

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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Ruth Okimoto and Don Estes

Ex-San Diegan Ruth Okimoto Will Keynote 10th Poston III Reunion

San Diego will host the 10th Poston III Reunion June 1-3 at the Doubletree Hotel in Mission Valley featuring a keynote speech by former San Diegan **Dr. Ruth Yoshiko Okimoto**.

The reunion committee, headed by **Ben Segawa**, has been hard at work to bring the event together within the two-year deadline set by those attending the last Reno reunion.

A Friday night mixer is scheduled June 1, including a buffet dinner for those arriving that day. (Sorry, but we don't have another unscheduled fireworks show like we had at our 1991 event. No America's Cup race going on here this time.)

Our Saturday night banquet follows a day of golf for the golfers among us, an afternoon at the Viejas Indian Casino featuring the Vegas-style slots and Blackjack tables for those gamblers, an afternoon tour of San Diego or a trip to the world famous San Diego Zoo, featuring our 18-month-old Zoo-born panda, Hua Mei.

The Saturday night banquet features a talk by Dr. Okimoto, who has been doing research on how the various camp sites were selected to serve as relocation centers.

She will speak to Poston internees and guests essentially on how "Poston Came To Be." It might surprise a lot of us to find out that...well, let's let Ruth tell us.

Dr. Okimoto has early ties to San Diego. She moved here with her parents, the late **Rev. and Mrs. Tameichi Okimoto**, as an infant in 1937. Her father came to serve as a missionary at the then San Diego Christian Church, which later became the San Diego Holiness Church and now is the Japanese Christian Church.

She celebrated her first birthday three days after her arrival here.

When San Diegans were evacuated to the Santa Anita Assembly Center on April 8, 1942, the Okimotos were under quarantine -- measles! They drew a private Army escort to Santa Anita after the children recovered, she said.

Santa Anita also was the birthplace of her youngest brother, **Daniel**, who was born two weeks before the family was relocated to Poston III, living in Block 327.

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Following the war, the Okimoto family returned to San Diego and lived here for about a year before moving on to the San Francisco area.

After being a stay-at-home mom for seven years, she worked as a college administrator, returned to college as a "resuming student," and worked for Wells Fargo Bank in their corporate office in San Francisco.

In 1991, she took early retirement from Wells Fargo and returned to graduate school earning her doctorate degree in 1998 in organizational psychology.

Dr. Okimoto earned her BA from Mills College in 1978 and holds an MA and Ph.D from the California School of Professional Psychology.

She and her artist-husband, **Marvin Lipofsky**, live in Berkeley. She has three grown children and a grandchild.

Move to Restore and Preserve Poston Camp Site is Underway

A project to restore and preserve a Poston relocation camp site reportedly is underway with the cooperation of the Colorado River Indian Tribes (CRIT) council in Parker, Ariz.

This project came to light following a Dec. 20, 2000, telephone conference call with members of the White House, Department of the Interior and other federal agencies as well as former internees from throughout the U. S.

The call was to solicit ideas and recommendations on ways to preserve the existing sites and provide opportunities for public education as called for in a memo from former **President Clinton** to the secretary of the interior.

The president issued the memorandum Nov. 9, 2000, referring to the "internment of Japanese Americans a tragic episode in American history."

He said the "recent publication of the National Park Service report on the condition of the former internment camp sites, coupled with our fiscal year 2001 budget initiative, will help focus attention and resources on preserving the historical values of these sites.

"The National Park Service report, entitled 'Conference and Ethnicity: An Overview of World War II Japanese American Relocation Sites' describes the current conditions of the internment camps and other relocation sites. To follow up on this report, I direct you to develop recommendations to preserve the existing Japanese American internment sites and to provide more opportunities for the public to learn

about the internment. These recommendations should be developed within the next 60 days in consultation with other federal agencies, as appropriate.

"I also direct you to consult with members of Congress, states, tribes, local officials and other interested parties as you develop these recommendations. You should also consider expanding partnerships with private organizations and landowners and explore the creation of an interagency team to coordinate the work of federal agencies. Your recommendations should include proposals for administrative and legislative action to help preserve these sites, within existing budget resources."

After the conference call, we learned that the move to restore and preserve the Poston site has been underway for about a year and a half through the efforts of the **CRIT** council and **Dr. Raoul Roko**, a consultant structural engineer from West Africa.

Dr. Roko has presented an outline of his project to the CRIT council, consisting of tribes people from the **Mojave, Hopi, Navajo and Chemehuevi** tribes, who occupy the Colorado River Reservation where Poston is located.

The council recently passed a resolution supporting the project, which includes setting aside 100 acres. The **State of Arizona Department of Transportation** has committed \$500,000 to the project for parking and roads.

An effort to seek federal funds to aid in bringing the project to fruition also will be made.

Dr. Roko is planning to attend the **Poston III Reunion** in June to outline his proposed project to former internees in conjunction with the planned exhibit of camp artifacts.

DATES TO REMEMBER

April 8, 2001 - 75th Anniversary and Hanamatsuri Service SD Buddhist Temple

@ 10 a.m. Kanbutsu @ 9 a.m.

April 8, 2001 - Palm Sunday

Ocean View United Church of Christ @ 10a.m.

SD Japanese Christian Church 9:15 a.m. & @ 10:30 a.m.

April 15, 2001 - Easter Service

Ocean View United Church of Christ @ 10 a.m.

SD Japanese Christian Church @ 9:15 a.m. & 10:30 a.m.

May 28, 2001 - Memorial Day Service

Mt. Hope Cemetery @ 9 a.m.

June 1-3, 2001 - 10th Poston III Reunion

Doubletree Hotel Mission Valley

June 10, 2001 - SD Buddhist Temple Bazaar

@ 11 a.m.

June 23, 2001 - JACL Kids Day

San Diego Buddhist Temple (Contact JACL)

July 8, 2001 - San Diego JACL Annual Community Picnic Crown Point Shores



Mrs. Nobue Nishii and Daughter Alice Matsumoto
Mrs. Nobue Nishii's 100th Milestone
 By Mitsuko Kawamoto

About 100 people gathered Jan. 6 to help **Mrs. Nobue Nishii** celebrate her 100th birthday at the Sheraton Hotel on Harbor Island.

While her actual birthday is April 4, her family pushed the date forward to accommodate friends and relatives who were visiting from Japan.

On hand to help her celebrate were her children -- **Toshiko Ogata, Rev. Shiro Nishii, Kikuo Nishii, Toyo Nishii and Akiko (Alice) Matsumoto** -- her nine grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and several nieces and nephews.

Others in attendance included members of the Buddhist Temple of San Diego, students and teachers from her Sumi-e and ikebana classes, which she still attends, friends from Kiku Gardens, the senior lunch program and many other organizations.

As an aside, Akiko told my husband, **Yuki**, "I'm sorry your mother couldn't be here. They always enjoyed having lunch together at the weekly senior lunch program." Yuki's mother, **Sakayo Kawamoto**, passed away six years ago.

The decor in the dining room featured a flower arrangement by **Akiko Bourland** and two large beautiful pine tree *byobu* paintings by Mrs. Nishii when she was in her eighties.

Susumu Kawato kicked off the party with a *shigin* performance. Mrs. Nishii's grandchildren and great-grandchildren sang "Happy Birthday" to Obaa-chan with the guests joining in.

A slide show entitled "**Sendai to San Diego**" was narrated by Akiko and **Masako**, (Kikuo's wife).

Nobue Kuwahara Nishii, was born April 4, 1902, in Sendai in Miyagi-ken, one of 13 children

born to a surgeon and his wife. She studied with Christian missionaries during middle school years and attended three years of community college before teaching college herself for a brief period.

She married a Buddhist minister, the **Rev. Guzei Nishii**, who was from Kumamoto-ken.

A classmate of hers also married a minister and was ministering to the needs of the Japanese Christian community when WWII started. She was the late **Mrs. Yoshi Kikuchi**, wife of the late **Rev. Kenji Kikuchi**, former pastor of what is now the Ocean View United Church of Christ.

The Nishiis came to San Diego to replace **Rev. Yoshinao Ouchi** Oct. 10, 1937, leaving behind their three children in Japan. **Toyo** and **Akiko** were born after they came to San Diego.

With the start of WWII, Rev. Nishii and other community leaders were arrested and taken to Missoula, Mont.

Mrs. Nishii and her two young children continued to live in the temple despite the unfriendly treatment by neighbors until friends persuaded them to move in with them.

Rev. Tamai of the Denver Buddhist Temple invited them to move there temporarily. Meanwhile, Rev. Nishii and others were moved from Montana to Lordsburg, N. M., and other camps until he was moved to Crystal City, Tex., where Mrs. Nishii and her two young children joined him.

After the war, the Nishiis returned to San Diego to start life anew living with the **Saburo Muraoka** family for a brief time.

Rev. Nishii worked as a gardener on the **Robert Driver** estate in Chula Vista and moved to Spring Valley for awhile before the family moved back to the temple to resume the ministry. Ill health forced him to resign from the ministry. He continued farming in Nestor, Spring Valley and Encanto until he passed away in 1959.

Mrs. Nishii continued to help at the temple and worked for a number of years as a housekeeper. She lives today with Akiko and her husband, **Ken Matsumoto**.

Despite all the hardships she endured during her lifetime, she has remained a warm and gracious person, always greeting everyone with a smile that lights up the sky.

Congratulations on your 100th birthday, Nishii-san. You truly are a special lady and a true pioneer.

Other birthday celebrations were observed recently in our community. **Mrs. Misao Kawasaki** had double reason to party. She observed her 102nd birthday March 10 and her 30th anniversary teaching the *omotesenke* tea ceremony. Congratulations, Obasan! Hope you enjoy many, many more years.

See *Nishii Birthday* page 9

Some Poston III Memories

(In conjunction with the upcoming Poston III Reunion June 1-3, former internees were asked to recall their evacuation experiences. Following are excerpts of a few of those received. Others will be published in a special insert for the reunion.)

by Yukio Kawamoto (Block 330)

Got a job as dishwasher at the Red Mess at Santa Anita. Could tell what people liked and didn't like by amount of food left on trays. Lamb stew won. Ugh! Globes of congealed fat floating on dishwater. Stewed prunes! Food fight! Prunes flying all over! Walls peppered with black and brown spots. Caucasian supervisor not happy! Too bad. Can't get good help these days.

The hike to the Colorado River; no fun this long trek (3 to 4 miles) through hot, fine dusty trail. Bento from the mess hall. Yuck! Cold sunnyside-up egg sandwiches? Tractor-trailer ride? Not bad! But no bed of roses on the bumpy road and the fine dust with wheels sinking some eight to ten inches. But it beat walking.

Girls went, too, but don't recall them swimming. Seems I would have remembered bathing beauties. Remember the small island some 25 to 30 feet off shore. Lousy swimmer but made it anyway. Tried trapping carps with bunch of guys lining up but they're too quick. Dunno what we would have done if we caught any. Carp was lousy tasting fish anyway.

Football in the plain, dusty, hard field in the firebreak between Blocks 322-323-324 and Blocks 328-329-330. No equipment. Sweat mingled with Poston dust turns to muddy goo just like after a rainfall. Long showers. Must have been weight limit for players cuz the big guys with high school experience like Tets and Osa Himaka, Tom Arata, Yas Nakamoto and Take Taniguchi didn't play. Would have been killed! Played against Chiboti Yamada. Not big but boy could he hit! Like getting hit by a truck! Oh, oh! Broken leg for somebody. Football season ends.

The Morgans! Ah, the memories. Basketball team of Yo Takehara, Babe Karasawa, Masato Asakawa, Chet and Po Kaneyuki, Junji Takeda and Chet Nakano. What a scoring machine! First game against a Roku II team. Two points. *Two points! The whole game! The whole team!* Forget who scored it. Probably Yo or Babe, our high point guys. No MJ among us. Surprise you if I say we won the game? Thought so. We didn't.

By Ernie Hiratsuka (Block 308)

Truck ride to Poston III. The end of the world! Desolate, hot, dry and dusty. No here here except rattlesnakes, scorpions...and us. Hard times ahead.

The wind blows, choking dust flying everywhere. Nowhere to hide...Barracks with big cracks on the walls and floor. Up to an inch wide. Our family of six in a 15-by-20 foot unit. No room...

Loyalty oath questions. Twenty eight was something else. Dad, Harry and I answered yes on both questions. March 1, 1943, joined the 442nd. Rest is history. Training was tough but got through it even with a bad hip I've had since I was 8. Bought Hershey chocolate bars in boxes, pipe tobacco and cigarettes at PX for sisters, Dad and Cousin Toshi and Dorothy, who were in Gila. PX girl from Hattiesburg, Miss., was very kind. Was supposed to limit candy sales to two bars each. Got more.

Mom sent Armenian pickled cucumbers. Last time was one-half hour before we shipped out of Camp Shelby. Was to receive four pints. Got two. Okay, who swiped other two? Mom must have had tough time getting jars, vinegar, etc. in camp. Thank you very much, Mom.

By Fran (Watanabe) (Block 329) and Tad Wada

FWW: Santa Anita Assembly Center. Twelve years old. Bewildered. Assigned "our home." A horse stable? Home? The smell! The shock! The dismay! No privacy. One small, bare-bulb light dangling from a electric wire.

Poston III. Stepped off bus from Parker, greeted by winds, swirling dust, midday heat and desolate nothingness in middle of desert except for clusters of tar-papered barracks. A barb-wire prison. We're not going home for a long time.

TW: Portland Assembly Center. Like ants, we are a noisy humanity of 3,000 people all living under a huge roof of the former livestock exposition building. One huge house with free-standing partition walls with denim doorway curtains, no privacy and sounds transmitted all day long throughout the hollow building.

Heart Mountain. Coming from a farm, HM was like a giant barb-wire corral for humans, a desolate, barren planet with no sign of life.

FWW: Left camp 1943 for Chicago suburbs with parents and brother to obtain education on the "outside;" from life behind barbed-wire fences to life in a wealthy, suburban community; from daily encounters with all-Japanese internees to being the only Nisei among new peers. There is doubt and apprehension. Positive acceptance and peer support enables me to make smooth transition. With increased confidence, a whole new range of opportunities beyond hopes and dreams. Parents? A new beginning with an old start as

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domestics as they did when first arrived in U. S. Evacuation experience exposes me to harsh realities of life, lessons not obtainable through books...Married, moved to Seattle area and participated in racial discrimination matters and education concerns. With husband, chaired committee to provide public school libraries with materials and books about Japanese Americans, often talked to high school classes about evacuation, which was never mentioned in history books. Camp experience played a role in expanding my understanding of what being an American means - in addition to responsible citizenship, it also is taking pride in one's ancestral roots and sharing richness and diversity of culture with our children and greater community.

TW: As high school grad, found camp life too boring and obtained temporary leave with friends to work outside camp at earliest opportunity. Returned to camp during winter months. Only after leaving camp did I realize I don't remember how Dad and Mom spent each day. Can't recall last time I ate with family nor being a "big brother" to three younger sisters, helping them with homework and other camp problems. Lost sight of special intimate family relationship during camp days. In high school, had visions of attending business school but evacuation came and went. So did my business ambitions. Returned to hometown, focused on art and jumped at opportunity to attend advertising art school in Chicago. Moved to Seattle in advertising and later free-lanced as graphic designer. Retired after 35 years. Wonder what direction life would have gone if able to pursue original choice of work?

By Rev. Paul M. Nagano (Block 327)

Sent to Poston I May 8, 1942, from LA. Moved to Poston III July 1942 to be English-speaking minister at Poston III Christian Church with **John Miyabe**. Married **Florence Wake** Sept. 13, 1943; left next day for St. Paul, Minn., to attend Bethel Theological Seminary and minister to soldiers at Military Intelligence School, Camp Savage, and other Japanese Americans relocated to that area. Florence worked as secretary at Bethel College.

LA Santa Fe Depot. Boarded trains under watchful eyes of armed guards. Destination? Unknown. Then, Parker, Ariz. Felt we were no longer American citizens but prisoners of war. Ride to camp was hot and dusty. Poston. Quickly built, flimsy, tar-papered barracks under armed guards and barbed wire fencing. Two hours of processing and our family of four is assigned a 20-by-25-foot room with **Mizumoto family** of three. Army blankets serve as partition.

Canvas bags filled with hay for mattresses. Totally exhausted, I threw myself on cot and was rescued by sleep from nightmare that was taking place in my real

world. It would be the most traumatic day of my life. What of the future? What will tomorrow bring?

Poston will become a congenial community of friends, all in the same predicament, all victims of war and injustice, all of equal status. In mutual oppressions as a suffering community, the levels of ranks were eliminated and we became a genuine supportive community. The pride derived from persecution and the deep Japanese culture of corporate cooperation, caused the desert to bloom as an ideal homogeneous community both in its environment and life. Victims of injustice, we experienced a commonality that brought the whole community together in our mutual plight. Strangely, there was a freedom and a security, especially of the mind within the isolation from a hostile and demanding world.

Camp experience impacted my life greatly. Positively, it made clear my identity and the recognition that we live in a pluralistic world, nation and community that must learn to respect and recognize the richness of each ethnic group and race. I am proud to be a Japanese American and I have learned to affirm and love the Japanese American community of which I am a part. Psychologically, the segregation and internment has made me more conscious of races and has forced me to intentionally assert and affirm my being equal to any other ethnic-racial person and group. I realize that I can make a contribution from the richness of my own identity and racial-cultural identifications. I am a much more mature and stronger person as a result of the evacuation and internment during World War II.

By Richard (Babe) Karasawa (Block 322)

Santa Anita: The horse stalls stunk! Scrubbed asphalt surface with brooms and buckets of water to remove manure. Soldiers banged on doors at 10 p.m. and checked each cot to be sure we were all there. Searchlights circled all night and we saw white flashes when it hit the vent openings at the top of the stable roof.

Poston: Weeds growing through the floorboards through gaps to three feet tall! No bull! When we opened the door at 322-7-D, we tossed buckets of water all around to wash the dirt and dust away. Everything dried in 30 minutes. It was so hot in late August 1942. Surrounding area was so dry and ugly with mesquite trees and the dusty conditions were punishing.

Impact of evacuation: After completing school and beginning life as a grown-up, earning a living and having a family, I believe 20 percent of my time has been preoccupied with discrimination matters. Having to avoid criticism of the JA community, we've had so many restraints to live with -- our children had to be kept under strict control like we ourselves had been

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Former Internees Visit Mt. Carmel HS

By Karen Kawasaki

As a history teacher, I have the best of both worlds. I constantly learn the stories of inspiring people in our nation's past and I enjoy the fun and rewarding job of mentoring the leaders of tomorrow.

Last year, I also had the privilege of working on the team which produced the *"Democracy Under Pressure: Japanese Americans and World War II"* video and curriculum. Our funding by the California Civil Liberties Public Education Project allowed our team to distribute the video and curriculum free to schools in San Diego County. The team was thrilled with the overwhelmingly positive response to the video from both teachers and students. At Mt. Carmel High School, where I work, the reactions have been no different.

Even more important than seeing the video, four U. S. History classes had the privilege of listening to presentations made by the JAHSSD board members **Jeanne Marumoto Elyea, Yukio Kawamoto, Ben and Grace Segawa, Vernon Yoshioka and Mich Himaka**. On March 2, my classes and classes of fellow teacher, **Denise Dupas**, were treated to inspiring and often humorous stories shared by these speakers. My words alone cannot say enough thanks to these board members who spoke to my classes. Nor can my words express the tremendous insight my students gained that day.

(Following are the edited words of my 11th grade students:)

"I don't (understand) why the government had to put Japanese descendants into internment camps, most of them being U. S. citizens. Also why only the Japanese if the government was really trying to protect the public. There were also Italians and Germans." -- **Danah Ates**

"(I felt) bad for what they had to go through. I get real annoyed when it is 80 degrees out and there (Poston) it was 120 degrees. That is amazing how they got through all that." -- **Gabe Tagnani**

"I received human to human experience (from the speakers.) it seemed like most of them wanted to make light of their situation. It's not good to dwell on things in the past in a negative way." -- **Casey Martin**

"It taught me to look out for racism such as this because in an instant something like this could happen again." -- **Stephanie Reed**

"(I was) surprised at their perception of their internment. They view it as a much lighter experience than I would personally if I was to be detained for three and a half years. I really admire their strength of person and mind a lot. I don't know if I could do the same." -- **Michael Rentz**

"While listening to the speakers, I felt some emotions of anger, happiness and sorrow. I never

knew about the good times in the camps; I always heard about the bad things that went on. It was good to hear that their friendship is still going after all these years. But most of all, I got to hear voices from the past speak to the present. Their time on earth will not be forever, and it is important for us to learn from the past." **Franco Garcia**

"I couldn't believe that the speakers had good sense of humors and good attitudes while speaking about the issue. I guess this goes to show that you can still come out on top if you can overcome your struggles." -- **Lauren Wong**

"What an experience to hear these stories one-on-one, about the unspoken horror in our history. I am so proud of them for being able to speak openly about their experiences while at the same time have a sense of humor. I am so thankful I was able to be a part of living history." -- **Melissa Mowat**

"There are two sides. The internment took away Japanese American freedoms and civil liberties, but it also brought them closer together. They made close friendships while under confinement. I heard somewhere that humanity shines at the darkest hour. I don't know where it's from but I think it applies." **Matt Campbell**

"When the guest speakers came in, I felt how lucky we were today, we never had to go through such a thing." **Jessie Cubelo**

"We are lucky today and should be thankful for what we have -- freedom. They (the speakers) had their freedom, but it was taken away because they looked like the enemy. They were the ones who made it possible today for what we have in the society. Even if my freedom were taken away, they couldn't take away my knowledge. No one can take that away from me. We should be proud to be American citizens." -- **Wendi Jardin**

"It hit me on a more personal level because they are living proof of the events we were studying about and they spoke to us directly." -- **Jeff Peressini**

"I felt sad and angry, also scared. I asked myself what if the U. S. has a war with the Philippines? Are they going to put all the Pilipino Americans too into concentration camps? The stories really made me think about being an American. They are still proud to be an American and willing to fight for their American country even after what the government did to them." -- **Mary Alegado**

"They enabled me to put faces to the people in the internment camps. It really brought to life the confused emotions of the time." -- **Stephanie Cunningham**

"Even though they were put into hard situations, they still tried to live a normal life. They did not allow what happened to them to get them down. I like the fact that they still were able to make jokes about some of the things they did." -- **Jackie Miceli**

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with respect to public behavior. We've supported JACL and other minority (unfairly treated) groups and now spend 20 percent of our life volunteering -- working at the Japanese American National Museum because visitors, especially children, must become aware in order to preserve democracy.

By Jeanne Marumoto Elyea (Block 329)

Dad, Aunt Bessie and I left San Diego without my **Mom**, who had given birth to my sister, **Allyne**, on April 1. They were at Paradise Valley Hospital. At Santa Anita, kids told me, "Your Mom's not coming. The police have her." Actually, she and Allyne were with **Allyn Stone**, an immigration officer and his wife. Allyne was named after him because he was so friendly to my parents while he was on patrol in the valley.

Camp was a happy place for me. I was 3. Any mistreatment happened as we left camp and after we got back to San Diego. Returning to San Diego from Poston took three days and nights. Someone threw rocks at Dad's car and broke the windshield. When we got off the school bus, kids called Allyne and me names and threw can covers and rocks at us. I ran but Allyne would tie her lunch bucket to her dress belt, swing it over her head and hit the boys. She'd yell, "Leave us along, you chocolate boys." (They were usually black or Mexican kids.)

I hate driving on military bases, especially through guarded gates. Husband **Bill** theorizes it's because of incidents that happened to me during the war. Seems logical. While standing in line by the train enroute to Santa Anita, I saw my **Grandma Wada** coming in from Redlands and I started toward her. A soldier armed with a bayoneted rifle hit me in the chest and pushed me back. I was three years old. I smiled, he didn't smile back. I smile a lot when stressed but it doesn't mean a thing. I recall going to see my grandma in Camp I on an Army truck and going through a guarded gate. My **Uncle Frank** and I missed the truck back and we started walking back to Camp III from Camp I, me riding atop his shoulders. It was a hot July day. Uncle Frank got sick from heat stroke that night. Those were totally bad experiences for me. To this day, I still walk looking down at the ground. I find a lot of loose change that way.

By Mitsuko Kawamoto (Block 327)

Ride to Santa Anita. Etched on my brain is this memory from 59 years ago. At the age of seven, my family and I rode in a truck to Santa Anita. The Army truck, an ugly olive green color, had benches on either side of the interior and a canvas covered top. There was barely enough room for all of us -- my parents, three brothers, two sisters, me, a soldier escort plus our suitcases.

On a spring day in April 1942, we left our home, our little vegetable farm, our pets and our life as we knew it. Everyone else had gone by train two weeks earlier. Our family stayed behind because my little brother and I were ill with the measles and the health department slapped a sign on our house. I can still see the sign: "QUARANTINED."

When we finally left, little did I dream that we had embarked on a long journey and would not return to the San Diego area for almost 10 years.

By Mich Himaka (Block 330)

Best memories are the lasting friendships that evolved from being in camp. Old pre-war childhood friends like **Jim "Goph" Yanagihara**, **Tom "Yonk" Yanagihara**, **Tom Ozaki**, **John Hashiguchi**, **Moto Tsuneyoshi** and **Jack Watanabe** and new friends, like **Jim Goishi** (Block 326), **Jimmy Kido**, **James Kida**, **Ben Segawa**, **Sho Sugaya**.

Where else could kids 10, 11, 12 years old stay out all night and play hide and seek...in the dark? And run to shower up while the kid who is "it" looks for you? Dirty pool, man!

Where else could a kid learn to walk on home-made stilts and then get into trouble because "**Some Guy**" decides to peek into the women's latrine? (Never heard so much screaming in my life!)

Playing football on hard dirt fields. Trying to tackle **Kay Hirase** in the open field, his knees up high in the classic running back style, cheeks puffed out, both arms protecting the ball, and no one in front of him but me. Learned how the phrase "ass over tea kettle" came to be. One good thing...picked myself up, checked all my physical equipment and found everything in place, smiled and waited for the next play. No tears though. I couldn't shed any cuz my Big Brothers were watching. Kay went on to become a big-time high school quarterback in Utah. I went on to look for more asses over tea kettles. Still looking.

Abbott and Costello! Best movies ever! Still my favorite comedy team. Who IS on first, anyway?

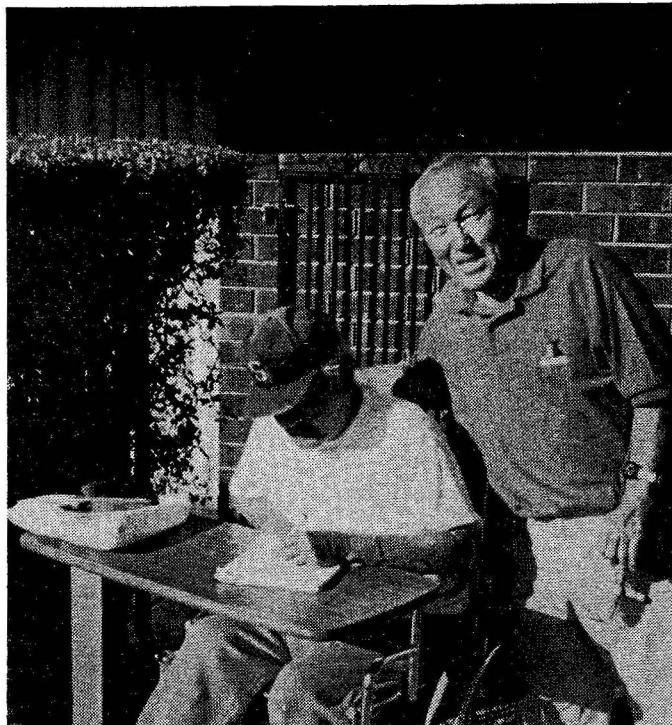
Comic books coming in almost every month, thanks to our old family friend, **Joe Haller** in San Diego. I'm pretty sure he sent us a lot of first edition comics, like perhaps he first *Detective Comics*, and first *Porky Pig*, and first *Superman*. Who'd thunk they would become worth thousands of bucks!

Learning to play basketball and other sports from watching the older guys, like **Ben Honda**, **Sam Takeshita**, **Jumbo Takeshita**, **Sanzo Shinmoto**, **Walt Fujimoto**, my brothers **Osa** and **Tets**, **Yas Nakamoto**, **Fatty Tsuida**, **Lefty** and **Willie Okamoto** and a slew of others and thinking how lucky we kids were.

But were we? It was no fun seeing mothers trying to cope as heads of households without their husbands.



(From left) Eugene "Toto" Yamada, Sanzo "Scooter" Shinmoto, William "Weenie" Tsunoda and Roy Kubo before Scooter was moved to Friendship Manor.



Scooter practices his writing therapy with encouragement from Weenie Tsunoda.

"Scooter" Shinmoto Is Recuperating

Friends of longtime San Diegan **Sanzo "Scooter" Shinmoto** should know he is recovering nicely following leg surgery due to complications from diabetes.

Scooter observes his 76th birthday March 30 and we are sure he would appreciate birthday greetings sent to him at **Friendship Manor, 902 Euclid Ave. No. 46A, National City, CA 91950** to remind him there are many friends who still remember him.

Friends recall Scooter as quite an athlete at La Jolla High playing football, basketball and track before graduating in 1942. In Poston, he was always around to help the young guys in their athletic endeavors, which we all appreciated very much.

Scooter went to Japan in 1993 where he met for the first time his older brother and his family. It was Scooter's desire to make another trip but he was stricken with a massive stroke in 1994.

For the past seven years, he has been receiving regular visits from his faithful friends **Eugene Yamada, Roy Kubo, Kik Takahashi, Jumbo and Helen Takeshita, Sam and Pat Takeshita and William Tsunoda**, who has been helping him with speech and writing therapy.

We're sure Scooter would appreciate hearing from his old friends. - M.H.



Kik Takahashi helps tends to some of Scooter's needs.

Nishii birthday continued from page 3

Mrs. Florence Yamashita celebrated her special 88th birthday with family members and friends at the Mission Valley Hilton Hotel. Mrs. Yamashita's birthday is March 9. Congratulations, happy birthday and we hope you too have many more!

Congratulations also to **Frank and Suye Mayumi Fujikawa**, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary Jan. 6. Their five children and their families hosted a luncheon at the Coronado Country Club for the Fujikawas. In addition to their five children, the Fujikawas also have nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. They met and married in Brigham City, UT., and moved to Chula Vista in 1959.

~~~~~  
**CHANKO-NABE**

By Joyce Nabeta Teague

Today, I'm installing new plantation-style blinds in our living room. Insert the word "still." This is the fourth day I've been at it. The first afternoon, the task fell under that earnest and hopeful category of most household chores and repairs known as *This Will Only Take a Couple of Hours*. After the first day, it had shifted into the regretful category admitting major miscalculation called *I Thought This Would Only Take a Couple of Hours*.

Had I hired a professional in the first place, the job would indeed have only taken a couple of hours and I'd have the next three days to do other important *TWOTaCoH*-type tasks, like writing this Chanko-Nabe piece...which I admit after a second evening sitting at the keyboard has now been moved into *ITTWOTaCoH*.

The first day, after removing the old window treatments and tired mini-blinds, I was so appalled by how dirty the жалousies and windows had become, they had to be thoroughly cleaned. This meant, of course, also taking down the screens and scrubbing them in the patio. But, first, I needed to clear an area in the patio large enough to spread out the screens.

Next, I needed to enter the World of Lost and Broken Treasures (also known as The Garage) to find bucket and scrub brush. And, of course, the very moment the screens were glistening with clean water was the perfect time for our dog to walk over and track mud onto them.

The real reason people do not like to clean windows is that you can never be satisfied with the job you do. First, you set up the ladder inside to wash the window on the inside; then drag the ladder outside to do the outside. Then, you see the spots you missed on the inside. But after you get those, you see the ones you missed on the outside. And so on. The only reason you eventually stop cleaning a window is

because night falls and you have to go to bed.

There is usually the point in any home improvement chore when you realize you don't have the right tool for the job. You must either spend an hour fruitlessly searching for it in The World of Lost and Broken Treasures, or -- my ridiculous reaction -- spend a couple of hours trying to *invent* a tool which will work. In either case, you most likely end up driving to Home Depot to buy what you needed all along.

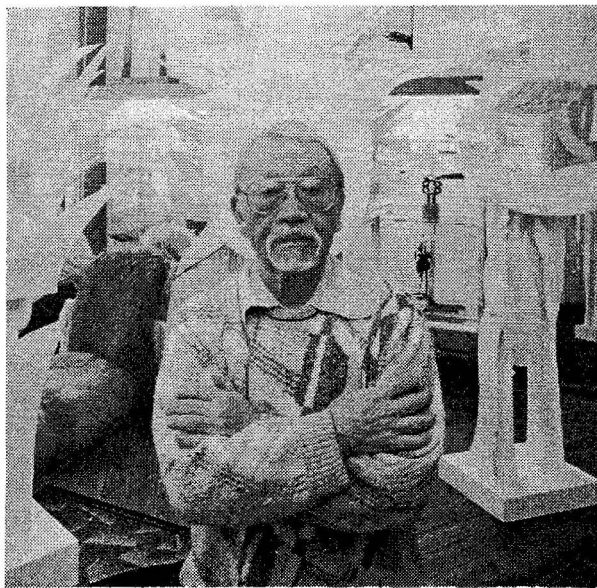
True to tradition, I discovered the new metal brackets would accept neither the bulky electric drill nor the handy ratchet screwdriver. The brackets needed to be attached by hand using a lot of push power, trying to twist the long screws into the metal and stucco window box using a slender Phillips screwdriver, all the while balancing atop a step stool. The cheap Phillips from my toolbox had long been stripped to its effectiveness. I was convinced there had to be a dozen decent ones in Bill's collection of tools, but I dared not to navigate the Hazardous Zone between the utility room and his work bench for fear of being engulfed in an avalanche of piled-high camping equipment, packing boxes and lawn chairs. I flat-out refused to drive to Home Depot to purchase another screwdriver! Some days you just feel you have thrown enough money at that place! Instead, I substituted grit and groan for the right tool, hoping to get the job done through sheer stubbornness.

Every once in a while, Barker Lewis, our furry Texas-born friend, would pad over and peer at me through the newly polished glass with a baleful look. His eyes said, "Oh, you can spend hours rubbing those stupid windows, but you don't have two minutes to give me a tickle, huh?" Eventually, I jumped down from the step stool and went outside to scratch behind Barker's ears. Two minutes turned into two hours -- he got both a good currying and his nails clipped. I was rewarded by Barker's satisfied nuzzles and sighs. But, at the end of the second day, I had hung only one set of blinds.

On the third day, equipped with a good screwdriver Bill provided from one of his tool boxes, I installed the remaining blinds. The last thing to do was attach the vinyl valances. Oh, I thought, surely *this* won't take very long. I'll have plenty of time this afternoon to finish writing my article.

Which brings me to this fourth day of installing the blinds. When I got up this morning to admire my handiwork, two of the valances were on the floor. The foam tape provided by the manufacturer was not strong enough to hold the weight of the valances. So, now, I must find some tiny screws and a tiny screwdriver somewhere in The Garage so I can reattach the hooks the right way.

The dog is giving me one of his looks through the sparkling window. Relax, Barky Boy. I figure this will only take a couple of hours.



## Shinkichi Tajiri: Truly, A Man For All Seasons - Part I -

*(Shinkichi George Tajiri is a renowned artist and distinguished professor who lives in Baarlo, The Netherlands. Prior to World War II, Prof. Tajiri and his family lived in San Diego and, like the other members of the local Nikkei community, were forced into exile in 1942 by Executive Order 9066. With his kind permission we reproduce here an edited portion of Professor Tajiri's autobiography.)*

My father, **Ryukichi Tajiri** was born Oct. 17, 1877, at Saga, Kyushu. Three weeks earlier, the Satsuma Rebellion against the Meiji government had failed with the self-inflicted death of the revolt's leader, **Saigo Takamori**. Takamori's death effectively marked the end of the era of the samurai, the class into which my father would have been born. Nonetheless, he was educated in the martial arts and Bushido; the code of the warrior.

At the age of 29, my father left for America arriving in Seattle on Sept. 28, 1906. The passport he was carrying listed him as a *Shizoku*, a member of the samurai class and as an importer of bicycles.

Shortly after his arrival, my father took a job as a house boy to learn the language of the new world and enrolled in a business school. Later, he moved first to San Francisco, which was then recovering from the great earthquake and fire of April, 1906, and then to Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles, he met my maternal grandfather, **Shigegoro Kikuta**, a wealthy descendent of a samurai family with lumber holdings in Northern Japan. Shigegoro at one time owned a

large farm on what is now known as the Sunset Strip. Later, an engagement was arranged through an exchange of photographs between my father and Kikuta's daughter, **Fuyo**, who was then living in Japan.

After their marriage by proxy, called *shashin kekkon*, Ryukichi and Fuyo settled in the Los Angeles area where Ryukichi, like many of the pioneer Issei held a number of jobs, including repairing bicycles and directing the activities of farmer's organizations. In 1936, the growing Tajiri family moved to San Diego.

I was born in our home at 1337 Walnut Street, Los Angeles, the fourth son of our family. My birth took place on Dec. 7, 1923, at 6 a.m. - exactly 18 years before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Our house was located on the edge of the black ghetto where orientals were allowed to purchase houses. Until I was 13, when we moved to San Diego, all my friends were African Americans.

We moved to San Diego in 1936 when my father accepted the position of director of the San Diego Fruit and Vegetable Growers Association. San Diego was like Los Angeles in many ways except that the topography was more interesting and it was home to the biggest outdoor zoo in the world.

The zoo was one stop further up the street car line that took me to San Diego High School. Once or twice a week, I would stay on the street car and spend the whole day at the zoo. At the Spanish Village artists colony, which was adjacent to the zoo, I met sculptor **Ruth Bell**, who had a studio among the arts and crafts shops that made up the village. She made portraits on commission. I walked into her studio one day and showed her some of my drawings and small sculptures. She liked them and took me to see the sculptor **Donal Hord**, who carved compact, Central American Indian themes in diorite, a hard resistant stone that most carvers avoided. The work of this great sculptor was considered regional and was neglected by the major art critics of the day who looked towards Europe. Hord was a handsome, modest man in his mid-forties with a head of pure white hair. He said that I could come on Saturdays and study with him if I would weed his succulent plant garden for a couple of hours in the morning. The garden was always neatly kept and usually didn't need any extra manicuring, but he saw that I had no money and didn't want me to feel he was being charitable.

Hord gave me a plaster cast of Michelangelo's anatomical man and human skull. I modeled them, over and over again in clay. The skull was the most elusive because of its subtleness; I worked on it continuously for months. Just as I was beginning to understand the beauty of its engineering, the war broke out and my life took a radical change.

- To Be Continued -





Members of VFW Post 4851 gather at Mount Hope Cemetery for a ceremony honoring Seaman Tsunejiro Toya, IJN.

### A Moment in Time: Photos From the Archives of the JAHSSD by Don Estes

The origin of **VFW Post 4851** is a story that richly deserves to be remembered by our community, much like the men who were behind the post's founding.

Like other veterans of America's wars, many of San Diego's former Nikkei servicemen and women felt motivated to join one or more of the area's veterans organizations. The usual pattern was for veterans to affiliate with an established post. Gradually, however, a small cadre of local Japanese American veterans felt a need to establish their own organization.

The initial attempt to charter such a post in 1965 was led by **Minoru Sakamoto** of San Diego and **Tom Uda** of Chula Vista, who instituted a series of informal meetings among Japanese American veterans. By early 1966, a group of 15 Nikkei veterans committed to organizing a Japanese American post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars met on a rainy Saturday at El Cortez Hotel in San Diego. After some discussion, the group elected the post's first officers. **Tom Uda** was selected as Commander, **Ben Nakata** chosen as Senior Vice Commander, and **Toru Asada** identified as the Junior Vice Commander.

The new post was formally chartered by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States on Jan. 7, 1967, under the title, **Japanese American Memorial Post Number 4851**. Since the new post lacked a regular meeting place, the members

initially gathered at the facility owned by the Don Diego Post 7420 in San Diego's Barrio Logan district.

On Nov. 25, 1967, formal articles of incorporation were submitted to the State of California. The 10 directors who signed the documents of incorporation were **Tsutomu Ben Nakata, Toru Asada, Paul Y. Kuyama, Shig Nakashima, James Y. Yamate, Hiroshi Kubota, Henry I. Tani, Harry H. Kawamoto, Thomas T. Uda, and Minoru Sakamoto**. The post's historical records list the names of 86 Nikkei as charter members of Post 4851.

From the very inception of their group, the veterans of Post 4851 planned the acquisition of their own facilities. Through the efforts of **Paul Kuyama**, a charter member, the veterans discovered that a building located at 541 East 24th St. in National City was available for purchase.

After obtaining individual pledges of \$300 from the membership, the building was purchased from the Coronado Federal Savings and Loan Association, and the post took possession of the premises in October 1968. The group's first major social event was a New Year's Eve dinner-dance that ushered in 1969. With that event, VFW Post 4851 began a distinguished record of service to the Nikkei community.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Caught Doing Something Nice

As a society, we are always grateful to our members and friends who see their way to help us in carrying out our mission to preserve all elements of Nikkei history here in San Diego. We would like to recognize the contributions of the following individuals.

Our thanks to **Jeanne Marumoto Elyea, Mich Himaka, Yukio Kawamoto, Ben and Grace Segawa and Vernon Yoshioka**, who volunteered to speak to two ninety-minute classes at **Mount Carmel High School**. The program was arranged for the students by teacher **Karen Kawasaki**.

Speaking of things educational, **Vernon Yoshioka** accompanied by **Mits and Yukio Kawamoto** also volunteered to speak to four U.S. History Classes on the relocation experience at **West Hills High School**. We appreciate their willingness to discuss the implications and lessons of relocation with a new generation of Americans.

*see Caught doing something nice page 13*

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## 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 .

Nancy Haruye NISHIOKA - November 1, 2000  
Eiko VIENS - November 22, 2000  
Shirley E. HILLMAN - November 29, 2000  
Sumie IKEZI - December 8, 2000  
Roy Tatsuo SAKAUYE - December 8, 2000  
Fumiko Julia MATSUURA - December 15, 2000  
Robert "Robbie" NISHIGUCHI - January 5, 2001  
Chad Jace HAMA - January 17, 2001  
Joseph S. KONO - January 26, 2001  
Takenori OHARA - January 29, 2001  
Robert Asahi YOKOYAMA - January 29, 2001  
Kenneth M. KIDA - January 30, 2001  
Takeo KUBO - February 2001  
Tsuruyo "Sue" TANAKA - February 5, 2001  
Chieko MC KINNEY - February 6, 2001  
Yuriko NAPARAN - February 17, 2001  
Shirley Noda ARAKI - February 19, 2001  
Fumiko MOMITA - February 2001  
Isamu "Sam" HANDA - February 25, 2001  
Kiyoko Lomax - February 26, 2001  
Geraldine YEE - February 2001  
Rosie S. YAMADA - March 4, 2001  
Dr. John E. ESTES - March 9, 2001

---

### JAHSSD Receives Award

On Saturday, March 3, 2001, the San Diego County Congress of History presented it's Award of Merit to the JAHSSD. Meeting at the Granger Hall in National City, the Congress of History honored our society for our production of the video, *Democracy Under Pressure: Japanese Americans and World War II*.

The award is presented annually to a society or organization that has made significant contributions to the field of local history. Our society was commended for the quality of the production and the complimentary distribution of the video and its accompanying curriculum package to all middle schools, junior high schools, high schools, colleges and universities in San Diego and Imperial counties.

On hand to accept the award was JAHSSD President Jeanne Marumoto Elyea and board member, Hisae Shima Batchelder.

~~~~~

IN GRATITUDE

The membership and the Board of Directors of the JAHSSD gratefully acknowledge the following donations to your historical society.

Shinobu Yoshioka in appreciation of the Kansha Award.
Bruce and Sharon Asakawa in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Don and Carol Estes in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Ben and Grace Segawa in memory of Dr. John Estes.
George and Sakiko Sekiguchi in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Bruce Sherman and Susan Hasegawa in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Bill and Joyce Teague in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Sam and Katy Wong in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Yukio and Mits Kawamoto in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Moto and Florence Asakawa in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Bill and Jeanne Elyea in memory of Dr. John Estes.
William and Eleanore Sanders in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Bob and Hisae Batchelder in memory of Dr. John Estes.
Mich and Naomi Himaka in memory of Dr. John Estes.

~~~~~

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## A Quiet Hero

by  
Don Estes

**Kenneth M. Kida** died Jan. 30, 2001, at the age of 56. He was born in Chicago in 1944. Why Chicago instead of San Diego you may ask? Because like most of San Diego's Nikkei community, Ken's parents, **Yutaka and Aiko** were exiled to Poston III Ariz., where they took up residence in block 330.

Much later, Ken attended San Diego City College where he and I became friends because of our mutual interest in Nikkei history in general and, specifically, the role of Japanese Americans in the local fishing industry.

Ken was one of those very quiet but intellectually tough individuals you meet from time to time. Throughout his life, he had a great love for fishing and worked in the local sportsfishing industry for a considerable time.

Ken regularly listened to radio and television shows that dealt with fishing topics and it was in that context that I learned just how tough Ken could be.

It was on one of these sports call-in shows that the terms, "Jap poles" and "Jap nets" came up. Ken took offense right away and, before the program was finished, he had e-mailed the host to forcibly and pointedly draw attention to the inappropriateness of the use of the pejorative "Jap."

The host of the show responded via e-mail that these were common terms and that they had been in use since the 1920s and, besides, he wrote, it was a recognition that these items had been first introduced by Japanese fishermen.

Not satisfied, Ken shot back a history of the

use of the word "Jap" as a pejorative with all of its racist connotations. His persistence was rewarded when he personally, and the Nikkei community collectively, received an "on air" apology followed later by the host's written apology agreeing with Ken that it was indeed time to take these types of racist labels out of our language. The good guys won that one.

Ken never let these types of actions or words slip by. He was a tenacious fighter for all of us. Ken Kida was a living example of what heroism in everyday living is all about. We are poorer for his passing but immensely better off because of his life.

---

*Caught doing something nice continued from page 11*

Our society wants to recognize and thank **Margaret Ishino, Florence Ishino Enomoto, Louise Ogawa Watanabe and Aiko Kubo** for allowing us to copy personal photographs of themselves when they were at Poston. The four women were among the letter writers to **Miss Clara Breed**, the librarian at the San Diego Children's Library. We are attempting to obtain photographs of all the authors and these ladies graciously agreed to assist us.

**Tom Kida**, who splits his time between San Diego and Chicago, has added greatly to our artifact collection by lending a number of his personal photographs from the 1930s for copying, including photos of a number of local Nikkei high school athletics. He has also donated a wooden **Kida Brothers & Kida Farms** lug box and lug labels. Book on **Japanese Americans in Utah**. Thanks Tom.

As we prepare for the **Tenth Poston III Reunion**, a number of friends have allowed us to make copies for their camp related photographs for the exhibit that will be available for the attendees at the **June 1-3** gathering. A big thanks to **Bubbles Shimasaki, Yukio and Mits Kawamoto** and **Emi Shimizu**.

## ROY S. YONEKURA

Certified Public Accountant

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## POSTON RENAISSANCE

As a fifteen-year-old high school student living in West Africa a small country of Benin, **Raoul Roko** read about the relocation of American of Japanese ancestry during World War II. Raoul Roko never forgot that story.

Years later, after he had received a university degree in structural engineering and earned a Ph.D., he found himself in Parker, Ariz. Realizing his proximity to the site of the former concentration camp at Poston, Raoul drove to the site of the monument and the Camp I high school auditorium and classrooms.

The effect of the experience was so moving that Raoul decided to undertake a mission to not only save the existing structures at Camp I but to restore a portion of the camp. He wanted to be sure that future generations could not only learn about the internment experience, but actually see what a portion of one of the camps looked like.

Working with **Dennis Patch**, the Director of Education for the Colorado River Indian Tribes (CRIT), Raoul began to develop a plan to bring part of Poston back to life. A year and a half later, the vision of the new Poston is rapidly taking shape.

In a formal power point presentation made to the CRIT tribal council last December, Raoul outlined his initial plan for the restoration of the Camp I auditorium and several of the existing classroom buildings.

In addition, the plan calls for the identification of existing original camp barracks on the reservation and in the surrounding area. Once these building have been identified and purchased or donated, they will be moved to a site near the remaining Camp I buildings. To facilitate the plan, the CRIT council has tentatively agreed to make 100 acres of tribal land available for this project.

It is Raoul's intention to recommend that the tribal council approve the reconditioning and, where necessary, the reconstruction of a 14-barrack camp block made from original barracks wherever possible.

In addition to the demonstration block, the plan calls for the reconstruction of a children's wading pool, a swimming complex like one internees built and the outdoor amphitheater at Camp I. A visitors interpretation center with rest rooms and refreshment facilities are also envisioned.

As a sign of support, the **Arizona Department of Highways** through a development grant has pledged \$500,000 for parking and sidewalks at the site.

On Jan. 4, 2001, the CRIT tribal Council passed a formal resolution endorsing the concept and instructing Raoul and Dennis to move ahead with the

specific planning.

Raoul, who is a consulting structural engineer, began to make contacts with the Nikkei community in California shortly thereafter seeking their input and support as planning moves into the next stage.

**Dr. Raoul Roko** plans to attend the Poston III Reunion scheduled **June 1-3** in San Diego. At that time, he will be detailing his plans for Poston for those who are interested.

~~~~~

We Get Letters

Dear Yuk and Mich,

Happy holidays! Enjoyed the article **Mits** wrote about your Dad, Yuk! Too bad we didn't talk to our folks about their youth and life. You should write about your folks, Mich, before and how they got into the tofu business! Please put **Kuniko (Okamoto) Nishimura and Johnny and Kiyoko (Kushino) Takemoto** on your mailing list for the JAHSSD and send them a copy of *Footprints*. Johnny's folks had a small counter on the corner of Market Street and Third or Fourth Ave. across the street from **Jiro and June Watanabe's** folks pool hall. Johnny also worked for **Mr. Yoshihara**, who had a cgrocery store on corner of Fourth Ave. and Market. Kiyo's family lived in Chula Vista. Few of her siblings are **Chizuko, Minoru and Thomas**. If you have back issues, they'd appreciate it. Thanks. Hi to everyone! Hope to see you at church's 75th anniversary.

Sincerely,
Midori (Koga)

Dear Yuki,

Few days ago, I received a copy of your latest issue of "*Footprints*." As usual, there were many interesting articles. The one that prompted me to write this note was the story by **Shig Oto** of those families that went direct to Idaho and missed Santa Anita and Poston. **Mrs. Morishita** is the former **Ruth Imaizumi**, sister of **Isao** mentioned in the article. She met and married her husband, a native Idahoan, and celebrated their 50th anniversary a few years ago.

I was going to mail her my coy then I thought if I get her on your mailing list, she will get all copies so I am enclosing the membership fee for her...I hope you can find an extra copy of the winter issue. Thanks a lot. Happy holidays to all. Best wishes.

Kiyo (Matsumoto)

PS: I enjoyed the story of your father by your wife. I did remember meeting him a couple of times. Of course, I knew your mother well.

Former Internees Visit MCHS continued from page 6

"It is truly an honor for Mrs. Segawa's uncle to be recognized as a hero in the war." -- **Jazmin Jose** (Referring to Grace Segawa's uncle, **George Sakato**, being awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor almost 60 years after the fact.)

"The thing that I realized that was most important is that throughout their experience, they stayed together as a family and believed that things would get better. Friendships were also gained which still last today." -- **Ashley Eads**

(Students comment about the video:)

"It made me think. What if I was a Japanese American during that time? How would I feel?" -- **Jeff Peressini**

"I can't believe so many people sat back passively and didn't care about the Japanese. 'Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.' -- Martin Luther King Jr." -- **Dan Schmidt**

"The movie was interesting because you got an up close and personal view on how the Japanese people were treated in San Diego. The question still ponders if history will repeat itself. Can this happen again? If we prove our patriotism and obey laws we will not let this happen again." -- **Jamie Ningpi**

"I learned about the people of San Diego that were interned. It is scary to think that this happened right where we live now. It is easier to think that it happened somewhere else but not here." -- **Jackie Miceli**

Membership News

By Yuki Kawamoto

A warm welcome to the following members who recently joined the JAHSSD: **Lee and Susan Moribe**, who joined as life members; and new regular members **Judy Miyamoto, Kuniko (Okamoto) Nishimura** of Parlier, **Sud (Ruth) Morishita** of Idaho Falls and **Joseph and Florence (Ishino) Enomoto** of Cerritos. A big thank you to **Bill and Joyce Teague**, who upgraded their memberships to life; to **Wayne Takasugi**, who also upgraded his membership to life and included his wife, **Theresa Freiderich**, as a life member; to **Thomas M. Karasawa** of Palos Verdes Estates, who upgraded his membership to life and included his wife, **Yae; Takashi Kondo**, who upgraded to life membership; **Midori Koga**, who provided the gift membership to **Kuniko Nishimura**; and to **Kiyoko Matsumoto**, who provided the gift membership to **Sud Morishita**.

We also thank the following, who recently renewed their memberships: **Bruce and Sharon Asakawa, Ann Tsuchiyama Carlin, Jeanette**

Dutton, Taye Hashiguchi, Elizabeth Hatashita, Yukie Hayashi, Tetsuo and Sasako Himaka, Harry and Misako Honda, Fred Hosaka, Louise Iguchi, Kenji and Carol Ii, Iwao and Mary Ishino, Lloyd and Emiko Ito, Kimie Kaneyuki, Jon and Carrie Kawamoto, Kiku Kawamoto, Umeko Kawamoto, Karen Kawasaki, Frank and Tami Kinoshita, Kenneth and Katherine Koba, Don and Hanako Konishi, Dr. Calvin Koseki, Tomiko Kozuma, Roy Kubo, Harold and Kuniko Kuhn, Kathleen and Robert Lui, Yoshio Matsumoto, Tomi Morimoto, Chiyo Kusumoto Nakagawa, Isamu and Pauline Nakamura, Yoshie Nakashima, Kathy Nakayama, Shirley Omori, Tom and Elizabeth Ozaki, Jay and Mari Sato, Kenji and Satoko Sato, Taka and Beverly Sawasaki, Grace Seki, Fusa Shimizu, Mitsuko Tachiki, Shinkichi George Tajiri, Fudo Takagi, Kikuo and Beni Takahashi, Mitsue Tanaka, Sue Tsushima, Kiyo Uda, Helen Umekubo, Takeko Wakiji, Joe and Elizabeth Yamada and Vernon and Shinobu Yoshioka.

We also thank Hasegawa General Store of Maui on renewing their corporate membership.

Dr. Tomita To Serve On New Board

San Diego Mayor **Dick Murphy** has appointed 14 people to serve on his newly formed Asian/Pacific Islander Advisory Board, including **Dr. Mitsuo Tomita**.

The new board will advise the mayor on policy matters affecting the Asian/Pacific Islander community. **Dr. Tomita**, former chairman of the Union of Pan Asian Communities and a physician at Kaiser Permanente Hospital, will serve as board chairman.

The board held its first meeting March 24.

Others serving on the board with **Dr. Tomita** include **Greg Alabado, Mike Choi, Stan Chu, Aurora Cudal, Bush Cze, Bau Dang, Margaret Iwanaga-Penrose, Jinah Kim, Madhu Madhavan, Andrew Shogren, Teresa Stivers, Anthony Tri Tran, Yen Tu and Xiaoming Yang**

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GUESS WHO?

A clue: His sisters (Parker Tsuida Uda and Bubbles Tsuida Shimasaki) gave permission to run this photo of Fatty bra-less and with his coconut shells slipping. Taken on a visit to Hawaii.

FROM YUTAKA'S CAMP COOKBOOK

(Another meal served in Block 330)

Menu for March 12, 1943

Breakfast: 1/2 Grapefruit
Cornmeal mush
Scrambled Eggs
O'Brien Potato
Butter Toast
Jam & Coffee

Dinner: Bake Spaghetti
Tomato Sauce, Cheese
Succotash
Fresh Fruit Salad
Cream Dressing
Vanilla Souffle Cake
Bread, Jam & Tea

Spaghetti:

Boiling water
Salt
Spaghetti
about 30 mins.

Spanish Sauce (Tomato Sauce)

Grease
2 Onion
1 Bacon
Pepper
Celery
Chili powder
10 can Tomatoes
1 Dipper Flour
Black Pepper

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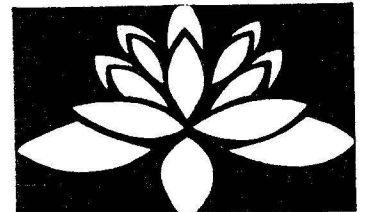
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