Senior (Couple)	Address			
		\$200 Life Member (Individual)	City, State, Zip	1		
	0	\$300 Life Member (Couple)	Telephone			
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Please attach camera-ready ad or your business card (for individual section). If you do not have camera-ready artwork, we will attempt to assist you in designing an ad for an additional charge.

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Footprints is a publication of the Japanese American Bistorical Society of San Diego. Subscriptions are free with membership. Comments and questions from readers are welcome. Please address your letter to:

> Footprints Editor P.O. Box 620988 San Diego, CA 92162-0988



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